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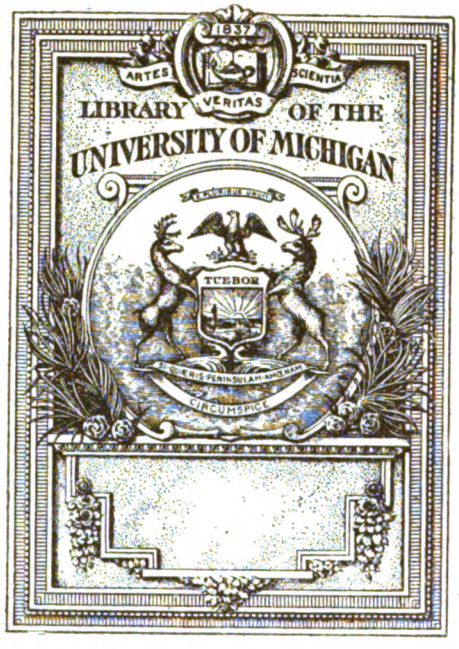
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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

CLIPPED WINGS.

By MARY STUART BOYD,
Author of *Our Stolen Summer*, *A Versailles Christmas-tide*, *A Beggar who Chose*, &c.

CHAPTER I.—A COURTESY VISIT.

A BURNING sun; a hot, blustering north wind—a New Zealand summer day. In the wayside ditches the pig-lilies drooped despondent heads; their waxen petals and hard green leaves hung breathless, suffocating, thick-coated with the gray volcanic dust. An odour of far bush-fires mingled with the fragrance of pine, drawn from the fir-trees lining the road.

Behind the closed eyelids of their jealously-shut bamboo veranda-curtains the few bungalows seemed to lie deep in an afternoon siesta. A quartette of blue-jackets in holiday spirits swayed past on hired cycles, retaining their balance with the dexterity of those accustomed to humour unstable elements, and evidently enjoying the laborious exercise with the zest of mariners, to whom all shore conditions rank as a treat.

A fresh cloud of dust heralded the approach of the open-sided tram-car from Auckland. Where the line ended abruptly by the stables near the entrance to the closed racecourse the car stopped, and its remaining occupants, three in number, alighted.

The Maori woman—who had elected to ride squatted on the rear platform, where she could smoke her pipe unquestioned—shouldering her kit of *kumaras*, waddled off, her naked feet leaving their imprint on the soft earth, and the barbaric red and orange of her dress making a spot of brilliant colour amid the surrounding grays and browns. The other travellers, two young naval officers, paused, undecided which of the three roads to pursue. The roads seemed all alike hot and dusty, and each was populated with sleepy-looking wooden houses, in whose gardens luxuriant semi-tropical herbage hung flaccid in the heat.

The taller of the two men, casting a disgusted glance at the already sullied purity of his white drill suit, and a hopeless look at their sun-baked environment, peevishly deemed the situation justified protest.

'Well, Tommy, now that we've reached this God-forsaken district, perhaps you'll find out where to go next.'

His companion, whistling cheerfully and quite untunefully, dived into one of the side-pockets of his blue serge jacket and produced a batch of crumpled visiting-cards.

'Parnell, Remuera, Mount Eden; Parnell again, Symonds Street—we did all these yesterday; Albert Park, Parnell again, to-day; but there ought to be another. Here it is—the last, thank goodness!' he added, exhibiting a narrow slip of pasteboard.

'Only the last till a new lot of aborigines take a craving for naval society,' grumbled Challoner.

'Mr Peter Lorimer, Ingarangi, Pipimutu; and the females of Mr Peter Lorimer's tribe have written "Thursdays" in the corner of his card. It's a mercy this is Tuesday, so probably they won't be at home.'

'Where on earth is Pipimutu, or whatever you call it?' grumbled Challoner, slashing with his stick at a hedge of scarlet geraniums. 'These houses look as if everybody had gone to bed. It would be like raising a city of the dead to hammer at the doors and demand the body of Peter Lorimer. What evil spirit induces people to thrust their acquaintance upon unwilling strangers I can't for the life of me tell; but if they expect their calls returned, they might at least be explicit as to where they hang out.'

'Have a map of the locality printed on the reverse of their visiting-cards,' suggested Tresscott, hailing a Chinaman, whose yellow skin and coiled pigtail were gray with dust, as he wheeled a hand-barrow laden with vegetables along the

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thirsty highway. But the Mongolian replied 'No sabe' to the query, without pausing in his labours.

Just as they had reached that point of despondency, when even the sanguine Tresscott thought of relinquishing the search, and fancy held tempting visions of baths and fresh linen, a butcher's boy, sauntering by on a tall shambling steed, with a basket of meat perched in front of him, gave them the needed direction.

'That's the place over there, under the hill. You'd best take the short cut across the paddock.'

It was the hottest afternoon hour of a hot day. The road had been hot; but in the parched field the heat seemed to culminate, radiating upwards from the burnt turf and scorching their feet, while the exasperatingly warm wind playfully buffeted their ears.

'Now, why, in the name of politeness, should we be forced to undergo all this for the sake of people that in England we would never dream of associating with?' Challoner demanded querulously.

'Buck up, old man; we're nearly there now,' Tresscott responded cheerfully. 'A day will come when we're oldsters, and then we'll have the fun of seeing the youngsters set out at each new station to pay the duty-calls. It's a joke that would lose half its point if we hadn't been through the mill ourselves. And, after all, there's some compensation, for colonial girls are jolly pretty, and it's usually the prettiest who send their male relatives to leave cards on the ship.'

'But to ride in a wretched tram-car, and to walk in this heat! If you'd only agreed to drive, like a sensible fellow'——

Tresscott's round face took an unwonted seriousness. 'Look here, Pockets. It's all very well for a rich chap like you to talk of hiring in New Zealand; but it wouldn't suit me. The screw of a "sub" in Her Majesty's Navy does not allow of carriage expenses, in the colonies at least. It cost us just threepence each to come here in a car; and you'll remember what Bailey had to pay for an afternoon's hire at Wellington. No. I know you're going to say you would have paid it all; but that's not good enough for me. My independence is my only luxury, and it's one I couldn't get on without. By Crumbs! the natives *are* at home,' he broke off abruptly. 'There's something in petticoats on the veranda.'

They had reached a wide wooden gate leading to a sloping lawn. A dog, roused from his nap, barked drowsily. With a flutter of feminine garments, somebody who had been reclining in a deck-chair rose hastily and vanished into the house; and a matronly figure that had been seated on the veranda-steps fled ponderously.

'Well, this looks promising,' Challoner remarked sarcastically as they crossed the lawn, which, following the antipodean fashion, was dotted with specimen flowering shrubs each set singly in a round bed. Stunted lemon-trees with hard green fruit depending heavily from the end of slim stalks, gaudy lantanas red-and-yellow blossomed, feathery-branched pepper-trees, and scarlet hibiscus flamed against a background of gray-green deodar. In the wide flower-borders flanking the veranda, amid a wealth of gorgeous tropical bloom, alien florets wilted in the strong sunshine. A white duck, that had elected to hide her nest in an absurdly obvious place under a blue hydrangea, hissed angrily as they passed.

'*Et tu, Brute!*' Tommy apostrophised her gaily; and even Challoner began to regain his temper at the prospect of rest and shade.

The broad veranda appeared to be the accepted living-room of the family. A tray of pickling walnuts that lay blackening in the sun, and a half-empty kit of the fruit, showed what the occupation of the mistress of the house had been. On the bamboo lounge in the corner, shaded by a great purple bougainvillea, lay a novel in the flimsy paper covering of the colonial editions.

The open door revealed a hall lined with native woods. Tapa in harmonious russets covered the walls. A mat woven of native grasses lay on the polished floor. A jar filled with blue hydrangea stood on the carved side-table.

'One of the vanishing ladies has some artistic taste anyway,' Challoner commented as they awaited an answer to their summons.

The tinkle that followed their second pull at the bell was dying away when from the back-premises came the sound of hurrying feet, which presently bore to them a flurried maid, whose arms, bare to the elbow, were sodden and wrinkled with soap-suds, and who as she advanced wrestled with the harshly starched strings of a clean apron.

Under her guidance they entered the first room on the right, and straightway found themselves in that gloom beloved of antipodean drawing-rooms. The room was cool and pleasant. Closely drawn venetian blinds shaded the open windows without excluding the air; from the veranda without came the perfume of flowers, the twitter of birds. Groping their way to chairs, the visitors sat down and possessed their souls in patience.

Tresscott was fair-haired, blue-eyed, and of medium size. He had a humorous mouth, and a slight tip-tilt to his nose that would go far towards endowing him with perpetual youth. Further, he came of an honourable race of keen sailors, but one that had never achieved either fortune or title. He was warm-hearted, generous on comparatively slender means, and a favourite alike with superiors and inferiors.

Though lacking his friend's sterling qualities, Challoner might at first sight be esteemed more prepossessing than Tresscott. He was handsome, talented, and attractive—all in a superficial way. Born a spoilt child of fortune, the habits of his infancy had clung to him. He still demanded the right of playing with every pretty thing he saw; and, even in manhood, he retained the baby

trick of throwing aside each new toy the moment its novelty had worn off.

Old associations rather than similarity of taste had drawn the two young officers together. They had been schoolmates at Rugby, fellow-cadets on the *Britannia;* now fate had drifted them to H.M.S. *Akarana*, where Challoner, who was a year older, was a lieutenant and Tresscott a sub.

'The natives are putting on their war-paint,' sneered Challoner, when, after a space during which their eyes had become accustomed to the obscurity, they still found themselves alone.

'Soft! They come,' warned Tresscott as a creaking of the hall boards was followed by a fumbling at the handle, and the door opened to admit their hostess.

Mrs Lorimer, who wore a nervous smile, had also, in honour of the occasion, donned her best silk frock, whose harsh folds uttered a noisy protest against their hasty adoption—a fact that was perfectly evident, for even the least observant of mortals could not fail to notice that, during the precipitancy of dressing, the bodice had been buttoned awry.

Mrs Lorimer was a lady of affluent build. A life of comparative ease passed in a climate conducive to laziness had rounded her angles into curves; but Mrs Lorimer's brain had failed to develop in proportion to the expansion of her body. At fifty Mrs Lorimer was just an overgrown girl. Her emotions were all primary. Judging by their respective possession of penetration, worldly wisdom, or tact, she was considerably younger than her daughters. But, depth of mental capacity apart, Mrs Lorimer was a kindly, hospitable, motherly woman, who regarded her domineering little spouse with awe, and had a vast admiration for her two pretty daughters, whom she honestly believed superior to all the many charming maidens of the North Island.

Challoner was suppressing a groan, when from behind the maternal bulwark appeared a dainty figure, the first flutter of whose pink muslin robe atoned for all the minor miseries of the afternoon. Challoner, here be it confessed, was of a susceptible temperament. When a babe, he had fallen in love with his sister's French doll; he had flirted his way through adolescence; even when a midshipman, his embryonic amours were the amusement of his messmates, and manhood found him ready to fall a victim to each enticing face.

Lucie Lorimer's eyes were gray; her complexion, even when seen by the half-light, was wild-rose. Her frock was alluringly fluffy in outline and roseate in tone; and there breathes not the man who can resist a pink frock when moulded on a slender girlish form. Challoner, without an instant's hesitation, devoted himself to Lucie.

Tommy Tresscott's portion in life was the matrons, whom he accepted with his customary genial philosophy, protesting that he liked them. 'Make me think of Aunt Sarah, they do, dear old souls,' he would assert, with affectionate irreverence.

There was a fascinating droop about Lucie's mouth, a dissatisfied expression in her heavily fringed eyes, a preoccupation in her replies, that piqued Challoner, and added to her attraction in the sight of that carpet-knight.

'Why does she keep watching the door? Why won't she look at me?' he grumbled inwardly as he tried to make conversation. Not being conversant with the procedure of colonial menials, he did not guess that at that moment Lucie Lorimer's being was dominated by the fear that the housemaid, who had been hastily fetched from the wash-tub to bring in tea, might choose to take some method of exhibiting before the guests her displeasure at what she esteemed an unwarrantable interruption to legitimate labour.

Meanwhile Mrs Lorimer was adding considerably to her daughter's annoyance by saying all the things that would have been better left unsaid.

'You see, it's Thursday that's our "At Home" afternoon—not Tuesday. That's why you found us in deshabille. Yes, pa called on the ship; the girls made him do it. He took heaps of persuasion before he'd go; but our Kitty can twist pa round her little finger.'

'I can easily believe that,' broke in Challoner, looking admiringly at the girl beside him.

Mrs Lorimer's explanation that this was not Kitty, but Lucie—that Kitty had gone to a registry office to try to engage a new cook—was interrupted by a bump at the door, as, accompanied by a protesting clatter of tea-cups, the maid entered, her face hot with resentment, insubordination breathing in her every motion.

'Pay what you like,' said Mrs Lorimer when the door had closed noisily behind the irate female—'pay what you like—and they tell me wages here are as high again as in London—you can't get well served. Our cook went off this morning in a temper because the outdoor man hadn't pumped the water ready for her washing. And she left the clothes in soak; and now Ellen, she's in a temper at having to rinse them out; and if you only knew the difficulty of getting somebody in to wash, and the ridiculous prices they charge if you give the things out'——

The petty economies of the worthy dame were the bane of her daughters' existence, the one crumpled rose-leaf in otherwise soft couches. Long before the disquisition had drawn to a close, Lucie's eyes had ceased to mourn and begun to flash.

Turning abruptly to Challoner, 'Did you ever see fish-hooks made out of human bones?' she asked inconsequently; and almost before he had time to utter an amazed negative to the gruesome query, she was rummaging in a cabinet near, showing him ghastly mementoes of the bygone period of Maori cannibalism.

For Lucie, Challoner possessed an odd attrac-

tion. He represented a world over-seas that to her was yet unknown. She liked his unfamiliar accent, his choice of words, even the cut of his clothes. The unaffected ease of his manner seemed the acme of refinement when compared with the deportment of colonial mankind, who, to Miss Lorimer's biassed view, suffered either from an overweening self-approval, or were oppressed by an excess of modesty that was well-nigh as hard of endurance. She did not guess that it was only when flattered that Challoner was graciously disposed to be agreeable. Were he bored, he lacked that kindly feeling that prompted Tresscott's tolerance. Probably if she had known, it would only have added to her gratification, for Lucie was as vain and self-absorbed as an indulgent mother, an idle existence, and a total absence of serious aims can make a girl.

The visit over, the ladies strolled across the lawn with the departing guests. Tommy Tresscott, who had received Mrs Lorimer's confidences —which included a résumé of the misdeeds of the entire domestic staff of her married life— with imperturbable good-nature, bade his garrulous hostess a fraternal farewell at the gate; and Challoner, standing under the drooping sprays of the pepper-tree, held Lucie's hand and looked deep into the gray eyes whence his open admiration had chased the almost habitual discontent.

'May I come again?' He asked the question as though an elysium hung on the reply.

The inhospitably exclusive white duck, from her nest under the hydrangea, hissed an angry refusal; but Lucie's eyes united with her lips in saying 'Yes.'

THE MONO-RAIL.

By E. G. Craven.

NEARLY twenty years ago a French engineer, M. Charles Lartigue, conceived the idea of constructing a railway the main principle of which is embodied in the system known as the mono-rail, now before the public. The main objects M. Lartigue had in view were cheapness of equipment and working, facility in getting over inequalities of ground, and general safety and immunity from break-down.

The system may be briefly described as the exact reverse of the one we have so long been familiar with. Instead of two rails, only one is used, which is supported at a suitable height by means of iron trestles resting on iron sleepers. The rolling-stock, being virtually made in halves throughout, hangs on both sides of the rail like the panniers on the back of a donkey, to use a homely simile. It was, however, reserved for Mr F. B. Behr to develop the idea, and finally to devise so perfect a system that, on 17th July last, parliamentary powers were granted for the construction of a high-speed mono-railway between Manchester and Liverpool. The distance is thirty-four miles, and the magnitude of the undertaking may be realised from the fact that the estimated cost of the line, including works, land, and buildings, is not far short of two millions sterling.

Before attempting to describe in detail the elaborated and complete designs of Mr Behr, it will be interesting to glance at the pioneer mono-railways which have been in operation with more or less success since 1883. The first of these was laid down in Algeria, its traffic being principally confined to the carriage of esparto grass used in the manufacture of paper; there was no passenger traffic, and the tractive power was supplied by horses or mules. An important development took place in 1888, when M. Lartigue undertook the construction of a railway ten miles in length between Listowel and Ballybunnion, in the south of Ireland, which was described in an interesting and well-illustrated article in the *Strand Magazine* for June 1898. In view of the very considerable traffic in passengers as well as goods between these towns, some form of mechanical traction had to be adopted; but the application of steam to a line of this character offered somewhat peculiar difficulties. The difficulties were, however, overcome by means of locomotives constructed with two boilers, fire-boxes, tenders, &c., but with cylinders common to both boilers. The driving-wheels resting on the central rail, with their axles and cranks, are supported by a massive frame which forms the connection between the duplicate portions suspended on the rail. The carriages and goods wagons are also divided, the former accommodating twenty-four passengers, twelve on each side, seated back to back. The track consists of the single top-rail supported on A-shaped trestles standing on iron sleepers. About twelve inches above the latter, longitudinal guide-rails are bolted on each side of the trestles. These serve the double purpose of bracing the structure rigidly together and acting as a check to the train. From the inner sides of all the vehicles broad-faced wheels on vertical axles with spiral springs press against these guide-rails and effectually control the oscillation. The work of constructing the entire system was successfully accomplished by M. Lartigue; and it has been in operation for more than twelve years without difficulty of any kind. The speed maintained is from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, and the locomotives can draw a weight of forty tons up an incline of 1 in 40, which is the steepest on the line.

Having before us the general principles of the mono-railway, let us now briefly consider those developments of land locomotion which may almost be said to have culminated in the scheme now sanctioned by parliament. In the words of Sir Lewis M'Iver, 'we are experiencing a galloping evolution of locomotion;' and that this evolution is being accomplished solely by the aid of electricity no one can for a moment doubt. Apart from the extreme facility with which this power can be generated in one place and applied in another and far-distant one, it possesses in the highest degree that underlying principle which engineers have long recognised as indispensable to the attainment of high speed unaccompanied by dangerous oscillation. This principle is the *rotatory;* but the difference between rotatory movement and that known as *reciprocating* must be understood in order to appreciate the value of the former in relation to high-speed locomotion. In an ordinary steam-engine there are essential parts, frequently of enormous weight, which are driven violently to and fro with each revolution of the crank-shaft; in other words, there are frequent and successive periods during which these parts are arrested and their direction of movement reversed. It is easy to conceive that this *reciprocating* action, however regular its operation may be, must inevitably produce shock and consequent vibration. The electric motor differs as completely from the steam-engine in its action as the conductor which supplies current to the former does from the pipe which conveys steam to the latter. The entire mass of the driving or power-giving portion of the machine (armature) operates from a fixed centre, and there are no reciprocating parts whatever. As a result, we have smoothness of running and evenness of turning movement practically unattainable by other means. In a previous article ('Electric Traction,' July 1901) the various systems were described; therefore recapitulation here is unnecessary. All these have been in operation to a greater or less extent for several years past; but for certain reasons the overhead or trolley system has found most favour in this country, where, in fact, electric railways may be said to have originated. Unfortunately, however, our progress has been extremely slow; nor until now has any attempt been made either to extend the sphere of those railways beyond the requirements of suburban traffic or to increase the speed. Many reasons have been advanced for this national backwardness; but it is probable that the true reason is, that legislation has done much to handicap private enterprise. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that the present condition of affairs gives promise of a gigantic effort to make up for lost time.

Let us now consider the details of Mr Behr's express railway, for express it is intended to be in the highest sense of the term. As stated, the distance between Manchester and Liverpool is thirty-four miles; and as the journey is to be accomplished in twenty minutes, the speed will average one hundred and ten miles per hour. This is about forty miles an hour faster than the highest speed attained by our fastest express trains drawn by steam locomotives. To use Mr Behr's own expression, each of his *trains* will consist of only one vehicle carrying eighty passengers. The electrical equipment consists of a motor or motors with an equivalent of 2000 horse-power. This power is applied by means of chain-gearing to two or more of the eight double-flanged wheels which rest on the mono-rail, and by which the carriage is suspended. The general arrangement and construction of the track is similar to that of the Ballybunnion line; but instead of a single guide-rail on both sides of the A-shaped trestles, there will be two guide-rails. This prompted one of the counsel for the opposition to style the system a 'five-rail mono-rail' one. There will be no gradients of any importance on the line; and as none of the curves, it is stated, will exceed a radius of seven hundred and fifty yards, it is expected that the trains will easily negotiate the curves without causing any discomfort to passengers even at the high speed contemplated. As regards derailment, the centre of gravity will be kept so low that it will be an absolute impossibility for the train to jump the track. At one hundred miles per hour, however, it will be readily understood that the most perfect provision must be made for checking and stopping, both as regards signalling and braking-power. The trains will follow each other at intervals of only ten minutes, the distance separating them being thus about seventeen miles. It is proposed to subdivide the line into five sections of about seven miles each, and the danger-signal at each point will remain on until the train has passed the next, always giving the following train seven miles in which to pull up should anything have gone wrong with the preceding train. As regards brake-power, it is intended to use a combination of the Westinghouse and an electric brake, which can bring the train to a standstill from a speed of one hundred miles per hour in a distance of about five hundred yards. The word *can* is used advisedly, as the effect of such sudden retardation could hardly fail to be extremely disagreeable to passengers; and although an emergency brake is essential, the chance of it being called into requisition is in the highest degree remote. As regards acceleration, it is claimed that full speed can be attained in a distance of one and three-quarter miles from starting-point, as the railway will be free from all switches, points, level-crossings, and intermediate stations.

As may be supposed, a scheme of such novelty has not escaped criticism at the hands of the technical press. It has been remarked that little or nothing has been made public in regard to

the size and speed of the motors to be employed, of the space in the train which they must necessarily occupy, of the pressure at which the current is to be supplied, and whether this is to be continuous or alternating. It may, however, be taken for granted that every one of these points has received Mr Behr's fullest consideration, and that before long the two cities selected by Stephenson for the first application of the steam railway will be united by that power which appears destined to revolutionise locomotion throughout the civilised world.

EVAN TANBANC.

By JOHN FINNEMORE, Author of *The Lover Fugitives*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.: THE SINGER AND THE MILLER.

THE cottage in which Evan Tanbanc lived fitted a nook in the hillside as neatly as an acorn fits its cup. The huge stones with which the house was built had been quarried directly from the spot where it stood, and the dwelling planted in the hollow left in the green slope of the mountain. As the latter rose sheerly behind to the north and west, it effectually shielded the cottage from the worst storms; but, as a set off to this convenience, the wind, as it came in from the sea, poured over the western crest of the hill, and rolling down, fell plump into the chimney, driving the turf-smoke in clouds around the single room.

Evan Morris, the owner of the place, was seated on a stone a few yards from the door, whence great clouds of smoke were pouring. He was a tall, bony fellow of two or three and thirty, and, as he sat in a listless, dejected attitude, looked as if the world were going very badly with him. A tattered broadcloth coat, an old velveteen waistcoat, and corduroys badly burst at the knee would have afforded good presumptive evidence elsewhere; but among the Welsh peasantry of the Mynydd Bach ('Little Mountain'), where Evan wore them, the evidence was discounted by local surroundings, for in that thrifty spot people wear clothes just as long as they will hang together.

To all appearance Morris was gazing over the noble view stretched before him; fields, woods, a wide valley with a shining river, and then hills beyond hills till they faded into the blue of the horizon; but to him the view only meant so much distance, and his present mental attitude was one of querulous discontent with his lot. This lot, however, was distinctly of his own making. He was the owner of the cottage and a few neighbouring fields—not much, perhaps, but amply sufficient for the frugal ends to which life is disposed among that simple people. Unfortunately for his worldly prosperity, as he was situated, he was gifted with an admirable voice and a passion for music. In another sphere his powers would have brought him fame and fortune. Here they simply incited him to tramp miles to teach a singing-class when he ought to have been at work, or to borrow money on any terms to attend a distant Eisteddfod where good music was going. Among a people so devoted to song as his countrymen, ample opportunities were afforded him to exercise his gifts, and in any direction he was sure of the warmest welcome when he made his appearance to train the local choir for a competition or to bring his fine voice to their aid. He had been sole master of Tanbanc for five years; and though his father had left it perfectly unencumbered, and a modest sum tucked away in a hole in the chimney, yet by this time he had mortgaged it to its full value to his cousin, John Morris, commonly called John y Felin. The word Felin means a mill, and his cousin was a miller. A great clan of Morrises was scattered over the Mynydd Bach; and, to avoid confusion, each dropped his surname proper for colloquial purposes and took that of his residence. It was thus that the singer was known as Evan Tanbanc.

As Evan sat musing John y Felin came in sight, a great, broad-shouldered giant of a fellow, dusty, as all millers are, and shouting as he came:

'There you are, sitting about as usual, when you might be looking after your farm. Do you think the fine weather will last for ever? You might be earning a little money to pay your debts instead of idling like a lord.'

'What do you want?' said the other sullenly.

'To talk with you. Let us go into the house.' He led the way inside, for the smoke had cleared, and Evan followed him. The interior of the cottage had a very primitive air. It consisted of a single apartment, which stretched from gable to gable, paved with mud and roofed with thatch, the thatch-poles lying in full view and thickly festooned with sooty cobwebs. Across one end of the place some planks laid from wall to wall formed a rude loft, upon which stood an old-fashioned box-bed. This loft was gained by a ladder formed of two young larch-trees connected by strips of wood roughly nailed on. The turf fire smoked and blazed beneath a cavernous chimney so open that in a heavy shower it was necessary to draw back from the hearth to avoid the rain which poured down the ample vent. The miller flung himself almost at full length upon the settle, and Evan took a chair opposite. The former was evidently in good spirits, for he

laughed loudly once or twice, and even attempted a few notes of 'Hen wlad fy nhadau' in a voice which caused his companion to set his teeth.

'Well,' said John y Felin, 'you don't ask what I want you for.'

'I don't care,' said the other.

'Don't you?' said the miller. 'I'll make you care before I've done with you.'

His companion grunted and pushed back a fallen piece of turf with the brass-bound toe of his clog. The miller was now sitting bolt upright, with his hands firmly planted on his knees, and staring directly at his cousin, who was looking carelessly into the fire.

Though they were the sons of brothers, and as a rule blood comes out strongly in the race, they were totally unlike each other. The miller was the elder by a year or two, and he was as dark as night. His short, curly hair; his deep, cunning eyes; his thick beard, hiding the throat, were all of the same raven blackness. He wore no moustache, so that the play of his thick, unctuous lips could be easily observed; the corners, in particular, were scarcely ever still. As he spoke they played in and out, and even when he was silent they moved, shadowing forth a smooth, bland smile. The Mynydd was a rare place for long heads and deep heads; but the longest and deepest brought their utmost skill to bear when they had a bargain to make with John y Felin, and often enough their best was insufficient to save them. Evan Tanbanc was as tall as his cousin, but much slighter, and as sandy as the other was dark. His head and beard were thin and red, and his large, fine eyes, the only feature which he possessed approaching beauty, were blue.

'Well,' said the miller, 'I have sold the fields below the mill.'

'You have?' said his companion. 'And did you get what you wanted for them?'

'Yes, and more,' said John y Felin, smiling his blandest.

'Then David Bryn must be a fool,' said Evan.

'That is his look-out,' chuckled the miller. 'There are other fools in the parish besides David Bryn. What must we think of a man who has sung himself into debt? Just think of that. Never mind money or living. "Doh, me, soh."' The miller had a voice like a screech-owl, and as he sang, or tried to sing, the familiar notes his companion shuddered.

'Ha! ha!' laughed John. 'Your grass wants cutting; but of course you must go to Trawsnant to-night and lose three good hours of daylight.' He struck an imaginary tuning-fork, listened, and then gave out a raucous 'Doh.' The other looked on with a dangerous flash in his blue eyes. 'As for me,' continued the miller, 'I thank Heaven I have no leaning to such trumpery. I watch my business; I serve my customers; I improve my land. That is better than any "Doh, me, soh."' Not content with his former performance, the miller tried to finish off the octave, but he made so horrible a noise in his attempt that the other lost patience.

'Silence, idiot!' roared Evan.

'Silence, certainly,' said the miller, smiling wickedly. 'It would suit you very well if I kept a perpetual silence about the money you owe me; but unfortunately I cannot afford to do it. I have come now to speak about it. You must pay me the money I have advanced on Tanbanc.'

'When?' said the discomfited Evan.

'The usual notice,' said John y Felin. 'I shall lay my hands either on that money or this place as soon as I can.'

'All right,' said the other, making an effort to appear unconcerned under the blow. 'I must get some one else to take the mortgage.'

'Certainly,' said John in a tone of bantering politeness. 'That will be easy enough. Any one who has money to spare will be eager to advance it on such a farm.' From the window at hand almost the whole of Tanbanc could be seen—a field or so of thin, sickly corn; a meagre pasture with rock cropping out in a dozen places through the scanty soil; and an old pony, a mere bag of bones, trying to pick a living among the bents and rushes.

Evan Morris did not attempt any argument. He knew that it was useless, and that to make any petition would be to expose himself to open scorn. Therefore he remained silent while the other, having delivered his message, tramped out of the house without another word.

For half-an-hour Evan Tanbanc sat by his fire without moving, his head hanging down in deep thought. A rattle of stones came to his ears, and he glanced through the window. Twenty yards away and making straight for the door was an elderly man, Rees Morgans, Pengarn, a substantial farmer of the neighbourhood. In a couple of bounds Evan cleared the floor, and scaling the ladder to his loft with the utmost agility, he began to rummage among a heap of tools stacked there. In another moment the door opened below and he looked over the edge of the loft with admirable surprise.

'Boreu da' ('Good-morning'), he called out. The other returned the greeting and unfolded his errand. He wanted Evan to come over to Pengarn and assist in cutting a crop of forward grass which had already been standing too long.

Morris agreed in an instant; he gave over his pretended search, descended the ladder, swung his scythe over his shoulder, and they set off together. The unwonted nimbleness Evan had displayed arose from the fact that Rees Pengarn had not only an excellent farm, but also a daughter, Letitia. For some time Evan had been nursing a grand project which should culminate in seeing him snugly seated by the Pengarn hearth as son-in-law, and it would have been no assistance to such a plan to allow the old man, who worked

harder than any servant on the farm, to see him idly seated by the fire on a fine morning.

When he reached Pengarn he went to work with his utmost vigour, and, taking the head of the line of mowers, soon began to work away from them all save the next to him, and this was another 'cousin of his, Pryce Howell.

In the last generation the branch of the Morris clan from which Evan was descended had consisted of three brothers and one sister. Of these, the eldest brother alone was alive. He was a shopkeeper in Liverpool, but had been neither seen nor heard of on the Little Mountain for many years. Of the second son, John y Felin was the sole representative, as was Evan of the third, and Pryce Howell was the only child of the daughter, who had been the youngest of the family.

Pryce was a strapping lad of three-and-twenty, tall like his cousins, but better proportioned and more cleanly built. He was dark, but in a manner different from the miller. The latter's blackness of visage was unrelieved, whereas Pryce's cheek was as fresh as a rose, and his smile as cheerful and open as the other's was sinister. From his childhood hard work had kept him spare, and made him tough and sinewy, and he easily kept equal pace and stroke with Evan Tanbanc. The grass fell rapidly before the gleaming scythes until midday, when a halt was called, and the workers repaired to the farmhouse.

Evan seated himself at the top of the board, and looked about him with the satisfaction he had always felt since his great idea first formed in his mind. He combined much musical ability with intense dullness in other directions; and, outside his one accomplishment, his brain was a blank.

He belonged to a type of humanity not uncommon in isolated places—a type on one side of its nature purely vegetative. On wet days, when outdoor work was impossible, or on evenings when he had no meeting to attend, he would sit by his fire hour after hour like a statue. The sense of utter loneliness; the stillness, scarcely broken by the night wind fingering weirdly at the casement, would have driven nervous persons distracted. They would have wanted to shout, to scream, to knock the settle over, to do something or anything to break the awful silence; but the idea of having nerves had never occurred to Evan. If anybody came in he was pleased to see them, and bore his share in the conversation bravely; but if not he was equally placid and contented in his loneliness, and reclined lazily in his chair or on the settle, perfectly satisfied with the warmth of the fire and the sensation of doing nothing.

His thinking powers were so limited that the idea of making his fortune by marriage had struck him as freshly and originally as ever it was felt by the first fortune-hunter. Nor was he so greatly afraid of its accomplishment. His conceit was as great as his dullness, and he fondly believed that the neighbourhood regarded him as a genius with whom it would be an honour to be connected. As yet he had made no move in the matter, a vast gulf of irresolution usually intervening between the inception of an idea and his feeble attempts at fulfilment.

Thus it was that he even neglected his dinner for a moment while he gazed with fresh pleasure round the ample kitchen of Pengarn; at the half-dozen flitches swinging from their hooks in the huge beams of the ceiling; at the large, shining presses, and the great dresser with its rows of jugs—three rows of twenty in a row—ornaments dear to the heart of the Mynydd Bach housewife. At these things he looked, and finally he turned his eyes to Letitia Pengarn, by the winning of whom they were to be obtained. There were few bachelors on the Little Mountain but would have looked at her first, and with good right, for one might have searched from the Berwyns to the sea and not found a better specimen of the trig, black-eyed, brown-skinned beauty to which that Celtic blood runs.

That night, when it was too dark to see longer, and the scythes had been put away in readiness for the morning, Evan walked homewards with David Bryn.

Morris began talking about the fields which David had bought from John y Felin; and at the mention of the miller's name David Bryn began to laugh slyly.

'Did you hear the news that John has begun to go courting?' said he.

'Where?' said Evan.

'At Pengarn, I believe,' said David.

'Pengarn!' cried Evan.

'Of course I am not sure; but I heard that he was seen the other night going up the mountain at about eleven o'clock towards Pengarn.'

Evan felt his dreams fading at every word. He knew old Rees too well to suppose that a fine voice would balance a full purse; and on parting from his companion at the door of Tanbanc, he went in and sat down in the dusk without attempting to get fire or light. For some time he remained motionless, thinking in his slow fashion. As he did so, the dusk deepened into dark; and when at last he rose and went to the door, the mountain lay black under the soft starshine. He stood for an instant, then pulled the door to with a decisive bang, and started back towards Pengarn.

Among the curious customs still existing in that primitive neighbourhood, the method of courtship is by no means the least curious. The preliminaries to marriage are shrouded in the utmost secrecy, and betrothed couples meet only by night, the lover proceeding to his mistress's house under cover of darkness. Until the actual day of marriage is close at hand no hint of the affair is supposed to be made outside the two families

concerned ; and should any one be hardy enough to venture a question on the matter, the only answer would be point-blank denial, and great offence would be taken that such a question should be asked.

Arriving within a short distance of Pengarn, Evan paused to reconnoitre. In another moment two dogs gave tongue from the farmyard, and came at full speed in his direction. He kept silence, and they, on finding an old acquaintance, leapt about him once or twice, and then returned to their post. He wanted to make sure that no one was about ; and after listening for a quarter of an hour without moving a limb, he crept gently forward. Moving on under the shelter of a stunted thorn-hedge, he reached a last year's hay-rick now in cut. He climbed the side, slipping his body over the upper edge, like a snake, until he lay flat in the lee of the uncut portion. Plucking several armfuls away, he burrowed into it, stretching himself, concealed and snug, in a position which commanded the door to the farmhouse.

Here he stayed, hour after hour, eager to test the truth of the rumour. But the window of the kitchen became black at the usual bedtime, and no lingering glow told of a fire kept up for a nocturnal visitor. He stuck to his task resolutely, and not until the stars told two o'clock did he slip with equal stealthiness from his hiding-place and return to his cottage.

The next night he burrowed once more into the hay and resumed his vigil. Nor was his watch so empty. It was about ten o'clock when he climbed into the stack, and the moon was rising. An hour later a huge form trod quietly over a field to his right and went up to the door of the house. By a score of tokens the watcher knew the new-comer for his man. The miller lifted the latch and marched in. Evan might now have gone away thoroughly satisfied ; but having the whim to see how long John y Felin stopped, he kept his post.

Nearly another hour passed before the burly miller reappeared and picked his way softly down the roughly flagged yard towards the fields. Evan watched him cross the adjoining meadow, and saw his form stand out against the sky as he climbed the farther boundary, and disappear suddenly as he leapt from the bank into the next field. The watcher was now about to slip from his hiding-place, when the click of a latch arrested him. He looked towards the house, and saw by the continually increasing patch of light that the door was being slowly opened. Against the lighted background the figure of Letitia Pengarn became clearly visible. He settled down among his hay and watched more intently still. For a few moments she stood as if waiting, and then a dark figure glided from the shelter of a neighbouring building. It slipped inside the house with her, and the door was closed.

Evan whistled softly through his teeth. To him the affair was no mystery. The girl of the Mynydd Bach steals marches on the powers that be as easily as girls in other places, and after she has given an audience to the lover who suits her parent's views, she indemnifies herself by admitting the swain who suits her own. Who was this? Evan lay still for several minutes thinking ; then he resolved to creep up and peep in at the carelessly curtained window.

He half-arose in the hay, but at the same instant dropped as if struck by lightning. A stone rattled down as some one climbed over the loosely built wall behind the rick, and to raise himself against the starlit sky meant certain discovery. Whoever it was passed directly below him, and he heard heavy breathing as if the person had been running. A slight swishing followed, and his curiosity could no longer be restrained. Availing himself of a large lock of hay which hung over the side, he peeped through it. Below him stood John y Felin, and the sound he had heard was the swishing of leather through lace-holes. The miller was taking off his boots. One, two, the heavy boots were pitched down by the side of the stack, and away went the huge figure as silently as a shadow towards the faintly lighted window. The opportunity offered was irresistible, and to Evan's shallow wit the joke possible seemed something magnificent.

He slipped down the stack and returned at once, carrying the miller's boots with him. He had not much time to spare, for after a single peep John y Felin returned, and as he came his muttered curses were an earnest of what he had seen. Evan lay expecting a double volley when the miller should find the boots gone, but he was disappointed. The surly giant remained perfectly silent. Occasionally a young man is accompanied by a confidential friend, and the miller at once concluded that some companion of the interloper within had seen him, and having stolen his boots, was now hidden near by to enjoy his vexation. These considerations silenced the miller, and he limped away homewards in his stockings, knowing that search was useless, and that to arouse the place would only be to publish himself a fool.

Evan Tanbanc enjoyed to the full the glory of such an achievement, and only regretted that the surroundings of the event would debar him from boasting of the feat. When he was certain that the miller had finally gone, he left the rick and made his way round to a cowshed near the window. He had scarcely gained the shelter of the wall when the door was opened and the second lover came in his direction. Evan shrank into the deep shadow and held his breath as the young fellow went by. It was Pryce Howell.

On his way home Evan passed a deep pool. He tied the boots together by their laces and slung them to the very middle, where they sank with a hollow plash.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE REVENUE.

THE revenue to which reference is here made is that of the United Kingdom, as levied and raised during recent years. When people think of the revenue it is generally the income-tax that occurs to the mind—a tax at which it is possible to enjoy a good grumble; few think of it as the field wherein some curious things may be found which should not be regarded as entirely without the sap of interest, but as yielding refreshment to the more arid hours. It may also be added that were a larger share of attention given to the subject many practical matters of great moment would be discovered, with the result that the interest aroused would be freed from the reproach of fitness for such souls only as are cursed with the itch of curiosity. Let us now examine the curiosities which pertain to the revenue.

As a whole, the revenue is said to be His Majesty's Revenue by a fiction surviving from days when the Sovereign received the proceeds of the taxes, and dispensed them in ways that are a little dark in these more constitutional times. The House of Commons grants such-and-such a tax or impost; but to-day it is well known that the grants are for the public service, and are received at the Treasury for application according to votes passed in Committee of Supply. The total revenue raised in the year ending March 1900 was about £129,850,000 (including all sums raised by the imperial authorities); this vast sum being raised in various ways, yielding amounts varying from a few shillings to millions of pounds. The following items of revenue, some of which yield large and some quite small sums, are selected as examples.

In a former article we dealt with the revenue set apart for the Civil List, including that derived from the old royal estates known as the Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues of the Crown. In the statement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer annually appears an item, Crown Lands, which of late has yielded £450,000 to the Exchequer. Without any attempt at supplying data for judgment on 'the bargain with the Crown,' as it has been called, it may be stated that last year these Crown estates yielded a gross income of £574,083, and that by special act one-half of the revenue derived from mines on the Crown estate is placed annually to the capital account. Management and commission on the Crown estate seem to cost about £77,500 a year, the rest being expended in maintenance of the estates.

Another reminder of the former practice of paying revenue directly to the Sovereign is found in the sums still paid into the Exchequer as Small Branches of the Hereditary Revenue. A sum of £28,268 odd was thus paid in last year. It would be tedious were we to give each sum, but the heads of this small revenue are of some interest. One item is that of the Crown's share of the Crown's Nominee Fund, which yielded £10,000, and was derived from the Sovereign's right to the personal estate of an intestate. Similarly, a sum of £15,000 was derived from the Crown's share of the *Ultimus Hæres* and Bastardy Fund in Scotland; and other items were fines and penalties obtained by the Receiver of Hereditary Revenues, by Welsh sheriffs, and from the surplus Crown revenue received in Guernsey. A curious item is the sum of £20, 4s. from the proceeds of unclaimed wrecks, as also £2, 15s. from a royalty or rent-charge due from the Lagan Navigation Company at Belfast; while to most people £50 from rents and royalties of Guano (Caroline and Flint) Islands will be quite a surprise. A long and minute chapter in past history would be required properly to elucidate such items as these.

An item of some interest in the revenue is that derived from the Mint, which last year contributed no less a sum than £815,451, nearly all profit on the work done. The net profit on the Mint's working is put down at £789,968 for the year 1899. It would be outside the scope of this article to examine the accounts; but some of the items of this revenue are such as to yield some curious information. Most of the profit comes from the seigniorage on silver purchased for coinage, no less than £782,128 of the gross revenue having thus accrued. The accounts show that the profit is enormous. The amount is not easily ascertained, for the Mint keeps up the fiction of a Mint-price of silver at 5s. 6d. per ounce; but it is probably about 50 per cent. The profit on the bronze coinage contributes £102,899 to the gross revenue for the year; and here again the rate of profit is very large, reaching nearly 75 per cent. It should be observed that there is no record of profit on gold; the only contribution from gold is found in the item Gold and Silver Sweep, put down as £1240, of which £879 came from gold and £361 from silver. The terms used suggest the origin of this item in the waste of these precious metals in the process of coining. An improved account is now kept of the sale of the 'sweep' both of gold and silver, so that a more exact statement of the rate of waste in coining might be available. The waste for the past year was about £245 per million in the case of gold, and £815 per million in that of silver. During that period no less than 174 tons of gold bars, 512 tons of silver, and more than 100 tons of bronze bars—over 788 tons of metal—were melted and remelted for coinage purposes. This,

however, does not by any means represent the total work at the Mint, but may serve to indicate the origin of curious items of revenue.

The Bank of England is said to have contributed £176,367 to the revenue. This amount was in two sums—the first, £175,599, and the second, £768; the first item probably comprising a composition of £60,000 in lieu of stamp-duties and the profits of issue by the Bank, the second item being fees on stock certificates which are payable on issue at the rate of 5 per cent., and on reissue at half that rate.

There is a considerable source of revenue found in certain loans and shares held by the British Government. The 172,826 ordinary shares and 3776 so-called *actions de jouissance* of that international concern, the Suez Canal, which comprise the largest asset, were bought from Ismail, formerly Khedive of Egypt; and as the amount received for the past year was £810,818, it is evident that the holding is very valuable. Other items of revenue in this class are of a more obscure and precarious kind—namely, loans. One is the Sardinian Loan, made to the King of Sardinia at the time of the Crimean war, of £2,000,000 at 3 per cent.; another, the Greek Loan of 1832; another, the grant-in-aid to Fiji, made in the years 1875–78 to aid the local revenue. The last amounted to £105,000, and is repayable by an annual instalment of 1 per cent., which accounts for the £1040 in the revenue accounts. Scottish readers will find some interest in a small item of £97, 4s., repayment in part of the advances in aid of the emigration and colonisation of crofters and cotters of the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland, the British Government having advanced £18,120 during the years 1888–93; £12,403 being yet outstanding. At the present moment, however, interest will be keenest in the item representing interest paid by the Transvaal Government, amounting last year to £15,093. Since August 1884, at the time of the London Convention, the Transvaal owed the Imperial Government £250,000, bearing interest at 3 per cent., and repayable by a twenty-five years' annuity. The sums thus owing by the defunct Government of the Transvaal will probably be written off as a bad debt or as a contribution by the Home Government to the new administration of that territory, and so this annuity will not appear again in our national accounts. While we are touching colonial items, let us note other two items of revenue reported by the Colonial Office: the one, fees received by the British Consul at Johannesburg amounting to £211; and the other, fees by the British Consul in Swaziland—a total of 2s. 6d. If *de minimis non curat lex*, that cannot be said of the Colonial Office. It is likely that these items also appear in the accounts for the last time, as Swaziland may also be incorporated in our South African territories. Perhaps it is only by accident that this curious item follows almost immediately: 'Dundrum Criminal Lunatic Asylum—sale of old rags, £14, 12s. 4d.' The minuteness and care with which these things are recorded is wonderful; it is altogether admirable!

From the Fishery Board of Scotland last year the revenue derived £4830 from fees for brands on herring-barrels. Many are the measures recorded in the statutes dealing with this subject, the last in the year 1892; but these fees are fixed by an act of 1858, which fixes a fee of 4d. for a barrel and 2d. for a half-barrel to be paid at the time of branding to the officers of the Board, who account to the public Treasury for the amount. By an easy computation it is ascertained that probably about 350,000 barrels were branded during the year.

Another item among these minor ones, which appears for £458, 0s. 9d., must not be passed over without notice—that is, 'conscience money.' Here, surely, it is of importance to note that odd 9d. A little reflection on the significance of this item stirs the imagination. The frailty of human nature is seen throughout: a battle-royal between the desire to economise at the expense of the State, the temporary victory of this subterranean cupidity, the reassertion of power on the part of the oppressed conscience, and the final emergence into the pure air of duty leading to the remission of a cheque to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The item, in short, is a condensed note of several tragedies, embedded here among the nation's accounts. These remittances by consciences melted to tenderness are exceedingly satisfactory to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but probably suggest that for the few who thus recover themselves there are many who persist in Egyptian hardness of heart.

Turning now from the byways of the revenue to some of the main roads by which it reaches the Exchequer, we find some very curious items studded by the way. Playing-cards pay a tax of 3d. for every pack of playing-cards made for sale or use in the United Kingdom, and 3s. 9d. per dozen packs on those imported from abroad. From home-made cards a sum of £23,109, 18s. 6d. was paid into the Exchequer, and from foreign cards a sum of £5299. These figures represent 1,849,113 packs and 28,260 dozen packs respectively, or 2,188,233 packs altogether. As the population of the United Kingdom is a little over 40,000,000 probably, this total represents about two packs each taxed as against every forty persons (men, women, and children) in the kingdom. It is evident that some of the inhabitants have each used a good many packs.

Patent medicines contributed £288,827, 8s. 1½d. during the year. The figures respecting this curious item of revenue at once afford a good illustration of the many rills which flow to the Exchequer's ocean, and cast a side-light upon the life and expenditure of the people—many of them, if not the great majority, of the humblest classes. Of quantities not above the value of 1s. paying

a tax of 1½d., no less than 29,569,576 were charged; of those charged with 3d. there were 5,866,138; charged with 6d. there were 943,080; with 1s. tax there were 99,179; with 2s. tax there were 4277; and with 3s. tax no less than 11,180 parcels. The total number of these parcels charged with a tax during the year was 36,493,430, which shows that, on an average, nearly every inhabitant of every age and condition had demanded a parcel of some proprietary medicament; but as it is quite certain that a great number did not make any experiments upon themselves by such means, nor permitted doctors even to experiment upon them, it is most probable that others indulged largely in these potions and pills with a faith as sublime as their daring was rash.

Among the miscellaneous items of revenue from taxes is also found that which accounts for the penny stamp on receipts, drafts, and other documents. This does not seem to include the penny postage-stamp, which is otherwise accounted for. The number of such penny receipt-stamps for the year was 344,890,279, which, after deducting all repayments and allowances, yielded a revenue of £1,431,305, 10s. 4d. 'Mony a little mak's a muckle.' Nearly a million and a half of sovereigns from a tax by a penny stamp! Allowing for those who probably could not need a receipt-stamp, not above 7,000,000 inhabitants used them, and probably very many fewer. This would leave an average of fifty stamps each, say, paid for by this number, which represents a tax of from 4s. 2d. to 4s. 6d. per person. The fact, however, is that averages of this nature are more than ordinarily fallacious and misleading, since large quantities are used in houses of business, and private individuals use very few, comparatively. But the average may assist the reader to realise how large is the number of penny receipt-stamps used, and how the burden of the stamp is distributed among the people.

Dogs and receipt-stamps have not much in common, save that, given a fair chance, they will both stick to man. During last year 1,433,987 dogs were licensed at 7s. 6d. per head, which brought in a revenue of £537,801, 12s. 6d. How many curs escape taxation, how many were less than six months old, and how many shepherds and farmers' dogs were unenumerated because exempt from taxation, there are no means of knowing. The dogs which were paid for were not those of general utility, but those whose part it is to be companion or pet or object of relief by expletive, by turns, to dog-lover or master, to old-maid whose 'way of life is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,' to bouncing boy, or to gushing girl. It should be noted that this is one of the taxes not levied in Ireland.

The inhabited-house duty is suggested by this last remark, for that tax is imposed in Great Britain only. From this source there was paid into the Exchequer last year £1,698,523, of which £1,587,916 was drawn from England and Wales, and £110,607 from Scotland. Broadly speaking, the duty is imposed on houses of the annual value of £20 and upwards which are occupied as dwelling-houses, and it is usually a charge on the occupier. For the assessment, houses are divided into two classes, and the rate is graduated in both classes. For houses used for trading purposes, including lodging-houses, the scale is 2d., 4d., and 6d. in the £1 for property not exceeding £40, £60, and exceeding £60 respectively; for houses not used for any trade purpose the scale of charge is 3d., 6d., and 9d. in the £1. That regulation sounds comparatively simple; but in administering the law and raising the revenue it involves a complete census of the dwelling-houses of Great Britain, including houses which are not liable as well as those that are. To enter fully into the subject would, however, occupy too much space; it must suffice here to give a few particulars of the results for the last year for which figures are available—the year 1898–99. The net receipt from the duty in that year was £1,576,878. The annual value of the houses charged was £78,360,945, of which £73,665,338 belonged to England and Wales, and £4,695,607 to Scotland. There was, however, a vast mass of house property not charged, which brought up the total annual value of dwelling-houses in Great Britain to £166,598,589, of which £150,413,481 belonged to England and Wales, and £16,185,108 to Scotland. This shows that in England and Wales the value of those not charged is a little over half the total; while in Scotland the non-chargeable houses are valued at nearly three times the total. The number of houses bears out this general conclusion: that those charged are only a fraction of those not charged. The total number is 7,499,732, of which 5,946,869 were not charged, leaving only 1,552,863 liable to duty. In Scotland the total was 985,540; but only 105,431 were charged with the duty, or less than one-ninth of the total. Of that 105,431, the houses charged as trade premises were 12,271. In England and Wales, of a total of 6,514,192, the number charged was 1,447,432, or about two-ninths of the total; while of those charged, the trade premises numbered 423,135. Yet there is one remarkable exception to the rule: in London the houses assessed outnumber those not assessed—the total being 669,021, of which no less than 446,932 were assessed, or about two-thirds of the total. Of course this points to the prevalence of higher values, and in part also to larger buildings, bringing a very high percentage of houses within the scope of the inhabited-house duty. The number of houses charged as trade premises in London was 76,168. The houses coming under the lower scale of rates were shops, warehouses, hotels, public-houses, coffee-houses, farmhouses (occupied by tenants), and lodging-houses. All other dwelling-houses are subject to the higher

scale of charge. It should be observed, however, that not only are houses whose annual value does not exceed £20 exempt, but that the exemption extends to those belonging to the Royal Family; to those occupied by foreign ambassadors; to hospitals, schools, and poorhouses; and to all messuages and tenements not used as dwellings, as well as to some other special cases. These facts respecting the houses of Great Britain are not only curious; they afford administrators knowledge of far-reaching importance.

In conclusion, let us take another look at the £129,850,000, the total revenue for 1899–1900. In the above paragraphs we have treated of some branches only of this incomparably noble revenue—branches whose proportions are more easily comprehended than such a total. Who that glibly writes or speaks of a total of this magnitude can adequately realise the meaning of such an array of figures, of such large sums? Let an expert bank clerk be set to count a pile of sovereigns of that amount, and how long will it take him to perform the task? At one hundred sovereigns a minute, the energies of such a man working for eight hours a day would be sorely taxed. Now, if he continued steadily to do this for eight hours every day his task would not be completed until a little more than 2705 working days had passed; in other words, about seven years and five months. This may give to some an idea of the magnitude of the revenue raised yearly by the British Government. When it is recollected how the millions required for the public service are collected, now in small—very small—sums, now in very large sums (so that it has become a matter of boasting who pays the largest sum at a time); how the money is sought from door to door by an army of tax-gatherers; how, also, so much is practically collected by publicans, by tea-dealers, by tobacconists, and by other traders from their customers, this in turn involving the retention of a large army of Custom-house officials and Excise officers, one begins to realise, and only begins, how great a work it is in which those are engaged who are raising the British revenue of £129,850,000. This work necessarily winds itself around the national life in numerous ways, and it is not surprising that as one studies it many affairs and facts of much curious interest are found. This article, however, professes no more than a reference to a few items of interest on this very wide subject.

IN THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

By Rev. ROBERT WILSON, Ph.D., St John, N.B., Canada.

BOLDLY facing the Atlantic Ocean, with the waters of the Bay of Fundy on the one hand and those of the Straits of Northumberland on the other, and connected with New Brunswick by the narrow isthmus of Chignecto, is the important province of Nova Scotia. It is about two hundred and eighty miles in length, it varies in breadth from fifty to a hundred miles, and it has a population of some four hundred thousand—the great majority of British origin, with a few thousands of French and German descent, and here and there a representative of the African and Indian races. The principal towns are Halifax, Yarmouth, Liverpool, Truro, Amherst, Pictou, New Glasgow, Digby, and Lunenburg—names which, with the exception of the last, pretty plainly indicate that the original settlers came from the Motherland. It is the best known of all the Maritime Provinces, and has commanded a larger share of public attention than any of the others. Reasons for this may be found in its early settlement, in its having been the scene of some fierce fights between the Frank and Saxon, in Halifax being a great naval and military headquarters, and especially in having furnished the poet Longfellow with the material which he wove into the touching story, *Evangeline*.

The settlement of Acadia, as it was formerly called, was first attempted in 1598 by the Marquis De La Roche, a French naval officer; but the honour of planting the first permanent settlement within the boundaries of British North America belongs to De Monts, who in 1604 founded Port Royal, now Annapolis, and which was for some time the provincial capital. Nine years later this settlement was utterly destroyed by Sir Samuel Argall, Governor of Virginia, who refused to recognise the right of France to any of the lands discovered by the Cabots, and regarded the whole establishment as an insult to the British Crown. Then, in 1621, Sir William Alexander and a number of other distinguished Scotsmen, under letters-patent from James the First, took possession of the country, changed its name to Nova Scotia, planted several settlements, and instituted the order of Knights-Baronets of Nova Scotia. In 1749 some three thousand seven hundred and sixty families, under the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, laid the foundations of Halifax; and in 1783 large numbers came from the revolted provinces rather than take the oath of allegiance to the new republic. From that time the province has steadily grown in wealth and population. Before the onward march of civilisation forests have been felled, large areas brought under cultivation, and towns and cities

built where once the wild beast roamed undisturbed and the Indian was monarch of all he surveyed; and to-day Nova Scotia occupies an honourable position among the lands owned and occupied by the British race.

Connected with the early history of this interesting region is many a tragic tale, many a thrilling adventure, and many a deed of daring. For years Britain and France were engaged in bloody strife, and the colonies then, as now, afforded the most favourable opportunities for attack. To-day the British flag, and to-morrow the French, would wave over them, and in every treaty they were bought, sold, or ceded. Political animosities, national antipathies, and religious hatred embroiled and embittered every heart, and the people dreaded and detested each other. Every cove and cliff and cape, every field and stream, could they but speak, might tell of wild adventure, risk, and danger; of hungry garrisons besieged by relentless foes; of brave chiefs hurling defiance at each other; of silent surprises and nightly attacks; and of deadly conflicts, defeats, and victories; and not infrequently was the red man found smiting down the unprotected pale-face and his wife, and carrying away their children into captivity.

One case out of many will be sufficient: the Massacre of Grand Pré. Although at that time Acadia belonged to Britain, the Acadians embraced every opportunity to keep the country in a state of unrest. To preserve order a company of soldiers from Boston was quartered in the village; and, deceived by the kindly manner of the natives, they were less cautious than they should have been. Abusing the confidence thus reposed in them, the natives planned a rising, and amid the darkness and dreariness of a winter's night they fell upon the sleeping soldiers and ruthlessly butchered them in their beds. All this belongs to the past. Briton and Frank now live together on the most friendly terms, and are loyal to the same flag; and the few Indians that remain are a poor, weak, inoffensive race, who live by making baskets and moccasins, hunting, and the charity of the public.

While Nova Scotia, like every other land, has its commonplace portions, it is as a whole a really beautiful country, 'where austerest grandeur alternates with softest loveliness, and the wilding piquancy of untrammelled nature with the rich peacefulness of well-tilled farms.' The climate is genial, the air invigorating, epidemics are unknown, and everything is favourable to long life. In its numerous streams and along its wave-washed coasts the fisherman finds an abundance of cod and mackerel, haddock and lobster. In its forests the hunter comes upon the bear, the fox, and the beaver, and various members of the feathered family. Profitable employment is furnished in its mines of gold, iron, and coal to industrious thousands; and in its fertile vales and on its sloping hillsides grain, cereals, and fruits yield the richest returns. Among its most profitable products is the apple, which is extensively cultivated, and finds a ready market abroad. In certain sections, look where you will, and it is the orchard that will meet your eye, beautiful in blossom or rich in fruit. It is indeed a goodly land, full of interest in scenery and in story, and with much in its present and its past to awaken 'thoughts that breathe' and to call forth 'words that burn.'

Looked at from a national standpoint, two places are especially deserving of attention—Louisburg and Halifax—the one for its historic associations, and the other for its present value to the Empire. Louisburg is located in what was once the province of Cape Breton, but which since 1819 has been politically a part of Nova Scotia. Under the old French régime it was one of the strongest fortresses in the world, the Government of France having spent an enormous sum of money in order to make it 'the Dunkirk of America.' It was surrounded by a wall forty feet thick at the base and between twenty and thirty feet high, outside of which was a ditch eighty feet wide. It mounted nearly two hundred guns, and was well garrisoned. As it was a rendezvous for privateers, and a constant menace to British interests, its capture was determined upon, and a force of four thousand militiamen from Massachusetts, under Colonel Pepperell, was sent to reduce it. The siege lasted from the 29th of April to the 21st of May 1745, when, deeming that further resistance was useless, the French commander capitulated. Ten years later, having in the meantime been given back to France, it was again besieged by the British; and after a severe struggle of seven weeks' duration, the French again laid down their arms, and Louisburg ceased to be French. As Halifax was deemed the better post, all war material was transferred there, as well as everything else of value; the fortifications were demolished, and the ditch filled up with the broken stone of the walls; and where once proud navies rode in triumph, and deeds of daring were performed, there is nothing to-day but a small fishing-village and a few mounds of stone and rubbish.

Halifax has been aptly described as a European city on the western side of the Atlantic. It has many fine public buildings, industries of various kinds, and in its capacious harbour may be seen the flags of every nation. It is especially noted as the rendezvous of the North American Squadron and the military headquarters of British America. The 'red-coat' and the 'blue-jacket' are seen on every hand, officers in uniform are always in evidence, and two regiments of the line are usually stationed in its garrisons. The guns of the citadel command the harbour, and every crag and islet in and around the entrance thereto bristles with the deadly 'dogs of war.'

As to the strength of these fortifications there can be no two opinions, and it is conceded that no ship could live for an hour under their fire; but looked at from a Canadian standpoint, Halifax has been overestimated. A glance at the map of Nova Scotia will show that any Power that could seize and hold the narrow isthmus of Chignecto could cut off all communication with Halifax and prevent the forwarding of reinforcements; whereas St John, with its ever-open harbour and two independent railway lines to Quebec, could always keep the way open to the Upper Provinces. The matter has been pressed upon the attention of both the Federal and Imperial authorities, and the probability is that at no distant day St John will be added to the long list of fortresses over which waves, in proud defiance, the flag of Britain.

To many, however, this interesting region would have remained a *terra incognita* had it not been for the pen of the poet. True, his foot had never trodden its hills and dales, his eye had never rested upon the scenes he so vividly describes, and with the people to whom he so touchingly refers he claimed no affinity in either language, race, or religion. But having familiarised himself with the leading facts upon which the story is based, and with the general features of the locality in which they occurred, the creative genius of the poet supplied the details; and while challenging some of his facts and dissenting from some of his conclusions, we must admit that few men have stood nearer to Nature or so accurately interpreted her language as did the author of *Evangeline*.

On 'the expulsion of the Acadians' much has been written, and the conduct of the British Government in connection therewith denounced in unmeasured terms. 'But,' in the words of Professor Roberts, 'there are a few points connected with it that should be mentioned. When Longfellow wrote the story of *Evangeline* he did not fully understand all the facts. It was not a piece of wanton cruelty on the part of England. It was done to satisfy New England, and was carried out by New Englanders. Terrible as was the measure, it is hard to see how it could have been avoided, unless at the cost of Nova Scotia itself. If Nova Scotia was to remain in English hands—and New England said this was essential to her safety—then the Acadians had to be removed. The Acadians had suffered themselves to be made the tools of French intrigue. Through them France hoped to retain her hold upon the peninsula. For forty years they had been treated by England with a patience that had long ceased to be a virtue. Every effort had been made to conciliate them; but they refused to take the oath of allegiance, which they were legally bound to do, or to be considered as enemies. Allied with the Indians, and disguised as Indians, some of their bolder spirits indulged in bloody raids on the English settlements; and English settlement became impossible in an English province. At the same time England—which then meant the thirteen colonies as well—was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with her greatest rival—France—and the Acadians were her enemies within the gate. They were warned, exhorted, threatened; but they obstinately and blindly closed their ears. So it came that this unhappy people were ground between the upper and nether millstones. They were removed from their homes with such humanity as was possible under the piteous circumstances, and were scattered abroad. As one reads Longfellow these facts should be borne in mind—not to lessen our admiration for the poet's genius, or our response to the pathos of the *Evangeline* story, but to keep our view of history undistorted.' Whether it was or was not a necessity, and whoever should bear the blame, it must have been to a people so emotional in their nature and so domestic in their habits a truly terrible experience. Time is, however, a great healer; and after the lapse of a century and a half the bitterness then aroused has long since passed away, and Frank and Saxon alike rejoice in the common heritage of the Briton. While the people have changed but little, change has taken place in their surroundings. The seasons come and go as in former times, the huge dikes still repel the restless waters, Grand Pré is much the same as in the days gone by, and Blomidon still looks down upon the scene of the great tragedy.

Nova Scotia has produced some remarkable men—men of whom any people might well be proud—men who have won more than a local reputation. Judge Haliburton was both a lawyer and a politician, and made for himself a name on both sides of the Atlantic; but he is best known as the author of *Sam Slick, the Clockmaker of Slickville*. The revelations and remarks of the Yankee pedlar are not only valuable for their raciness and drollery, their sarcasms and laughable exaggerations, but also for their shrewdness and good sense, and the correct knowledge of human nature they exhibit. As a story-teller he is inimitable, and the quaint dialect in which he voices his ideas makes his utterances all the more telling. As an orator the Hon. Joseph Howe had no equal in Canada. He began life as an apprentice in a printing-office in Halifax, and closed his career in the same city as Lieutenant-Governor of the province. Sir William Young ranked high as a statesman, and because of his many public services was knighted by his Queen. Sir Charles Tupper, so well known in the Motherland as the Canadian High Commissioner, has been described as 'a man of good presence and genial manner, of fearless courage and tremendous energy, and an astute, ready, sarcastic, and overwhelming speaker.'

Others, natives as well as those born elsewhere, have won distinction in statesmanship, literature, and religion, and not a few have nobly sustained the honour of the flag on the field of battle. Nor is there any reason to fear for the future along these lines, for the outlook is full of promise.

The Berwick Camp-Meeting has become one of the institutions of the country, and is usually held in the early days of August. Gatherings of this kind have been so often described that only a few words are here necessary. Surrounded by a region of surpassing loveliness, in which the products of Nature are varied and abundant, is an enclosure sacredly set apart for religious purposes. Board and lodging may be had at reasonable rates, police regulations are strictly enforced, and the best of order prevails. Thousands come together from the country around, some for the sake of an outing, some to hear the great singers and speakers usually in attendance, and others in the hope of receiving spiritual benefit there. Camp-meetings, like everything else, have greatly changed in recent years. There is less of appeal to the emotional and more to the intellectual, and the story of the Cross is much more in evidence than the terrors of the Law. This is matter for rejoicing, as there has been much in the past in connection with such services that could not be commended, and not a little of the good accomplished has been of an evanescent character. Of this Mrs Stowe gives an illustration. A wealthy planter, who had at sundry times and on divers occasions been converted, but who had as frequently fallen away, was at the time referred to again restored and made very happy. One of his slaves, a pious old man, at once hurried off to a retired spot, and, falling on his knees, prayed somewhat after this fashion: 'Good Lawd, take my deah ole massa right home to glory, for if he lib to go home he be dead suah to fall away once moah; and if he die foah next camp-meeting, de debil will get him after all.' But the 'Great Dismal Swamp' is not the only place where such scenes have been witnessed. A somewhat similar case occurred under my own observation. A revival was in progress, much interest was being manifested, and among the converts was a man whose touching and telling testimony much impressed me. 'You don't know him,' said a friend. 'He has been converted several times; but he is wrecked every Twelfth of July.' The Battle of the Boyne was usually commemorated in a convivial style, and poor Henry was wont to awake the following morning with both a headache and a heartache. But I am glad to say the besetment was overcome, and he died well at last. All converts are not, however, of this type; and, tested 'by their fruits,' the genuineness of the change in many has been placed beyond question.

From the Methodists to the Trappists is a long stride, for while the earnestness and sincerity of each is above suspicion, there is very little in common between them. Those who can enjoy the excitement of a Berwick Camp-Meeting, and to whom a hearty 'Amen' or 'Halleluiah' is an inspiration, are incapable of appreciating the silent and austere ceremonies of the Trappists of Tracadie. According to a recognised authority, 'they are forbidden the use of meat, fish, wine, and eggs; they have no intercourse with externs; and the whole system is founded on the principle of perpetual prayers and entire self-abnegation. They rise before the dawn; and, with brief intervals for meals, the waking hours are divided between devotional exercises and manual labour. The bed is a hard mattress with a coarse coverlet, and the last scene on earth is made signal by the dying one being laid on a few handfuls of straw, that he may, as it were, on the very brink of the grave, lay aside the last fragment of earthly comfort to which till then the necessities of nature had compelled him to cling.' The community is a small one, and is likely so to continue.

From what has been written a fair idea of the character of the Nova Scotians may be formed. In a country so rich in resources poverty is rarely met with. The people are sober, industrious, and enterprising; the comforts of life are common; and men of wealth are not few. The number who entirely abstain from the use of intoxicants is large, and the strength of the temperance sentiment may be inferred from the fact that in September 1900, when the Canadian Government requested an answer to the question, 'Are you or are you not in favour of the entire prohibition of the importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicating liquors?' less than one in seven voted in the negative. Educational and religious matters are well cared for; and among the provinces of the Dominion of Canada, one of the most important is the Land of Evangeline.

FINITE AND INFINITE.

Backwards and forwards, ceaseless ebb and flow,
Within thy mighty bounds, O purple sea!
Eternal change meets changelessness in thee;
Thy future as thy past will come and go,
And every golden ripple on thy breast—
Flashing in sunshine, joyous in its life
For a brief moment—sinks into the strife
Of tumbling waters; restless, seeking rest.

As ripples on Time's sea we come and go,
Swept on the eternal waters to and fro,
Shadowed by clouds, or joyous in the sun,
Drops of that infinite ocean from whose heart
We spring and thrill, an instant held apart,
Before we melt and merge into the One.

Francis Annesley.

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SOME STARS OF THE BRITISH STAGE.

PERSONAL NOTES.

By HENRY W. LUCY.

IT is a strange coincidence that shortly after Mr Beerbohm Tree established himself as a theatre-manager in the palace at the foot of the Haymarket, shortly before Mr Wyndham entered upon charge of his new house in Charing Cross Road, the *doyen* of the profession, the prince of players, withdrew from the proprietorship of the Lyceum Theatre. Good Americans, we know, when they die go to Paris. With equally unfailing impulse, good actors before they shuffle off this mortal coil lease or own a theatre.

For just twenty years Irving ran the Lyceum, and through long periods must have put much money in his purse. Unfortunately from a sordid point of view, splendidly in the way of character and disposition, his purse was constructed on peculiar principles. It necessarily had a wide mouth to receive the bountiful stream flowing from the treasury of the Lyceum during recurrent runs of popular plays. At the other end there was an aperture equally large through which the stream leaked. During his twenty years of sole proprietorship at the Lyceum, Irving drew large revenues. His lavish generosity was ever equal to its growth. His magnificent liberality in staging a piece met its reward in assisting to draw the public. He carried out disbursements on the same scale in all his relations with his fellow-man.

An actor who has found his way to the front told me that, playing a minor part in another London theatre, the height of his ambition was to join the Lyceum company. For the honour and the opportunity he would have been glad to be taken on without salary. Approaching Irving in this mood, he met with encouraging reception. 'How much a week are you getting?' Irving asked. The applicant mentioned the sum, quite sufficient for his age and merits. 'Very well,' said Irving, 'you can join my company and count your salary doubled.' A shrewd business man with all his quixotic generosity, Irving knew very well he might have saved four or five pounds a week on the transaction and still left his recruit happy. But that is not his way.

Under the new arrangements at the Lyceum, made with a special eye to fuller opportunity of visiting the United States, he, while secure of a large income, is relieved from all care and responsibility in the matter of financing the concern.

Irving made his first abiding mark on the London stage as an actor in comedy. There are some of his admirers at this day who prefer seeing him in comedy to seeing him in tragedy. It was in the part of Digby Grant, in Albery's *Two Roses*, that he succeeded in concentrating on himself the attention of the London public. Largely owing to him, the *Two Roses* bloomed for three hundred nights—in those days, sped nearly thirty years ago, a record run.

In the speeches with which he charms dinner and supper parties Irving occasionally drops into autobiography, telling of his obscure struggles at the Sunderland theatre, where, in the autumn of 1856, he first trod the stage, and of his pilgrimages through Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester.

As the heyday of his career is and was closely connected with Miss Ellen Terry, so its early morning was graced by the companionship of her sister Kate. Among the most constant of first-nighters at the Lyceum Theatre in these later days is Mrs Arthur Lewis, *née* Terry, and christened Kate. I wonder if, as she sits in the stalls and watches the actor-manager playing the leading part in his own theatre, crowded with the principal personages in English life, she thinks of the young man who, thirty-four years ago, at a Manchester theatre played Rawdon Scudamore to her Mary Leigh in Boucicault's *Hunted Down?*

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His success established at the Vaudeville, Irving passed on to the Lyceum, and realised the earlier ambition of an actor—managership follows in due course—playing Hamlet. On the eve of the New Year 1879 he took over from Mrs Bateman the lease and the management of the Lyceum, which speedily came into the first rank of English theatres. One work accomplished by him has been the destruction of the time-honoured fable about Shakespeare spelling ruin. The runs of Shakespeare at the Lyceum during the last quarter of a century have had the natural result of re-establishing Shakespeare on the English stage. Irving's first essay, *Hamlet*, was played for two hundred nights, the longest run on record. He inaugurated his management by again playing *Hamlet*, which ran for one hundred nights. *Macbeth* doubled the pace of *Hamlet*, running for two hundred nights.

There are some living playwrights who perceive a source of weakness in Irving's fidelity to Shakespeare. If, they say, he had had a play written for him, up to date, he would never have found it necessary to readjust the financial arrangements at the Lyceum. As a matter of fact, Irving has in his desk a multitude of plays, not only written for him but handsomely paid for. Occasionally, as in the case of *The Medicine Man*, he takes one out, stages it in accustomed magnificent style, and loses time and money.

Off the stage, Irving is as winning in manner as on it he is commanding. I suppose there are few living men who have more personal friends, ranging from the level of dukes to dressers, from prime-ministers to programme-sellers. Mr Gladstone was a great admirer, and never missed an opportunity of seeing Irving in one of his great characters. It chanced that after being present at the first night of *Ravenswood*, presented in September 1890, I had occasion to post off to Edinburgh to chronicle the proceedings in the penultimate Midlothian campaign. At dinner on the night of my arrival I had the good fortune to find myself seated next to Mr Gladstone. It was a time of great storm and stress in the political world. Mr Gladstone was leading the attack upon the Government which resulted in their defeat at the General Election two years later. When he heard that I had been at the first night of *Ravenswood* all other topics were set aside. He overwhelmed me with a torrent of questions as to how Irving had worked out particular episodes. I remember he was particularly anxious to know how the final scene, where the hat of the drowned Ravenswood is found forlorn on the sands, was staged. He told me that of all Scott's novels he most admired *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

Miss Ellen Terry has been so long, so intimately, and so directly connected with Irving's triumphs at the Lyceum that only very old playgoers remember a time before the partnership commenced. They played together for the first time many years before Irving went over to the Lyceum. When Mr and Mrs Wigan contributed their effort to make the hapless Queen's Theatre a success they placed *The Taming of the Shrew* on the stage, with parts for Ellen Terry and Henry Irving. That was Miss Terry's first serious promotion. Like her sister Kate, she was almost a child when she first trod the stage, and, like her, made her *début* as Arthur in *King John*. Mrs Arthur Lewis well remembers going down to Windsor to play the part before Queen Victoria, all unknowing she had the honour and permanent advantage of having Macaulay among the audience. 'The little girl who acted Arthur did wonders,' Macaulay writes in a letter Sir George Trevelyan preserved for all time in his biography of his uncle. 'It is almost worth while to be past middle-life to see Miss Kate Terry play this.'

Of Macaulay little Kate Terry knew nothing; but to this day she remembers her terror of the Queen. 'I had an idea,' she told me as we sat together in the stalls at a first night of the Lyceum, 'that if I forgot my part or faltered in my acting, the Queen would order me to be beheaded.'

Playgoers have had time to forget how, still running on the same lines as her elder sister, Ellen Terry on her marriage left the stage. For seven years she kept her vow of abstinence, but was irresistibly drawn back, to enter on a new farther-reaching march of triumph. Her Ophelia, which she played to Henry Irving's Hamlet when, twenty-one years ago, he opened the Lyceum; her Portia, her Beatrice, her Juliet, and her Lady Macbeth, are as familiar and as highly esteemed in the United States as they are throughout Great Britain. After more than twenty-five years' stage work, Ellen Terry is, she once told me, as subject to stage-fright as she was when she first trod the boards. Also, so purely emotional is her character, so inborn her gift of losing herself in the character she personates, that in certain scenes where stage directions curtly and coldly direct the heroine to weep, salt tears unbidden course down her cheeks. Of late Ellen Terry has chanced not to have allotted to her a part worthy her genius. She still holds her place in the very front rank, the Eclipse of Actresses, leaving the rest nowhere.

At one time Mrs Patrick Campbell seemed in the running. Her creation of the Second Mrs Tanqueray took the town by storm and made the fortune of the piece. Her acting was as full of subtlety at it was marked by strength. There seemed no limit to her possibilities. Somehow it happens that they were marked by the range of *The Second Mrs Tanqueray*. The success then made gave her what the Jameson Raiders called 'a good jumping-off place.' She commanded any opening she pleased. She has hitherto failed

to repeat the mark made under Mr George Alexander's management at the St James's Theatre. After several changes of management she set up in business with that fine actor, Forbes Robertson. She tried Juliet, Lady Teazle, Ophelia, and Lady Macbeth. It is rather provoking that people who see her in these parts, and want to say something kind, always hark back to *The Second Mrs Tanqueray.*

Charles Wyndham is almost as familiar in the United States as is Sir Henry Irving, and his connection with the country is earlier and more intimate. Educated for the medical profession, he served as a surgeon through a portion of the American Civil War, being attached to the 19th Army Corps. Upon occasion he, in the interest of the side he espoused, drew a blade more portentous than the lancet. A man of sunny nature, long floating on the tide of prosperity, I fancy the only sour feeling preserved in his breast is that he draws no pension. War-pensioners, I understand, are not unknown in the United States. Why should C. W. still wait?

'Befoh the wah' Wyndham played at Washington in company with John Wilkes Booth, who, long accustomed to murder on the stage, finally slew Abraham Lincoln. Returning to England after the war, Wyndham, landing at Liverpool, found an engagement at one of the theatres there, and in modest fashion began his long career of success. He carried his newly-made honours back to America, appearing thirty years ago at Wallack's Theatre in his favourite character of Charles Surface. It was in *Brighton*, produced at the Court Theatre in 1874, that he finally established himself in the favour of the British playgoer—a favour that has since steadily grown. His twenty years' management of the Criterion was an unbroken success, enabling him to build and endow the stately new house opened nearly three years ago in the Charing Cross Road.

With the generosity common to actors, Wyndham devoted the gross proceeds of the opening night to augmentation of the fund for the Transvaal wounded. In that action he did not stand alone, several others of the London managers setting apart a night for the good work. Wherein Wyndham made his mark was, that he was able to hand to the fund a cheque for over four thousand pounds. That, of course, would have been impossible under ordinary conditions. Wyndham, as full of resource as he is of energy and vivacity, devised a scheme—or rather adopted a method not unknown in connection with the allotment of pews in Brooklyn Chapel in Ward Beecher's time—of selling seats to the highest bidder. He personally went down to the City, got together a meeting of leading members of the Stock Exchange, set up a rostrum, and sold boxes for the first night as high as one hundred pounds each.

Apart from his genius as an actor, Wyndham has a great gift of graceful speechmaking. To an American the delightful kind of oratory known as after-dinner speechmaking comes by nature, as reading and writing did to Dogberry. With *nous autres* the gift is rarer, and is prized accordingly. With some pretty wide and varied acquaintance with after-dinner speakers of the day, I rank Charles Wyndham amongst our dozen best.

Mr John Hare is one of the most precious possessions of the English stage, realising for us what is perhaps our nearest possible approach to the highest art of the French theatre. Like all, or most, geniuses, he is modest to the extent of being doubtful of himself. I happened to be a fellow-guest with him on the eve of his departure on a campaign in America. It was at Tadworth Court, the country-house of the late Lord Chief-Justice of England, then Sir Charles Russell. With one exception the house-party was composed of members of the Two Pins Club, an institution now defunct, of which at no time were particulars to be found in any books of reference on London clubs. It was a company of some dozen gentlemen who agreed to ride out together, generally on Sundays, lunching at some pleasant hostelry, and being back in time for evening church service. Among members were the late Lord Chief-Justice; poor Sir Frank Lockwood, whose early death eclipsed the gaiety of the Law Courts and the House of Commons; Frank Burnand, editor of *Punch;* Linley Sambourne; Johnny Hare; and Willie Mathews, son of the great Charles. It was called the Two Pins Club in recognition of the second syllable of the surname of those great horsemen, Dick Turpin and John Gilpin.

It was, as might be supposed, a merry company, Lord Rosebery coming over to dinner from his neighbouring place, The Durdans. The only exception to the prevalent hilarity was Hare. In a few days he was to sail for America, and had planned a pretty long and extensive tour. He was sure it would be a failure. What was there about him that the great American people should care to pay dollars to see and hear him? How his gloomy prognostication was discredited is well known. The United States know a clever man when they see him. They saw a good deal of Johnny Hare, who after some months' absence came back to London with his pocket full of money and his ear full of genuine and generous applause.

Beerbohm Tree—the tree is grafted on the family name, which is simply Beerbohm—commenced his career on the stage of the Globe Theatre. Just twenty-two years ago he made his *début* in the character of Grimaldi. His first hit, oddly enough, was created in a part indissolubly connected with the name and fame of another actor. Mr Penley has made a fortune, pecuniarily and professionally, out of *The Private Secretary.* The part was created by Beerbohm Tree. He

abandoned *The Private Secretary* in order to take the part of Macari in *Called Back*. Since that day he has never gone back, advancing from success to success till now he is lessee and manager of what is perhaps the finest theatre in London. His first essay in managership was at the Comedy Theatre, where he made a great hit with *The Red Lamp*. He tarried there only a few months, taking bolder flight to the Haymarket, an ancient historic house whose best days he revived by a procession of pieces in which the skill of the manager was rivalled by the art of the actor.

Beerbohm Tree is a born player, drifting from his father's grain warehouse to the stage as inevitably as a duck takes to water. He is also a profound and ever-unsatisfied student of his art. In successive pieces, from the Russian spy in *The Red Lamp* to the magnificence of Herod, he bestows as much thought and art on the mere business of dressing for a character as some devote to learning, and thinking they understand, their part. Tree's native ability, his natural resources, are so great that he could afford occasionally to be slovenly in his work. He never is, even in respect of the minutest detail. No actor I know comes nearer to prove the truth of the hard saying that genius is the art of taking pains.

CLIPPED WINGS.

CHAPTER II.—THE WOMAN WHO DID NOT CARE.

SHADOW and sunshine were chasing each other across the steep, rounded slope of the old Maori *pah* that, half-girdled by the sombre gray of an olive plantation, rose skywards behind the Lorimers' bungalow. In the market-garden, flanking the farther side of the paddock, a Chinaman, wearing a quaint conical hat, wrought sedulously among the neat rows of flourishing vegetables.

It was the drowsy noontide of a hot December day. A feeling of infinite leisure, that the Chinaman's unflagging industry only served to accentuate, pervaded the atmosphere. Even the birds trilled languidly as though half-asleep.

On the broad veranda, Kitty, her cambric frock pinned about her waist and a big apron on, was combing out the flossy coat of their pampered spaniel after his weekly bath, cajoling him to patience with interjected endearments the while she cross-questioned Lucie regarding their visitors of the previous afternoon.

'So the tall one is called Challoner. I'm certain it was him I saw rowed ashore in the *Akarana's* gig that day I was waiting for the ferry. Awfully good-looking, isn't he?—And did a precious Angel growl at his naughty Kitty when she pulled his curly locks then?—And mother says the nice one is called Tresscott.'

'The "nice" one is called Challoner,' retorted Lucie. 'Mother's only conception of a nice man is one who will listen to her housekeeping worries. What do men care about servants' misdeeds? I know Mr Tresscott was laughing at her all the time, though he pretended to be so interested. If you believe me, she told him about them all—oh! ever so far back, even to the Irish girl who was taken to the police-office for being drunk when she had me in a "pram."'

'Never! Mother never told him *that?*' Kitty cried incredulously.

'Yes, she did, with all the details; didn't miss one, I assure you. Oh, it's too degrading! Father's got lots of money, but it's no use trying to raise this family. Mother gives us away every time. I was simply burning with shame all the while those officers were here yesterday because her bodice was buttoned crooked. Anybody could see she had changed her dress in a hurry.'

'Dear old mumsy! She's always just a wee bit crooked,' remarked Kitty, speaking with that generous toleration shown by an indulgent modern child towards the shortcomings of its parents. 'And Ellen was in such a vile temper.—Mother,' raising her voice as Mrs Lorimer appeared from between the double line of fig-trees that shaded the path leading to the kitchen-garden, 'have you given Ellen warning yet? You know you can't keep her after the way she behaved yesterday. It would be ridiculous.'

'Well, my dear,' responded Mrs Lorimer, subsiding into a basket-chair, which protested against the intrusion in a series of loud creaks, 'all I can say is, that it's very easy to talk of sending girls away. You know quite well that if I gave Ellen warning she'd just put on her hat that very minute and walk right out of the door. It's easier to lose servants than to pick them up, I can tell you. And, after all, Ellen's quite a good girl. She was only cross yesterday because cook had gone and left the washing on her hands, and things had been upsy-down all day.'

'And, mother, why did you say you had been pricking walnuts for pickling? There was no need to tell Mr Tresscott that, surely.'

'But, my dear, I couldn't get the stains off my hands; and, besides, they must have seen the kit of walnuts lying on the steps where I had left it,' Mrs Lorimer protested feebly.

'Then there was that dreadful common teapot; and Ellen had her sleeves rolled up, and no

cap on,' cried Lucie, showering her accumulated grievances on her mother's meek head. 'Oh!' —starting up in a passion of impatience and leaving the veranda—'it's ludicrous to think how wealthy father must be, and yet we never seem to do things as they ought to be done.'

'Another injustice to Ireland!' calmly commented the more equable Kitty.—'What's the good of Lucie putting herself into a tantrum for nothing? Tell me that, Angel,' addressing the dog as she refastened his collar.

'The drawing-room was quite dark anyway; the blinds were all down. I really don't think they would notice the teapot,' said Mrs Lorimer dubiously as she began picking over the lapful of golden butter-beans that she had been gathering in the kitchen-garden. 'At least, Lieutenant Challoner wouldn't; he was at the other end of the room. But I am sorry about my gown looking untidy. I'm sure I'd never been bothered putting it on if Lucie hadn't told me to!'

Lucie had strolled down to the gate, pausing a moment underneath the pepper-tree to solace her perturbed soul with the remembrance of Challoner's parting words.

'But he doesn't really mean to come back,' she assured herself, with simulated resignation. 'And if he does, he'll meet father, and father's worse than mother!'

The sound of hoof-beats on the dry turf, and a warning bark from the Angel, who, his toilet completed, had returned to his signal-post at the top of the veranda-steps, announced the approach of a visitor.

For a moment Lucie's wish fathered the thought that one of the guests of the previous day might have returned; but a second glance convinced her as to the identity of the rider. Only one man of her acquaintance rode in that centaur-like fashion, giving the impression of man and beast being moulded together; and the presence of that one was not desired by the ultra-fastidious Lucie. Swiftly crossing the lawn by the guava-bushes, she passed behind the trellis, whose lattice-work was closely entwined with the luxuriant foliage and laden with the smooth green eggs of the passion-fruit, and escaped into the house by a back entrance.

'Dear me! Whoever can that be at this time in the forenoon?' Mrs Lorimer had exclaimed, starting up at the warning bark of the Angel, guiltily conscious of the flowered muslin hubbard and flopping straw hat that in the seclusion of her family circle formed her garden wear. 'I must run away. Lucie would be crosser than ever if anybody caught me like this.'

'It's all right, mother. It's only David,' answered Kitty, a faint flush of conscious feeling tingeing her cheek.

'David Straight—that's nice. He'll wait to lunch, though, and there's only cold beef. That's one good thing of David, however,' she added complacently: 'he never knows what he's eating when Lucie's in the room. I do wish she'd change her mind and marry him. I'm sure he's asked her often enough. Her pa and me would be so pleased, and so would his folks. Mrs Straight told me so herself. But when Lucie takes a dislike to a notion, you can't argue her into it. There—he's taken his horse round to the stable. Run and meet him, Kitty.'

To have seen David Straight first on horseback was to be disillusionised when one encountered him afoot. Mounted he sat erect, swaying with easy grace at each motion of the horse. Out of the saddle he carried his shoulders in the slouching manner of those who have never experienced the wholesome discipline of physical drill. Straight was tall and well built, yet there was a lack of finish about the modelling of his hands and feet. Viewed as a whole, he gave the impression of a fine piece of sculpture whose completing touches the artist had lacked time to execute.

Straight was a man of sterling promise. He was well educated, and had aspirations towards the legislature. Already he had formulated ideas towards the advancement of a country wherein his patrimony entitled him to take a leading place. All he required was assurance. Possibly the want of success that had attended his suit with Lucie Lorimer had helped to shake his self-esteem, and so checked his mental development. What David Straight really needed to turn him into a valuable citizen was an admiring wife: one whose perfect trust in his powers would inspire and nurture faith in his own ability. For the power was there, only the courage to use it was lacking.

A man labouring under an unrequited passion is ever at a disadvantage in the vicinity of his inamorata. His very anxiety to please makes him nervous and constrained. Even when seated on the veranda beside Mrs Lorimer and Kitty, both of whom were favourably inclined towards him, Straight was ill at ease, abstracted. His eyes eagerly watched for sign of Lucie's appearance; his ears were alert to every sound lest it might herald her approach. To Mrs Lorimer's platitudes as to Kitty's pleasantries he returned abstracted replies. A bulky parcel that had been strapped in front of his saddle lay neglected beside his chair, though from past experience his hostesses shrewdly guessed that it contained a gift for Lucie which Straight felt too bashful to refer to.

Lucie was waiting in the shady dining-room when they went in to luncheon, and her presence induced a fresh accession of awkwardness on the part of her unwelcome suitor.

'Spring-lamb, rabbit, Nebuchadnezzar! Oh, how I detest you!' was Lucie's mental apostrophe as she looked across the table to where David, unconscious that a stray blade of cress lent a verdant garnish to his moustache, stolidly

munched cold beef and salad, and sipped the tea inevitable at colonial luncheons.

The reasons of her dislike were purely negative. Straight's appearance was more than tolerable. He owned all the cardinal virtues; he was heir to a valuable tract of kauri forest and to a vast stretch of gum-digging land in Northern Wairoa. In all respects Straight was a more desirable match than often falls to a maiden reared among the restricted youth of a new country, and Lucie was perfectly conscious that her objections were grounded upon frivolous pretexts; the chief one being that, having a long neck, he elected to wear low collars, an idiosyncrasy which revealed the exaggerated Adam's apple working in his throat as he hurriedly gulped down a mouthful in order to reply to one of Kitty's well-intentioned remarks.

'If he only had sense enough to wear high collars and to get his hair cut; but even then he would be intolerable,' Lucie decided as, scorning more substantial fare, she lunched daintily on stewed peaches and cream.

The meal concluded, Mrs Lorimer retired to doff her 'hubbard' and attire herself for her customary afternoon drive. Having been born in a country where carriage exercise is esteemed a luxury, and in circumstances that forbade her indulgence in that pastime, Mrs Lorimer, now that she was the proud possessor of an equipage of her own, rarely omitted her daily airing. It was the result of her early training that she felt more a real lady when seated in her carriage than at any other time.

So every fine afternoon the outdoor man—who had passed the morning milking, chopping wood, gardening, and in making himself useful in multitudinous ways—having in a sketchy fashion cleaned the buggy and given the horse a desultory grooming, would proceed to get himself into livery to the waist, the visible items of his costume consisting of a blue coat with brass buttons, a pair of gloves, and a tall hat that had seen much service; any incongruities of his attire, such as the absence of buckskin breeches and top-boots, and the presence of time-worn trousers, being discreetly veiled by an enwrapping dust-sheet.

Long ago Lucie had rebelled against the tyranny of an enforced diurnal outing, and the task of accompanying Mrs Lorimer usually fell to the lot of the more accommodating Kitty. So it was a surprise when Lucie, already hatted and parasoled, appeared just as the buggy was brought round, and announced her intention of taking Kitty's place.

'I was just going,' Straight said, rising hastily from the uncomfortably low veranda-chair whereon, knees to nose, he had been lingering in the forlorn hope of a *tête-à-tête* with Lucie after the departure of the others. 'I was just going. In what direction are you driving? I'm not in a hurry. I'll ride with you.'

'Wait a moment, David,' Kitty cried as Lucie, consumed with secret rage at the failure of her scheme for ridding herself of her pertinacious lover, was entering the buggy wherein Mrs Lorimer was already seated. 'One moment. You've forgotten something—a parcel; it was lying on the veranda floor under your chair.'

'Oh—ah! thank you. That was only some hot-water ferns—*Todium superbum*, you know—that I thought Miss Lucie might like to have. I found them in the bush, and brought them down specially,' Straight hastened to explain shamefacedly, looking anxiously for a sign of Lucie's approval.

There is no earthly cruelty more sharp than that shown by the woman who does not care to the man of whose devotion she is certain.

'Thanks; but what a pity you bothered! I'm sick tired of ferns; there are far too many in New Zealand. And I always detested gardening.' Lucie was perched up beside her mother as she spoke, and the last words were spoken casually over her shoulder.

The despised gift had suddenly assumed that worthless aspect common to all rejected offerings. Holding the parcel whose contents he now marvelled that he had ever deemed acceptable, Straight was preparing to mount, when a gentle touch on his arm called his attention to Kitty.

'Will you not give them to me, David?' she asked. 'I like ferns.'

And while Lucie, hot and cross, drove over the dusty roads, with her flouted swain in exasperatingly close attendance, Kitty grubbed in the plot of ground that had been her childhood's garden; and therein, beside the sprouting coco-nut palm which she had brought back in a little barrel from a recent trip to Tonga, and under the hedge of blue sweet-peas for whose seed she had sent a dollar to a mendacious seedsman in California, she tenderly planted the slighted ferns.

The fronds of the once-promising coco-nut palm were brown and shrivelled at the tips; the much-vaunted blue sweet-peas had proved to belong to the commonest mixed class of their species; the pansies, that she had grown with special care because they were 'home' flowers, lacked moisture, and seemed unhappy in their exile. Already the hot-water ferns looked wilted and disconsolate. Hours of languishing in a brown-paper parcel had not proved conducive to health, and the mossy fronds had almost lost their distinguishing furry feeling, and showed signs of collapse.

The corners of Kitty's expressive mouth drooped a little as she patted the rich brown earth gently about the roots.

'If only David had *intended* them for me!' she thought wistfully; 'but it seems as though my portion in life were to be the reversion of Lucie's leavings!'

THE WORLD'S DARKEST ISLAND.

By JAMES JOHNSTON, A.T.S.

IT seems almost incredible that New Guinea, although the largest island in the world—reckoning Australia as a sixth continent—should, until a very recent date, have been practically a *terra incognita*, unnoticed, shunned, or neglected by missionary, trader, traveller, pirate, and slaver. The island is fourteen hundred miles in length, five hundred miles in width at certain points, and has an area of two hundred thousand square miles, and a population of upwards of two millions. It lies about sixty miles north-east of the Australian continent, of which it probably at one time formed a part, but is now separated by Torres Strait.

It has been the hard fortune of New Guinea to remain a kind of shoal between the great currents of commerce that have swept past it north and south for generations, leaving this immense island the wildest and least explored region of the globe. The New Guineans, lacking the elements of inherent development and shut out from civilising agencies, have meanwhile made no progress; in fact, socially and politically, they are behind the Polynesian races, and as low in status as the Veddahs of Ceylon, the Andaman Islanders, and some of the wild tribes of India.

New Guinea possesses a productive and well-watered soil, and its considerable rivers provide adequate channels for inland trade and communication. The Fly River, flowing into the Papuan Gulf, is navigable by steam-launch for five hundred miles, and the Purari River affords like facilities. Grains of gold are found in the sand of all the rivers that meander through the swamps and forest depths, this precious deposit being brought to light by laboriously washing the gravel and sand of the numberless creeks. By the ultimate discovery of the gold-bearing reefs these deposits, it has been surmised, would be capable of much development and export value. Excellent specimens of coal and copper have been obtained, as also lucrative veins of auriferous quartz, all of which may eventually be exported in large quantities.

The scenery of New Guinea is striking and picturesque. Grand mountain-ranges have been surveyed, and some of them were graphically described by Dr H. O. Forbes after his expedition in 1883. One of the highest mountains attains an altitude of eighteen thousand feet above sea-level, and is perpetually crowned with a mantle of snow. Abounding in luxuriant vegetation, and adorned with the feathery fronds of the stately palm and walls of green mangrove forests, these beautiful regions swarm with the varied species of the bird of paradise, parrots, cockatoos, pigeons, and other birds remarkable for their gorgeous plumage. The soil readily yields corn, rice, sugar-cane, coco-nuts, cotton, tea, coffee, sago, and tobacco; and the rivers afford good water-carriage. Boundless areas of cultivable land not used or required by the natives are available by purchase from the Crown at a moderate cost. By their instinct for cultivation, the natives might become agriculturists or profitably assist Europeans; and in addition they are experts in fishing for trepang and in diving for the pearl-shell on the south-east coast-reefs of the island.

After Captain Moresby's explorations in 1874 disclosed something of the natural, political, and commercial prospects of the island, Great Britain, Holland, and Germany severally made annexations; though some years before, in 1871, missionary enterprise had been inaugurated. British New Guinea, one of the latest additions to the British colonial empire, comprises ninety thousand five hundred square miles, in the south-east of the island, and there the London Missionary Society, the Methodists, and the Anglican Church have missions. In the Dutch possessions, on the west coast, embracing one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, are representatives of the Utrecht missionary settlements; and to the north-east, Germany has territory extending to seventy-one thousand square miles, where the moral and spiritual interests of the natives are under the care of the Rhenish society.

Broadly speaking, the New Guineans consist of two divisions: the Papuans, of intensely dark skin, inhabiting the western regions; and the Malayo-Polynesian family, of light coppery hue, related to the Maories, Tahitians, and Samoans, on the east coast.

When British rule was established in 1888, the people were still in what may be termed the stone age; nor was there a single native, says the British administrator, who possessed so much authority among his countrymen as to make it worth while to obtain his assent. The natives, on the whole, are fairly peaceable, but in some districts are not to be trusted, their latent inclination for bloodshed being strong, and with difficulty restrained. Among the coast tribes, which are quite distinct from each other, and live in a state of distrust or open hostility, the patriarchal system is recognised, or chiefs force themselves to the front by deeds of chivalrous prowess. The people are healthy, cheerful, and full of vitality; and as they are naturally intelligent, willing to learn, easily taught, docile, and obedient, they make excellent servants. Avarice, however, is a marked trait of their character.

In appearance the New Guinea aborigines are handsome and of soldierly bearing, though for the

most part nude savages, ornamenting themselves with garish nose-sticks, ear-rings, necklaces, and paint. New Guinea, in fact, may be regarded as an excellent area for the study of primitive or indigenous forms of decorative art, and ethnologists have divided the country into five districts, each possessing ornamental features of its own. Thousands of the natives occupy lake-dwellings, and skilfully use stone tools and implements to manufacture canoes. Specimens of these implements fortunately supply us with a knowledge of prehistoric man otherwise unattainable. It has been pointed out that it is difficult to distinguish some of the implements from those of the Neolithic period in Europe; and when these stone hatchets are fitted on wooden handles their actual form for use can easily be seen.

Women in New Guinea are generally graceful in carriage and of pleasant demeanour, and the children playful in disposition. In marriage, the woman takes the initiative by sending for the man, who, according to custom, makes a payment to the father for his daughter's hand. Polygamy, however, has strong roots, based on the opinion that the more wives a man has the greater his comfort. Outside British territory a widow cannot marry, and consequently is the mere chattel of her brother-in-law—a barbarous disability which will probably disappear under British rule. Female life in New Guinea is above the average in uncivilised lands, the marriage tie, even in the absence of a priesthood, being no less sacred than among European nations. Manual labour is considered honourable by the women, and is claimed as a right; and mothers are most affectionate to their offspring, the children reciprocating by supporting their parents in old age.

When the missionaries first visited New Guinea thirty years ago they described the natives as inexpressibly degraded, destitute of clothing and property, and reclining on bare planks in their curious hut-dwellings. Cannibalism has now ceased in British New Guinea; but the skulls of enemies are preserved as trophies of valour. These relics are peculiarly covered by a sort of half-mask representing a face, which appears to be made of a resinous wax, adorned with red seeds and shells, the eyes and nostrils being formed of the shells. It is quite common to see the tattoo-marks of glory on a warrior's limbs denoting the number of enemies he has slain. The wilder tribes similarly use a bamboo decapitating knife, says D'Albertis, the number of notches which the bone-dagger bears indicating the number of heads cut off. One native had cut off thirty-three heads, each decapitation being reckoned a deed of valour.

On the coast not a few of the barbarous practices are yielding to the spread of civilisation. The natives superstitiously venerate their dead, and have preserved them by embalming and desiccation; not always preserving the whole body, but sometimes only the head. However, the missionaries report that the natives are gradually abandoning this custom of keeping dead and decomposing bodies, and afterwards interring them in their conical-shaped huts, especially at the head of the Papuan Gulf, among the Rigo, Sarea, Gosoru, and Saroaki tribes.

Though an improved condition on the coast-line is visible in a desire for wearing apparel, the consumption of biscuits and rice, and in utilising hardware, &c., which stimulates the natives to work for the white man in reclaiming waste land, New Guinea is yet an unknown country, the south-east coast alone being to any extent touched. Scarcely anything has been ascertained of the tribes on the Fly River waterway, which was explored five-and-twenty years ago; and nothing of importance is known concerning the natives at the head of the gulf, or of others in central New Guinea, save that they are terrible savages—a link, writes an eminent naturalist, between the animal and man. In fact, throughout the interior hundreds of tribes, unknown to the white man, still exist in a primitive savage condition.

Missionary effort took definite form in 1872 by the landing of Murray, Macfarlane, and Gill at Redscar Bay; and in the subsequent years striking progress has been made. In the district extending for seven hundred miles from East Cape to Fly River in the west ninety stations and churches, with an equal number of village schools, have been erected; three thousand natives attend the Lord's Table monthly, most of them with tattoo-marks on their breasts, showing that their spears had been dipped in human blood; upwards of two thousand five hundred boys and girls are scholars; two college institutions have been opened; and books have been printed in seven dialects, including the translations of the New Testament and part of the Old into Motu, the speech of the most active trading race to the south-east of New Guinea. When a people with no written language have to acquire both the art of reading and also to learn that symbols stand for ideas, the power of the press grows slowly; especially when, as in New Guinea, there are no less than twenty-five dialects and languages spoken within three hundred miles of the easterly coast-line.

A further evidence that the light is gradually dawning on the south-east coast of New Guinea is the fact that peace and friendly relations have been established, unarmed parties visiting places that were a terror to their fathers. More surprising is it to learn that sixty-four New Guinea natives are now engaged in the work as preachers and teachers; their predecessors in the field consisting of evangelists from Lifu, Savage Island, Raratonga, and the Loyalty group. Many of these South Sea Island pioneers have fallen victims to privation, fever, and treachery in their attempt to enlighten their remote New Guinea kinsmen; and to the memory of eighty-two of these martyrs a church was opened at Vatorata

last year, their names being inscribed on a memorial window.

Exceptional interest has lately been shown concerning New Guinea by the tragic death of James Chalmers, familiarly known as 'The Livingstone of New Guinea.' Chalmers arrived on the island in 1878, after eleven years' toil at Raratonga; his distinguished colleague Dr W. G. Lawes, a type of heroic manhood, having preceded him by four years. Between these two men an inseparable friendship existed, and by their efforts the foundations of New Guinea's moral and material transformation have been laid, notably in the founding of the Port Moresby settlement.

Chalmers's tremendous energy and enthusiasm had been splendidly reflected in the promotion of Christian Missions, in the beginnings of elementary stages of civilisation, in expeditions on the coast for thousands of miles, in surveys of the natural features of the island, in friendly negotiations with fierce tribes, in marvellous escapes from club and spear, and in his activity as a true 'priest of peace.' It had been finely said of him that such were his sympathy with and love for the natives, due to a deep and unsurpassed knowledge of their nature, that those natives who had only heard his name longed to see him, and those who knew him loved him. The name of Chalmers was a password along very nearly the whole of the southern coast of British New Guinea, and in many places for some distance into the interior. He loved to be known among the tribes by the name of *Tamate* (teacher); but, as an English naval officer testified, 'everywhere Tamate's influence is supreme' in calming the excited fears of the natives, so that the word *tamate* has come to signify 'peace.'

Apart from his missionary and philanthropic activities, Chalmers was warmly recognised in scientific circles. Until Sir William Macgregor's arrival he had travelled more in British New Guinea than any other man, and, without apparatus, had greatly increased geographical knowledge of the island. Owing to his dislike of writing, his literary contributions respecting the natives, whom he knew so well, were few; but he prepared, in conjunction with Dr Wyatt Gill, *Work and Adventure in New Guinea* (1885), and two years later his deeply interesting volume, *Pioneering in New Guinea*. Besides these, he contributed several papers to learned societies. He also sent valuable consignments to various European museums.

To his unselfish character Vice-Admiral Bridge has paid high tribute, Chalmers having accompanied the expeditions of 1884 and 1885, and rendered valuable help by lending his mission-boat and entertaining several members of the expedition —not to mention the extraordinary influence he exercised over the native savages on behalf of the objects of the expedition.

Honours for his geographical labours were showered upon him by Germany, Australasia, and Great Britain, including the Royal Geographical Society's diploma—a distinction which was also held by his great countryman Livingstone; but the honour that Chalmers most prized was his enrolment as a 'free burgess' of Inveraray in 1896, in appreciation of 'his career as a missionary and his eminent services in the cause of civilisation and the spread of the gospel among the heathen.'

By the martyrdom of James Chalmers, says a writer, a noble life of self-sacrifice was laid down for the cause of peace; for, according to the telegram, he met a glorious death while endeavouring to stop a tribal fight on the Aird River, a region which has not yet come under missionary influence, and over which the Government had no control. A promising young coadjutor, the Rev. Oliver Fellows Tomkins, who was dearly loved by Chalmers, and twelve South Sea evangelists, met the same deplorable fate.

During his sojournings in the Pacific, Robert Louis Stevenson had frequently met Chalmers and conceived the greatest admiration for him, even expressing a wish to live that he might write his hero's biography. In one of his classic letters the illustrious writer describes the great missionary as 'the most attractive, simple, brave, interesting man I ever met.' Both lie far away from the land of their birth; and although the grave of the heroic missionary pioneer may be lonely and undiscoverable, like the precious grave at Apia, his memory is imperishably entwined with the history of Christian conquest in the islands of New Guinea.

EVAN TANBANC.

CHAPTER II.: THE LEGACY.

THREE days later John y Felin was crossing the free bog, called Esgair Gors, where almost all the parish cut their fuel. It lay in a setting of reedy moorland like a great patch of ebony set round with emeralds, and dotted about its gashed and riven surface were a few people busy with their peats.

The nearest to him was a solitary figure engaged in slicing out the brick-shaped blocks, and this he recognised as Pryce Howell. The miller was taking a load of flour to a village on the other side of the mountain; but he stopped his horse instantly, tied it to a gate near at hand, and strode leisurely towards the spot where Pryce was working. With his own eyes he had seen

the young man comfortably seated beside Letitia the other night, and that Pryce was accessory after the fact to the disappearance of his boots he felt perfectly assured. Therefore he had resolved to give the meddlesome fellow a lesson. As the miller came near, Pryce stopped work and leaned unsuspiciously on the handle of his turf-iron. Now, a turf-iron, having a keen edge, and being furnished with a couple of sharp, halberd-like spurs, is a very formidable weapon indeed, and the miller cast about for a method of getting rid of it.

Accordingly he marched up without a word or sign, and with one hand snatched the tool from the young man's easy grasp, and with the other dealt a buffet which sent Pryce head-long among the brown peat-dust. John y Felin turned for a second and whirled the turf-iron over a neighbouring cutting, then faced again to his task. But the brief opportunity had given the other a chance to regain his feet, and as the miller came about he received a blow between the eyes. He had set out to flog a lad for impertinence, and was being paid in his own coin. Blind with rage, he sprang forward, but found that his nimble antagonist was out of his reach. His tremendous arms beat the air like flails, and his huge fists fell like hammers; but he was heavy and slow, and Pryce dodged him easily. The younger man could have escaped by flight; but his blood was up, and he held his own without flinching. So they swayed to and fro over the narrow surface which lay between cutting and cutting.

Forty yards away Jane Richards, Pantyffynon, was stacking peats. Jane was a heavily built woman of fifty. She wore an old felt wideawake (tied down on her head by a piece of flannel list, and shading a face grimed out of all recognition by turf-dust), a small plaid shawl on her shoulders, and a very tattered gown which just cleared her knees; her calves were as massive as those of Leech's dustmen, and were encased in stout worsted stockings, and her foot-coverings consisted of enormous wooden clogs; in the band of her wideawake was stuck a short black pipe, to which Jane was devoted. On the whole, her aspect struck the note of picturesque oddity; but those who knew Jane best declared that she was a trump, and there was one thing certain: that she feared no man alive. She had seen the miller approach, and at the first blow she was scuttling for the scene of action as fast as her stout legs could carry her. Nor was she likely to prove a factor to be lightly regarded. Heavy labour falls to the lot of women on the Little Mountain, and among a race of tough-muscled women Jane's strength was a wonder. Although near to the combatants by actual distance, she was compelled to make a wide detour to reach them, as a long and water-filled cutting lay between.

She arrived at a critical moment. Pryce Howell, in springing back, had tripped and fallen over a heap of drying peats, and the miller, who bothered himself very little concerning ideas of fair-play, had flung himself pell-mell on his fallen foe, to take his fill of revenge. At the very instant he did so, Jane ran up from behind. Without a word she slipped her fingers inside the miller's collar and drove her knuckles into the back of his neck. As Jane's fore-arm muscles were equal to those of a first-class oarsman in good condition, it was not surprising that the miller's face soon began to blacken, his eyes to start forward, his tongue to hang out on foam-beslavered lips, and his grip of Pryce Howell to loosen; whereupon Jane put forth her strength and dragged him aside. He rose to his feet slowly, looking round him with a dazed air. Jane took up her position between him and the younger man, the latter having raised himself on one hand, the blood pouring from his mouth and a deep cut on his forehead.

'Have you gone mad, John y Felin?' roared Jane, whose voice, after calling the cows home for so many years against wind and weather, had settled into a rough bass. 'Have you gone mad? What has the young man done that you should behave like this?'

The miller was silent. As his eye regained its wonted cunning, he looked blackly on the stout-hearted protectress whose powerful arms, bare to the elbow and purple from the cool wind, were half-raised as if in readiness for another tussle. He settled his neck in his collar and swallowed once or twice, then turned and marched away towards his cart, having spoken no word, good or bad, since he left it.

One morning Evan Tanbanc had piled up a great turf-fire and settled himself luxuriously before it. Outside, it was blowing and pouring furiously. Dense sheets of drenching rain fled before the storm-wind, hiding the valley below and the mountains beyond, and rendering out-door work impossible. For a wonder Evan had something to think of. The shopkeeping uncle in Liverpool was dead. He had never been married, and the three cousins were his nearest relatives. John y Felin had gone to the funeral, and there was general curiosity as to the position of the young men under the will. The miller had gone because he had most cash to spare for travelling, and Evan was spending his time in building air-castles on the basis that the benevolent uncle had left him some money. The morning wore away, and an hour after he had finished his frugal dinner the door opened and a neighbour came in. He advanced to the blaze and spread out his hands to it.

'Rough weather,' said Evan.

'Yes, indeed,' answered the man.

'Sit down,' said the proprietor.

The new-comer sat down and stretched his feet to the fire. 'Of course you know that John y Felin came back last night?' he said.

'No!' cried Evan with unwonted animation.

'Yes,' said the other. 'I've just been in Tangareg. He was there this morning, taking Richard Tangareg's opinion of the will.'

'Has he brought the will with him?' asked Evan eagerly.

'Either the will or a copy.'

'Do you know what was in it?'

'I didn't hear the particulars,' said the man.

After a while he went, and immediately on his departure Evan put on his greatcoat, threw a sack around his shoulders, took his long sheep-staff in hand, and stepped outside. It was now raining less violently and the clouds appeared somewhat broken. He pulled the door to—he never dreamed of locking it either by night or day—and started off down the mountain, for once in his life moving with hasty strides.

Richard Tangareg was a famous hedge-lawyer. It was not that he had received any professional training, for he was a tailor who had turned farmer. But a strong taste for litigation had engaged him in a long series of lawsuits either as principal or confidential adviser, and he had thus picked up many scraps of legal knowledge. From far and near people came to get his advice on disputed points.

He was sitting near the fire in his cottage when Evan entered, and on seeing his visitor he pursed his lips in an important fashion. He was a man of over sixty, short, broad-shouldered, and square built. He had a mass of venerable white hair; a long, pendulous nose, broadening towards the tip; wily gray eyes; and a cruel mouth. For the rest, he was as unmindful of his attire as his neighbours, and had a wooden leg, which stuck out straight before him as he sat.

'Come forward,' he cried. 'Come to the fire.'

Evan did so, and took a seat on the settle.

For some time the conversation turned on indifferent subjects, for when business is to be done on the Little Mountain it is a point of honour not to rush into it too hastily and without due formality. At last Evan opened the first parallel.

'I hear John y Felin has returned?' he said.

'Yes, yes,' said Richard Tangareg. 'John was here this morning.'

Up to this moment the wife of the hedge-lawyer had been splashing away at a churn, cleaning it with much noisy vigour; but at the mention of the miller's name the bucket moved quietly and her clogs ceased to rattle on the uneven stone floor. The old man looked into the fire with a half-smile on his lips, then glanced up through the window.

'Hallo!' said he, 'it has stopped raining. I must go and have a look round.' He rose to his feet with the help of a stick, clapped on a hat with a hole in the side through which his white hair stuck out like a plume, and stumped off. Evan, who understood his manœuvre well enough, followed in the rear. The hedge-lawyer led the way through the yard and into the road, to which the house presented its gable-end. Here he paused and laughed unpleasantly.

'The old woman is very anxious to know all about it,' he said; 'but it will do for her to know later.'

'Then you have seen the will?' said Evan.

'I have, and for you it is a very bad one.'

'How is that?' said Evan blankly.

'It is a will like himself, and he was always a queer devil. Instead of dividing his money—four thousand pounds it is—among you three nephews, he has left it to the children of his next brother; and failing them, to the children of the next; and failing them, to the family of his sister.'

'Then John y Felin has it all,' said Evan, more blankly still.

'Every penny,' said the hedge-lawyer, falling back a little to enjoy the discomfiture of the expectant legatee.

Evan stood leaning on his long stick and gazing into the distance. The rain had ceased, and the last heavy clouds were disappearing in solid procession over the distant Berwyns. The cascades pouring down the far-off steeps were full to the brim, and streaked the cobalt slopes with silver. Drenched sweeps of bare rock caught the sun and twinkled in points of light. But as he gazed the view was snatched away in heavy mist which rolled along the valley, disclosing in its turn a new beauty as the strong shafts of sunlight powdered it through and through with gold. As he stared and stared at these familiar phenomena another aspect of the case occurred to Evan.

'Oh, and if John y Felin died the money would come to me?'

'Exactly,' said the old man. 'To you. That is, if John never marries. But I wouldn't give much for your chance.'

Richard Tangareg's smile showed Evan that the rumour of the miller's visits to Pengarn was spreading fast; but he made no answer. A chill feeling in the air now wrapped them round; and, looking behind, they saw a heavy mist pouring over the brow of the slope and coming down on them like a racehorse. The old man, who suffered from asthma, plied foot, stump, and stick to regain the chimney-corner, and Evan slowly followed.

If the hedge-lawyer's wife had the intense curiosity which prevails on the mountain, she had also its ingrained hospitality, and evening was closing in before Morris was allowed to depart. By this time the clouds had settled down all over the heights he had to traverse, and he stepped out into a mist which at once began to hang him

about with shining drops, as it had previously hung every twig and leaf and cobweb. He had said nothing about his disappointment; but Richard Tangareg, whose biting tongue never missed an opportunity, had set it before him in so many forms that his inordinate self-love was punctured through and through.

Four thousand pounds! It is a respectable sum anywhere, but on the Mynydd it was wealth abounding. It had taken Evan some time to evolve the proposition that, John y Felin once dead, the money would be his; but having fully grasped the order of succession, it did not take him long to determine that he himself would have something to say in the arranging of that same order.

The idea of killing his cousin came to him as easily and naturally, and by precisely the same line of reasoning, as that which prompts one dog to rob another of the bone he is carrying. Evan felt no scruples on the point. His moral perspective was a complete blank; and, without in the least seeing the dreadful nature of his intention, his imagination, if such it could be called, slowly trundled on until he had arranged the majority of the needed details. His knowledge of the miller's habits was perfect, and he fixed on the night when John y Felin would return from the monthly market at Abernant to carry out his purpose. Although a temperate man during the rest of the month, John y Felin rarely returned from market sober. His condition varied. Sometimes his potations were light, sometimes so heavy that he would fall from his mare, to get up after a while and wander in various directions until a glimmer of returning sense led him homewards. His neighbours took care to avoid him on the return journey, for his naturally evil temper grew worse after the liquor began to take effect, and almost invariably he rode home alone. The path which he must follow to reach the mill was the one which Evan was treading now, and at about a mile from Tanbanc the latter paused at a spot where he had resolved to place his ambush.

The road at this point ran across the open mountain, and was crossed by a little river which was a noted watering-place. Near the single plank which had been thrown across for the convenience of foot-passengers lay two or three huge boulders, and here he would lie in wait. Three hundred yards to the right of the track was a steep precipice, rendered still deeper and more dangerous by the bottom having been worked as a quarry.

'He will fall off his horse somewhere about Brynyreithin [the Hill of the Gorse] here, and stumble over the quarry. That will do very well,' ruminated Evan, who was thinking how the tragedy would arrange itself in the minds of his neighbours. He stood for an instant beside the stream, then tramped across the tiny bridge and pushed on homewards. The soft, moist turf sucked a little under his heavy tread, but his progress was almost noiseless over the crisp, mossy surface of the moor. Thus it was that after a while a light pit-pat came to his ear. For a time he was too absorbed to notice it; then, on crossing a harder spot where the wet lay in pools, a light plash sounded directly behind him, and he looked over his shoulder. Immediately at his back stalked a ghastly figure, hideous as a spectre in a dream. It was a man, remarkably tall, and so thin that his great height seemed greater still; he was clad in a mass of rags held together with pins and pieces of string; barefooted and bareheaded; his thin red hair and scanty beard matted and dripping with the dew of the drenching mist; his features extremely small and colourless; his mouth wide open, showing his gums and gleaming teeth; his eyes widely staring, and of the lightest blue. Under one arm he carried a bundle of three or four huge sticks, and the other arm was held rigidly down by his side. On beholding this apparition Evan Tanbanc stopped, and his shadow did likewise, the latter opening his mouth more widely still for a burst of silent laughter. Then Evan turned again and plodded on, the wild figure with the sticks following closely at his heels.

Evan felt no alarm, for to him the sight was familiar enough. This was an idiot who lived at a house on the mountain not far from Tanbanc. His relatives were poor people; and as it was impossible to make him useful, they gave him a little food and passed on to him the rags of the family. He was called John Coch (Red John), and he had two pursuits: one was the cutting of such sticks as he now carried under his arm, but the other was scarcely so innocent. He had a great passion when he saw any one on a road to watch an opportunity of slipping behind them unobserved. Then, being barefooted, he would march in the rear like a shadow until he was found out, when he would laugh with a silent glee proportioned to the distance he had been able to accomplish before discovery. If, however, he had not been discovered by the time he intended to strike away in another direction, he would turn off with a loud scream, and this was the only occasion on which he was ever heard to utter the slightest sound. He never spoke or laughed aloud, and he traversed the mountain with his noiseless step and his sticks under arm at all hours of the day and night. Indeed, in distant villages lying in the plain which stretched from the Little Mountain to the sea, he had given the mountain an uncanny reputation, for it was a gruesome thing when the belated traveller turned his head to see this weird figure pursuing him with silent stride or vanishing with eldritch scream.

WITH THE GINGER-GRUBBERS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

By ROWLAND W. CATER.

MORE than three centuries have gone by since the plant whose so-called root we know as ginger was introduced into America by Francesco de Mendoza, who brought it from the East Indies, where it had been known and used from a very early period. Nowadays, of course, ginger is universally made use of both medicinally and in the kitchen, and its cultivation is comparatively widespread within the limits of the tropics.

Examples are not far to seek, as well among animals as among plants, of an artificial change of abode causing an increase of vitality: the plant flourishes and the beast prospers in its new abode more than on its native soil and in its native air. Ginger may be looked upon as one of these plant-emigrants, and in its own vegetable way shares in the honours given to those who have made a prosperous home for themselves in the New World. It is even found wild there, and has thus practically become indigenous.

Botanically the plant is known as *Zingiber officinale*, or 'Ginger the useful;' for it is but one of a large family several members of which, so to speak, have turned out well. It is a herbaceous perennial; for, although reaching three or four feet in height, it makes no wood, and apparently dies down each season and springs up again the next.

Jamaica, whose very name suggests first rum and then ginger, has been, perhaps, the most successful of those countries that have taken up the cultivation of the plant on a commercial scale; and in Mexico and many of the Central American States it is widely grown. In the latter states, however, its cultivation is restricted to experiments, made here and there on a small scale by native planters, whose mainstay consists of some other and, to them, better-known crop. For instance, one will occasionally come across an Indian planter—the possessor of fifty or sixty *manzanas* of land mostly planted with cocoa, bananas, or other crops—who has set apart an acre or two for experiments with ginger. Nevertheless, as it has long since been proved that the raising of ginger in a large way can be conducted there with considerable profit to the grower, it is difficult to comprehend why the production of that article has not been more generally taken up.

I have seen the plant growing wild in many parts of Central America, and have come across more than one *huerta* (a small farm dedicated to raising various agricultural products on too small a scale to entitle it to the name of a plantation) where ginger was one of the crops its owner harvested.

Once, when visiting the port of Livingston—merely a congeries of huts inhabited by a handful of curious polygamous Carib fishermen, and built on the shore of the Gulf of Amatique, on the east coast of Guatemala, just to the south of our little colony of British Honduras—I resolved to employ the few days I had to spare in roaming, gun in hand, through the bush. Accordingly I struck a bargain with a Carib, the possessor of one of the high-sounding classical names which are prevalent amongst the blacks, who agreed to paddle me up the Rio Dulce in the direction of Lake Izabal in his *dorey*, or 'dug-out,' and to pilot me through the bush when we should take to land.

We could have done the journey in the little steamer which leaves Livingston periodically—or perhaps I had better say occasionally—for the town of Izabal, on the lake; but I had learned long before that trains and steamers in Central America are very uncertain, those in command of them having an unhappy knack of defying published itineraries and varying time-tables without previous warning; whereas by travelling in a 'dug-out' I could bid the dusky skipper touch where I liked, and could start and return at will. Naturally, I decided for the more unusual method of transport, and chartered my 'special.'

Thus five o'clock the next morning found me seated, as comfortably as circumstances would permit, in a craft eighteen feet long, with a native in front and the Carib skipper (whose horribly bad Spanish and equally picturesque English furnished much amusement throughout the trip) behind. The scenery, while travelling up the short river which connects the lake with the sea, was lavishly beautiful. We would pass on one side a row of pretty palms standing as if on sentry-duty along the bank, while behind them rose huge trees with their lower limbs festooned with vines and creepers forming natural arches and doorways of many shades of green, and their upper branches jewelled with innumerable birds of the gayest of coloured plumage. Then a glance at the other side would disclose, amongst the foliage, an occasional boulder or rock, with divers figures and signs, as fantastical and grotesque as they were ancient, engraved upon one or more of its many surfaces. Nor did we lack music; for although the birds in those regions are generally supposed to be songless, the sweetest notes would echo continually through the forest, interrupted only by the occasional splash of an

iguana falling from an overhanging bough into the river, or by the grunting of a submerged alligator; these sounds being harmonised at intervals by a few random bass notes from a *congo* monkey or howler.

All this was very enjoyable—so enjoyable, indeed, that it inspired me with a desire to be amongst it. Therefore, early in the afternoon, when we reached a clearing and a hut on the right-hand bank with a little *huerta* attached, this desire, coupled with a wish to stretch my legs, which were almost numbed from sitting so long in one cramped position, prompted me to suggest to the skipper that we should disembark. This we accordingly did.

Gathering from the native owner of the *huerta* that there was a track through the bush leading from his domain back to Livingston, that there was abundance of game to be found on the way, and that we could do the journey in a few hours, we decided to spend the night with him and start overland on our return journey to Livingston early in the morning.

Having sent our 'dug-out' back to Livingston by one of his sons, our host showed us over his little property; and when we had seen all, at my suggestion he took us for a walk through the bush to view that of a neighbour who had a small area under ginger cultivation—a fact which he had made known to me in previous conversation on learning that I was interested in that article. The man we now visited had many names for the plant; one of them was *raiz ardiente* (red-hot root). It was because he had occasionally come across a species of ginger growing wild in the forests around him that he first thought of making experiments in its systematic culture, which he had since found very profitable.

The details of cultivation, as he described them to me, were just the same as those of Mexico and of other Central American regions. The first step in the selection of a site for a plantation is a thorough examination of the soil. This should be of a rich vegetable composition, loose and moist, yet well drained. Sandy or heavy clay soils should be avoided. As to climate, there is little restriction, for the plant will thrive as well either on the lowlands and coasts or up in the regions which lie three or four thousand feet above the sea; but it is advisable to select what are known as the temperate regions of the tropics, where the rainfall is more or less abundant.

The site is usually entirely cleared, the larger trees, felled in the ordinary way, being removed and disposed of as the planter thinks best; then the weeds, underbrush, and smaller branches of the large trees, cut up rather finely, are mixed up with the soil. The soil, when well loosened either by means of hoes or ploughs, and after the ground has been furrowed, is banked up in ridges on both sides of the furrows, about three feet apart; and along the summits of these ridges small holes are made about three inches in depth and one foot apart. Then healthy, mature rhizomes are selected—rhizomes being the term applied by botanists to such plant stems as, like ginger, run entirely underground, giving off shoots along their whole length after the manner of a common bracken-fern—and carefully divided into short lengths, each fragment having at least one shoot attached; and next one of these pieces is placed in each hole and covered up with fine earth containing as much decayed vegetable matter or manure as possible. This operation is generally performed in the spring, and after its conclusion the plantation is occasionally weeded.

Some three or four months after planting, the plants will commence to bloom. The flowers—which are borne on short stems, separate from those bearing the leaves—are contained in small cones composed of blunt overlapping leaves, each of which encloses a small sessile or close-seated flower. Towards the end of the year both the flower-bearing and the leaf-bearing stems begin to fade, and shortly afterwards they wither: the exact time cannot be given, as, naturally, the period varies with the climate and locality. However, it may be said to range from five to eight months from the time of planting, or when the leaf-stems are about two feet high.

When the stems have all withered, the rhizomes may be harvested, being carefully forked up and extracted from the soil in much the same manner as potatoes. The pieces, called 'races' or 'hands,' must be carefully handled, and any injury to them either with forks when digging them up or by undue bumping while fresh must be avoided. The 'races,' when all the small fibrous roots attached to them have been removed, are then freed from earth and made up without delay for the market as what is commercially known as 'coated' or as 'uncoated' ginger. The former, also known as 'black' ginger, consists of pieces of rhizomes varying from one to four inches in length, which have been merely plunged into boiling water for a short time in order to devitalise them, and afterwards thoroughly dried. The drying is usually effected by spreading out on absorbent mats and exposing to the sun; and during the process the ginger must be occasionally turned, while it is advisable to take it in every evening just as the sun sets because of its tendency to mildew.

For 'uncoated' or 'white' ginger, the rhizomes are well washed, scraped or peeled, and then put to dry from five to ten days in the sun; being sometimes bleached in a weak solution of chloride of lime or subjected to the influence of sulphur fumes. Provided that they are kept from the sun, the rhizomes may, if necessary, be

kept for two or three days after digging before being peeled; but it is preferable to peel without delay. In some regions the ginger, after drying, is put into baskets and undergoes a 'bumping' or 'bruising' operation for two or three hours daily for a few days, which is believed to facilitate its 'keeping' properties; but this process is not usual. The peeling and washing—in fact, the entire operation of curing—is effected usually by women and children, who work for a very low wage.

The produce is now ready to be shipped; and on reaching the market, if of a good quality, with prices ranging from £3 to £5 per cwt., the planter could realise an easy 9d. per lb. The yield per acre varies considerably, and may be said to depend almost entirely on the nature of the soil, although the seasons and the methods of planting affect it to no small extent. Under favourable conditions, however, an acre of land can be made to yield 2000 lb. of dried ginger, each of which costs 2d. to produce, harvest, and cure. Thus from one acre the planter harvests a crop worth no less a sum than £75, of which £58 is clear profit; and even when all charges in the shape of packing, freight, interest, planter's expenses, and commissions have been deducted, he would derive from a single acre a clear profit or annual income of £40—that is, nearly 240 per cent. on his outlay. These figures are more than supported by a recent Foreign Office report on the cultivation of ginger in Mexico, which asserts that a one-acre crop, under favourable conditions, should reach even 4000 lb., and that 'a man having a ten-acre patch would have an annual income of 5000 to 7000 dollars (Mexican currency, equal to say £540 to £760).'

Having seen everything of interest in the vicinity, we set out overland next morning on our return journey to Livingston — the Carib skipper, the native youth, and myself—all three armed and keen on sport of some kind.

As we trudged along the swampy track I questioned the native youth as to the kind of sport we might expect, and learned that we were likely to see big game in the shape of a puma, a jaguar, or a herd of *javalis* (wild-boars); and that smaller game such as *guatusos*, *armadillos*, and *guardatinajas* were also abundant. We ran across several snakes during the journey, and on one occasion I was within an ace of being bitten by a coral snake, the largest of its kind I have ever seen.

Although we had started at sunrise, it was not until about one o'clock that we sighted our first important quarry. It was a good-sized *guardatinaja* (the local name for the *Cœlogenys paca*), and it was fully half-an-hour before we succeeded in ousting him from the hollow of a fallen tree-trunk where he had taken refuge. He was a very large specimen, broad-headed, and with a blunt, rat-like muzzle; and his thin, dark-tan coat was prettily marked with rows of light-coloured spots arranged longitudinally along his back from his neck to the place where his tail ought to have been—for he lacked any pretence to such an appendage.

Shortly afterwards we came upon a fresh *javali* track, and decided to follow it up; but although we managed to sight the herd for a moment after something like two hours' chase, we failed to get a shot at them, so we resolved to return to our trail and continue the journey.

Just as we emerged from an unusually thick part of the forest we heard a sudden snort. This was followed immediately by a shrill whistle and a rapid crackling of underbrush, as though some huge beast had taken to flight. 'Quick, quick, sah! Quick!' yelled the Carib as he started in pursuit; 'him big mountain-cow, sah!'

No further bidding was necessary. We rushed madly through the bush at a break-neck pace, feeling neither bruise nor scratch, and reckless of both snakes and swamps. I was more excited than the others. I had often seen a mountain-cow (*danta*, or American tapir), but this was the first time I had been at close quarters with one. After nearly an hour's chase, the Carib, who had outrun the native and myself, uttered an unearthly yell which we took to indicate that our quarry was in sight; so we immediately lifted our eyes from the ground, abandoning the animal's spoor altogether, and by redoubling the pace soon came up with the skipper.

'Dar him is, sah! Him too tired to run more,' said he; and a glance in the indicated direction disclosed, sure enough, a huge *danta*, a female, squatting in a thicket and panting like a hunter at the close of a chase. By her side lay a young one, not more than a couple of months old, even more exhausted than the mother. As a rule these animals are very difficult to discover; they are nocturnal in their habits, and therefore seldom seen abroad during the day. I did not mean to lose this one, for it was a chance rarely offered; and I was determined, if possible, to take the calf alive.

I told the Carib what I proposed doing, and ordered him to creep up as close as he dared to the little one, and then rush forward and secure it. He objected, prompted by fear of the parent, and assuring me that it would surely kill him while he was engaged with the calf. I promised to shoot the mother immediately should she really attack him; but he would not be persuaded. Instead, he went one better; and, tugging at the thin stem of a vine or creeper hanging from an adjacent cedar, he secured it; then making a noose, he converted it into a primitive lasso. A couple of unsuccessful throws followed; but at the third the noose fell accurately and securely over the young tapir's neck.

Seeing this, I raised my rifle and prepared to shoot the larger animal, which was now evidently meditating an attack; but just as I was taking aim the Carib hailed me.

'No; you no shoot him, sah. Let him take lasso,' he shouted, indicating the native youth, 'and me kill de mountain-cow wid knife. Me not afraid when me is ready.'

Not unwilling to witness what promised to be an interesting encounter, I agreed, and lowering my Winchester, laid it on the ground and bade the Carib do as he would. When the young native had taken hold of the lasso, my plucky skipper, stripped to the waist, his swarthy skin shining in the dim light of the forest, and his fiery eyes peering into the still dimmer thicket where the tapir lay, grasped his hunting-knife and crept stealthily forward, inch by inch, towards the animal.

Tapirs are usually very timid; but when cornered or with their young they display considerable fierceness and courage, and will attack their persecutors and often make matters very unpleasant. So it was with this one. Our prize stood with its head turned, glaring fixedly over its shoulder at the gradually approaching Carib. As he neared it the animal swiftly turned, up went its bristly mane, and back went its pointed ears. Then, suddenly rearing on its hind-legs, it bore savagely down on the Carib; and as it must have weighed over three hundredweight, small wonder is it that the skipper could not resist the charge, and was knocked down in an instant, falling upon his back. The Carib had scarcely fallen on the ground when the infuriated *danta* was upon him. With an occasional whistle, succeeded by a savage grunt, the brute commenced trampling and biting its fallen foe, and must have succeeded in treading the life out of him had not the native rushed to the rescue. Like a flash the youth had snatched up the fallen knife and sunk it deep into the tapir's thick hide. Unfortunately, however, the brute swung round before he had time to jerk the blade free again; so that, with the knife still buried in its shoulder, and absolutely frantic with pain, it turned on the would-be rescuer. The latter dodged nimbly, but the enraged tapir was nimble too; and, charging him madly, with its snout close to the ground like a wild-boar, it caught him unawares and threw him down on his back with an ugly thud.

When the native rushed forward to rescue the Carib he dropped the lasso which secured the young animal; but I immediately made for it, and after fastening it to a tree-trunk, turned round just in time to see the *danta's* second victim strike the ground. Then I rushed for my rifle and fired, killing the brute just as it had commenced to dance a jig on the native youth. The men were not seriously hurt, and both appeared to rally completely after partaking of a *danta* steak; for the flesh of this terrestrial hippopotamus makes a very dainty dish, and we indulged largely that evening. The hide of the tapir was once extensively used, after being roasted in the sun, as shields by the famous Toltecs; and even to this day it is largely employed throughout Central America for the making of reins and harness.

We reached Livingston the next morning, after spending the night in the bush—an experience which made us thoroughly appreciate the slender comforts which the town afforded; and although we were successful in getting the young *danta* there alive, all our plans for its future were frustrated by its death on the third day after our arrival.

HOW LITTLE IT COSTS.

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day:
Just one kind word, or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way.
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbour's face;
And the press of a hand, in sympathy,
A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight, another goes
All weary in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth,
Another must pray for aid.
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought?
A smile—kind words—a glance—a touch!
What magic with them is wrought!—ANONYMOUS.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

(ANSWER TO ABOVE.)

'Tis true that it costs not much—
The smile, the word, or the touch;
And happy indeed would be
The world if it chanced to see
More people who, going along
So careless, so blithe, and strong,
Would help with their words and smiles
The weary, the sad, th' exiles.
Away with sorrow and need!
Utopia then, indeed!
No cloud on the neighbour's face,
No sorrow and no disgrace;
All walk in the cheerful sun,
Paths shady there would be none.
This theory is so fair,
From the ease of the rocking-chair.
The custom on daily way:
A nod, and a gruff 'Good-day,'
A grumble, or fault to find,
A frown, or a look unkind.
The 'magic' of kindness yet,
The Highest Example set,
Melts not the hard ice of years,
The selfish old world but jeers—and says:
'Tis money and fame outweigh
Whilst we upon earth do stay.'

ELLEN F. S. OTWAY-PAGE.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.

By R. T. HALLIDAY, M.B.,
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TO those versed in Oriental affairs the north-west frontier of our Indian Empire, together with the lands adjacent thereto, has ever been a topic of steadily increasing interest. The continuous onward movement of Russian influence and sovereignty eastward and southward across the great plains of Turkestan to the slopes of the Hindu Kush has been to the Briton for many years a constant source of irritation, and occasionally also of alarm. Betokening as it does the inevitable desire to one day reach the Indian Ocean, it constitutes a menace to our Indian possessions; hence our absorbing interest in the 'buffer-state' of Afghanistan and all that pertains to it, internally and externally, and our desire to see in its Ameer a strong ruler, a friend and ally of Great Britain. For were the Ameer of Afghanistan unable to assert his authority in the wild and turbulent mountainous regions over which he, nominally at all events, holds sway, the Russians now on his northern border would indubitably find an excuse for still further encroachments under pretence of quelling the disturbances which would inevitably arise.

While Abd-er-Rahman Khan held the reins of power the mind of the average Briton was comparatively at ease, so far as Afghanistan proper and its relations with Russia were concerned. The late Ameer ruled his people wisely and well according to the requirements of such a people; and whatever his faults and failings—and they doubtless were many—he secured peace in his own time once he became established on his throne. Moreover, he was, on the whole, on good terms with the Indian authorities, which meant a great deal from a political and military point of view. His death, not wholly unexpected, and the succession of his son Habibullah Khan, has naturally rekindled British interest in this part of the globe, where troubles of succession have so frequently involved us in costly and bloody strife. A few notes, therefore, on the frontier of our Indian Empire, more particularly on that border which abuts on Afghanistan, and which has undergone so many vicissitudes within recent years, may prove of more than passing interest.

The north-west frontier of Hindustan is that border of the vast peninsula which extends from the Karakoram and Hindu Kush ranges of the central Asian mountain-belt southwards and westwards to the Indian Ocean. It is *the* frontier of our Indian Empire of great importance; and its importance lies in the fact that it is the only side upon which India, as we now know it, ever has been or ever can be invaded by a hostile force on land. The whole northern border of the triangular peninsula is protected by the Himalaya mountain-chain, which forms an impassable barrier, its peaks reaching to a height of over twenty-eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and its long ridges hundreds of miles in extent perpetually covered with snow and ice. The name itself signifies 'the Mountains of the Snow.' Through this natural barrier no force could ever penetrate; no passes intersect it which require defence by man. Napoleon and Hannibal could lead their legions across the Alps and Pyrenees; here we have the height of Alps and Pyrenees combined, and no army could ever traverse the slopes of the Himalayas.

From the extreme east, where the Brahmaputra curves round it towards the sea, this mountain-chain stretches in a north-westerly direction, with a great bend towards the north. It is continued by a series of ranges across central Asia to the southern shores of the Caspian Sea, and beyond that by the Caucasus range to the Black Sea and Europe. There is, therefore, as a glance at the map will illustrate, a broad belt of land in the north-west corner of the peninsula which is bounded on its northern side by the mountain-

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chain referred to, and on the south by the Arabian Sea: a belt some hundreds of miles in width from north to south, in which are situated the territories of the Ameer of Afghanistan and still farther westward the land of the Shah. This broad belt of country is destined, probably in the near future, to play a most important part in the development of Asia.

From the western border of the Himalayas, and in the great bend above referred to, a series of rivers take their rise; and, flowing southwards and westwards towards the Indian Ocean, they unite to form the mighty river Indus, from which not only the peninsula itself but a vast proportion of its millions of people take their name. The plains watered by the great tributaries of the Indus, and the valleys of the Punjab (the district of the 'five rivers'), together with the territory stretching eastward from them, which is watered by the multitude of tributaries of the sacred Ganges, forms perhaps the most valuable portion of the whole Asiatic continent. It is to this fertile land, with its incalculable natural wealth, that the invading hordes from the more barren lands to the west have always turned their steps. To the north is the central Asian plateau, with its mountain-peaks, its sandy, arid plains, its numerous salt-lakes, and its vast shifting steppes practically devoid of vegetation. To the east is the Himalaya range, and beyond its looming barrier are the comparatively unknown regions of Tibet. To the west lies the mountainous country of Afghanistan, forming the buffer-state between this fertile granary and the barren lands which have now become the central Asian provinces of the Great White Czar. Gradually from the shores of the Black and Caspian Seas the Russians have extended their immense but valueless dominions through Turkestan and Tartary to the mountain walls of Persia and Afghanistan. Gradually, to meet this Russian advance, fraught with so many possibilities, the British Indian frontier has been moved forward, Beluchistan has been absorbed, and the lands of the independent native tribes brought under the administration and protection of the Indian Government. From vague spheres of influence, territories have become protectorates, and protectorates have been absorbed into spheres of administration and control; and now, at the dawn of a new century, the north-west frontier of British India abuts on that mountain-chain which stretches from the Pamirs and the Hindu Kush southward across the belt of land to the great military stronghold of Quetta and its outposts, and from thence to the shores of the Arabian Sea; marching with the Ameer's territory on its east and southern borders, and separated only by it from the Russian provinces on the north.

It is this continuous advancing of the actual frontier-line towards this mountain wall, and the gradual absorption of the independent warlike tribes formerly sandwiched in a No Man's Land between Afghanistan and India, constituting a perpetual menace to the peace of both, which has been termed the 'forward policy;' it is the development of this forward policy, and the contact with the unruly tribesmen which has occasioned the numerous petty wars and punitive expeditions against the hill-tribes, which have made this frontier famous or the reverse during recent years—expeditions into almost every part of this tribal territory, from Hunza and Nagar in the extreme north to the operations on the shores of the Persian Gulf. It is this forward policy which frequently disturbed the peace of mind of the late Ameer Abd-er-Rahman, who viewed the paring of his own claws with misgiving; and it is this extension, with the consequent developments, financial and military, attendant in its train, which is attacked by a section of our politicians as ruinous to our Indian Empire.

The political exigencies and military considerations which have necessitated this acquisition of new territory, and materially altered the aspect of our north-west frontier and put a heavy drain upon the resources of the Indian Treasury, are beyond our province to discuss here. The majority of Indian authorities approve of the movement to which the country is now committed, and which has by a chain of circumstances been more or less forced upon the authorities. That the strategic value of the frontier posts has been greatly enhanced from the military point of view is beyond all doubt, whatever politicians and financiers may decide as to the necessity for or expense of the move.

The broad characteristics of the present scientific frontier consists of a range of mountains extending from the upper waters of the Indus and the central Asian watershed almost to the shore of the Indian Ocean, pierced by numerous passes or defiles, which form the highways for trade and commerce between the countries on both sides in time of peace; and through these passes the invading forces must come in time of war. Behind this immense mountain barrier are the military outposts, with their sentinel stations in the vicinity of and beyond the passes; and behind these the great railway network of communications extending from all points of the frontier towards central India. Sometimes the belt of mountain is comparatively narrow; at other places it is over a hundred miles in width between the salient points of British and Afghan territory, of which it forms the march. The valleys intervening between parallel ridges are peopled by Pathan tribes, wild and semi-nomad, who exist upon the fruits of the soil, but in many cases mainly by raiding their more prosperous neighbours on both sides of the boundary, and by plundering trading caravans insufficiently protected by escorts when traversing the mountain defiles. These tribesmen are born fighters and marauders, whose hand is against every man, even to their

own kith and kin. They are lawless, treacherous in the extreme, cunning and unscrupulous, always ready for war of any kind, and so under the control of the *mullah*, or priest, that a *jihad*, or religious war, appeals to them strongly at any time and on the slightest pretext. To this has been attributable most of our border warfare during the past decade, particularly during the Moslem revival consequent on the victory of Turkey over Greece. These men cannot be judged by the same standards as the civilised growth of centuries, and years of whip and bridle are necessary to keep them from proving disastrous to their neighbours. Like the savages of the African continent, their allegiance is given only to those who can command it, and who can instil a wholesome fear of inevitable retribution as a consequence of misbehaviour. Hence the frequency of the small punitive expeditions necessitated on the frontier—expeditions which, though appearing like vengeance, are but an insurance against incessant turmoil. For until these tribesmen are thoroughly brought under control by years of a firm but beneficent administration, no sign of too gentle dealing can ever be safely displayed.

The scientific frontier may be divided for convenience of description into four main sections: two in the Punjab district and two under the Bombay command.

The first section is that of the extreme north, and is formed by the native states, Cashmere, and the upper Indus Valley. In this we include the latest additions on the border of Kafiristan, the Swat Valley, the famous Malakand Pass, Chitral, and Dir. The most northerly points are in the Pamir region, where three empires meet—India, Russia, and China; and the districts of Hunza, Nagar, and Gilghit there are memorable by reason of the expeditions which operated in that wild borderland but a few years ago. The principal pass in the section is the Malakand, one of the ancient gateways of India, and through it the trade highway ran hundreds of years ago.

The second section formerly extended for a distance of two hundred miles from the Kabul River, north of Peshawar, the great military station of the Punjab, southwards to Dera Ismail Khan, on the right bank of the river Indus. These two main stations are connected by the railway which forms a network throughout the Punjab. The absorption of tribal territory between this line and the Afghan border has included the districts of Kohat, Bannu, and Waziristan within British India, and the frontier-line now extends in an irregular manner from the Khyber Pass along the Safed Koh range to the Peiwar Kotal, and thence southward along the watershed to the Gomul River and Gomul Pass. This section commands the northern gateways into Afghanistan, including the celebrated Khyber Pass, and has for its objective in Afghan territory the strongholds of Kabul and Ghazni. It includes on its confines the country of the Afridis, the Orakzais of Tirah fame, and the Mohmands to the north; and to the south, the Waziris of the Tochi Valley, where operations were necessitated in 1897-98.

The third section of the scientific frontier commands the southern approaches to Afghanistan, and is under the administration of the Bombay authorities. Although of perhaps greater importance, it has not created the same lively interest of late years. It has also a double objective in Afghan territory in the posts of Kelat-i-Ghilzai and Kandahar. This section formerly extended parallel to the river Indus from Dera Ismail Khan to Jacobabad, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, and it was flanked on its western side by the Sulaiman range, topped by the Takht-i-Sulaiman. The Russian war-scare consequent upon the Penjdeh incident in 1885 caused an extension of this part of the frontier into Beluchistan and the absorption of this latter country *in extenso*. The Sulaiman passes could not be sufficiently protected against a hostile force advancing from Kandahar, and the frontier-line was moved forward to the Amran range, extending from the Gomul River to the Khojak Pass leading to Kandahar, and including the Gomul and Zhob Valleys and the whole district north-east of Quetta and Pishin. Quetta, now the most important of our frontier stations, is five thousand six hundred feet above sea-level, and was made over to the British Government by the Khan of Kelat in 1883. To the north and north-east of Quetta is the Pishin district, incorporated in 1887 and connected with Quetta and Sibi by the Sind-Pishin Railway. There is now a loop-line from Sibi *viâ* Harnai to Quetta and Pishin, which avoids the expensive and dangerous route *viâ* the Bolan Pass; while the railway is continued to the frontier, piercing the mountain by the Khojak tunnel, four thousand yards long. At the south entrance to the tunnel is the military post of Shalabagh, while at its northern end is another post—Spinwana. A few miles distant on the road to Kandahar, and but sixty miles from it, is the outpost of Chaman, on the frontier-line; this, however, is merely a post of observation, although here the first shots would probably be fired. The tunnel would be defended to the last.

The Zhob district is an especial point of interest in this third section of the frontier, as it is of the highest strategic importance. It is easily accessible from Quetta and the Sind-Pishin loop-line, and it commands the Draband, Gomul, and Tochi Passes on their Afghan side. Moreover, the route from Herat to Kabul, *viâ* Ghazni, can be struck at from the Zhob district should the line of communication of a hostile force ever require to be cut there; and when the proposed Zhob railway connects the Sind-Pishin line with the Punjab system at Dera Ismail Khan, this part of the frontier will be of the highest military value.

Previous to 1889 the Zhob Valley was a district

to all intents and purposes unknown. Attempts made at survey had always been futile, owing to the turbulence of the southern Waziri tribes. In 1889, however, the whole Zhob Valley was traversed by Sir Robert Sandeman, with a picked escort of native cavalry, and as a result he submitted a proposal to establish a protectorate over the whole region to the Amran slopes. A political mission arranged this protectorate with the native tribes, particularly with the Mando and Musa Khel branches of the Kakars. Subsequent treachery on the part of the Sulaiman Khels necessitated the despatch of the Zhob Field Force under Sir George White in 1890, and since that time surveys have been made from Harnai, Loralai, and Fort Sandeman, the principal military stations of the Zhob district. A railway is proposed which will traverse the Zhob Valley, connecting Pishin with the Gomul Pass and the Punjab lines at Dera Ismail Khan; and sufficient plant to carry the line from Chaman on to Kandahar, in case of emergency, is stored at Pishin.

The fourth section of the frontier extends from Quetta to the coast, and in the meantime has but little political importance. It certainly is unimportant for our present purpose, having no direct bearing upon the Afghan question.

Railways are also projected from Peshawar to Gilghit, thus connecting the upper frontier posts with the Punjab network; and extensions are also under consideration up the Khyber Pass to Lundi Kotal, and from Kushalgarh to Kohat and Bannu, with branches to the more important posts in this vicinity. These projects will take practical shape eventually, when the now disturbed areas are under better control, for their importance to a realisation of the complete scientific frontier cannot be gainsaid. Financial considerations as well as political have hitherto hindered them, but they are bound to come in the end.

CLIPPED WINGS.

CHAPTER III.—MRS LORIMER RECEIVES.

ON the occasion of his courtesy-visit to Ingarangi, Lieutenant the Honourable Victor A. E. Challoner's route had been marked by wailing and lamentation: protests against the over-salubrity of the Antipodean December temperature, and plaint that an unjust fate permitted senior officers to depute to their juniors the execution of such social duties as were found distasteful. But though extreme reluctance, as revealed by lagging steps and redundant expostulation, had signalised his progress thither, it must be confessed that he quitted the hospitable mansion of Mr Peter Lorimer with the avowed intention of a speedy return.

During their journey shipwards Tresscott's long-suffering ears hearkened to rhapsodies wherein Lucie's charms were lauded to the skies.

'D' ye know I got the impression she was bad-tempered,' Tommy had remarked bluntly when, in a burst of poesy, Challoner referred to Lucie's eyes as wells of sadness. 'Got the idea the old lady was afraid of her; that Miss Lucie would keep her ma up to the mark. Eyes seemed more cross than sad, if you ask my opinion.'

But Challoner in a romantic mood was not to be quelled, and recked not however greatly the opinions of others might differ from his own. It is doubtful if he even heard Tresscott's very plain hint. He raved on about Lucie's lovely 'mutinous' mouth, and went into ecstasies over the unusual delicacy of her complexion.

'It's like cream and roses. Where will you find another colonial girl with a skin like hers? Why, they're all as tanned as your boots.'

'There's a tiresome reiteration about your transports, Pockets, my boy,' retorted the philosophic Tresscott; 'a sort of funeral-baked-meats, twice-told-tale atmosphere that fails to be convincing. There was that Hawaiian girl at Honolulu last September. Have you'——

'Oh, that was *piffle*—the merest *piffle*,' Challoner interposed hastily.

'You used to say then that a warm copper-colour was the only adorable tint on earth,' pursued the relentless mentor. 'Have you forgotten how you came on board, when we sailed, with garlands of flowers round your neck, swearing that when you got leave you would go back and marry her?'

'Oh, shut up, Tommy!' The Honourable Victor's reply was curt, for no man cares to hear even his most intimate friend catalogue his follies.

'And that rector's daughter at Plymouth that you used to maunder about. Her skin was milk and roses too—wasn't it? And she writes to you still—doesn't she?'

But the volatile Challoner vouchsafed no reply. He was gifted with a pretty turn for minor verse, and was already composing a metrical tribute to Lucie Lorimer, whereof the first line ran: 'Glorious eyes with anguish laden;' and past experience of Challoner's mutability in affairs of the heart had taught Tresscott the futility of further protest.

A casual encounter with the Lorimer girls in Queen Street, where Lucie, free from all anxiety regarding household discrepancies, smiled radiantly under a chiffon parasol, nurtured the embryonic infatuation; and the following Thursday afternoon, when Challoner was assured that Mrs Lorimer received, witnessed him bowling Ingarangi-wards in a fleet hansom.

The paddock that stretched its width between the white gate at the foot of the lawn and the highway bore evidence that Mrs Lorimer was indeed 'at home.' Half-a-dozen carriages of sorts —phaetons, wagonettes, and dog-carts of those nondescript varieties that seem to have a spontaneous generation in the colonies—were clustered on the grass without the gate. Only one boasted a coachman; the others had been driven by their owners, during whose absence indoors the Lorimers' outdoor man kept an eye on their equipages and gossiped fraternally with the solitary coachman. A ramshackle basket-carriage of antique design, wherein a young lady sat patiently crocheting, was drawn up apart.

Leaving the hansom to await his pleasure, Challoner opened the white gate, and found himself face to face with Kitty, who carried a little tray laden with tea and cakes.

'They're for that poor thing,' she explained in an undertone, by a motion of the head indicating the soberly-clad figure sitting forlorn in the rickety basket-carriage. 'Her aunt always makes poor Millie sit in the phaeton while she's calling on any one. She won't trust her old pony to anybody else. She says she's afraid he'll run away. Run! It's as much as he can do to walk!'

Challoner left Kitty to pursue her errand of mercy, and crossed the sunburnt lawn towards the house. The Angel's post was vacant, that seraphic animal being engaged in the drawing-room receiving feminine adulation and assimilating sponge-cake and cream.

Ellen, in the prescribed magpie uniform, opened the door of the room where Mrs Lorimer sat in state, and, mumbling a wholly unintelligible rendering of his name, ushered the visitor into the presence of a bevy of women.

Tongues had been busy. Through the open windows the murmur of voices and the clatter of tea-cups had reached him as he traversed the lawn; but with his entrance the babel ceased abruptly. Colonial males do not affect afternoon receptions, and the appearance at a tea-party of so exceptional a being as a man momentarily struck the company dumb.

A sailor is rarely nonplussed. Before seventy seconds had elapsed Challoner had paid his respects to his hostess, and, seated in a snug corner by an open window, was devoting himself exclusively to Lucie. So pronounced, indeed, were his attentions that they caused the company to diversify their tea and talk by casting askance glances at the pair; and when the assorted buggies departed, leaving the hansom still waiting in the paddock, they bore far and near the news that Lucie Lorimer had at last found a man whom she considered worth talking to.

The company had gone, save only Challoner and Miss Santhem, the blackest among the fastidious Lucie's many *bêtes noires*.

Miss Santhem was a spinster known secretly throughout her acquaintance as the 'Pipimutu Gazette.' She owned a house and orchard, and eked out her narrow income by cultivating peaches and grapes for market. Her one recreation was gossip; and every afternoon, drawn by her gray-haired old pony, and attended by her down-trodden orphan niece, she set forth to collect and to disseminate news. Miss Santhem's gift of innuendo, combined with her faculty for raising seemingly substantial edifices upon the most flimsy foundations, aroused and kept alive a wholesome fear of her powers. Her wide circle of acquaintance dreaded to offend her; consequently doors that the owners' inclination would gladly have kept rigorously closed against her flew open at the tap of her bony knuckles.

Her niece, the tints of whose gray life had been carefully selected by her aunt, was known to the ribald as Miss Santhem's White Slave. Fifteen years earlier, Fiery, the pony, then in the exuberance of his youth, had nearly run away —Miss Santhem still shuddered to think of the occasion; and his mistress, oblivious of the subduing influence exercised by the passing of fifteen years upon even the most mettlesome of quadrupeds, still deemed Fiery too high-spirited to be entrusted to the casual custody of a hired man.

Visiting was the sole recreation of the worthy maiden's life, and she did not scamp it. Miss Santhem was not one of those restless creatures who pay half-a-dozen calls in an afternoon. She was ever the first guest to arrive; and as yet no one had the endurance and temerity to outstay her.

So on this sunny December evening Kitty escorted the last batch of guests to their buggies, leaving Miss Santhem leisurely sipping her fourth cup of tea, the while, with eyebrows raised and lips pursed up with righteous disapproval, she unfolded her sheaf of gleanings before her interested hostess. For even the kindliest of women are not averse to shaking their cap-ribbons over the frailties of others.

In the shade of the filmy curtains by the open French windows Challoner sat talking to Lucie.

'Will she never go?' he murmured.

'*Never*. And she came before we had quite finished lunch.'

'"And this was in a Christian land, where men oft kneel and pray!"' commented Challoner in a tone of mock horror. 'But don't let us mind her. Come out into the garden—won't you? I've something I wish your opinion of.'

Standing where the great bougainvillea, rioting in purple glory over the veranda-posts, made royal background for Lucie's slender, white-robed form, he showed her the poem.

It must be confessed that the verses on which the youthful lieutenant prided himself were not wholly original. One line—that referring to Lucie's skin of cream and roses—had done duty before; and a telling couplet he had boldly borrowed from an Elizabethan poet. But Lucie did not

know that. Her desultory course of reading had been strictly confined to the pleasant paths of contemporary fiction. She had no liking for verse. In her secret heart she had almost felt inclined to despise those who found pleasure in metre, and her familiar acquaintance with poesy was limited to the half-dozen ballads that a music-master cursed with a sensitive ear had painfully taught her to sing. But a poem with her own charms for text could not fail to interest even the least romantic of maidens. Lucie was amazed that she had ever thought poetry stupid, and felt as though she could go on reading it for ever. Her eyes were humid with gratified vanity when she raised them from the perusal of the manuscript to the proud author.

'Like 'em?' Challoner asked, complacently stroking his shaven chin. 'I wrote these verses the first day I saw you. Composed half of them before I got back to the ship.'

'They're simply beautiful. And how clever of you to do them so quickly, too!'

'Oh, it's nothing really. I could always write verse as easily as I could write prose.'

A raucous voice broke harshly upon their serenity. Miss Santhem was at length departing.

'Do let us hide. If she gets hold of us she'll wait another hour,' Lucie whispered, slipping quickly behind the trellis as the crunch of Miss Santhem's prunella boots on the gravelled path joined with her discordant voice in heralding her approach.

Snug in their sanctuary, they could, by peeping through the thick foliage, see the angular contours of the spinster, and hear her acid words, as, escorted by Mrs Lorimer, she passed slowly by on the other side of the trellis.

'Never met him until last week! Well, if you take my advice, you'll look after Lucie and that — Challoner, didn't you call him? These naval men are all alike. As fair as fivepence to your face, and forget all about you the moment there's blue water between you. A wife in every port, as the old saying has it,' she went on, raising her voice to drown an attempted protest from Mrs Lorimer, 'and in my opinion you can do worse than pay attention to old sayings. If you take my advice you'll give Lucie a word, and put her on her guard'——

'Lucie can look after herself,' Mrs Lorimer interrupted a trifle hotly. 'Her head won't be easily turned, I can assure you. Though she's only twenty, Lucie's had plenty of chances. She might have been married over and over again if she had liked. It's all her own fault. She don't know her own mind. That's what I always say to her. "I don't know what you're waiting for," I tell her. "You can't go on saying 'No, thank you,' for ever, or some fine day you'll find yourself an old maid, and you wouldn't like that. If you would only make up your mind," I tell her, "your pa would come down handsome." But as for Lieutenant Challoner, he's only a passing visitor, and I'm sure Lucie would never be so foolish as to think anything of any attention'——

'Maybe you'll remember Jennie Rowlands?' queried Miss Santhem, cutting short her hostess's speech unceremoniously.

Mrs Lorimer's head nodded mysteriously in affirmative reply to the question.

'Well, that was a naval officer — fair-spoken and good-looking. Just such another as this Challoner. Ah, poor girl!' shaking her head dolefully; 'that was a scandal. After his ship sailed she never held up her head. They did everything —bought her new frocks, and took her to the Hot Lakes to try to raise her spirits; but'——

Challoner craned his neck in his anxiety to gather the sequel to the sad story of Jennie Rowlands and the perfidious mariner; but, the ladies having already passed out of earshot, their voices became inarticulate and faded in the distance.

His eyes twinkling with amusement, Challoner turned to Lucie, who, affecting not to have heard, was idly playing with the shining green ovals of the passion-fruit that depended from the trellis.

'Tell me where you keep the scalps that, for the safety of fallible men, ought to hang as a warning from your waist-belt?' he asked lightly.

'A wife in *every* port,' responded Lucie, carrying the war into her enemy's country.

LITERARY RELICS OF VALUE.

By Harold Macfarlane.

ALTHOUGH in some particular instances prices have ruled high, as a general rule the relic which one would naturally expect, in the case of an author, to be the most eagerly sought after by his admirers—namely, his pen—commands but a modest figure; as witness Sir Walter Scott's pen, which was sold at the Dalhousie sale a couple of years ago for eight and a half guineas, or about two-ninths of the sum paid a year last March for the Wizard of the North's walking-stick, a stout ash-plant culled from the woods of Abbotsford, but twice as much as a lock of the novelist's hair enclosed in a morocco case fetched. Why, by the way, should Scott's lock sell for only four guineas, whilst a strand of Oliver Goldsmith's hair realised ten? Can it be because in the latter instance the

author's coffin was specially opened to obtain it, or because his head-covering was more scanty?

The silver taper-stand which Sir Walter Scott bought with his first fee as an advocate—£5, 5s.—and gave to his mother, which realised £72 the other day, had one advantage over a Dickens relic that was sold in December 1899: it was decidedly less cumbrous. The relic in question was originally one of the stone balustrades of old Rochester Bridge, and was afterwards converted by 'Boz' into a sundial. When, on the death of the author, the dial came into the possession of Mr Crighton of Rochester, he inscribed it with the words: 'These relics of Gadshill Place and old Rochester Bridge are placed here in sincere regard for Charles Dickens.' This souvenir of the great author was eventually knocked down for £50, 10s.

What becomes of the original manuscripts of the countless books published year by year by comparatively unknown authors we are unable to say. We have a strong suspicion that they are sold by the pound avoirdupois to the papermaker, or reappear as papiermache tea-trays; if particularly heavy, perhaps as railway-carriage wheels. In that case, there are doubtless some of these useful articles extant that would, if they could but be restored to their original form, be worth their weight in gold, or, as in the case of Keats's manuscripts, considerably more. These manuscripts were sold rather over three years ago for £695 and £305 respectively. The former sum was given for the manuscript of *Endymion*, which averaged out at £3, 16s. 9d. per page; whilst the *Lamia* was written on leaves that were eventually more valuable than if they had been £10 Bank of England notes, for the manuscript fetched £11, 14s. 7d. for each of its twenty-six pages.

Manuscripts written by Burns command prices that very few authors of to-day could afford to refuse for the production of original work; 'Scots, wha hae,' for instance, sold in May 1890 for £70, and three years ago last June his 'Common-place Book' fetched a sum equal to £9, 12s. per page, or probably over a shilling a word—a rate which most authors would find very acceptable. Those collectors who aspire to possess Scott manuscripts must at the same time be prepared to dip somewhat deeply into their pockets. Certainly £62 purchased an introductory essay in his own handwriting some little time ago; but eight hundred and forty square inches of £5 Bank of England note-paper, or £106, was required for a portion only of *Tales of a Grandfather*—a sum which was only £14 less than was paid for a seat used by Shakespeare. For the manuscript of *Old Mortality*, which was sold on the first occasion for a column of sovereigns only two inches high, or £33, ten and a quarter pounds avoirdupois of gold, or £600, was given recently. What it will fetch in a few years' time one dare not conjecture.

We are afraid that certain of our readers would prefer £12, 10s. per quarter even more than the manuscript of *The Lady of the Lake*, which realised, when last sold, the sum of £1290, an amount that could be easily invested so as to insure that income; and some, perhaps, there are who would rather have four and a quarter ounces of sovereigns, or £13, than the chair used by the author of *The Last Days of Pompeii*.

When, in 1859, Wilkie Collins penned the pages of *The Woman in White* he undoubtedly recognised that he had finished a very notable work; but he can never have imagined that one year after his death the manuscript alone would fetch, when put up to auction, £320; but such was the case. This sum, by the way, was £9 more than was given two years ago for a couple of manuscripts written by Gilbert White of Selborne.

One can hardly conceive a more consummate irony of fate than for a young author to sell the copyright of a book for a sum which years later collectors of manuscripts were willing to multiply by nineteen in order to become the owners of the mere writing and paper. The instance we have in mind is reported to have been the fate of Lord Tennyson, who is said to have sold the copyright of *The Poems of Two Brothers* to a Louth bookseller for £25; the original manuscript was sold by auction years afterwards for £480.

It is said that an American gentleman who purchased the original manuscript of *Trilby*, written in a series of little copy-books, afterwards refused an offer of fourteen feet seven inches of sovereigns, or £200, for his bargain during the height of the 'boom.' Perhaps he had particular reasons for valuing the manuscript of the work at a higher price; otherwise one would imagine that he would lose through not taking advantage of the great popularity enjoyed by the book on its first appearance. We close with a glance at some of the results of the sales of 1901, which show not a few startling prices. For example, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, first edition, first part only, and the only copy known to have come to auction, brought £1475. An illuminated manuscript, the *Evangelia Quatuor*, which once belonged to the Abbey of Lindau, changed hands for £10,000. The covers were studded with precious stones, however. An edition of Dante's *Commedia* of the fourteenth century brought £630, and *Titus Andronicus* £620. A first folio of Shakespeare was sold in 1899 for £1700, and another in 1901 for £1720. Milton's Bible (1588), with autographs of himself and his third wife, was sold for £225. A first edition of Gray's *Odes*, with manuscript notes, brought £370, and the *Poems* £195. Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, in the original parts, sold for £46. Shelley's *Alastor*, first edition, went for £66; Meredith's *Poems*, first edition, £16; *Alice in Wonderland*, first edition, £8; Du Maurier's *Trilby*, with fifty-eight pages of the original manuscript, £14; while two letters of Tennyson were sold, the one for £21, 10s., and the other for £31.

EVAN TANBANC.

CHAPTER III.—ON THE HILL OF THE GORSE.

ON the night of the next monthly market, Evan Tanbanc left his house about an hour before the time at which John y Felin was accustomed to pass over Brynyreithin. He skulked to the place behind hedges and inequalities of the ground, and on reaching the little bridge, crept into the shadow of one of the huge boulders near by, dragging a heavy crowbar after him. He had been crouching in his ambush for some time when two neighbours came up in a cart. The horse stopped at the ford, and as it sucked its fill the two men conversed about the price of cows and what money casks of butter had fetched that day. Then they moved on, and all was silent again. The minutes slipped by, and Evan lay there, thinking of nothing but how cold his feet were getting, when the rattle of hoofs on a stony piece below the hill aroused him to instant attention. He peered forth eagerly, and by the light of a young moon saw that it was his man. He gathered himself up and took a convenient grip of his weapon. The mare slowed down as she approached the river, and, walking with deliberate gait past the rock, stopped to drink. The miller, dazed with liquor, was leaning forward in the saddle, and seemed half-asleep. His hat had fallen or been pulled over his eyes, and the back of his head (his thick black hair showing clearly above his light clothes) was in full view.

A couple of strides over the velvety turf and Evan poised his weighty bar. Then he struck full and fair. The dull thud frightened the mare, who had a temper of her own, and she lashed out with both heels, barely missing Morris, and pitching the swaying rider clean out of the saddle. Then she dashed at full speed through the ford and along the mountain, dragging the gigantic figure trailing at the stirrup. Evan had not allowed for this; and, flinging down his bar, he followed in hot pursuit. Before the mare had gone a hundred yards some twist of the stirrup-leather allowed the foot to slip out and left her free. As Evan came up the swift hoof-beats faded in the distance as the flying mare fled faster still.

Without an instant's delay he gripped the fallen miller under the armpits, and hastened to drag the lifeless form from the public road and towards the precipice. To the edge of the latter there was nothing to cross but firm, short herbage which would leave no trace but such as a passing shower might easily destroy; and as he took the greater part of the weight, the trailing heels ran lightly over the dewy turf. He did not pause until he was well away from the track, and as the moon had not yet risen high enough to shine on this portion of his path, the shadow was impenetrable. He stood still for an instant to take a firmer grip, and went on again. As he passed a tall rock a portion of its blackness seemed to become detached and steal after him. For a moment his heart stood still; then with a revulsion of relief he recognised the idiot. For the latter to be in such a place at such a time was a very ordinary matter, and Evan tugged on, though his heart still beat thickly from the tremendous burst of fear which had overwhelmed him.

The idiot came up with his usual long, noiseless step and peered into Morris's face until he recognised who it was. Then he stared into the face of the dead man, taking hold of the beard to pull it into better view. He was reputed to be able to see in the dark like a cat, and after his scrutiny he appeared satisfied, and adopted his usual tactics of marching behind. Twice or thrice he trod on the dragging feet, almost jerking the burden from Tanbanc's arms as the latter moved backwards. At last the idiot, flinging his sticks away, picked up John y Felin's feet and swung them one over each shoulder. Heavy as was the miller, it was play to the idiot, whose strength was extraordinary. With the raising of the lower part of the burden the head of the dead man, which had been hanging forward, was now flung back, and, turning on one cheek, it lay on Evan's arm in an attitude of easy sleep. In this manner they reached the brink of the precipice, and here Evan had the utmost difficulty in getting John Coch to loose his grip of the load. At last the latter did as his acquaintance wished, and with a tremendous push Evan sent the miller's body flying into the blackness which yawned below.

This pleased the idiot mightily, and he exploded into guffaw after guffaw, if so they may be termed when the laughter was noiseless, and peered intently into the depths where the pale moonlight touched projecting corners of rock. So eagerly did he peer, and so far did he stretch his long form over the chasm, that Evan Tanbanc thought the other would fall before his very eyes, and he drew John Coch back by the arm. As he did so the idiot raised one hand as if to feel for his beloved sticks. Finding nothing, he stood perfectly still for an instant, then turned and darted away at full speed as if to search for them.

Evan's first thought was of Tanbanc; his second, of the crowbar. For a moment he scarcely recollected what had become of the latter; then remembering where he had left it, he ran at a pace scarcely inferior to the idiot's towards the ford. Arriving there, he could fix to a trifle the spot at which he threw it down; but it was gone. He flung himself on hands and knees and beat

the ground over inch by inch, but still no bar. Then, hearing voices in the distance, he slid himself full length under the shadow of the huge rock. Two men on foot came by, and he heard one—a near neighbour—announce his intention of calling at Tanbanc on his road home. After that it was impossible to pursue an extended search, and when the passers-by were beyond earshot he rose and ran swiftly back on the circuitous track by which he had come. When the neighbour lifted the latch of Tanbanc the owner was sitting comfortably by the fire, and on the new-comer begging the loan of a bill-hook for hedge-trimming, Evan reached the implement down and handed it over cordially.

THE LOVERS.

Four days later Jane Pantyffynon's clogs rattled on the flagged causeway which ran up to the door of the Pengarn homestead. She marched into the kitchen, where Letitia, with her sleeves rolled up above her dimpled elbows, was busy with a batch of bread.

Jane looked about, and seeing that the place was otherwise empty, gave a grunt of satisfaction and sat down by the fire.

'There were two policemen up here this morning,' she said.

'Policemen!' cried Letitia, for from year's end to year's end a policeman was never seen in that part of the mountain. 'What for?'

'It's something about John y Felin. The doctor says he had a great knock on the head before he went over the quarry.'

'Do they think somebody about here did it?'

'They have taken away Pryce Howell.'

Letitia's pretty face turned as white as wood-ashes. Then a meaning suddenly flashed into her big, dark eyes, and Jane nodded as if she had spoken.

'I can trust you, Jane,' she said slowly.

'There is no need to trust me. I know,' said Jane. Letitia blushed fiery red.

'Did you know he was with me that night until father came home from market?'

Jane nodded again, laughed, and snapped her fingers as bidding her never mind.

'I was coming over here when I saw you two walking down Caenewydd'—a lonely field where the lovers had thought themselves safe—'and then I turned back and waited till the next day. My boy Jenkin was with me too.'

'Do you think Jenkin has told anybody?' asked Letitia.

'Not he. I'd break every bone he owns,' said Jane composedly. 'But I doubt whether you can keep it a secret now.'

'What do the police want Pryce for?'

'They have heard about John y Felin fighting with him on Esgair Gors,' replied Jane, 'and they suspect him.'

'How can he get free again?'

Jane was silent for a moment. 'There's nothing for it but proving where he was,' she said at last.

Letitia was now white again to the lips.

'Is there anybody here who saw him that night besides yourself? Does Getta know?' Getta was the maid-servant at Pengarn.

Letitia nodded.

'All the better,' said Jane. 'She will be another witness. As soon as I heard about it I started across here at once to see you and to persuade your father to take it quietly.'

'Oh, you must tell him, Jane—you must tell him!' cried Letitia.

'To be sure I will,' said Jane. 'And don't you bother yourself about the matter. He will make a bit of noise, that's certain, but it will soon blow over. There he is now,' she continued looking through the window. 'I'll go and meet him.' She bustled out, and Letitia sank down on the settle.

When Rees Pengarn heard the story which Jane had to tell his anger was unbounded. He came stamping and shrieking into the kitchen like a fury. The small, tactiturn old man was metamorphosed. His fiery blood boiled up like lava through the thin crust of habit, and he screamed denunciation and unsparing invective against his daughter and Pryce Howell. In his rage he went so far as to snatch from its hook a trim ash stick which served him as a riding-whip, and advanced as if to lace Letitia's pretty shoulders. But through her tears Letitia's eyes began to burn, and the stout serving-maid, whose eye and ear had been alternately at the keyhole, flung back the kitchen door and stood boldly in the entrance, her ten fingers crooked in a fashion unequivocal. As nothing would have prevented Getta from striking in as one of the combatants, the old man's courage cooled rapidly, and he retreated again to the fields to digest as best he could the sore affront which his daughter had put on the dignity of Pengarn by rambling out with a lover in the fields—a most improper and unheard-of proceeding.

THE IDIOT REMEMBERS.

Two days after Pryce Howell's release, and while the whole neighbourhood was buzzing with the chatter and the surmising and the delightful gossip which the matter afforded, Evan Tanbanc went to Tangareg to see the hedge-lawyer. For a time after the murder Evan had been profoundly uncomfortable. Where would that crowbar turn up? But the days slipped on and nothing was heard of it, and he hit on the idea that the idiot had carried it off and hidden it in some safe place. With the acceptance of this comforting theory his last uneasiness vanished, and his mind regained its wonted dull serenity. It was true that a few inquiries had been projected in his direction; but the tale of the man who had

borrowed the bill-hook went to show that he was at home at the time, and the affair remained as obscure as ever.

Evan found Richard Tangareg at home, and as his business chiefly related to a cow that the hedge-lawyer had to sell, they went to a field behind the house to look at the animal. The usual long haggle began, and was in full flow when, his rags flying in the wind and three great hazel sticks tucked under his arm, the idiot came striding over the hill which rose sharply above the house. He approached and walked round and round them, but they took no heed of him and chaffered away merrily. Within a dozen yards of them ran the highway, cutting along the side of the hill; and, as they were on the upper slope, the ground where they stood was flush with the top of the boundary wall. The idiot left them, and marching to the edge of this wall, stood staring into the road. Then, looking round with a grin, he tossed one of his sticks, with much apparent effort, off the slight height on which he stood. Of this pantomime the two talkers took no notice whatever. They were familiar with his antics, and, besides, were now deep in their bargain.

Suddenly their conversation was rudely interrupted. The idiot, flinging down his remaining sticks, rubbed his huge hairy hands together, and crept softly behind Evan Tanbanc. In a second the latter felt himself swung from the ground and being carried towards the wall, which was without parapet. Evan put forth his utmost strength; but John Coch had cunningly pinioned his arms, and in that tough grip he was powerless. As lightly as a man carries a child, Morris was borne to the edge of the declivity, and then he felt himself flying through the air as his captor pitched him over.

A fall of six or seven feet is not much to look at, but after alighting in a tumbled heap on the hard roadway Evan Tanbanc felt confused and giddy. He had saved his head by stretching out his hands, and the latter were torn and bleeding. The idiot burst into his usual silent laughter, and sitting down, dangled his long legs over the wall and poked at his victim with one of his sticks. In a moment Evan got slowly to his feet, and without another thought of the cow, crossed the road and struck out for home. He went down to the river below, leapt it, and trudged at his best pace up the opposite hill. At the top he turned, and saw that the idiot was still dangling his legs idly over the wall, and that the hedge-lawyer's wife was cautiously reconnoitring from a corner of the house.

Dull as Tanbanc was, it dawned on him before long that there was method in this madness. It was not difficult to divine why John Coch had picked him out to be the victim of this wild freak. These discomforting thoughts quite spoilt Evan's evening by the fire, and a little after dusk he climbed the ladder to the loft and tumbled into bed. He had been asleep for some time when he awoke with a sudden start. Light footsteps were going *pit-pat*, *pit-pat*, on the mud floor below, and in another second he heard them on the bottom rungs of the ladder. A tiny window, half-hidden in the thatch, let in a square of moonlight, which shone brightly on the opposite wall. The rays crossed the top of the ladder, and into this patch of radiance a head slowly thrust itself, then stopped. It was the idiot, who had partly ascended the ladder, and who was now, with wild dancing eyes, peering into the darkness of the loft. Nothing of him could be seen but his ghastly face, for the lower edge of the shadow crossed his throat like a curtain.

That he would be flung from the loft to the room below was Evan's instant thought, and he stretched out his hand to seek a weapon of defence. Near the head of his bed stood a flail in two pieces, and his grasp fell on the handle-stave, a stout piece of tough ash. The moonlight shone into John Coch's eyes, and he had not yet observed Evan's movements; but on hearing him stir the idiot's grin grew broader and he stepped a rung higher. As he did so Evan, in wild terror, poised the ash staff and delivered a crashing blow on the idiot's bare head, driving him from the ladder to the ground.

Mad with fear, Tanbanc hauled up the ladder, flung it along the loft, grasped his weapon afresh, and drew back into the shadow. For some minutes he crouched with straining eyes and panting breath, watching the dark mass on the floor below. Then it began to move, and he gathered himself up to meet a fresh attempt. But on the idiot gaining his feet, which he did with many inarticulate moanings, sounds which the listener had never heard from him before, he walked slowly out of the cottage. From the little window where the moonlight came in Morris watched him fifty yards from the door; then, dropping himself hastily to the ground, the owner of the cottage barricaded the entrance with the settle, the dresser, the table, and a stout piece of wood, which he fixed diagonally between a projecting plank of the door and the ground.

He had barely made all secure when the idiot returned, brandishing a huge stick, a quarter-staff for length and thickness. On finding the door fast he flung himself against it with fury, shaking it and beating upon it with all his might. After a while he gave over these futile efforts, and went to a dry-stone wall which ran near the house. Setting his back against this, he flung down a yard or more pell-mell. Taking the largest fragment he could find, the idiot swung it on high and sent it crashing against the barrier. Rock after rock followed, until huge shivers were rent from the stout slabs of which the door was formed; but the heavy furniture held it in place.

Then he came to the window near which Evan stood, and peered in. The idiot's face was pallid beyond pallor in his fury. His scanty red beard was flecked with foam, down one cheek ran a slender thread of blood, and on the forehead the line had been widened into a broad stain by a hasty sweep of the hand. The window was so small that even had the space been empty he could not have forced his shoulders through; and Evan, in his gladness thereat, forgot the many times he had cursed the gloom of the place. In a moment the face vanished. There was another window of equal dimensions in the farther gable, and to that the idiot had gone. Then he renewed his attack on the door, but with no success. Thus the night wore on. The moon went down, and the quiet stars brightened and hung steadily above the mountain, yet ever and anon the tiny casements were blackened by the silent, peering shadow, and the thunder of the rock fragments against the door filled the besieged man's soul with terror.

It was not until the sky was paling with the dawn that the idiot gave up the assault and strode away across the bog as firmly and steadily as if he had just risen from slumber. For an hour longer Evan kept watch; then he climbed to his loft and determined to lie down for a while. In an instant he was asleep; nor did he waken until the day was well advanced.

ABOUT THE UNITED STATES STEEL TRUST.

THE immense capital of the United States Steel Trust, as well as the enormous operations of this, the most powerful financial and industrial institution ever known, has sufficiently impressed the public mind; but exact information as to its rise and constitution is not so generally diffused. Two papers in *McClure's Magazine* for October and November 1901, by Ray Stannard Baker, furnish us with the necessary information concerning them. That Napoleon of finance, Mr J. Pierpont Morgan—who organised the Steel Trust, who bought the Leyland Line of steamers, and who is said to control more money and money interests than any other man in the world—was born, 17th April 1837, in Hartford, Connecticut, and was educated there and at Boston, whither his father removed in 1851. Here he attended the English High School, and in youth showed sturdiness and independence of character, was not particularly social, and only distinguished himself in mathematics. After two years spent at the University of Göttingen, he began his career as a banker with Duncan, Sherman, & Co., New York. He attained a thorough knowledge of foreign exchange in banking, through his father's world-wide connections, both in America and London. In 1860 he became American agent for G. Peabody & Co.; four years later he helped to organise the firm of Dabney, Morgan, & Co.; in 1871 the Drexels of Philadelphia joined it, and the firm became Drexel, Morgan, & Co. Mr Baker says: 'In 1895 Drexel, Morgan, & Co. became J. P. Morgan and Co. Mr Morgan's father having died in 1890, the London house of J. S. Morgan & Co., and the Paris branch of Morgan, Harjes, & Co., with all their connections the world over, fell under the sole dictatorship of J. P. Morgan; and to-day J. P. Morgan is the supreme director of all this great financial machine.' J. Pierpont Morgan's attitude in large or small concerns is that of absolute dictatorship; and the business is a partnership of eleven, besides the head who vitalises and controls the whole. The business is purely a banking one, the firm acting as agents for rich clients in the investment of money. 'He loans, borrows, transmits money abroad, issues letters of credit, and buys and sells securities which are the evidences of money.' The testimonies of men in Wall Street as to his business methods are that 'he does exactly as he agrees to do;' 'he keeps his word.' Mr Morgan is a director in twenty-one railroad companies, and is connected with electric and other corporations. His office is on the first floor of a large, old-fashioned building at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets, New York City. 'Mr Morgan,' says Mr Baker, 'impresses one as a large man, thick of chest, with a big head set close down on burly shoulders, features large, an extraordinarily prominent nose, keen gray eyes deep-set under heavy brows, a high, fine forehead, a square bull-dog chin. His hair is iron-gray, and his moustache is close-cropped. For a man of his age and size he seems unusually active, moving about with almost nervous alertness. He is a man of few words, always sharply and shortly spoken. When a man comes to Mr Morgan, he looks at him keenly, waiting for him to speak first, and his decision follows quickly.' The United States Steel Corporation was 'squeezed into existence;' a number of mighty concerns on the brink of war were brought together because they dared not remain independent. The idea of a gigantic combination of the steel interests of America occurred to Mr Morgan after hearing an address by Mr Schwab on the steel and iron industries. Andrew Carnegie, the man of all men who was most responsible for the Steel Corporation, had no desire to see it organised. The secret of Mr Andrew Carnegie's great profits and success consisted in being self-contained and independent of outside help: by buying iron and

coal mines, railroads and steamship lines, until every step in steel-making was controlled by the firm. Other firms began to imitate this system, and so became equally self-contained and independent. Mr Morgan was interested in the Federal Steel Company and two other steel corporations; and so, in order to prevent fighting and a lowering of prices, the Carnegie Company was purchased, and that and nine other corporations form the United States Steel Corporation. The total cost of the steel plant, mines, steamships, and railroads was about thirteen hundred million dollars. For the first three months this vast concern was yielding a profit which would work out at about 10 per cent. on its capitalisation. 'It receives and expends,' says Mr Baker, 'more money every year than any but the very greatest of the world's national governments; its debt is larger than that of many of the lesser nations of Europe; it absolutely controls the destinies of a population nearly as large as that of Maryland or Nebraska, and indirectly influences twice that number. Its possessions are scattered over half-a-dozen states. . . . It owns or controls one hundred and fifteen fine steamships on the great lakes, and six important railroad lines and scores of smaller ones.' It controls about two-thirds of the steel industry of the country, and produces more steel than either Great Britain or Germany. There are twenty-four members on the board, Mr Morgan, Mr Rockefeller, and Mr Field representing its financial side, and such men as Mr Schwab the side of the practical steel-maker. The largest single owner of bonds is believed to be Mr Andrew Carnegie, who is represented on the board by Mr Schwab, its president, and Mr James H. Reed.

BY 'THE DEVIL'S ELBOW' POOL

By Harold Bindloss.

IT was a balmy summer evening, and James Minshull should have been content with his lot as he lay in a basket-chair under the cedar branches on the lawn of The Knowe, one of the prettiest villas in the land of Galloway. A river, which came down amber-coloured from the bare mosses where the troopers of Claverhouse and the grim Covenanters once stalked each other, flowed past the foot of the lawn; and, across the stream, climbing meadows ridged with scented hay ran up to the line of firs silhouetted blackly against the pale green glimmer of the afterglow. It was all Minshull's by right of purchase, with the rabbits on the hillside and the trout in the pool; and he had won it manfully, working long hours and living plainly that his mill might be furnished with the best of modern machinery, until, when his cottons were known from Cairo to Singapore, he turned it over to a limited company and retired to enjoy a well-earned ease.

Still, there was a fly in the ointment, for Minshull had been a person of consequence in Lancashire, and it was not pleasant to find himself regarded as a mere new-comer, who must prove his right to be looked up to by the Caledonians; while the big trout in the pool, being no respecters of persons, mocked at his choicest flies and even the brandling worms he tried surreptitiously on the Stewart tackle. That, however, was not the worst; for a stream of soft light shone out between the roses from the long French window, and Minshull could see his niece Jessy sitting at the piano, with the dark figure of a young man standing beside her. The glimmer from the shaded sconces, lighting up her winsome face, sparkled in her hair, and he was proud of Jessy, as he had cause to be; but when her companion bent his head towards her as he turned over the music, Minshull flung down his cigar, saying, 'Confound him!' This man, he knew, was Henry Stewart, who had the misfortune to be the son of Stewart of Orchardton, whom he regarded with feelings of hostility. The Orchardton property adjoined his own, and there was a path through it which Minshull had generally used because it shortened the distance to the high-road considerably, until one morning, after his neighbour's return, he found his way barred by a light elm rail. Minshull could easily have climbed over; but instead he kicked it down, for he was somewhat short in temper as well as portly, and did not believe in climbing. Then, later, when he found it replaced by barbed wire, which no middle-aged gentleman could get through or over, he had consulted his lawyer.

Presently a man in knickerbockers came clattering over the loose shingle of the walk, which, though trying to tender feet, is usual in that land; and Minshull looked up sharply when he said, 'It's Mr Stewart's compliments, sir, an' would ye mind me patrollin' your pairt o' the Deil's Elbow whiles at nicht? He would tak' it as neighbourly; an' we've word that some o' the Craig quarrymen ha'e been nettin' an' settin' lines. A trout or twa's no serious; but they've been sendin' them oot by rail in boxes.'

'Why does Mr Stewart want to protect my part of the river?' asked Minshull.

The man answered, 'When Mr Livingston had The Knowe they jist fished each side o' the watter as they were mindin'; an' Orchardton turned a guid mony young Lochlevens doon.

Forby, as they're drainin' the sma' loch, there's a wheen twa-pounders comin' up, an' it would be a peety if the quarrymen got them.'

Perhaps Minshull's dinner had not agreed with him, or the sight of Henry Stewart turning over his niece's music had embittered him; for, disdaining the chance of making peace, he answered, 'My compliments to Mr Stewart, and I am willing to discuss any arrangements here with him personally. Otherwise, I'll prosecute any of his people I find trespassing. Understand that plainly.'

'I'll tell him, sir,' replied the man; but his remarks were uncomplimentary when he was beyond hearing-distance.

Feeling somewhat pleased with himself, Minshull walked towards the open window, where his wife met him. 'Is that fellow never going, Hannah?' he asked.

'You *would* eat too much of that pie, and it always spoils your temper, James,' said the lady. 'He is pleasant company, a young man of high principles, and sings delightfully. You must really let me give you a pill.' Mrs Minshull had a weakness for dosing her household.

'Pills be confounded!' Minshull commenced wrathfully. Then he added, when his spouse lifted a warning hand, 'It's hard I can't ask a civil question without being experimented on with amateur medicine. Instead, you can give Henry Stewart one; and I feel tolerably certain you'll never see him again. His father has behaved most uncivilly, I may state.'

'That is not Harry's fault; and you are so unreasonable,' said Mrs Minshull.

Mrs Minshull retired very indignantly, and her lord strolled towards the river, feeling that he had routed two partisans of the enemy. A half-moon sailed slowly above the dark ridge of firs; and, save where it lay black as ebony in the shadow of the beeches, the deep pool was touched by a steely glitter. White mist streaked the bald crest of the moor above, dew gemmed the grasses, and the air was filled with the scent of hay and wild roses. Minshull, who had been born with a love of nature, for the most part of his life ungratified, found the stillness and low gurgle of water soothing. So he presently seated himself on a stone detached from a ruined wall low down at the water's edge. The stream glanced in sparkling ripples past the roots of an alder. He was observant, and on noticing something thin and rigid athwart the slide of current, he crawled over a moss-covered boulder to discover what it was. He experienced a thrill when his fingers closed on the end of a quivering line, and felt almost a boy again; for, before mills and bleachworks fouled the water, he had caught small troutlet among the bleak hills of eastern Lancashire; so now he knew there was certainly something on the other end of the line. Yard by yard he hauled it in, and landed, with a gesture of disgust, a great slimy eel knotted round the gut dropper, with the hook hidden deeply in its anatomy; and then he chuckled as he dragged out two big trout safely hooked near the sinker, which had lain in a swifter current. One was over a pound-weight, he guessed; and as he laid the victims on the moss, he lighted a cigar and sat down to consider the matter and inspect them lovingly. If the boundary-wall had been intact the line would have ended in the water of the Orchardton estate; as it was, the stones were scattered over several yards radius. Having fished long and stubbornly with very small success, the gleam of silvery scales was alluring; so, before the cigar was half-finished, Minshull, yielding to temptation, wrapped the trout in bracken and deposited them in a rabbit-burrow. After that he returned complacently to The Knowe.

At noon the following day—a breathless summer day—Henry Stewart stood beside Jessy Minshull on the lawn of The Knowe. He was bathed in perspiration, and there were grimy smears on his face; for, being an authority on many subjects, he had offered his assistance in investigating the cause of a distressful groaning in the interior of Jessy's bicycle. Much of the said bicycle now lay strewn across that portion of the lawn, and Jessy regarded the scattered pieces somewhat ruefully, for she was beginning to doubt whether her companion was equal to the task of reassembling them. Her aunt watched the couple approvingly from the shade. These two were good to look at: the sun-bronzed and athletic man, with the look of perplexity upon his open face, and the fresh-cheeked girl.

Being perhaps desirous of saving the remnant of her property, Jessy said, 'I am afraid you will get sunstroke if you stoop down any more, and you really look fatigued. Don't you think you would get on better if you rested a while and then started afresh?'

'I don't like to be beaten by a bicycle; but the shade looks inviting,' replied the young man, dropping his spanner willingly. 'It really does make one dizzy to crawl under a bicycle with the sun on one's forehead.'

Mrs Minshull, seeing her opportunity, broke in: 'It is very unwise, and you look flushed, Mr Stewart. You must let me give you a few drops of my special hot-weather tincture.'

The girl laughed softly, turning her head away; and though Stewart made haste to answer, 'I never felt better in my life, madam,' the old lady, who intended to make sure of her victim, said, 'It will be most beneficial after working in the sun.—You know where to find the bottle, Jessy?'

Jessy was either mischievous or desirous of pleasing her aunt, for she presently returned with a phial, at which Stewart glanced apprehensively, and then with the air of a martyr

watched his hostess count a goodly number of drops into a wine-glass. Jessy, knowing the taste of that tincture by experience, retreated stealthily.

'It is a certain specific against sunstroke,' said Mrs Minshull.

Thereupon Stewart, restraining his feelings, bravely drained the glass; and there was a smothered peal of laughter from the shrubbery as, being a quick-witted young man, he said with the best grace he could, 'I feel better already; and if it would not be robbing you, I should almost like to take the bottle home.'

The old lady beamed upon him, and invited him to lunch. When the girl rejoined him she laughed again as she said, 'You acted heroically, and you have made aunty a friend for life.'

'Then it was worth it, though I shall taste that stuff for weeks,' said Stewart, with a grimace of disgust. 'Still, I would empty the bottle to secure your uncle's goodwill. Unfortunately, after that difference with my father, he doesn't seem to like me. Yet, being not unlike in disposition, the two ought to get on nicely if either would make a beginning. Ah, I see Mr Minshull coming.'

Jessy looked slightly apprehensive when, with bramble-torn garments and one leg dripping water, her uncle crossed the lawn carrying a fishing-rod; but he smiled upon them as he opened his creel, and displayed, with assumed humility, two fine trout and one that was undersized, whereat Stewart stared with some astonishment.

'What fly did you get them with, sir?' he asked.

Mr Minshull, apparently misunderstanding, replied, 'I got them in the Devil's Elbow,' and passed on.

The young man looked down at the glancing water, through which every stone showed clear in the sherry-coloured depths; there was no wind to make a ripple; pitiless sunlight beat down upon the silky circling at the head of the pool. When, shortly afterwards, Stewart lifted the largest trout from the moss on which it lay displayed in the hall, he said, 'Your uncle is a better angler than I am to get them in this weather; but doesn't it strike you they don't seem remarkably fresh?'

Minshull was cordial at lunch; and the bicycle was afterwards, with some difficulty, put together, though it groaned even worse than before; but Stewart said this could be remedied by judicious oiling, and if not, he would have great pleasure in inspecting it again. He also examined, unobserved, the flies his host had used, and said nothing, though an irate quarryman who had walked five miles to haul the lines said much when he found only eels on one of his lines, and upon the boulder evidences that trout had been killed there. Still, in spite of caution, either he or his comrades, who came with a net, left the print of heavy boots in the mould behind the iris, besides enlarging a gap in the hedge. Orchardton's retainers noted these indications, and made arrangements to capture the offenders.

Cloudy weather followed, with warm wind and rain, and the water darkened in colour. Then Minshull actually hooked and landed one or two half-pound trout; but the breeze turned cold, and after two wholly unsuccessful days he remembered the beauties on the night-line in the Devil's Elbow pool. His wife and even his niece had plied him all evening with the threadbare jokes the disappointed angler finds it hard to bear philosophically, and when they retired Minshull again listened to the voice of the tempter. A breath of cool air would help him to sleep, he said, and there would be no harm in seeing if anybody had reset the line. It was even possible he might catch the poacher.

He glanced outside, and could dimly discern the loom of dark beeches rustling in the breeze; nodding roses struck the window-panes, and there was a chill, damp smell of earth and dripping leaves. A backward glance showed the snug, lamp-lit room, with its soft carpet and red curtains, and his cigar-box upon the table; but he remembered how he had once tramped ten miles in Lancashire to catch a few small fish during the evening rise, forgetting for a moment that the wiry stripling could do many things highly injudicious for a successful business man past the prime of life. So, slipping on a soft hat, he went out noiselessly, and straightway fell into a holly-bush before his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom; then, after he had tripped up several times among the drenched bracken, he leaned against the last beech-trunk, feeling sorry he had come.

Dim cloud-wisps whirled along the slope of the lofty moor, and below the ridge of firs all was lost in gloom save where the dark spruce-branches rose sharp and hard against the sky-line across one end of the valley; for it is rarely altogether dark in that region in summer. The moaning of the wind came down the hollow with the intermittent roar of a distant linn, and there was neither blink of light nor sign of life on all the sweep of the black hillside. The river was coming down in increased volume from the mist-wrapped mosses; Minshull could hear it splashing about the boulders lining the Devil's Elbow when the sound of the linn grew fainter and the birch-leaves pattered less rapidly. Here and there an angry white rippling or streaky lines broke the dim surface of the pool.

As the shrill wail of a curlew came ringing down the wind, he reflected that it was most unwise for him to stand still on wet moss in patent-leather shoes, and struggled through the bramble-thickets, which ripped his clothes. He found the alder; but, because the river had risen, it was less easy to discover the set-line. Minshull, who was a pertinacious man, had to grope elbow-

deep before he reached it. Then, as he hauled it in, a dark object rose up from the other side of the alder, and a low voice said, 'I'm thinkin' ye've made a mistake, Jock.'

Minshull let the last fathom drop into the water, and slipped off the boulder in his surprise. He had found one of the poachers, and almost wished he had not, for there was nobody within hail, and he stood knee-deep in the river, caught red-handed misappropriating that man's possessions.

'Are ye deaf or ha'e ye been at the whisky?' continued the man; and Minshull, determining to make the best of an evil case, answered boldly, 'What do you mean by stealing fish here?'

The poacher, who carried a heavy stick, moved forward a little, and Minshull did not move back, partly because he did not know how deep the water was. The stranger laughed harshly as he said, 'Stealin' fish! That's a guid yin. Then there's twa o' us, for the trout are Orchardton's. Come oot, an' lat me see ye.'

Minshull was not deficient in nerve, but he had sense as well, and knew that a business man of his years could hardly expect to hold his own in a scuffle with an athletic quarryman. Even that he might have chanced, for he was of combative disposition; but he reflected that recognition might lead to perennial blackmail. 'You had better make off while the coast's clear. I'll stop where I am,' he said.

'Weel, sae long as ye're happy, though the water's gey cauld for the legs,' said the other, with a guffaw. 'Ye're surely gey modest—a veesitor o' the daft Englishman wha's frichtit hauf the guid trout oot o' the De'il's Elbow maybe; but that's no my business, an' ye'll no win clear under ten shillin'. It would be weel spent money, for I'll haud my tongue fast, an' they're no fond o' fish-poachers hereawa'.'

Minshull fumed impotently. He felt that a glimpse of his face would place him at the mercy of an impudent rascal whenever the latter wanted money, and this alone now hindered him from charging ashore. It was a most unpleasant position for any respectable elderly gentleman in thin shoes and evening attire; but it ended abruptly, for a cry came out of the darkness: 'Straight in for yon alder, Willie.—Head upstream, sir, while I run down.'

Three shadowy figures appeared across the meadow, a lantern blinked, and the night-liner, stooping behind the alder which overhung a deeper eddy, slipped into the black water like an otter. It closed about him, and Minshull was left alone. A man carrying a lantern ran his hardest towards the alder, and two others spread out to cut off retreat. They were doubtless in the Orchardtons' service, and the one called 'sir' was probably Stewart himself. Minshull remembered even then that, as only the poacher stood up beside the alder, while he was hidden by the bank below, appearances were sadly against him now the latter had gone. Besides, when the tale of how he was haled up to Orchardton like a malefactor leaked out he would become the butt of the country-side, he thought; and it would be unutterably galling to try to explain the circumstances to his incredulous adversary.

However, he had been a good swimmer in his youth, and the poacher had given him a hint; so, wading breast-deep in the chilly flood, he struck out for the farther side. Then somebody shouted from the bank, 'Ta'en to the water. Rin yer hardest roond by the Boultrie stanes before he wins across.'

Minshull only heard part of this, for a strong stream swirled along that side of the pool, dashing his knees with violence against sundry boulders, and hurling angry ripples into his face; so he swung his left arm forward, burying his head with the lusty stroke in a fierce effort to gain the slacker centre. It was years since he had tried the side-stroke, and he was almost surprised how the swing of the crooked elbow and sculling sweep of the legs came back to him; but he was also cumbered by his clothes, and the water was icy cold. So his breath came shorter, and when he could see anything at all the black trees on the other bank reeled before him. Then, turning on his chest, he lifted his head and heard a growl of tumbling water growing louder, while boulder and pine flitted by because, for each yard he won shorewards, the current swept him three yards downwards. A cold fear began to grip him.

Then there was a shout, 'Stand by with the gaff, Rob; he'll wash out with the tail. Head upstream a little. I'm coming in to help you.' A floundering commenced ahead, and the half-seen shape of a man, with shoulders just clear of the water, moved towards him. Minshull strove to reach the outstretched hand, clutched it, then a boil of current dragged him under; and half-drowned swimmer and would-be rescuer rolled together down the swift rapid out of the Devil's Pool, while somebody roared, 'For ony sake rin in an' kep them, Rob!'

The end of a steel gaff drove through the slack of Minshull's jacket, just grazing his ribs, and fortunately the fabric held; so that, after a breathless struggle, he and his rescuer were dragged out on the shingle, where Minshull sat up gasping as a man flashed a lantern into his dazzled eyes. 'He's no Jock Allen, onyway, sir,' he said. 'Must be the ither wha went efter him. Save us, it's Mr Minshull! An' it's a stout heart he has to swim the De'il's Elbow efter a poacher.—Are ye ony the waur o' it, sir?'

'Not much,' said Henry Stewart, who stood revealed under the lifted lantern, shaking the water from himself. 'I must congratulate you, Mr Minshull, on your plucky venture. Lost your man in the river—eh?'

'Lost him almost before I left the bank,'

gasped Minshull, recognising with relief that he was only credited with a determined effort to capture the poacher. 'Might have lost my life as well but for your assistance. Believe me, I'm grateful.'

The man with the lantern called to his comrade who had moved farther up the bank, 'See ye aught o' Jock?'

They formed a tempting target in the circle of flickering light, and somebody laughed harshly on the opposite bank, and a great lump of shingle came hurtling across the stream, followed by a cry from the blackness, 'Here's till ye!'

Henry Stewart leapt aside as it crashed into the pebbles at his feet, then said, 'You two may as well go round and follow, though you'll hardly catch him now.—You're wet and shaky, Mr Minshull; and as we've had enough of the water for one night, and the bridge is a long way round, you must come up to Orchardton and change. Let me help you; I insist upon it.'

Minshull, whose teeth chattered, and who felt decidedly shaky, was glad to agree. When attired in dry garments he was ushered into the master of Orchardton's sanctum, where a newly-lighted fire blazed on the hearth, and there was steaming toddy upon the table.

'I am glad to see you, and hope you have not suffered from your dip,' said Mr Stewart. 'I can recommend this prescription.—Fill it up to the brim, Harry; he's needing it.—To our better acquaintance in future, Mr Minshull, and confusion to the poacher.'

Minshull, who emptied his glass, felt thankful for it, and after some desultory conversation, during which he emptied another, said, 'I regret we have not been better friends hitherto, and feel that on one or two occasions I may perhaps have acted inconsiderately. That path across the meadow was, however, almost a right-of-way, and I couldn't help resenting the slightly arbitrary manner in which you stopped it.'

'Never meant to be arbitrary!' said the other. 'There are stile-stones in the dry-stone dike—why don't you pass that way? It's a trifle sore on the temper to have one's fences kicked down. For the future just cross the meadow any way that's handiest. As it's late I'll offer the use of my dogcart, or—and it would please me better—I'll send word to The Knowe I'm keeping you all night.'

Minshull chose the latter, and sat up a great part of the night chatting with his host. When he went home next morning he gave a somewhat one-sided account of his adventure. He said, 'Young Stewart is not only a courageous fellow, but much more sensible than I fancied him. In a measure he saved me from drowning. His father has also apologised most handsomely for putting up that wretched wire; and I've asked them both to dinner to-morrow.—You will sing some of those Jacobite songs to please Mr Stewart, Jessy.'

The girl's colour heightened a little, though she could hardly repress a smile as she promised to do her best to entertain the visitors. Peace having thus been formally declared, Henry Stewart visited The Knowe constantly to advise its owner in the choice of trout-flies—so he said. Minshull also proved an apt pupil, and the only reference Harry ever made to the affair at the pool happened when, under his coaching, Minshull had hooked a big sea-trout. Then the younger man, standing in the sweep of current, swung the captive ashore in the net-pocket, saying, 'This is considerably more exciting than night-lining, sir.' There was a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, and for a moment the other stared hard at him; then his face relaxed as he answered, 'It is.'

It was some time later, when Henry Stewart and Jessy Minshull stood beside the alder, that the young man said, 'This is where your uncle caught the poacher, or at least tried to. It was a most momentous night for me, Jessy.'

The girl, who blushed as she glanced at the ring on her finger, replied, 'And cost me my liberty. Well, I am not sorry, Harry; but I can't help fancying something I did not hear of happened then. You know we are inquisitive creatures, and, in strict confidence, you will tell me?'

'No,' said Henry Stewart. 'It wouldn't be fair; but,' and he bent his head lower towards the face under the broad straw hat, 'there is one person it is not right to keep any secrets from. Have patience, Jessy; I will tell my wife the whole thing some day.'

WHAT SHALL I ASK?

What shall I ask to fill my cup of life
Till it run o'er,
And I can say, 'Enough, my soul;
No more'?

What shall I ask? Ah! surely more than these
Terrestrial years—
So bright, so brief, so sorely marred
With tears.

Ah! surely more. My wish is vast and bold,
Yet cannot bate
Its deathless daring. Here my crave
Of fate.

The fullness of the earth that it be mine;
Then, forth and far,
Into the outer glittering mystery
Of star on star.

Throughout th' illimitable wonderment
That I may go;
Nor rest till, at the centre by God's throne,
I stand and know,

And see the circling glory—wide and deep,
Perfect and beautiful—around me sweep;
All that jarred here
Sounding at last melodious
And clear.

T. P. Johnston.

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SIXTH SERIES.

A COLD DECEMBER.

By 'SANSTERRE.'

AT this time of the year the sportsman has two things to take into consideration: the weather and the locality. If both of these are favourable, and if the shooter himself is hardy and strong, there is no need for him to put away his gun into its case and wait for another season before enjoying the sport he loves so well. It is true, both pheasant and partridge shooting will now be pretty well finished; but there remains our ubiquitous and universal friend 'Brer Rabbit,' and—if the locality is suitable as well as the weather—wildfowl-shooting should be at its best. Besides, there are the wood-pigeons which frequently make their appearance in immense flocks at this time, and for a while afford excellent sport. Also, an occasional day's partridge-driving may be had if the birds have not been shot down too bare in the earlier part of the season. Too many cock-pheasants must not be left in the coverts, so that various means have to be adopted to thin them down to a proper proportion. This can be done either by organising a day or two for cocks only, or by frequently pottering round the hedgerows and small spinneys on bright days. Of course, the bags will not compare numerically with those made earlier in the season; but he is a small specimen of the *genus* sportsman who thinks only of the size of the bag.

A good many years ago, in the early part of December, I received an invitation to spend what is called 'the inside of a week' with my friend M., who lived not far from the east coast. An account of the sport we enjoyed will amply illustrate my statement that although the season is rapidly drawing to a close when the last month of the year arrives, yet *all* shooting is not necessarily finished. M.'s father was tenant of a very large farm, or rather of several farms in one holding under trustees who were managing the property during a long minority. Instead of letting the shooting as a whole to strangers, each farmer was allowed to hire his own at a reasonable rental.

The estate was not a large one, and, with the exception of a few outlying farms, my friend's father held the whole of it, some twelve or fourteen hundred acres. M. assisted his father in the management; and—partly for greater convenience in overlooking the work on the land, and partly from a desire to be near an extensive estuary that bounded the estate on the side farthest from the Manor House, where the old people lived—M. had a very comfortable set of rooms fitted up and furnished for him in one of the farmhouses included in his father's holding. Here he lived *en garçon*—and lived very comfortably, as I can testify from experience, for I frequently stayed a few days with him when I could get away from my work.

Never shall I forget the drive to M.'s abode on that December night. For three or four days previously a strong north-east wind had been blowing. A little rain came with it at first, then a little sleet; but as the wind increased in force the rain and sleet stopped and there was nothing but blow, blow, blow. The train (on a branch line) duly brought me and my belongings to the station only half-an-hour late; and by the flickering lamps sparsely dotted about the platform I saw a stalwart figure wearing an ulster which came right down to his heels, and vigorously puffing at a short black pipe. Putting my head out of the carriage window, I gave a stentorian shout as I passed him; but owing to the creaking of the brakes, the rumbling of the slackening train, and the roaring of the wind, I could not catch what he said in reply. Once on the platform our greetings were soon over; and, hurrying to the guard's van, we soon had my modest luggage, gun-case, cartridge-magazine, and an old and privileged retriever, Jet by name, on the platform by my side. Although this was the last train, I was the only passenger to alight, and in response to the

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guard's shrill whistle the engine hoarsely snorted once or twice, and then slowly the train moved off into the darkness. The solitary porter helped to carry the baggage to M.'s cart, which was waiting for us under the lee of the station wall, and in a few more minutes we were off again, Jet cosily coiled up behind our feet in the bottom of the cart.

Once more let me say I shall never forget that drive! The wind by this time had increased to almost a hurricane, and on a long stretch of road bordering the marshes we caught the full force of it. The polled willows by the side of the road hardly broke the force of the wind at all. Several times the mare half stopped with a shudder as if she could not get any farther. When a turn in the road brought the wind fairly across us, I thought more than once we should have been blown over. Conversation was out of the question.

In the wind our pipes were soon finished, and neither of us cared for the trouble and difficulty of relighting them. In addition, there was a keen wind-frost, and our faces—the only exposed part of our persons—were numb with the cold. It was a bare half-hour's drive from the station to M.'s house, but that night we were nearly an hour doing the journey. It was quite a relief—to me at all events—when the lighted-up windows came into view and we were safely inside. A roaring fire and a hearty meal soon made us feel more comfortable; and, drawing up our chairs round the hearth in M.'s cosy den, we began to discuss the arrangements that had been made for my benefit. It was his intention, M. told me, to have a turn with the rabbits on the morrow. He knew of several sheltered banks where there were plenty of bunnies. They had not yet been ferreted, and we ought to have good sport.

During the night, however, the wind dropped very considerably, and shifted farther towards the north. When I looked out over the country soon after I awoke next morning, to my astonishment the ground was deeply covered with snow. 'No ferreting for us to-day,' I said to myself as I dressed, for I knew from past experience that the rabbits would not start directly after a fall of snow until they were used to their new surroundings. At breakfast M. told me with great glee that the snow was just what he wanted. On a certain part of the land were several coveys of red-legged or French partridges, and these, after vainly trying to run in the soft snow, would take to the fences, where we could have some fun with them.

'If you have no pockets big enough in your shooting-coat, I will lend you a game-bag which you can sling over your shoulders: this will be better than taking a man,' said M. to me just before we started. Accordingly I borrowed the game-bag, and laughingly asked him if I was expected to fill it before we returned.

'Probably; and more than once, if we have any luck in finding the birds; you cannot well miss them as they buzz out of the hedge,' was M.'s reply.

Sometimes we took separate fences, meeting at the corner of the field, and some fences which were high as well as thick we doubled, M. with his dog on one side, I with Jet on the other. The birds did very well—from our point of view; and by the middle of the day M.'s pockets were very bulky in appearance, while my game-bag was quite heavy enough to be a comfortable load. Both dogs were old and experienced, and hunted slowly; the birds mostly flew out singly, and we made good practice at them. While we were getting a hasty lunch, M. suggested that we should leave the 'Frenchmen' alone for a bit and make for the estuary, where we might fall in with some ducks at flight-time. We could try a pit or two for a cock-pheasant on our way, which would help to pass the time until darkness began to set in. In this way we had each of us a couple of shots before we reached the mud, and therefore we had no fear about having to return home empty-handed if the ducks proved too wary for us. M. knew the tides and the usual track of the fowl as they came in to feed, and he took me to the end of a kind of promontory covered with rough grass and jutting far out into the mud. Here there was a big tub sunk to the ground, with a rough kind of seat made in it and some straw at the bottom. Pulling off the boards which covered the top, I was soon seated inside, with Jet coiled up at my feet. Although the tub was a large one, there was hardly room enough for us to be quite comfortable.

'I shall be in a similar place about a quarter of a mile away,' said M. as he was leaving me. 'Duck, as you know, fly head to wind when possible,' he added, 'so you will know on which side to keep the sharpest look-out; and you had better wait here until I come for you.'

This I certainly intended to do, for although I had been there with M. on more than one occasion, I did not feel quite sure of my way in the dark, and I had no fancy for floundering about in the mud or in the water when the tide rose. On each side of me was a wide creek, and beyond these creeks, on both sides, stretching away for hundreds of yards, was dark mud, looking almost black when contrasted with the snow on the grass and on the fields in the distance. Glancing at my watch, I found it was not much more than half-past three, and M. had told me that I need not expect to have a shot before four o'clock. Thinking that I should have time for a smoke before the business of the evening began, I put down my gun, filled my pipe, and was just feeling for a match with which to light it when I was startled by hearing a loud *courlieu, courlieu*, just over my head. Dropping the match-box, I snatched up my gun; and, looking up, I spied three curlew passing

within easy range overhead. Pulling first one trigger and then the other, I found, to my disappointment, that I had put my gun at half-cock when I began to fill my pipe, and had forgotten that I had done so. Consequently those curlew went on their way unmolested, for by the time I had cocked my gun they were out of shot, and I did not fire. I consoled myself with the thought that they were going M.'s way, and that possibly he might rectify my mistake. However, no sound of a shot reached me; and as the light was already beginning to wane, I put away my pipe, cocked my gun, and sat in hopeful expectation.

I had not long to wait for a shot. A whistling of pinions to my left-hand side caused me to look in the direction from which the sound came, and in a second I espied five dark specks rapidly drawing nearer and nearer, intending to pass almost over my head. Keeping perfectly still, I waited until they reached me; then, quickly raising my gun, I fired, first at the leader and then at one of the others as they dashed asunder at my shot. As I was raising my gun to fire I felt something brush against my legs, and after hearing one bird—the first I fired at—fall with a dull splash on the mud, I was mortified to see the other one fly off, but evidently hard hit. The something that brushed against my legs was Jet, who, by putting his paws on the edge of the tub, could see over the top. The dog whined and looked at me as if expecting to be sent off to retrieve the spoil. 'Go on, Jet,' I said, at the same time helping him out of the tub. To my astonishment, instead of going at once for the dead bird, the clever old dog, having watched the second bird fall after I had lost sight of it, started off to retrieve that one first. For a moment I was inclined to think that Jet had intended to fetch the dead bird I shot first, but had mistaken the direction; and then it occurred to me to let the dog finish matters in his own way. To swim the creek did not take long, and Jet soon disappeared from my sight, galloping with difficulty over the soft mud. In a short time I heard him coming back again; and, giving the bird into my hands, he promptly went straight for the other one, having marked them both down. These were the only shots I had. Three times the sound of M.'s gun reached me: two barrels quickly one after the other, and then, after a considerable interval, the third shot. I heard many more ducks flying overhead; but as the wind had dropped they flew high, and were evidently bound for a feeding-ground at some distance from where I was. Once I caught sight of a dark spot moving at a rapid rate past me, but before I could raise my gun it had disappeared in the gloom.

On the whole I was not sorry when I heard a loud whistle some way off, and presently M.'s figure appeared out of the darkness and stood by the side of the tub. 'Come along,' he said; 'the flight is over; and even if it were not, the ducks are flying too high for us to-night.' Carefully replacing the boards on the top of my tub to keep out the snow, we started off in Indian file, M. leading the way. As we walked he told me that he too had a couple of ducks. Two single ones came over him within range, and the first required two barrels to settle it completely. M. did not see the curlew, and he said that if he had seen them he should not have been too anxious for a shot, as, although the young birds are nice enough in August, by this time they would be fishy and strong in flavour, and it would hardly be worth while to disturb the ground by useless firing.

The next day M. had to be away from home on business, and he advised me to make an attack on the wood-pigeons, which he knew would be getting what he called 'sharp' by this time. 'There are huts made in a thick ditch near a couple of swede-fields, and if you take some lunch with you, you will be able to go from hide to hide according as the pigeons work.' I followed his advice, and had some fine sport, killing thirty-five birds. I took as many home in the game-bag as I cared to carry, and sent a man for the others on my return. 'How many shots do you think you fired?' M. asked when he came back, cold and hungry, in the evening. 'About fifty, I fancy,' was my reply. 'And very good shooting, too, for wood-pigeons take a lot of killing,' he rejoined; 'and in all probability several of the birds you thought you missed were in reality hit, and may or may not get over it.'

I could only stay two more days with M.; and after due deliberation he decided to occupy one of these in ferreting rabbits, with another turn at flight in the afternoon; while the other day was to be devoted to a scramble through his biggest covert and one or two smaller ones, killing cock-pheasants and rabbits. 'Perhaps we shall find a 'cock or two as well,' M. added. 'I can easily make sure of five or six more guns, as I invited three the day I was away from home, and told each of them to bring a friend if he could.'

The weather had set in fine and frosty by this time, and our sport with the bunnies in the morning was fast and furious. Two of M.'s men came with us to work the ferrets, which were as fine a lot as ever I saw. Most of them were white, these being more readily noticed among the bushes round the burrows, and therefore less likely to be shot by mistake. Working the first clump of earths when ferreting is always an exciting time, for if the rabbits bolt well at first, in all probability they will continue to do so during the day. It would be tedious to describe our sport in detail. In a word this is what happened: The ferrets went in; the rabbits came out, and were either killed or missed. We were both of us experienced at this

work, and did not miss many fair shots. The rabbits bolted well, most of them for the last time. Our experience at flight in the afternoon was not altogether a repetition of our previous expedition, although we went to the same spots. Many more ducks came, and each of us had ten or a dozen shots while the flight lasted.

Now for the last day. At half-past nine the beaters, a motley crew, began to assemble. Presently M.'s friends — each bringing a companion—arrived, and by ten o'clock we were ready. M.'s instructions to the men were short and to the point: 'Use your sticks, and not your tongues.' To his guns the directions were equally laconic: 'Half-a-crown fine for killing a hen-pheasant or missing a woodcock.'

Right merrily went the sport. No *contretemps* occurred to mar our enjoyment; and when we counted our bag on leaving off after a short day, we found thirty-seven pheasants, twenty-three hares, ninety-six rabbits, and four woodcock. Curiously enough all the 'cock were killed by the same man, the youngest of the party, and by no means the best shot. As no hen-pheasant appeared amongst the slain, the other fines—which were somewhat numerous—were remitted, and we separated mutually satisfied with ourselves, the sport we had enjoyed, and the world at large.

Over our pipes that evening M. and I revived many a half-forgotten incident that had occurred to one or the other of us in days gone by; and then to bed to dream probably of ducks, pheasants, rabbits, and pigeons that were swarming around while our guns absolutely refused to go off.

The drive to the station next morning was pleasant enough in the clear frosty air, and once more the rumbling, shaking, and snorting branch-line train had me for an unwilling passenger, my luggage increased by a substantial hamper of game, and my heart cheered by M.'s parting words:

'Good-bye, old chap; you must try to come again for a day or two before the end of the season.'

CLIPPED WINGS.

CHAPTER IV.—A MIDSUMMER FROST.

A SULTRY midsummer evening — a hot dining-room whose decoration of flaming *pohutukawa* blossom seemed a travesty of holly—a meal whose chief items were the incongruous elements of roast turkey, sirloin, plum-pudding, and strawberries — a Christmas dinner-party in New Zealand.

Greatly against the inclination of the master of the house, the two young naval officers had been invited to share the Christmas dinner at Ingarangi. So decided, indeed, had been Mr Peter Lorimer's objections that it required all the massed batteries of the feminine artillery to overcome them. Mr Lorimer's leaving cards on the ship had been the result of persevering and subtle tactics on the part of his womenfolk; and it must be admitted that when the deed was done he regretted his complacency.

Still, a Scotsman is proverbially hospitable: a few pathetic references to the loneliness of aliens who have the misfortune to be stranded on a foreign shore during the festive season left him wavering; while a casual but insidious reference to the fact that on Lieutenant Challoner's last visit he had mentioned that, as some of the other officers were engaged to dine out on Christmas Day, Tommy Tresscott and he would probably be condemned to a melancholy duet in the wardroom mess, succeeded in so far working upon Mr Lorimer's sociable feelings that he gave a grudging consent to their presence at his board.

During the fortnight that elapsed between their first call and Christmas Day, Tresscott had been an occasional and Challoner a frequent visitor at Ingarangi. Their visits having been paid during the hours that Mr Lorimer was engaged in town, neither of them had had the pleasure of making his host's acquaintance; and as a result the atmosphere was charged with a restraint that had not been noticeable on the occasions when the ladies of the family were the sole entertainers.

Straight's presence at the feast was wholly unexpected. He had chanced to call; and Mrs Lorimer, whose inclinations, regardless of times and seasons, were ever hospitable, had warmly welcomed him, and urged him to remain. Moreover, he had come laden with gifts; and even the most callous of beings cannot be discourteous to a guest who, acting upon the advice of the ancient philosopher, when he visits his friend takes a gift in his hand.

Straight's nature was generous to a degree. Unfortunately his conception of what tributes were likely to prove acceptable was almost invariably erroneous, the articles he selected being more notable for their total incongruity with the tastes of the recipient than for any other quality. The chief of his offerings on this occasion was a sunshade designed for Lucie's use. It was an elaborately befrilled and obtrusively expensive article, but of bright-green silk and with a flagrant cockatoo handle.

'A *green* parasol,' Kitty had said, drawing her sister beyond reach of the donor's hearing for a moment. 'Grass-green, with a cockatoo handle! Now, Lucie, I tell you plainly, up till now I

have meekly endured the reversion of David's love-tokens. I've fed the pet animals he bestowed on you; I have uncomplainingly watered the plants you left to wither; but I give you solemn warning that I absolutely refuse to use a green parasol with a cockatoo handle!'

Dinner passed off nearly as well as a meal could that was distinguished by a *menu* utterly incompatible with the weather. Ellen's sense of politeness caused her to say 'Thank you' whenever a guest, in accepting anything at her hands, murmured a word of thanks. She and the new cook were evidently blest with a large circle of acquaintance, for every time the dining-room door opened the sound of hilarious converse in the back premises became disconcertingly audible to the company at dinner.

It was very hot. The varied odours of the steaming food mingled with the magnolia fragrance that entered by the open windows.

Mrs Lorimer, perspiring in her best, and consequently closest-fitting, gown, sat at the head of the table, her husband opposite. On her right were Challoner and Lucie; on the left, Tresscott, Kitty, and David Straight.

In honour of the little festivity, Mrs Lorimer had permitted her daughters to coax her into abandoning her customary plain style of hair-dressing, and twisting her front tresses in curling-pins. The result was an oasis of crimps set in an expanse of absolutely smooth hair: 'for all the world,' as the irreverent Tommy described it afterwards, 'like the surf beating on the hidden reef in Manukau harbour on a calm day.'

The conversation flagged. Even in his most garrulous moments, Mr Peter Lorimer had never been a brilliant talker. To-day the presence of the two visitors, with whom he had not an idea in common, rendered him taciturn to a degree. His worthy spouse was too busily engaged in ministering to the material wants of her guests to heed aught else. Challoner, who sat next to Lucie, selfishly confined his attentions to her. Straight, who was enduring agonies of jealousy, was silent; and but for the valiant efforts of Kitty and Tresscott the conversation would have resolved itself into a succession of blanks.

There was something radically wrong—a want of spontaneity in the chat—a lack of the sparkle that ought to be present at a Christmas dinner. The vague feeling of constraint that had always haunted the girls during home-parties seemed to dominate the little company.

Like a sudden inspiration, the solution flashed upon Lucie, and she wondered that the stultifying influences of use and wont had obscured her vision so that she had failed to see it before. It was because they were total abstainers that their parties were always dull. That, of course, was the reason. Naturally, men going to a house to dine would expect wine; but especially on Christmas Day, and in such exhausting weather. Lucie's inward communing ended with the customary plaint, 'Oh, why can we never do things like anybody else?'

The courses of the festive meal wore wearily on. The strawberries and cream that so incongruously followed the plum-pudding and mince-pies had in turn been replaced by dishes of scarlet Christmas plums and of orange-tinted Cape gooseberries. Tresscott's praiseworthy attempts to discover his host's special topic, with the intent of luring him on to the discussion thereof, had proved fruitless, and silence threatened to engulf the little company.

Matters had reached this state of deadlock when David Straight, revealing the possession of hitherto unsuspected tact, threw himself boldly into the breach and prevented the situation from becoming more strained.

'It seems a pity to spend such a lovely evening indoors. Suppose we go out to the garden.—I'd like to have a look at that horse you were saying you thought spavined,' he added, turning to his host.

Leaving Mrs Lorimer to pack away the silver consecrated to special occasions, the young people passed out to the veranda, and then, after a little desultory wandering among the flower-beds, found their way across the stone wall that divided the pine-bordered paddock from the olive-plantation.

Straight was not with them. He had fallen a victim on the altar of friendship. Mr Lorimer had seized upon him as the only man worth talking to in the trio; and, the consultation regarding the condition of the horse having ended hopefully, the hinges of Mr Lorimer's tongue became loosened, and over a pipe he propounded deep problems respecting the welfare of New Zealand.

From his seat on the veranda, Straight caught a glimpse of the girls' white frocks as they passed from the darkness of the pines into the gray-green of the olive-trees that girdled the lower slope of the hill. He would fain have followed them; but his unconscious host, glad of this opportunity of airing his views to an intelligent listener, prosed on and on in what to his unfortunate auditor seemed an interminable fashion, concerning himself chiefly with the possibilities of the northern goldfields, the probabilities of the near extinction of the kauri-forests, and the future of ostrich-farming. Then, when Mrs Lorimer, having solaced herself and recovered her composure by visiting her fowl-houses and gathering the eggs—a daily task in the performance of which she delighted—joined them on the veranda, Straight felt as though the possibility of making his escape was quite gone.

'Whew! How hot it is still, though it's near sunset!' she said, sitting down and fanning herself with a newspaper. 'I must say I feel at home with you, David, sitting here and smoking your pipe with papa, quite friendly-like. It's natural enough for the girls to like new faces, but old friends are the friends for me.'

Straight's reply was politely appreciative of her kind sentiments regarding him; but his thoughts were wandering under the olive-trees with the obdurate Lucie.

Meanwhile the other young folks had started with the intention of reaching the summit of the hill in time to view the sunset.

Kitty and Tresscott, being endowed with digestions that recked not the advisability of physical repose after a solid meal on a hot midsummer evening, climbed steadily upwards. The others lingered in the leafy plantation on the pretext of picking a cluster of the tall yellow-blossomed four-o'-clocks, which Challoner declared were travesties of the English foxgloves.

Under the soothing influences of the cooler air and change of scene, Lucie had forgotten her irritation, and for the moment was content; and Challoner, too, was happy. He was blest with that amorous temperament whose owner knows all the enchantments of budding affection, the transport of awakening devotion, and the intoxication of reciprocated love half-a-dozen times a year. His was not a vicious disposition. He had merely a susceptible heart, a nature full of superficial fervour. His emotions were easily aroused. The curve of a cheek or the turn of an eyelash held glamour enough to excite his imagination and set him dreaming into an infatuation that for the time at least was real.

Happy Challoner! From each of his fleeting fancies he gleaned well-nigh as great a store of rapture as a deeper nature could reap from the one devouring passion of a lifetime. He was the richer, too, in that when a more profound entity would be plunged in an ocean of despair at parting with a loved one, Challoner, his tender farewells over, would have already relegated the episode to an honoured place among his pleasant memories, and be hot in pursuit of a fresh Dulcinea.

Lucie, however, did not know that, and, had she been told, would not have believed it. From their first meeting she had felt attracted by Challoner. The airy spontaneity of his bearing fascinated her. He was so unlike the colonial youth, whose manners Lucie, who had had little experience of any other, chose to consider boorish.

'They never really grow up. They go on playing at games all their lives; only after they leave school they play at polo and yachting instead of at football and tennis,' she declared petulantly when Challoner spoke of the Auckland men. 'Look at David Straight. He was at school till he was six feet high. He was quite nicely brought up, and he'll inherit a large fortune, yet if you speak to him he blushes and is dumb.'

'If *you* speak to him, you mean,' Challoner retorted laughingly. 'When I speak to him I find him a very sensible fellow, who knows a jolly lot more than most folks about colonial government. Why doesn't he go into Parliament?'

'His father wishes him to. I suppose he'll stand at the first opportunity.'

'And you will help him to canvass, and give him your vote; and when he returns victorious you will smile on him. Lucky David! And I shall be away on the other side of the world, and quite forgotten.'

'Away—what do you mean?' A sudden dread laid the chill finger that points the transitory nature of all earthly things upon Lucie's heart. 'I thought—they said the *Akarana* was to remain here for months?'

'Yes, she is. But I have got leave and am going home.'

Lucie paled, then flushed, then paled again at this confirmation of her fear. She stood speechless, unconsciously clutching the four-o'-clocks; and Challoner, connoisseur in emotions, silently watched her, glorying in the signs of her regret.

'When—will you ever return?' she said at last in a dispirited way.

'Some day, perhaps. Tell me, are you really sorry, Lucie?' he asked tenderly, taking the hand that held the crushed four-o'-clocks.

'*Sorry!*' Lucie's tone told all that convention forbade her expressing in words.

'I wouldn't go to England now if I wasn't obliged to. Law business, you know—my grandfather's death,' he explained soothingly, for the moment being quite oblivious of the fact that for months he had been clamorous against the Admiralty because of his delayed leave of absence.

'I shall never see you again. You will forget Auckland and—everybody.'

'No. I'll come back and find you married to Straight, and you'll ask my name'—— he was beginning lightly.

'I shall never marry David Straight,' Lucie said, looking up at him with eyes that kept no secret unrevealed. Behind her slender figure the sky was palpitating in the thraldom of a glorious roseate sunset, but the sadness of the gray-green olives encompassed them.

There is no man, however phlegmatic, whose pulse does not beat more quickly at the discovery that a pretty girl loves him, and sensibility was ever Challoner's most vulnerable point. 'Lucie, will you really be sorry?' he murmured, slipping his arm around her. 'Tell me, dear. Will you?'

A rustle in the long grass, a querulous bark from the Angel, who had preferred tarrying beside the loiterers to dragging his plethoric bulk up the steep *pah*, and Straight appeared, carrying a light shawl.

'Mrs Lorimer asked me to bring you this wrap. The dew is beginning to fall, and she is afraid you will catch cold.'

With an inward malediction on the untimely interruption, Challoner turned away and lit a cigarette; and, with a large item added to the already heavy score placed opposite David Straight's name in her black books, Lucie ungraciously received the scarf.

Tormented by the ultra-delicacy of a sensitive man who is in love, Straight stood irresolute, not knowing the right course to pursue. Should he return alone, Mrs Lorimer would blame him for not having executed her mission; for her instructions had been to bring back the girls, as she did not like them being away beyond their own grounds with men they scarcely knew. On the other hand, intuition told him that he had intervened upon a tender scene, and that he was occupying the thankless position of an intruder. He paused irresolute, undecided whether to go or stay.

'Oh, I hate him! I hate him!' Lucie was saying inwardly as she stood, her lips pressed together, awaiting his next action.

The happy thought of leaving them and ascending the hill on the pretext of seeking Kitty and Tresscott had just occurred to him when these twain appeared.

'The sunset was simply magnificent from the summit—all blood-red and crimson and golden. I never saw a finer. And all you lazy people missed it by staying down here. It will never come back again,' cried Kitty, a note of mock sentiment in her clear young voice.

'Don't let Miss Kitty discourage you. The future holds others quite as good,' prophesied the sanguine Tommy.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT CANALS OF THE WORLD.

By George A. Angus.

THE excessive freight-rates levied by the railway companies are causing commercial men to turn their attention to the canal as a means of transport; and it may be that in the near future prosperity will return to our neglected waterways.

At a time when Holland had completed its magnificent system of water communication, and when Germany, France, and Russia had opened up lines of inland communication, England had not cut a single canal!

True, the earliest canals in England were constructed by the Romans, in Lincolnshire, one of them, the Foss Dyke, still being navigable; but as a recognised means of transit we must look to the enterprise of the Duke of Bridgewater, who initiated the construction of the canal named after him. The difficulties of commerce in this country at that time are aptly stated by Green the historian: 'The new lines of trade lay often along mere country lanes which had never been more than horse-tracks; much of the woollen trade, therefore, had to be carried on by means of long trains of pack-horses, heavier goods, such as coal, being impracticable.'

The canal solved the difficulty. The energy of Bridgewater, combined with the genius of Brindley the engineer, gave an impetus to canal-making in the country. In 1767 Manchester was joined to Liverpool by a canal which crossed the Irwell on a lofty aqueduct. The coal and iron industries grew with enormous rapidity, and very soon three thousand miles of canals were established.

Canal transit has fallen into disuse nowadays, yet it might still have been an important factor in the carrying of goods had it not been for faults in the early construction of waterways. Instead of being walled, according to modern methods, nearly all the old canals were made with the sides sloping towards the middle. Thus, from London to Liverpool *viâ* the Shropshire Union Canal, the maximum load carried is twenty-five tons, whereas if the canal were in good condition an additional five-ton load could be carried. Another great hindrance is the lack of intercommunication, due to the want of a common gauge. In England and Wales scarcely two canals correspond in this respect.

Some old Canal Acts gave the companies the right to construct railways (for horse-traction) as feeders to the canals for goods and minerals. The Trent and Mersey Navigation Company, in 1776, built one from Froghall to Caldon in Staffordshire. The Grand Junction Company and the Monmouthshire Canal Company exercised similar powers. Thus the disasters which befell many companies arose from the means of transport which they were the first to adopt by statute.

The total mileage of canals in England is three thousand and fifty, in Scotland one hundred and fifty-four, and in Ireland six hundred and nine. As a rule, the English canals are narrow and the Irish broad.

The Manchester Ship-Canal is one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times. In all it is thirty-five and a half miles long, and its total cost was £15,000,000. It starts at Eastham, on the left bank of the Mersey, and terminates at Trafford Bridge, Manchester. Along its course are several swing and fixed bridges. At Barton there is a swing aqueduct, along which the Bridgewater Canal is carried, a hydraulic lift affording communication between the two canals.

Improvements recently completed in the river Weaver navigation at a cost of £70,000 have made that river one of the finest waterways in the kingdom—in fact, second in importance to the Manchester Canal. Two new swing bridges erected at Northwich, at an outlay of £25,000, are the first in the country to be worked by electricity. As a result of the improvements,

vessels of four hundred tons will be able to navigate the river direct to Liverpool or Manchester. It is worthy of note that the Weaver navigation has always successfully competed with the railways for heavy goods traffic.

In France there are already three thousand miles of canals. Many of these are free; and the cost of construction, improvement, and maintenance is paid by the State. By a law of 1879, uniformity of depth will ultimately be secured throughout the main waterways of the Republic, enabling boats of three hundred tons, with a six-feet draught, to navigate them.

The canals of Belgium and Holland were introduced in the twelfth century, and are, as in France, owned by the State. In striking contrast to the narrowness of English waterways, those in Belgium, notably one from Ostend to Bruges, are magnificent for the spaciousness of their proportions. Amsterdam and Rotterdam are intersected by canals. The Amsterdam Ship-Canal was constructed in ten years, at a cost of £2,600,000, and is sixteen and a half miles long. A splendid outlet to the North Sea is thus afforded to the trade of the town, sea-going vessels of large tonnage being able to navigate with ease. The material dredged from the lakes was utilised in constructing the banks of the canal, a considerable portion of land being reclaimed.

The canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, though but four miles in length, took over ten years to construct, and cost between £1,000,000 and £2,000,000. It has a depth of twenty-six and a quarter feet, and at both ends jetties have been built out into the sea for protection. A canal across the isthmus was actually commenced in the time of Nero, of which traces are still to be found.

The Baltic Canal is sixty miles long, twenty-eight feet deep, and has locks at both ends. It starts from Holtenau on the Baltic, near Kiel, and, using a portion of the Eider, joins the Elbe at Brunsbüttel. This undertaking cost £8,000,000.

The Russians have connected the Volga and Neva by canal, admitting vessels of one thousand tons. An undertaking in the near future is the connection of the Volga and the Don, by means of which the Black Sea would be opened. The canal would be about thirty-five miles long, and its estimated cost £4,000,000. Sea-going vessels can reach St Petersburg by the St Petersburg and Cronstadt Ship-Canal, about twenty miles in length.

A scheme is projected in Austria whereby over a thousand miles of navigable waterways are to be constructed by the State, with the co-operation of the provinces and towns, in particular Vienna and Prague, which are to provide proportionate contributions. A total sum of £30,000,000 will be spent on the undertaking.

The mention of Venice, the Water City, is ever associated with its Grand Canal and the numerous tributary waterways. These side canals are gloomy and sombre in the extreme. 'The walls echo as you pass with all sorts of ghostly whisperings. They drip with damp, and a noisome smell rises from the festering water; and the splash of the oar creates hollow reverberations in the black, dismal cavities that yawn on either side.' The gondolier will take you anywhere, in his own leisurely fashion. Everybody is at leisure in Venice, except the tourist. Even the heavily laden market-boats drift lazily along, and the black barge with silver fringes, carrying its dead to San Michele, passes along as silently as its lifeless burden, save perhaps for the low, monotonous tones of the attendants chanting in prayer. The Grand Canal is a famous subject with artists and poets. One of Turner's Venetian masterpieces, now in the possession of the Vanderbilts, is valued at £20,000.

The Panama Canal was commenced, under the auspices of M. de Lesseps, with the intention of cutting across the Isthmus of Panama, and thus connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, its projected length being forty-seven miles. A deadly climate, immense natural difficulties, scandal and bribery, and a sum of not less than 12,000,000 francs already lost in the enterprise involved the concern in ruin. Disused cranes and engines, uninhabited huts, and nameless graves have for a long time marked the site of the Panama Canal. The completion of the scheme may, however, be but a question of time.

The Americans have warmly championed a rival scheme, by a canal through Nicaragua, one hundred and seventy miles long. This, though nearly four times longer than Panama Canal, has natural advantages in an inland lake and the utilisation of the San Juan River. The most serious difficulties in the way of this undertaking are the extraordinary rainfall in the country traversed by the canal and the character of the rock through which some parts of the cutting will have to be carried. On the Caribbean coast the annual rainfall averages more than twenty-two feet, and on the Pacific side about six and a half feet. In 1889 the work was commenced; but it has been stopped more than once through lack of funds. Its completion is a subject of much interest both in the States and in this country; the signing of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, and the placing of the report of the Isthmian Canal Commission in the hands of President Roosevelt in November 1901, revived fresh interest in this great undertaking.

The latest route for an isthmus canal suggested by our American cousins is that between Caledonia Bay and the Gulf of San Miguel, south-east of Panama. The distance is only thirty-seven miles, and there are good harbours at both ends. The physical condition of the district is considered suitable, though danger is feared from malarial swamps.

The Erie Canal connects Lake Erie with the Hudson River, and is part of a great system of

waterways, over six hundred and forty miles long, owned by the State of New York.

Canada has for ten years been engaged in a big canal scheme. The canals owned by the Government were not available for vessels of more than nine-feet draught; but now the completion of the scheme has opened an immense waterway between the Great Lakes, the St Lawrence, and Montreal, admitting ships of fourteen-feet draught. The establishment of the immense steel-making plant of at least two companies—the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Nova Scotia Steel Company (the capital of which is held by British investors)—will enable them to become formidable rivals to American firms, with whom Canada has been a large customer. The Dominion Coal Company each season ships two million tons of coal. The enlargement of Canada's canal will thus be a great factor in the distribution of ore and coal; and Sydney (Cape Breton) gives promise of shortly ranking among the great shipping ports of the world. A Canadian writer gives it as the generally accepted opinion that Sydney will soon be heard of in the British iron and steel market. Canada as yet cannot take all the steel that will be produced by these two great concerns on Sydney Harbour. The tariff of the United States will prevent the steel from going there; so that much of the product of the furnaces and rolling-mills must eventually find its way from Sydney to Great Britain, and to the British colonies in Africa and Australasia. For export trade, the Sydney plants should be able to compete with Pittsburgh. The coal is as near to Sydney as to Pittsburgh, and Sydney has a great advantage in a short all-water route for the ore. Sydney has long waited for the trade for which its splendid harbour is so admirably adapted. At last it is about to obtain that trade, and Sydney will soon have a great shipping industry peculiarly its own, due to its prominence as a coal and iron port. The canal will likewise have an important bearing on the shipbuilding industry of the Dominion. Hitherto the Toronto shipyards have been handicapped in the building of steel ships for coasting trade, fishing patrol services, &c., British yards having supplied the necessary vessels. Canada can now build her own commercial fleet.

The Suez Canal, ninety-five miles in length, is one of the best—certainly one of the most useful—waterways. The Egyptians were celebrated for their great works, which included canal-making. Rameses II., in 1300 B.C., is said to have started the first canal connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. Six hundred years later Nechos undertook the work, wasting one hundred and twenty thousand lives in the project. At various periods the Pharaohs, the Romans, and the Caliphs shared in the enterprise. Napoleon, when in Egypt in 1798, unearthed some remains of the old canal of the Pharaohs.

The modern Suez Canal was opened on 17th November 1869. The task was one fraught with great disadvantages to the promoters of the scheme. Workshops and machinery had to be set up in the desert. Enormous dredgers were used, one hundred and ten feet in length, twenty-seven feet beam, having seventy-five horse-power, and costing £20,000 each. These machines carried off from two thousand to three thousand cubic metres of earth a day. The sixty machines at work extracted two million cubic metres monthly.

About a year after the opening of the canal the company was seriously pressed for money. On 23rd November 1875 the Khedive announced his willingness to dispose of his shares (numbering 176,602) to the English Government for £4,000,000. Two days after the agreement was signed, and an arrangement made with Messrs Rothschild to find £1,000,000 sterling by 1st December and the remaining millions in January and February. On 1st January 1876 four zinc cases containing the shares were deposited in the Bank of England, 'to the orders of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Baron Rothschild,' and thus the English nation became shareholders. Subsequent events have proved the wisdom of Lord Beaconsfield's purchase.

Owing to the increased tonnage of present-day liners, the depth of the Suez Canal channel is to be increased to thirty feet, the installation of electric light permitting of night traffic on the canal. About two years ago the Khedive, with great ceremony, unveiled a monument to Ferdinand de Lesseps at Port Said, in the presence of the diplomatic agents, Egyptian Ministers, and officials, besides hundreds of guests of all nationalities. English, French, American, Italian, Austrian, and Danish warships were in port. The Khedive delivered a speech eulogising the work of the founder of the canal, and saying how greatly Egypt had benefited therefrom.

The Imperial Canal of China is one thousand miles in length. That curious empire, with its antiquated customs and its repudiation of Western ideas, is dependent, save for a very few miles of railway on the seaboard, on the wheelbarrow and the waterway for its means of locomotion. Life in a Chinese house-boat is not devoid of interest or even of excitement, but it can scarcely be deemed comfortable. Your boat will probably contain two rooms, about eight feet square and six feet high, comprising bedroom, dining-room, and storage; the covering being made of plaited bamboo, and varnished. Progress is very slow, the boatmen resting at will and evincing no desire to hasten matters. The locks on the canal are a source of considerable annoyance and danger to the traveller. The boats are drawn through by means of bamboo ropes worked by a windlass. Frequently the boat is found to be too heavily laden, necessitating partial unloading before the passage of the lock can be effected. Some twenty men will then try to pull the boat through, whilst others stand on the banks beating gongs to drive away evil spirits!

With a strong, rushing current the rope will sometimes snap, and the boat plunge, speedily fill, and go to the bottom. If you escape you will doubtless feel disposed to accept with complacency the loss of personal belongings.

Several canal schemes, some practical, others fanciful, have from time to time been suggested. One of the most novel is that from the Atlantic in the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean Sea. A few years ago a French engineer published a statement of estimates, from which we gather that the projected canal would be three hundred and twenty miles long, one hundred and forty-four to two hundred and fifteen feet broad, and from twenty-eight to thirty-three feet deep. It would contain twenty-two locks, and the cost of making it would be £27,000,000. This means practically the enlargement of the canal constructed in France in 1666–81, having a depth of only six and a half feet.

A suggestion has been made for shortening the route to the east coast of India by three hundred and fifty miles, by cutting through the island of Rameswaram, and making a channel through the Gulf of Manaar and Palk Strait, not at present navigable.

A proposal which will probably be carried out is that for a canal through the Isthmus of Perekop, thus connecting the Black Sea with the Sea of Azov, on the landward side of the Crimea.

Another (impracticable) scheme proposes to convert the Sahara Desert, or a part of it, into an inland sea, by cutting a canal from the Mediterranean.

EVAN TANBANC.

CHAPTER IV.—THE HEDGE-LAWYER.

ABOUT nine o'clock on the same morning, and while Evàn was piecing out his broken rest, the hedge-lawyer jogged out of the gate of Tangareg, and turned his horse down the mountain. Despite his lost limb, the old man was an excellent rider, and with the point of his wooden leg tucked into a small leathern bucket by way of stirrup, he could trot and canter with the best. A mile from his own door he descended a very steep slope, at the foot of which lay the mill. The next farm was the Bryn, and as he passed the gate David Bryn was standing at the door of the house. The hedge-lawyer pulled up to pass the time of day, and David, on seeing who hailed him, started forward with a gesture of mingled resolve and relief.

'I was just thinking of you,' he said. 'I was coming to see you this afternoon. Are you in a hurry?'

'Not particularly,' said the hedge-lawyer. 'What is the matter?'

'We will not speak of it here,' said David, opening his gate and leading the pony into the farmyard.

As the wooden leg was a difficulty in the matter of remounting, Richard Tangareg did not attempt to quit the saddle, and David led the animal into a large barn where they would be in private. He fetched the pony an armful of hay, and the hedge-lawyer, knowing by this attention that his best offices were required, assumed a look of profound gravity and sat up on his saddle with a judicial air.

David Bryn was an undersized, elderly man, with a very wrinkled countenance. His small, shifty gray eye had plenty of cunning in it; and though he had been worsted in the bargain with John y Felin over the fields, still it had been a case of Greek meeting Greek, with the proviso that the miller had been a very Achilles among them.

'Listen to me,' said David, laying his hand on the pony's shoulder and looking up towards his adviser. 'On the night John y Felin went over the quarry I was coming across Brynyreithin. Just by the river I kicked something, and found it was a crowbar lying on the road. It was impossible to find whose it was at that time of night'—the hedge-lawyer smiled dryly—'and I brought it home on my shoulder. I carried it straight into the barn here, pitched it up on that shelf, and forgot all about it. Yesterday I wanted a bar to break up a stone in the hay-field, and I remembered about it, and got it down. I will show you what was on it.'

He marched over to the shelf and began tugging at the heavy bar, while the hedge-lawyer carefully fitted on a pair of spectacles with broad german-silver rims. In an instant David Bryn returned with the piece of iron and held it up before the other.

'It is hair, with dried blood sticking to it,' said the hedge-lawyer.

'So I thought,' said David.

'The crowbar was mine until a year ago, when I sold it to Evan Tanbanc.'

'So I thought,' said David again.

The old man stared through his big, round spectacles with a fixed, meditative gaze. His wits were sharp, his brain quick, and he had not followed hundreds of trials, civil and criminal, for nothing. He pieced together rapidly circumstance after circumstance, and saw a damning coil winding itself about the owner of Tanbanc.

'That bar,' said he, holding up his finger after the manner of a famous counsel whom he admired, 'will hang a man yet. David Bryn, I charge you keep it safely and let no person tamper with it.'

David shrank under this impressive warning, and promised faithfully to obey. 'And what,' said he, 'are we to do?'

'You are to do nothing,' said the hedge-lawyer. 'I will manage the affair. Do nothing and say nothing, except as I tell you, or you will land yourself in a very crooked place.'

David, who would have thought little of the opinion of the most eminent jurist living against that of Richard Tangareg, again promised obedience, and the latter, without enlightening his client any further, took his departure and jogged on towards the town. The piece of work in hand was exactly to his mind. He had had his fill of advising in quarrels over leases, mortgages, rights-of-way, water rights, trespasses, and the other forms which litigation takes on the Little Mountain; but to be an important person in a criminal trial of the first consequence was a new and delightful extension of his experience. He saw himself, with his knowledge of the case, from first to last the principal figure, save the prisoner, of the trial; he saw himself in the witness-box, smart in his best blue coat, answering with the utmost clearness and precision the questions of counsel; he saw himself battling successfully, amid the admiration of a crowded court, with the opposing lawyer, who would try to pick holes in his testimony; he saw the judge looking upon him with the grateful smile which a wearied judge always bestows on a well-informed and exact witness. The old hedge-lawyer saw all this as he gazed between the ears of his shambling pony, and upon the spot he fell to composing keen retorts for possible attempts to shake him in his evidence.

It was not that he had any ill-feeling towards Evan Tanbanc. On the contrary, they had always been good friends, and he liked Evan much better than he had ever liked the miller. But he would have cheerfully sacrificed his dearest friend to his favourite foible, and he burned to have Morris under lock and key in order that his pleasing fancies might be consummated.

THE SHEEP-RUNNING.

It was nearly midday when Evan Tanbanc awoke, and the unwonted illumination of the cottage aroused him at once. Not only was the daylight pouring in by its accustomed channels, but a flood of light streamed also from the dark corner where the door was placed. He saw the ladder flung hastily along near the foot of his bed, and everything rushed back to his memory. He sprang to his feet and glanced fearfully around the cottage.

It was empty enough, save for himself, and looked strangely unfamiliar with the furniture, which had never before been moved in his lifetime, pulled hastily from its place and piled against the shattered door, through whose broken planks the sunshine was falling.

He hauled the ladder again into position, and descended. The ash with which the fire had been banked up overnight was raked away, and he flung some dry peats on the glowing remnants. A cheerful blaze sprang up almost at once, and he held his hands over it. In a moment he recollected that he was hungry, and fetching a loaf from a small cupboard, he cut off a hunch with his knife and devoured the dry bread as he stood.

Suddenly the loud, joyous barking of a dog broke upon his ears. From the casement at hand he peeped out, and saw three men crossing his land with their dogs at their heels. He remembered that there was to be a sheep-dog trial that afternoon on the open mountain below Brynyreithin, and doubtless these people were on their way to the gathering. He would have joined them, but they were too far away, and he feared that the idiot might be lying in ambush to cut him off. Twenty minutes later two brothers came along, men of great stature and strength, and Evan resolved to make an attempt. Pulling the barricade away, he opened the door, leapt over the stones littering the entrance, and ran towards them, treading lightly on the soft turf. He looked round him as he ran; but there was no sign of his foe, and he fell into a walk before he hailed the brothers.

Among the crowd which had gathered to see the sport the tragedy which had occurred on the spot was a general topic, and there was a constant stream of sightseers both to the brink and the foot of the precipice. For a couple of hours Evan and his companions strolled about among the throng; then the younger brother proposed that they should have a look at the familiar place which the recent event had invested with a fresh interest. They set off accordingly, and Evan accompanied them with the easiest conscience in the world. At the top they stood for a time to gaze over the scene below: the course mapped out clearly at their feet; the timid sheep flying before the swift, silent dog; the sombre crowd, dressed in dark shades of homespun, and, to a man, lounging heavily on long sticks.

On the farther side of the course a narrow strip of white road ran along the dark surface of the mountain, leading away down to the valley and farms below. Up this road trotted the hedge-lawyer, and behind him came a vehicle with three men in it. Two of the latter got down and strolled in the rear of Richard Tangareg as he pushed his pony through the groups of wondering natives. He worked his way through the throng, then lifted his head and looked farther afield. The figures on the hill were in clear view against the sky, and he rode briskly in their direction. All this time Evan Tanbanc was staring with as much innocent surprise as his neighbours, and when Richard hailed him

he replied cheerfully. At the same instant he felt a hot breath on his neck, and turned to see the idiot's grinning face at his ear. Instant flight was his only thought, and he made a few tremendous strides down the hill. The police-officers rushed to cut him off; but John Coch caught him up in a score of yards, and tripping him, sent him headlong on his face, half-stunned by the fall. The idiot bent down, fixed his grip in the collar of the fallen man, and putting forth his great strength, trailed Morris along the grass as easily as one draws a light sledge over snow. Before any one could realise his purpose or interpose a hand to stay his course he was at the edge of the cliff, Evan beginning to struggle feebly as returning consciousness showed to him his dreadful situation; but his struggles were ineffectual. The idiot stooped lower still, caught Evan by the knee with the disengaged hand, swung him in the air, and held him for a second suspended over the abyss. Then, with his wild scream of triumph, John Coch opened wide his hands, and Evan Tanbanc fell like a plummet into the depths below.

The first to recover themselves from the horror of the thing were the police-officers, who flung themselves pell-mell on the idiot. He offered no opposition, and when they slipped the handcuffs on his wrists, jingled and clashed them together, pleased with the sound. The vehicle was brought some distance up the slope, and when he understood that he was to enter it, he mounted gaily. Just as it was about to move away he went to leap down, but on one of the officers seizing his arm he sank back submissively, making inarticulate moans and pointing towards an outcropping rock a short distance away. One of his old acquaintances, divining the source of his uneasiness, ran thither, and found three freshly-cut sticks. Returning, the man put one foot on the wheel, swung himself up, and slipped the sticks down by the side of the idiot, who put his pinioned arms around them and hugged them to him in perfect content.

Richard Tangareg had surveyed all this from the back of his pony, a bitterly disappointed man. A bystander who had been round to the foot of the precipice now returned panting.

'He is quite dead,' said the man breathlessly. 'What will be done with John Coch?'

For once in his life the hedge-lawyer felt no inclination to exhibit his knowledge. He turned and rode away homewards without a word. Half a mile above Tangareg he met Pryce Howell, and drew rein as they neared each other. Pryce stopped also and looked up.

'You are a lucky young dog,' said the hedge-lawyer—'a lucky young dog indeed. I wouldn't have given a farthing for your chance a couple of weeks ago.' Then he rode on. Pryce stared after him, wondering what this speech meant. He did not attach any great importance to the words, for the hedge-lawyer drank like a fish whenever he went to the town, and in a moment the young man turned and continued his journey. He was going home, but he intended to call first at Pengarn to deliver a message which had been entrusted to him. He would have declined the errand if there had been any fear of meeting Rees himself; but he knew that the old man would be at the running, and that he might call in safety. Thus it was that he lifted the latch boldly and stepped into the kitchen to come face to face with Rees Pengarn, who was relating to his open-mouthed household the scene he had just witnessed. For a second Pryce stood fumbling with the latch while the old man paused in full current, his finger uplifted and his head upraised. But there was no one on the mountain who could put two and two together quicker than Rees Pengarn.

'Come forward, Mr Howell,' he cried hospitably, every line in his face beaming with cheery welcome. 'Come and sit down.'

Then Pryce, stumbling forward in blind amazement, saw that the old man was waving him to the big arm-chair, the seat of honour, and saw also Letitia looking upon him with shining eyes and cheeks rosy red in gayest triumph.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

'THE DARK CONTINENT.'

AT the opening of the session of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Harry Johnston gave an interesting discourse on the subject of his recent explorations in Central Africa, dealing more particularly with the Uganda Protectorate, Ruwenzori, and the Semliki Forest. The lecture was abundantly illustrated by lantern pictures, and a novelty was provided in the form of demonstrations by gramophone of the language of the natives, as well as of their musical abilities. At the north-east of the Victoria Nyanza lies the Nandi plateau, an area as large as Belgium, with an altitude ranging from five thousand to ten thousand feet. This place, although almost directly under the equator, is most healthful and beautiful, the scenery constantly reminding the traveller of England, Scotland, and Wales. It is, in the lecturer's opinion, admirably fitted to be the home of a European population. The snow-peaks and glaciers of the Ruwenzori range,

—which is about twenty thousand feet high—are directly under the equator, and yet show the greatest amount of snow and glaciation to be found in Africa at the present time. Sir Harry reached an altitude of fourteen thousand eight hundred feet, and estimated that the summit of the range was quite six thousand feet higher. In the Semliki Forest were found the ape-like pygmies, and the curious new mammal the okapi, whose skin was sent forward to the British Museum some months ago. Several skins of animals new to science were obtained in the same district, and it is believed that when a more thorough exploration is made some hitherto unknown mammalia will be discovered there. At the close of the lecture, Sir H. M. Stanley strongly insisted upon the desirability of such a complete and scientific examination of this interesting country.

OILED RAILROADS.

For some years it has been the practice in America to sprinkle the railroads with crude petroleum for the purpose of holding down the dust and binding the ballast into a permanent mass. So general has the custom become that there are now a thousand miles of oiled track on the various railroads of the United States. The oil is discharged from a special form of sprinkling-car, and the quantity used is about two thousand gallons per mile. It is a crude non-inflammable oil, and although some odour is discernible immediately after application, it disappears in a day or two. The first application costs about eight pounds per mile of road treated, but subsequent sprinklings cost less than half that sum. In order that the oiling may be confined to the road-bed only, the rails are kept free from spraying by guards on the sprinkling-car. The advantages claimed for the system are many. The ballast is preserved, it is rendered quite free from all vegetable growth, and therefore the expenses of maintenance are greatly reduced. The oil forms a waterproof surface, so that water does not percolate through the ballast; this means preservation of the wooden cross-ties between the rails. The same treatment has recently been applied to certain highways in southern California, much to the delight of all those who use the roads, especially the drivers of horseless vehicles.

LUMINOUS FUNGI.

In the *Proceedings of the Linnæan Society of New South Wales*, Professor McAlpine describes several species of fungus which are luminous, five of them being peculiar to Australia. He has found that the light is not due to phosphorescent bacteria, but is a kind of slow combustion dependent upon oxygen. The light is quite unaffected by moisture, but a sufficiently high temperature is required before the phenomenon is visible. He states it as his opinion that this luminous property of certain fungi is useful to them in attracting insects, which help in the dissemination of the spores.

DEPLETION OF OUR FISHERIES.

It is so much the custom to attribute scarcity in the harvest of the sea to the action of the steam-trawler that it is somewhat refreshing to note that Mr Donnison, the Eastern Sea-Fisheries Inspector, attributes the famine to quite a different cause. In his half-yearly report he states that the Wash—which has always been a great fish-nursery—is frequented by hundreds of seals and tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of gulls. These creatures all live on fish, and, in addition to them, there are the cormorants, which are credited with each disposing of seven pounds of fish daily. The victims are chiefly small fish, which would under more favourable conditions live to become of marketable size. In the case of shell-fish, we have it, on the authority of the same inspector, that the gulls consume far more fish in the fry stage than are taken in an adult state by fishermen. There is a very commendable and widespread feeling against the wanton destruction of bird-life, which some years ago found expression in the passing of the Wild Birds Protection Act; but if Mr Donnison's conclusions are correct, it would seem that the act in question may, so far as certain districts are concerned, require amendment. The subject is of sufficient importance to justify most careful inquiry on the part of the proper authorities.

SIGNALLING AT SEA.

Any one who has been at sea during a fog will understand what anxiety the captain of the ship must undergo as the vessel creeps along at half-speed, with its whistle booming out at frequent intervals. Answering whistles come from the void around; but it is difficult indeed to determine whether or not they are warnings of immediate peril. Captain Brinkworth, of Gloucester, has invented a new kind of compass-card by which, it is to be hoped, some of these dangers to fog-bound vessels may be avoided. This card has a list of sound-signals to correspond with various points of the compass, so that a ship in a fog can bellow out on its fog-horn or whistle a distinct intimation of the course it is steering, and a vessel in its neighbourhood can give timely warning of the same character. The invention would seem to be a very promising one, and we trust that it will receive careful attention at the hands of all maritime authorities.

A TIN CANISTER.

A recent issue of the French scientific journal *La Nature* contains an account of the Cluchagne system of constructing military rafts and bridges. The foundation of the invention is a metal

cylinder twelve inches long and six inches in diameter, which a soldier can easily carry beneath his knapsack. This cylinder opens like a canister, and will hold a spare coat, or the two halves can be employed as buckets, &c., when the man is in camp; but the chief feature of the cylinder is its buoyancy. A couple of them attached to a gymnasium belt will make an excellent support for a man in the water, and thus equipped he could cross a river although unable to swim. He could also sustain two drowning men without any risk of being carried under by their struggles. It is when these canisters are fitted together, as they can be by special couplings, that they offer the best aid to the military. A highly buoyant bridge or raft can be quickly and easily constructed by their help, and these structures will bear the weight of several men. The article referred to is illustrated by photographs, which plainly show to how many different purposes these simple cylinders can be applied, and how from their light character they add little to the impedimenta of a moving column.

BURGLARY AND SCIENCE.

A well-known humorist has written a little story in which a father discusses with his son the choice of a profession, and after gravely considering the advantages of the Church, Law, and Physic, they come to the conclusion that the business of a burglar offers greater attractions than any other. Much quaint humour is shown in the consideration of burglary as a profession carried on by the help of clerks and books of account, as in occupations of a more reputable kind. Hardly overdrawn does this amusing little fiction seem when compared with hard fact as gathered from the daily newspapers. These reports seem to show that the ranks of the burgling profession are recruited from men of far higher stamp than that of Sikes, Fagan, and others made familiar to us by novelists. Whether this be the case or not, it is certain that they are quick to adopt in their nefarious work all modern scientific aids. The oxy-hydrogen blowpipe is employed for burning through the steel walls of a safe which defies the drill; and the electric arc, fed from the current found ready on the victim's premises, has been used for the same purpose. In Paris burglars have taken to the motor-car as a convenient means of speeding to and from the scene of their depredations; and quite recently a gang of French poachers nearly cleared an estate of its game by attracting the birds by means of a brilliant light to the nets spread round about their automobile.

TURBINE STEAMERS.

It is an unfortunate circumstance that the two first vessels built for the British Government on the turbine principle, the *Viper* and the *Cobra*, should both have been lost, the first-named running on the rocks, and the second breaking her back in a heavy sea. These disasters have, of course, nothing to do with the method by which the vessels were propelled, and will in no way affect the prospects of the turbine system. Indeed, a company has recently been formed to construct and operate fast ocean vessels driven by turbine engines for service on the broad Atlantic. The line decided upon will be from Narragansett Bay to West Cork, and suitable railway connections form part of the scheme. It is estimated that the new vessels, whose engines will be driven by oil fuel kept in ballast-tanks, will cover the passage in ninety hours (three and three-quarter days), and, as at present arranged, there will be a twice-weekly service. This information comes from the manager of the Cork and South-West of Ireland Railway, who has recently returned from a stay in New York.

THE IDEAL CITY THOROUGHFARE.

The constantly increasing traffic in the streets of our cities, especially in London, presents problems which are extremely difficult of solution. The possibility of rapid and comfortable transit by means of electric 'tube' railways seems to be the most hopeful way out of the difficulty, albeit the two underground railways of this description already opened in the Metropolis have made no sensible diminution in the passenger traffic aboveground. The ideal city thoroughfare is one with a spacious subway capable of accommodating two lines for electric trams, besides finding room for water and gas pipes, together with telegraph and telephone wires. At Boston, in New York, and other foreign cities, shallow underground tramways are already in use or under construction, and we understand that the London County Council are prepared with a similar scheme for the Metropolis. The saving which would accrue from the non-disturbance of the roads by the various companies who are empowered to cut into the streets at their own sweet will would be enormous. In the meantime we might suggest that in the paving of new streets the authorities should be compelled to run from each house a small subway—an earthenware drain-pipe would do—so that gas and water pipes or electric leads could be thrust through without disturbing the surface flags or asphalt, as the case might be. The saving in labour alone would be considerable.

PORCELAIN VIOLINS.

A well-known manufacturer of musical instruments in Germany—Max Freyer—has introduced a process for making violins from clay. These fiddles are of the ordinary pattern, but are cast in moulds, so that each instrument is an exact counterpart of its fellow. It is said—but it is somewhat hard to believe—that the porcelain

body acts as a better resonator than one of wood, and that the tone of the instrument is therefore singularly pure and full. The same inventor is also making mandolines of china clay, and it seems that they are much appreciated in southern countries where this instrument is regarded more seriously than it is in Britain. The obvious disadvantage of a musical instrument being made of china clay is the brittleness of that material, as well as its weight, but both these drawbacks seem to have been forgotten. For some time we have heard rumours of most excellent violins being made of aluminium, and this metal, from its extreme lightness and other qualities, would seem to be admirably adapted to such a purpose.

ANTARCTIC ICEBERGS.

A correspondent of *Knowledge* gives a very vivid account of the manner in which, last August, the ship in which he was returning to England from New Zealand (*viâ* Cape Horn) fell among icebergs. This occurred when the steamer was six days out from Wellington, and when icebergs were quite unexpected. In the course of two and a half days no fewer than seven hundred and seven really large bergs were actually sighted. Some of these were one, two, and three miles in length, and one monstrous one had a length of five miles. In height they varied from fifty to four hundred and fifty feet, and one had a peak much higher. It is calculated that only one-seventh of a floating mass of ice is visible above water, which means that a berg which, measured by the sextant, has a height of four hundred feet must have a submerged body two thousand four hundred feet deep. These Antarctic icebergs are described as being extremely beautiful to look upon, and of every shape from the magnificent to the grotesque. 'Some sail along laden with snow, glistening in the sunshine; others are iridescent with all the colours of the rainbow.' Their presence in such unwonted numbers is attributed to some volcanic disturbance in the Antarctic regions—possibly an eruption of the two mountains known as Erebus and Terror.

MOSQUITOES AND MUSICAL NOTES.

Mr Hiram S. Maxim has recently contributed to the *Times* a very interesting letter concerning the effect of musical notes upon mosquitoes. Referring first to an observation by a resident in Jamaica, that when he made a continuous whoop or hum swarms of the insects would gather round his head, Mr Maxim details some of his own experiences. He tells us that in 1878 he had under his charge a number of electric arc lamps which illuminated the grounds of an hotel in New York. One of these lamps gave out a distinct musical note, and it was found that everything in its vicinity was covered with small insects, which proved to be mosquitoes, and what is more, all male mosquitoes. This led to an experiment. On sounding a tuning-fork of about the same pitch as the hum of a female mosquito, he noted that if there was a male insect within twenty feet of the fork it would literally 'face the music' and erect the two little feathers on its head, something after the manner of a cockatoo. Mr Maxim's theory to account for this behaviour on the part of the male mosquito is, that the 'little feathers' act as ears, that they vibrate in unison with the tuning-fork, and that the insect mistakes the sound for the buzzing of his consort.

STANDARDISATION.

In a recent address to the engineering school of the Goldsmiths' Institute, at Newcross, London, Sir J. Wolfe Barry took for his text the disadvantages under which British manufacturers fight their European and American competitors. After a brief allusion to the restrictions imposed by trades unions, he directed his attention to the importance of standardisation in engineering work, by which is meant the adoption of standard sizes, shapes, lengths, and widths in the manufacture of metals, and of standard component parts and combinations in structure and machines. He pointed out how, by the application of this principle to bridge-work, shipbuilding, electric machinery, &c., British manufacturers would be able to compete on far more equal terms than at present with their rivals in other countries. At present useless complications and chaos of unnecessary shapes and sizes meant dearness and delay, while simplicity and standardisation meant cheapness and rapidity of supply. At the instance of the leading societies and institutes, the subject of standardisation had been taken seriously in hand during the last few months, and strong joint-committees had been appointed, on which both engineers and manufacturers were sitting to investigate its claims. Four sub-committees were also at work dealing respectively with bridges, railway rolling stock, ships, and railways, and these were making preparations for standardising the various sections used in their particular branches of engineering. A great work is thus being quietly inaugurated, and when it is done we may be sure that one important step will have been taken to prevent orders for engineering work from going abroad because English firms cannot undertake to deliver the work quickly enough.

STONEHENGE.

That wonderful relic of ancient days known as Stonehenge, which stands on Salisbury Plain, has recently come prominently before the public on account of the necessary steps which are being taken to arrest the gradual destruction of the monster stones which time was surely accomplishing. To prevent one of the monoliths from falling, it had been arranged to clear out its base and to

furnish it with a concrete foundation, and in the course of the work the stone was raised to an upright position. It was then that a most interesting discovery was made. It was found that the ancient workers had made a rough bed of chipped stones for this monolith—stones which had been used as implements in shaping it, and thrown aside when too much worn to do the work properly. It is therefore evident that Stonehenge was built up before the use of metals—that is, previous to the bronze age, which would fix its date previous to 1500 B.C. This would make it about two thousand years older than many antiquaries have supposed it to be. Sir Norman Lockyer and Mr F. C. Penrose give the approximate date as 1680 B.C.

COIN DECORATION.

Mr Andrew J. G. Tait, gas manager, of Stow, Midlothian, has discovered a novel method of using and displaying old coins, instead of hiding them away in drawers or in a cabinet, which is worthy the attention of those interested in numismatics. His first attempt was an inkstand made of Lesmahagow gas-coal, which of course could not be stained with ink; this he ornamented with one hundred and forty-five old coins stuck over the surface in regular patterns. This exhibit received a diploma of merit when shown at the Glasgow East End Exhibition. At the same exhibition he showed a rustic chair of bent and twisted branches of trees. Being in possession of about one thousand coins of all countries, with tokens and medallions of public and private interest, he fastened them all over a small centre-table; and when completed the table presented a wonderful and interesting appearance. Mr Tait has been a pioneer in this method of using and displaying coins; but he believes that other collectors are now using their treasures to inlay glove-boxes, tea-trays, &c. He must have spent many happy hours over the work in which he has shown so much originality. Mr Tait has also in process of manufacture a chair made of old guns and swords all of which have a history.

COMPLETION OF THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

By the recent completion of the Manchurian section of the great Siberian railway, that vast enterprise has been completed, although as yet in a superficial way, within ten years since the Czar cut the first sod at Vladivostok. In the words of the Czar, it is one of the greatest railway undertakings in the world. With the Manchurian and other branches, its total length is five thousand five hundred and forty-two miles, and it has cost something like eighty million pounds. It may be possible two years hence, when permanent regular traffic is established and transport at Trans-Baikal is perfected, to travel from Moscow to Vladivostok or Port Arthur in ten days, at the cost of twelve pounds for first-class car accommodation. From London to Shanghai, which by sea route takes thirty-five days at a cost of ninety pounds, may be done over the Siberian railway in sixteen days at a cost of thirty-two pounds. Miss Annette M. B. Meakin, who has published *A Ribbon of Iron*, through Constable, describes the excellence of the Siberian express which starts from Moscow every week. It seemed 'Liberty Hall,' as the door could be closed, and the passengers eat, sleep, smoke, or play cards as they felt inclined. Electric bells on each side of the door summon the attendants. Besides the ordinary electric light, there is an electric reading-lamp. Time passes pleasantly; there is abundance of leisure to view and enjoy the scenery, and with piano, bookcase, and agreeable company, such a journey is rendered more than tolerable.

GRAPHITE AND MICA FROM SOUTHAMPTON ISLAND.

Samples brought home by the whaler *Active* a couple of years ago were the means of first directing attention to the mineral wealth of Southampton Island, a Hudson Straits settlement; and for the purpose of further investigation, Mr William Kinnes, manager of the Tay Whaling Company, accompanied the vessel to the Arctic seas last summer. It was then discovered that the rocky hillocks with which the country abounds were peculiarly rich in graphite and mica. As a result the company acquired the island for a fishing centre, presumably with the intention of working the minerals. Owing to the fact that the greater part of this season was spent in a fruitless search for the missing whaler *Problem*, the time devoted by the *Active* to the work of excavation was necessarily limited. Her cargo included six or seven cases of mineral specimens of graphite and mica. One of the two men left behind by the *Active* on that occasion was a quarrier to trade, who was to continue excavations.

NEW-YEAR.

Arise! arise! the wild winds urgent cry;
Arise! arise! the leafless woods reply.
From out the midnight sky, the starlight chill
Calls the same clarion o'er the sleeping hill.
Behold! another year from sable night
Is born unto us, robed in pallid light.
Creeps on once more the eternal mystic birth
Upon the waiting, hoary-headed earth.

Awake! awake! behold the coming day,
And from the spheres the echoes seem to say:
The hour, the times, demand another strain,
Gird up your strength to conquer and retain.
The dead of winter wakes to days of spring,
Life comes again with flowers and birds that sing;
Again the psalm of life re-echoes strong,
Harmonious, sweet, through all the ages long.

VIOLET TWEEDALE.

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SIXTH SERIES.

CARMELITA: A TALE OF PERU.

By K. BALFOUR-MURPHY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

MY father was a distinguished officer in the Chilian army; my mother I never knew. When I saw the light of the world she left it; and my father, instead of taking me to his heart and giving me a double portion of love, seemed to resent my very existence. I never had a day's illness and my growth was satisfactory, yet my father quite ignored me. He spent his life and all his energies on his duties in the field. A prolonged war with a neighbouring country kept him incessantly at work; he appeared to delight in leading the most difficult and dangerous expeditions. Once only I remember seeing him; but his austere face and stern voice terrified me, and I fled to my nurse in tears. One day she tied a black sash around my waist and told me that my father was dead. In later years I learned that as he had lived so he had died; devoted to his country, he had fallen in action. Up to the time of his death I had lived entirely amongst servants. Without training, with no more attention than was absolutely necessary, I struggled through babyhood, and was three years of age when the above-recorded event took place.

One morning after breakfast I was playing near the house when a carriage stopped before the door, and from it a lady dressed entirely in black alighted. She looked hesitatingly at me for a moment; then advancing, she threw her arms around me, saying, 'Carmelita, poor baby!' I had no objection to her kisses, so I suppose that I returned her caresses with warmth. At all events she kept me still in her arms and walked into the house. My nurse at once recognised the visitor as my mother's dearest friend; and when Señora de Blanca announced her intention of taking me to her own home she met with no opposition. My nurse wept a little at parting from me; otherwise I left for ever my parental roof without regret or without being regretted.

The journey which I was to take was a long one. The home of Señora de Blanca was at Arequipa, in Peru. On hearing of my father's death she had set off, and had travelled five days in order to rescue the orphan baby; and now, without making a pause, she was prepared to spend another five on the return journey. Her mission was accomplished, and there appeared to be no object in remaining longer than was necessary in a hostile country.

From the day of my arrival in Arequipa I threw off my nationality, and as the adopted daughter of the wealthy widow, Señora de Blanca, I was identified with Peru.

My former surroundings seemed primitive in comparison with those at Arequipa. To the wealth, the entertainments, and the lavish expenditure there appeared to be no end. Every three months boxes and bales arrived from Paris bringing the newest stuffs and choicest goods for my foster-mother. Shoes, furs, flowers, and a thousand other luxuries came with regularity at the beginning of each season. Her carriages, horses, and servants were the envy of every one who knew her, whilst her house and its appointments reminded one of the ancient splendour of the Incas in days gone by.

In childhood every wish I had was fulfilled. Being, however, naturally quick, I was not very old before I realised that I could lay down laws and live up to them. My education was *nil*. Neither persuasion nor punishment had the slightest effect on me. I refused to learn, or even to make a pretence of doing so. My reasoning was logical if not enlightened. Why should I be mewed up trying to decipher hieroglyphics? Surely we were rich enough to pay a scribe to write our letters; and books were intended for learned men, not for girls. I absolutely refused

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to acquire even the rudiments of the simplest education, and at last, in desperation, I was left alone. I could strum on a guitar an accompaniment to my songs. My voice, though untutored, was bird-like and sweet. I could dance a fandango and a tarantella so lightly that I seemed to move on air, and I never wearied. Last, though not least, I could ride anything that possessed four legs! What need had I for more education?

Our home was beautiful. It was built in a quadrangular form, with an inner court; and in the centre of it was a large marble basin, and a fountain sending up jets of silvery water which fell back like diamonds against its polished sides.

Ah me! The years have sped, and to-day, alone and far from Arequipa, my hair bleached with sorrow and my loved ones gone, I think I hear the plash of that fountain in the quiet of the summer evening, I seem to hear the cooing of the pigeons which flocked around it to drink and to be fed. I hear voices, and the swish of silken skirts trailing along the floors; and, above all, I see the form of my benefactress. Gone!—all gone! I alone remain, with only a memory for companion.

To most people I must have been a sore trial, for I was self-willed to a terrible degree. My foster-mother, however, bore her cross with equanimity, and appeared satisfied. When I arrived at the age of fourteen she began to take great pride in my appearance, and vainly tried to imbue me with a sense of decorum. The effects of her advice and remonstrances were, however, very transitory, for I generally rewarded myself for listening by an extra outburst of hoydenism.

My fifteenth birthday was drawing near, and on that day I was doomed to receive the first shock in my life. In honour of my fête I received a beautiful silk dress, in which I was duly attired, the frock being made with a train, as was then fashionable. I felt unreasonably impatient at the unnecessary amount of stuff hanging around me; but I determined to make the best of things. I stood on the corridor of the upper floor, looking down at the birds bathing, and thinking of the long ride and dance at a neighbour's to which I was going in the evening. Our friends lived about ten miles distant; but distance was no hindrance. A ride before a ball and back again when it was over was in those days a mere bagatelle. I was quite used to that style of visiting.

All at once my attention was drawn to two great cats sitting peacefully on the roof opposite to where I stood. The roofs in Arequipa were all flat, and many of them had elaborate gardens laid out on them; among the choicest ours took pre-eminence. All my life long I hated cats; the very sight of them seemed metaphorically to make me bristle. I hunted them high and low, and chased them with the pertinacity of a fox-terrier. So, at the sight of my enemies, I made a dash for the roof; and, all-forgetful of my silken train, I was soon bounding along over and into flower-beds like a greyhound. The chase continued; for, having vanquished one cat, I soon unearthed another, and raced and hunted until I was exhausted. I had been fully half-an-hour absent from the house when a servant breathlessly approached me.

'Ah, Señorita Carmelita, how you look! Make haste, and be quick and come downstairs to the señora. I have been looking everywhere for you, and she bade me hurry. There is a señor in the drawing-room—ah, so handsome!'

The girl approached me and smoothed my hair; but at the same time she gave a scream of horror at the sight of my dress. I had heard an ominous sound some time before, but my attention being fully engaged with the cat, I had forgotten it.

'Hurry, señorita,' urged the woman; and, knowing my mother's objection to be kept waiting, I descended just as I was.

I entered the drawing-room sedately and quietly, intending to keep at a distance, not desirous of courting observation. The look in my mother's face was not reassuring, so I stood near the entrance, waiting for encouragement to advance. Imperiously addressing me, she asked why I had delayed obeying her summons.

My reply must necessarily incriminate me, so I hesitated.

'Come here, Carmelita,' she said, beckoning to me with her hand. Slowly, almost anxiously, with hands behind my back clutching at the torn garment, I approached her.

My mother reclined gracefully on a low chair. her hands loosely locked together on her lap. Her face was dignified and somewhat haughty. She was proud of her lineage, and her whole bearing showed it. As I stood before her, for a moment regret at the difference between us filled my heart; but the next moment I was my old self, an obstinate, wilful hoyden.

Near to her was a tall man, who at my entrance had risen and still remained standing. Beneath his glance my eyes fell and my cheeks crimsoned. I did not venture to look a second time at him; but involuntarily I seemed to feel that I was being inspected. My hands tightened on my torn skirt as my mother commenced speaking.

'Carmelita,' she said, 'this gentleman is Señor José Pedro from Aquilla. He has ridden thirty miles in order to ask my sanction to his becoming a suitor for your hand. In other words'—seeing a puzzled look on my face—'he does you the very great honour of wishing to make you his wife.'

She paused, looking from me to the man at her side.

The gentleman was tall and well built, carefully groomed, faultlessly dressed. Curled and scented,

my suitor stood before me watching every movement I made. He was a stranger to Señora de Blanca; but, armed with a warm introduction from a mutual friend, he obtained a hearing.

Fifteen years of age may not be considered very mature or even a desirable period for matrimony; but in that sunny climate of South America the buds rapidly develop, and I was considered eligible. I was not in my mother's confidence, otherwise I should have known that she had made other plans, and that the farce I went through was merely a polite form of dismissing an unwelcome suitor.

'I believe that I have expressed your intentions, señor,' she began, 'in acquainting my daughter with the object of your visit. Is it not so?'

He bowed and smiled in acquiescence.

'I presume that you seek a bride who is educated and will do honour to your choice?'

'Most certainly, señora,' he replied.

'One who can sew her dresses or cook a little, if necessary?'

'I do not presume that it will be necessary for her to perform menial work; but it would have an additional charm for me to possess a domesticated wife.'

My mother nodded, looking reflectively before her into space.

'To write invitations and entertain her guests would also be desirable?' she continued.

'Oh, of course; but I am certain that the señorita is perfect in whatever capacity she chooses to exert herself.'

My eyes were averted. I still studied the pattern on the carpet.

My mother smiled in response to Señor Pedro's last remark; then, addressing me, she asked, 'Carmelita, are you well educated?'

'No,' I responded briefly.

'Can you sew and write?'

'No,' I replied in a lower tone.

'Could you cook, or discuss topics of the day with your husband or his guests?'

'No,' I again admitted.

'What can you do?' she continued mercilessly. 'Nothing at all!—Señor, before you, you see a hoyden, an ignorant tomboy, who refuses to learn anything which causes her trouble. Is she the sort of wife you are seeking?'

Without waiting for his reply, she addressed me: 'What are you hiding, Carmelita? What have you behind your back?' Then taking me by the arm, she turned me completely round. At the sudden movement my hands relaxed their hold on the skirt, and it fell from my grasp, and I stood with my rent garment exposed to public view.

Not at all disconcerted, my mother ejaculated, 'Ah! where have you been, and what doing? Your frock was new on an hour ago.'

I was now furious at being ridiculed. I wanted no lovers. I had not the slightest desire to marry and change my surroundings; but as the man had chosen to come, surely he might have been sent away without making a laughing-stock of me. My temper was roused, and a dare-devil, don't-care mood came over me. Defiantly I looked my mother straight in the eyes as I answered, 'I was on the roof hunting cats. My frock was too long, and it got caught somewhere. I could not help it; the fault was not mine.'

Not one word of reproach escaped her lips. She raised her eyes to Don Pedro, and, with a slight shrug of her shoulders, said, 'Are you satisfied, señor? Is this the sort of young lady to make a desirable wife?'

Involuntarily a smile had crossed his face at the sight of my dress and the confession of my misdemeanours. In the one glance which I took at him before I quitted the room, the look of amusement I saw reflected in his eyes brought my blood to boiling-point; and, bluntly turning to my mother, I requested her permission to retire.

Interest in the stranger I had none, but nevertheless I was mortified when I heard him say, '*No lo quiera Dios, gracias señora.*'

In the hour of my degradation the scales fell from my eyes. I saw myself as an unattractive, useless tomboy, so unattractive that even a stranger was disgusted at my want of cultivation. The shock was severe, and probably my mother would have rejoiced; but I wrapped my anger in the mantle of silence and held my peace. A change, however, involuntarily came over me. Childhood had fled; the dawn of womanhood was at hand. I was too ignorant to realise—to grasp—the enormity of my own ignorance. The rebuff which I had received at the hands of the stranger was purely psychological, not moral. After a week spent in indignation at his insolence in spurning what never was offered him, my feelings quieted down, and I dismissed Señor Don Pedro from my thoughts.

Still, I realised that I was changed. I was sobered. Old pursuits had no longer charm for me. The cats were left in peace to serenade us or to lie among our favourite flowers. I never hunted one again. Bareback-gallops on my pony with my hair flying in the wind were things of the past. Something had come into my life; but something had gone out of it. My mother watched me in silence, waiting for some sign on my part. Instead, however, of giving her my confidence, I repaid her by counter-watching. Her visits to the *pádre* became more frequent; indeed, she seemed to confess every day.

My time was spent principally on horseback, covering the distance which lay between our house and that of my most intimate friend Rosita. To her sympathetic ears I carried the story of my first offer, and also the conviction I was under that my mother was arranging some plan with the *pádre* on my behalf.

'Look out, Carmelita,' she said. 'The first thing you will know will be that, as a refractory girl, you are handed over to some convent.'

'Ah!' I almost screamed. My breath came fast; my bosom heaved. I was incapable of speech.

'What a little fool you are, Carmelita! If you are banished it will be your own fault. You have refused to learn anything, even to read or write, and ladies nowadays can all do that. In Mama Mercedes' position she is obliged to present her adopted daughter to the world as a highly accomplished girl. Of course she will be able to choose your husband from among the noblest in the land, for she is immensely rich. I know nothing beyond what you tell me, but these constant confabs with the *pádre* seem to be suspicious.'

'I will never go into a convent and be hidden away amongst nuns,' I exclaimed passionately. 'My mother even could not force me to it.'

Rosita shrugged her shoulders and toyed with the fan she held in her hand. 'Watch, my dear, and hold yourself ready against surprises.'

Together we went downstairs to join the family circle. One guest after another, unexpected and uninvited, swelled the numbers, and before long the rooms were full. Previous to starting I had obtained permission to spend the night with my friend; so, undisturbed with thoughts of the return journey, I joined the group of young folks and wandered out into the moonlight. The evening deepened, and in congenial society, amidst laughter and song, all recollection of my conversation with Rosita passed from me.

ASTRONOMICAL PROBLEMS, SOLVED AND UNSOLVED.

By Alexander W. Roberts, D.Sc., F.R.A.S., F.R.S.E., of Lovedale College, South Africa.

ONE writer has rashly said that all scientific books more than ten years old should be burned. How much poorer would the world be if this were done! How many old friends would we sorely miss! Nay, I think in many ways some of our old scientific works are exceedingly delightful; and there are few more interesting or more profitable hours than those spent in their company. They have an interest no newer work can ever claim: they have the charm of age. They take us back a long way over the journey that we have come, and they are—or should be to the thoughtful man—a promise of the progress that lies before us; for as the scientific treatise of the year 1800 is to the reader of to-day, so will our newest text-book be to the scientific workers of the year 2000.

The other day I chanced to light upon an astronomical work exactly one hundred years old, and the reading of it left a strange impression upon me. Was it possible that one hundred years hence our boasted discoveries of to-day would seem so meagre, so unimportant, as some of those made one hundred years ago appear now? How many new avenues of research would be opened up during the coming century? How much more of the curtain that veils the great secrets of Nature—such secrets as the extent, growth, and duration of the universe—will man be permitted to lift? During the past hundred years the trend of discovery has been in this very direction. Just as in Africa and in Asia man has pushed farther and farther his surveying lines into the very heart of unknown lands, so slowly from this earth of ours has the great measuring-line of stellar distances been extended into space by the skill, patience, and ingenuity of astronomers.

Then consider how much is known now of the evolution of stars and systems of stars.

Some time ago Professor Darwin of Cambridge pointed out that if a star revolved on its axis with a certain velocity, that of a few hours, the star would tend to divide into two, and the form it would take before complete separation would be that of a dumb-bell, or rather of two pears joined top to top. This deduction was purely theoretical. During the past two years an examination of the light-changes of some recently discovered variable stars reveals this very condition of things. For example, one star in the southern sky goes through a certain regular series of light-changes *in seven hours;* and an examination of these light-changes indicates that the star is a twin system, the two bodies composing it being in contact. This dumb-bell system revolves round their common centre in seven hours, the most absolute confirmation of the theoretical conclusions. Then there is another variable star in the southern sky the light-changes of which show that the two stars composing the system are no longer in contact, separation has just taken place, the nexus between them is broken, and two worlds, full-born, have started on that outward spiral which in the course of ages will carry them far remote from one another.

The spectroscope indicates dual systems yet more widely separate, while the telescope reveals great binary stars billions of miles apart. Thus we can trace the birth, growth, and manhood of those great stellar systems like Alpha Centauri, Sirius, and Castor, and even our own solar system. Photography has also enabled astronomers to peer far into the depths of space; nay, even perhaps to have glimpses of that hinterland that lies beyond the universe of stars. When very-long-exposure photographs of the sky are taken—

say of twenty to thirty hours, taken of course on different nights—they do not reveal a vast background of stars, as we would expect. Indeed, they do not reveal many more stars than photographs of shorter exposure; but they reveal a background apparently of wisps and streamers and whorls of nebulous matter. Is it possible that we are seeing beyond the stars into that lumber-room where world-stuff is stored? At the Royal Observatory, Capetown, this long-exposure photography has been carried to a point of success undreamt of twenty years ago; and, considering how marvellously distinct every detail is on the plates of twenty-five hours' exposure, there is no reason why we should not expect, in the near future, photographs of certain portions of the sky taken after an exposure of twenty-five days.

Now, to return to the century-old text-book: of all this there is not even the shadow of an impression that such things could be. Men then knew the distance of the sun and the moon and the planets; but beyond that their penetration ended. Just as across Africa map-makers wrote a century ago the word 'unknown,' so a century ago our text-book says of the distance of the stars, 'unfathomed.' Indeed, three decades of the century had come and gone before Henderson, the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, and Bessel, the famous German mathematician and astronomer, were able to assure the scientific world that at last the problem was solved, and the distance that lay between us and the nearest outposts of the fixed stars was measured. Henderson found that the distance between us and Alpha Centauri, the brighter star of the two pointers, was twenty-two million million miles; and Bessel found that a space equal to fifty-six billion miles separated us from one of the stars in the Swan. The noble discoveries of Henderson and Bessell gave an impulse to this line of research: new instruments were constructed, new methods of research invented, and the increasing importunity of astronomers brought more and more stars within the sweep of their surveying net. To-day the distance of about one hundred stars is known roughly, and the distance of about twenty with considerable accuracy. Astronomers feel, however, that a limit has come to their discoveries in this direction, as their instruments will no longer respond to the calls made upon them. If our measuring lines are to be carried any farther into the heart of the stellar universe, new instruments and new methods of research will have to be discovered.

To the astronomical writer one hundred years ago the spectroscope was unknown—utterly unknown; and so what he had to say about the stars was scant enough. They might be suns, possibly were; but they might also be golden nails in the dome of heaven. They might be larger than the sun, or very much smaller; 'in this direction our knowledge is for ever sealed.' Mark Twain says somewhere that the most marvellous thing to him in astronomy is, that men should be able to know the names of the stars. One hundred years ago this is about all astronomers did know concerning them.

To-day in a dozen great observatories the spectra of the stars are being photographed night after night; and thus mammoth albums can be constructed in which there is faithfully reproduced, in no uncertain characters, the spectroscopic features of each star. This special set of lines in the spectrum of Sirius indicates certain metals at a high temperature; this photograph of Anteres points to hydrogen; another photograph reveals carbon in the star's outer shell; and so on, we can run through the long series.

Then we also know the size and weight of many of the stars. For example, the double star Alpha Centauri, the nearest star to us, is exactly twice the sun's weight—that is, each one of the companion stars is the same weight as the sun. The peerless Sirius is nearly four times heavier than our sun. One of the stars in Cassiopeia's Chair is slightly heavier than the sun.

Such stars as we are able to weigh do not differ much in mass from that of our sun; indeed, the comparative values which often find place in astronomical literature are considerably over-estimated. It is more than probable that our own sun is an excellent type, as regards size and brightness, of the great bulk of the stars.

Besides determinations of the weight of certain stars, a series of determinations of the density of some stars has resulted in a most remarkable confirmation of a theory of the universe set forth by Laplace. One hundred years ago Laplace in his Nebular Hypothesis held that all stars were evolved from some great central gaseous orb. As this orb rotated it threw off portions of its mass, which afterwards became systems. He applied his hypothesis especially to the genesis of the solar system.

Not only does the light-changes of certain variable stars enable us to determine their shape. These light-changes also yield data from which we can determine the size, density, and motion of the two stars which form the system. During the past ten years this important investigation has been carried on by many astronomers, and their conclusions are in the most complete accord.

All double stars, in which the component stars are nearly in contact, are of very light density, ten times lighter than that of the sun—that is, they are highly gaseous; and thus they are in that very condition of mass when other bodies can be readily formed from them by separation. The cohesion between the particles is almost non-existent; indeed, it is possible that there may be repulsion—a repulsion only balanced by the gravity of the whole star. Thus the conditions of things in close double stars are

all favourable to the formation of separate bodies. This strong testimony to the truth of Laplace's generalisation is exceedingly remarkable.

Besides the recent discoveries as to the weight and densities of many of the stars, there has been steadily treasured up during the past ten years a great store of information as to the actual movements through space of the stars. At present material is being collected; but before the new century runs its course this material, this mass of information, will be dealt with thoroughly, and then we shall know exactly where each star is going. We are like sailors out in a great sea. Round us ships are moving hither and thither in all directions, some near, some far off on the horizon; some swiftly passing, others slowly forging on. Hour by hour we take the bearings of each ship, till at length we have taken the bearings again and again of every vessel in sight. These observations in the hands of a cunning navigator will tell the course each ship is sailing on, her speed, and her distance from us. In the great ocean of space, suns and systems are but ships; and although it seems a vast undertaking, still I believe it is *the* astronomical work of the twentieth century to determine where these ships of space are, whither they are sailing, and how fast. As stated, a vast store of observation has already been gathered in against the day when the greatest cosmical problem in astronomy comes to be determined.

The observations already obtained are sufficient to determine the direction in space in which our own sun and his family of planets, moons, comets, and meteors are travelling. Every second of time sees our solar system eleven miles farther on that journey which one day, in far-off ages of time, will carry it into other regions of space. What is wanted, however, is to have the same information concerning every star in the firmament.

Allied to this great problem is another, and if anything a vaster one. Our own planet circles round the sun, and the sun sweeps on through space: is it possible that the universe of stars as a majestic unity is in movement also, so that the ether which fills all space, or rather space itself, washes past each star and system and constellation, as a great river washes past the rocks and islets in its channel? It is entirely beyond the scope of the present article to indicate the mode of dealing with so strange and almost bewildering a problem. This may be said, however, that there has been so much want of accordance between recent determinations of the velocity of light through space as to indicate that the universe of stars as a whole is not absolutely at rest.

From the passing great to the exceeding small is but a step in a universe where great and small are but relative terms. Recently there has been invented in America an instrument for measuring very minute heat-rays. The heat given out by a candle one mile off could be measured easily by means of it. The purpose of the instrument, however, is to measure the heat of the stars, and already we are assured it has been possible to determine how much heat reaches us from Sirius and one or two of the brighter stars. If it is possible to guard so sensitive an instrument from irregular heat-rays, say from the body of the observer, and to make certain that the measures secured are entirely due to the heat of the star under examination, then it will be possible in the near future to compare the heat of each star, and thus to form a rough estimate of its age. The discovery, indeed, opens up a wide field of research.

Of the unsolved problems of the century, unsolved at the close of the eighteenth and quite as much a mystery at the beginning of the twentieth, may be mentioned the cause of the sun-spots and the cause of long-period variation. Both these phenomena are intimately connected, and the explanation of one will be found to be also a reasonable explanation of the other.

To the popular mind, all astronomical research ought of necessity to be concerned with the important questions whether there are men in the moon and inhabitants in Mars. To the first of these astronomy returns a decided negative: there is no life on the moon; and probably no life, either vegetable or animal, existed at any period of human history. To the second the answer is, we cannot tell. There may be men in Mars and there may not. The conditions of life there do not preclude the existence of human beings. We have in Mars rain and snow, sunshine and gloom, summer and winter, as on our earth.

Perhaps the closing years of the twentieth century will see astronomers armed with a telescope powerful enough to reveal towns and cities in Mars. Should ever such a discovery be made, I could conceive of none greater in the whole range of time, none more upsetting or disconcerting. To the ordinary astronomer untroubled by such hopes, the future lines of astronomical progress is simply and clearly defined; and that progress is simply to answer the old lines:

> Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
> How I wonder what you are,
> Up above the world so high.

This was the problem before our friend who wrote on astronomy one hundred years ago; this will be the problem before astronomers a hundred years hence.

We have only lifted a corner of the fringe of the veil that still hides so much from us. It is true we do seem to know something of the stars; of their distance, their size, their composition, their movements, their evolution; but how little do we know! The Chicago great refractor reveals,

it is estimated, twenty-five million stars, and we know the distance of about a hundred of these, the weight of ten, the composition of about three hundred, the size of five, and the absolute movements of twenty.

I write this last sentence that I may return to my hundred-year-old treatise in a humble spirit. One is apt to get inflated with the idea of what great things are being done in our day; but the twenty-five million stars has a sobering effect.

CLIPPED WINGS.

By Mary Stuart Boyd.

CHAPTER V.—A STORMY DAY.

A STRONG southerly gale was blowing round Mr Peter Lorimer's bungalow at Pipimutu, shaking the windows and wailing in the chimneys. Heavy rain—the first that had fallen for weeks—struck with sharp staccato patter on the corrugated-iron roof and fell noisily on the brown, parched turf. The cabbage-palms that stood sentinel before the veranda steps bent dishevelled heads under the onslaught of the wind. Beneath the plumbago-tree the grass was strewn with battered blue florets. The overblown blossoms of the magnolia had fallen at the first rough touch of the blast, and the still fragrant petals in bruised heaps littered the ground. In the borders the flowers hung their drenched heads despondently, as though conscious that the tenure of their short lives would be ended before the sun again shone. Kitty's sweet-peas had succumbed to the vehemence of the storm, and lay supine, their deceitful blooms humbled to the earth. Across the paddock the horses and cow had huddled together in the shelter of the pine-trees; and the bamboo lounges were crowded in a melancholy heap in the only corner of the veranda unlashed by the rain. The white duck alone seemed to glory in the downpour, as, leaving her nest under the blue hydrangea, she waddled, quacking triumphantly the while, over the wet grass in search of unwary slugs that the humidity might have tempted to venture out.

Within, the dwelling was a picture of comfort. In the morning-room a little wood-fire had been kindled, and Mrs Lorimer sat before it, her feet, in easy bedroom slippers, resting snugly on the fender. The family work-basket stood on a little table by her side, and the good lady was busily engaged sewing a strip of thick flannel inside the leather lining of an old silk hat of her husband's, the better to adapt it to the lesser proportions of their new outdoor-man's head.

Squatted on a cushion on the hearthrug, Kitty was occupied, in desultory fashion, cobbling a rent in her white muslin frock, the result of the mountain climb of the previous evening.

Lucie, standing by the window, gazed through the drenched panes with wide-open eyes that saw nothing of the wind-swept, rain-lashed scene before her. She did not even hear the discussion that was in progress behind her concerning the usefulness or the futility of Mrs Lorimer's occupation.

'I'm certain that hat will never fit Charles, mother, even though you put in a yard of flannel,' Kitty was saying. 'Just think how small his head is.'

'It fitted Sam all right,' replied Mrs Lorimer, holding the article in question at arm's-length, and eyeing it dubiously. 'And Charles is taller than Sam was—much taller. The coat is quite short for him, and it was always too long for Sam.'

'Yes; but you must remember, mother, that Sam was a short, thick man, with a round, fat head, and Charles is a tall, lanky boy, with a sloping forehead. He'll never look anything but ridiculous in that hat. Mother, I do wish you'd get him a complete new outfit, and let us drive out with a respectably-clad coachman for once.'

'My dear, I wonder to hear you!' Mrs Lorimer spoke with as much severity as her complacent nature was capable of. 'Just think what a new tall hat costs. It would be folly to buy one when we have your pa's to use up. Besides, that coat was made specially for the man we had before Sam, or the one before him at the very furthest. It's not nearly worn out yet.'

Mrs Peter Lorimer was one of that large body of estimable persons who, having risen from small beginnings, never quite succeed in adapting themselves to their altered circumstances. Mr Lorimer's income was largely in excess of his expenditure; his position was considered good in a country where prosperity was the rule, poverty the exception. His wife was a warm-hearted woman, and charitably disposed. No applicant, however improbable his tale of woe, found her refuse substantial aid. The disbursement of comparatively large sums gave her no pang. Yet petty economies were as marrow to her soul. She never hesitated about expending a goodly sum in the purchase of a rich silk gown, though she turned and renovated her less valuable garments before she could reconcile herself to discarding as worn out the most worthless among them; and she would rather endure the discomfort of wearing thickly-darned hose than reject them as

past use. Though quite willing to indulge in the luxury of fires, did the slightest change in the weather render them desirable, she would lament the waste of a handful of cinders with a sincerity worthy a deeper grief.

The expense incurred by providing suitable livery for his outdoor-man would not have brought Mr Lorimer to ruin; while the relief of not being obliged to present themselves before the public eye attired in ill-fitting, reach-me-down vesture might have had a beneficial effect in rendering his servitors' terms of office less fleeting. Unfortunately, Mrs Lorimer's understanding on the subject of economies was too limited to enable her to grasp these facts.

'But, you see, my dear,' she continued, with the dogged persistence of a narrow-minded woman, 'these men don't stay. They only take a situation like this till they can save up enough money to take them to the gold-mines, or buy them a gum-digging outfit, or something else. It would be a foolish extravagance to get a man measured for a brand-new livery, and then have him throw up the place in a month because he happened to hear of something he thought he would like better. It would just be nonsense—wouldn't it, Lucie?' she added, appealing to the silent figure at the window.

'Mother!' Lucie cried, turning sharply from her post by the rain-washed panes, and paying no heed to the question—which, indeed, she had not heard—'I've quite made up my mind. I'm going home.'

'Home?'

'Yes, home—to England.'

'To England! Why, Lucie?'

Mrs Lorimer's pale-gray eyes darkened with amazement; but Kitty's blue ones, after a moment of wonder, evinced swift comprehension.

'Yes, I'm going home. I've been thinking of it—oh! for ages.' This last clause hurriedly, in reply to a quizzical glance from Kitty.

'But you never spoke of it.'

'Well, that does not prove that I didn't think of it often. It's really shameful that a girl of my age should have been cooped up in New Zealand all her life, and not have the most remote idea what home is like.'

'Well, Lucie, I'm sure I don't see what reason you have to cast reflections on your home here,' her mother answered, bridling a little. 'If ever a girl should have been happy, it was you. I'm sure your pa has grudged you nothing. Singing and painting lessons you've had ever since you left school, and anything else you liked to ask for, and nothing to do from morning till night but amuse yourself.' Mrs Lorimer closed her remarks with an injured sniff.

Lucie, who was again staring gloomily at the rain-soaked landscape, did not vouchsafe a reply; it was Kitty who spoke in her defence. The sisters might have their private squabbles, but with tacit agreement they banded together when outside opposition threatened the desires of one or the other.

'Of course, mummy dear, Lucie doesn't mean that she isn't happy here. She just wishes a little change, and to see what the world is like. She would be sure to come back thinking more of Auckland.—Wouldn't you, Lucie?'

Kitty's tactful words fulfilled their purpose. Mrs Lorimer's next remarks tended towards the conciliatory.

'It's maybe only natural that young folks should feel restless living always in the colonies. I think if we coaxed your pa he might be willing to take us all on a nice trip home soon. Only, you know, Lucie, pa hates travelling; he always says it's just a waste of time. When he took me home to England on our honeymoon he was that glad to get back here that he said he'd never again go farther than to Sydney till we all went home to settle for good.'

No matter how far afield his years have been spent, the Briton never altogether relinquishes the anticipation of at some future time retiring to his native land to settle. Providence may have led him by devious ways to a beautiful country where a prosperity beyond his most ardent expectations awaited him, yet his desire is ever towards that crowded, fog-ridden island he calls 'home.' No matter how cruel his treatment by the mother-country, or how beneficent that accorded by the land of his adoption, deep-rooted in the heart of every settler, be he tradesman, farmer, or professional man, there lies an ineradicable yearning towards the kingdom of his birth; a craving that is transmitted to his children, who, though born and bred in some remote corner of the globe, always speak and think of Britain as home.

But though the one overwhelming desire of the youthful colonist is to go home, in the interests of strict veracity it must be admitted that frequently a visit to the fatherland acts a salutary part in revealing the immense advantages of his antipodean habitation.

Since leaving school Lucie Lorimer's life had been one round of little festivities—balls, dinners, progressive-euchre parties, riding-picnics into the bush, boating-picnics to one or other of the lovely islets dotting the Hauraki Gulf, tennis-parties, golf tournaments, and hunting. Lucie had enjoyed a vastly gayer time than falls to the lot of any girl of her age and social status in England. But Lucie did not know that. An overindulged life had made her *blasée*. She was dissatisfied, tired of her environment. A vague desire for change had long dominated her. Now she knew what she wanted. She was determined to go to London.

'Perhaps sometime, if you'll only have patience, your pa will take us all over,' Mrs Lorimer was repeating persuasively.

'Oh yes! I know father's way. He may

promise, but he'll keep putting it off on the smallest possible pretext till our patience gets worn out and we don't care whether we go or stay,' replied her obdurate daughter, who had no intention that the journey Londonwards should be handicapped by a crowd of relatives. Lucie would not greatly have objected to the companionship of the discreet Kitty, who knew when to efface herself; but the continued society of her parents, in her present state of irritation, would, she felt, be unendurable.

'No; better let me go alone, mother. You and father don't want to leave here, and Kitty will wait to look after you. I'll stay with Uncle Andrew and Cousin Honoria, of course. If I start soon, I'll arrive before the English summer, and I'll return in October in good time for the summer here. Do let me go, mother dear.'

When Lucie condescended to wheedling, which was only when she had some important end in view, some iceberg of opposition to melt away, she could be seductive and tender. Mrs Lorimer's next words showed that she was already wavering.

'Your cousin Honoria is a good bit older than you, Lucie. Let me see. She was eleven when pa and I were home, and that's twenty-one years ago. I remember she had smart frocks and silk stockings. Her ma said she would never allow a child of hers to wear anything but silk stockings. But as I said to pa, it was easy speaking when she had only the one. Yes, Honoria must be getting on now. She's thirty-two at least. But you couldn't possibly go alone—that long voyage. Your pa would never allow it.'

'The Wardlaw girls went alone last year.'

'But there were three of them—and they're all very plain.' Mrs Lorimer added the last clause as though the lack of personal charm carried an assurance of safety in case of shipwreck.

'Fanny Thompson travelled under the captain's care when she went to school at Dresden. I know; she told me herself.'

'Fanny was only a child, and you're quite grown-up, and need more care,' protested Mrs Lorimer. Whereupon Lucy fired her last shot.

'Mrs Levison says she's going to take Edith home whenever she is eighteen. She says she regards a trip home as an important part of a girl's education.'

Mrs Lorimer's motherly jealousy awoke. 'I'm sure the Levisons can't afford it. Mr Levison is not nearly so rich as pa.'

'Whether or not, they're going. She talks about it to everybody.'

'It's just like her to go round boasting, as though nobody could give their daughters advantages but her,' Mrs Lorimer retorted indignantly; and Kitty seized the opportunity afforded by the fresh sign of capitulation to thrust in a dexterous verbal oar.

'What a lot of frocks you'll need, Lucie!'

Like most women who are absolutely devoid of taste regarding dress, Mrs Lorimer imagined herself an authority thereon, and loved to discuss the subject. Kitty's skilful suggestion encouraged her to mount her hobby, and before the luncheon-gong sounded she had devised for Lucie's use a travelling outfit reaching the dimensions of a respectable trousseau. Then Lucie knew that half of the enemy had surrendered; though the second half, and that by far the more powerful, yet remained to be vanquished.

When luncheon was over, and Mrs Lorimer had retired to her room to seek that slumber in which, when the conditions of the weather made driving an impossibility, she passed the afternoon hours, Kitty turned an arch glance on her sister.

'Oh, you cunning thing!' she laughed, admiration jostling disapproval in her voice.

'Why, what do you mean?' demanded Lucie incoherently.

'Oh, nothing, of course! Only Tommy Tresscott told me last night that Mr Challoner was going home on leave very soon. Quite a coincidence—isn't it?'

Kitty had left the room without awaiting a reply. A moment later she returned and put her head in at the door. Her expression was unusually grave, and the jesting tone had completely vanished when she said, 'Lucie, Mr Tresscott told me that Lieutenant Challoner is always in love; that he falls head over ears into a new passion every two months, and forgets all about the last one.' Lucie did not raise her eyes from the book she affected to study, and she made no reply. Kitty waited a moment, then added hesitatingly, 'And, Lucie, I think Mr Tresscott meant me to tell you so.'

SELANGOR.

VER the seas, east and west, are countries of which we have little information. Globe-trotters and philatelists may know something about them, but to the ordinary man they are unknown lands. Such is the state of Selangor, situated about the middle of the Malay Peninsula, on the west side, between the adjacent states of Malacca and Perak. Yet within the last twenty-five years these, each with its own sultan, have been brought into the fold of civilisation from a condition of anarchy and piracy, and are outstanding examples of what progress British rule can effect in a protectorate. Two or three years ago they were all united as the Federated Malay States.

The area of Selangor is about three thousand five hundred square miles, mostly dense jungle. Kwala Lampur, the capital of the state and also of the Confederation and the seat of government, is twenty-seven miles from the port of Klang, with which it is connected by a railway. As at Klang the construction of extensive wharves is now in progress which will accommodate ships of large tonnage, this port will probably become the distributing centre for all the native states. The wharves are built on cylinders, and it may interest engineers to know that for depth they hold the record, some being more than one hundred and twenty feet below rail-level. There are ninety-three miles of railway in the state, and railway construction is going on north and south, so that in a year or two the railways of the Federated Malay States will be united, and form part of the great trunk-line that will eventually take the traveller from Singapore to Penang.

The railway in Selangor has been built entirely out of revenue; so, too, were the fine Government offices, the jail, hospitals containing about a thousand beds, refuse-destructor, waterworks, and scores of residences for Government officials. From this it may be concluded that the state is very rich; for its size, it is undoubtedly one of the richest in the world, and the source of its wealth is tin-mining. The other native states owe their prosperity to the same industry. It is calculated that nearly two-thirds of the world's yearly output of tin comes from the Federated Malay States, although the system of mining is primitive. There is no lode-mining as in Cornwall; it is all alluvial, and the deposit seems to be thickly scattered over the country, no true lode having been found. The finding of tin ore at little depth leads to the conclusion that the deposit is the result of some upheaval or volcanic eruption in a remote age. When we know how the dust from Krakatoa fell on ships more than a hundred miles distant from the seat of disturbance, we have only to suppose that a similar disturbance may have occurred in the Malay Peninsula, the dust being tin ore instead of rock or pumice, and then the occurrence of the deposit found throughout the peninsula is explained. The mines are worked entirely with Chinese labour, and most of them are owned by Chinese merchants. A Chinaman can adapt himself to any climate and any work, and if he is properly treated, gives very little trouble, and is one of the best labourers in the world. Mining is always a speculation—often a mere gamble; but as gambling is the chief vice of the Chinese, it is no wonder that they practically hold the tin-mines of the peninsula in their hands, and that they are the only race carrying on the industry successfully in these regions. The price of tin fluctuates very much, ranging in twelve months from thirty dollars to eighty dollars per picul. Cornwall can only compete with the native states when the price of tin is high; but as it does not pay to reopen mines unless high prices are steadily maintained, the Cornish mines are closed down.

Some smelting is done in Selangor; but the Government discourages this industry, which necessitates the cutting down of a large quantity of the best timber for charcoal. Most of the tin ore is therefore sent to Singapore, where there are very large smelting-works.

There are only twelve settlements in Selangor that may be called towns, and most of these are mining centres; the rest of the country is dense jungle, where the elephant, bison, tiger, panther, leopard, rhinoceros, wild pig, and the deer hold undisputed possession. Snakes are common, the hamadryas and cobra being the most poisonous; crocodiles infest the rivers; and there are more fatalities from the attacks of these reptiles than from all the other reptiles and animals taken together. The Government gives rewards for the destruction of all noxious creatures.

There are about three hundred Europeans in Selangor, mostly Government officers. The population is put down at one hundred and fifty thousand, 80 per cent. of this number being Chinese, the remainder Malays, Eurasians, several races from India and Ceylon, and Japanese. A regiment of Sikhs and a large body of police keep order, both being officered by Europeans. The colloquial language of the country is Malay, but English is the official language in all public departments. The country is generally healthy, particularly in the larger towns. The diseases commonly affecting Europeans are malaria and dysentery; and these are most prevalent among the men stationed in outlying districts, where water and food are not of the best quality. The temperature ranges from 72 degrees to 93 degrees in the shade throughout the year, and the atmosphere is damp. There are two wet seasons, supposed to begin at the change of the two monsoons in May and October; but the changes of season do not occur so regularly as in India.

Football is the only British game the natives have taken up, and a good match between European teams is sure to bring a large concourse of people round the ground, and causes as much excitement as is possible to get out of the Oriental. Cricket, hockey, or tennis they will not go out of their way to see.

Opium-smoking is very prevalent amongst the Chinese, and the Malay is also taking to the drug. If taken in moderation its effects are not so self-evident. Every mining coolie is allowed his dole daily, which is given him when his work is done. There is a large revenue from the opium-duty.

Coffee-planting holds out some inducements to capitalists as an investment; but the investor should be prepared to wait. There are several

large plantations in Selangor; but the want of capital to withstand the reverses of bad seasons has sent many of them into the market, where they have been bought 'for a song.' The price of coffee has been very low for a long time, and disease having attacked the trees, the planters have had a bad time; but with better prices and the absence of disease, a few years' crops should pay for an estate. However, much more capital must be invested in the plantations before this industry can be productive of revenue to the state.

The Malay Peninsula is the recognised home of the Malay; but he is not the man he was: intermarrying with similar races in the Eastern Archipelago and his acquaintance with Europeans have made him in many respects a civilised person, and with this civilisation has grown up an aversion to work; thus if the development of the country were left entirely to his energy it would soon be in a parlous condition. The Malay, however, takes things as he finds them, and he is quite contented with British rule, although the plums do not go into his own pocket.

The Malays are not the aboriginal race of the peninsula, though for centuries they have lived on the coast, and are the descendants of the Malay pirates who terrorised in the Strait of Malacca. The real aborigines are the Sakis, a wild race living in small communities far away from the towns on the mountain slopes, and speaking a language different from the ordinary Malay. Their huts are erected among the branches of trees for protection against wild beasts; they are destitute of clothing, and subsist on any prey they can kill with the *sumpitan*, or blow-pipe, and on the forest fruits. A great deal of information regarding these people has been collected within the last two or three years by an exploring party sent out by the University of Cambridge.

There are only two successful colonising nations in the world, the British and the Dutch, and their modes of governing the natives are diametrically opposed. The British rule with a gentle hand; but the Dutch are tyrannical, and treat the natives as if they were slaves. Both systems are successful, and it is difficult even for those who have lived long in the East to say which system is best.

Much has been said about Britain losing trade abroad. All goods and material used by every department of the Government of Selangor is obtained direct from England; but when we go into the bazaars and markets we find that the Germans and Americans are supplying the goods to the ordinary trader, and this is general throughout the East. Every native knows that an English-made knife is the best in the world. But to buy one means to him two days' wages; and as he cannot afford it, he looks about for something cheaper, and soon finds it, bearing the legend, 'Made in Germany.' As this applies to all steel goods, the market for which we once controlled, the question naturally arises: If other nations can make articles of this description at a low price, for which there is an enormous demand, why cannot British manufacturers do the same?

That Selangor will become better known in the future there is little doubt. Although its prosperity depends on tin, the Government will be able to look for a revenue from other sources before its last mine is closed; but this outlook will not affect the present generation.

DR PETHER'S PARROT.

By Mrs Isabel Smith, Author of *The Romance of Mutby Workhouse*, *A Renegade*, &c.

I.

DR PEREGRINE PETHER came home from a round in the slums of Middlecot one late autumn afternoon, and threw himself on to the one springless easy-chair which his sitting-room contained. He was a man of seven or eight and twenty, tall and well-proportioned; and, though by no means handsome, there was something attractive about his rugged, honest face. At this moment, however, he looked tired and decidedly cross. He had had a long, profitless turn in the fog and mizzling rain; his boots were covered with mud—Dr Pether often said he had never seen anything like the Middlecot mud—and as he held one foot to the hollow cheerfulness of an asbestos grate, he discovered a hole in the upper leather. Already one boot had been patched, and he trembled for his professional reputation if its fellow had to follow suit.

For six months he had been struggling to make a practice in this Midland county town; but so far it had proved a fruitless labour. Beyond a chance patient or two, no one but the poor had required his services; and, though he might have gained a little fresh experience, he had gained nothing else but bad debts. He had rented this shabby-genteel house in a very unfashionable quarter, with its equally shabby furniture, set up a new brass plate upon the area railings, and waited—as he wrote to an old college chum now settled at Glasgow—for his luck to turn. At present, however, there seemed no probability of such a desideratum.

'Another job for the cobbler!' he ejaculated,

throwing the dilapidated shoe-leather into a far corner of the room.

'Bless my old boots!' exclaimed a curious voice from the semi-gloom.

'Hullo, Polly, old girl! Nearly knocked you over, did I, cage and all?' said the doctor. He got up and went to a side-table on which stood a large round cage in the same state of decay as the rest of the furniture, and containing a gray parrot, which came up to the bars and put her head down to be stroked.

'Scratch poll, Polly,' said her master cheeringly. 'Things look pretty bad, Polly; but I won't sell you, old lady, not if I were to be offered fifty pounds for you, and the cage thrown in.'

'Good boy, good boy,' said the parrot approvingly. She had been a payment-in-kind from a grateful sailor-patient. Dr Pether had grown quite fond of his companion, and would have missed her prattle, though it was occasionally couched in language which left something to be desired.

There was a tap at the door, and an angular, sour-looking woman entered, carrying a lamp. This was the charwoman who did for Dr Pether during the day, and did him at night by taking home with her all she could lay her hands on in the way of edibles. It must be confessed that that was not much.

'Any one been, Mrs Sloman?' asked the doctor in a matter-of-fact tone, slipping his feet into his carpet-slippers.

'No, sir; no one,' answered the woman—it seemed to the doctor's sensitive mind that she took a malicious satisfaction in her reply—'not a soul.'

'It is the bodies I want,' muttered Dr Pether irritably.—'Be quick and bring me some tea, please, Mrs Sloman.'

A few minutes later the tea was on the table: the teapot, &c., half a loaf, and a dab of what was called butter, symmetrically arranged on the stained and torn mulberry-coloured cloth.

'You 're a'most out of tea, sir,' said Mrs Sloman. 'I thought I 'd better remind you.'

'Why, it was only the other day I bought a pound,' replied the doctor.

'Well, sir, a pound won't last for ever,' said the woman tartly.

'Cross old patch, cross old patch,' said Polly.

Mrs Sloman beat a retreat, muttering something about wringing that bird's neck for always insulting respectable widows and strewing the seed and water all over the carpet.

Dr Pether began his frugal meal eagerly, for his lunch had been light enough to suit the most dyspeptic patient ever a doctor had; but, like the apostle, he knew from experience both 'to be hungry and to suffer need.'

He had finished his tea, and had turned round to the stove to indulge in what he called 'a survey of the case up to now'—which generally resulted in a determination on his part that, things being as bad as they were, they must improve soon—when he remembered the post-box.

'Nothing for me, I expect,' he said, with a sigh, 'unless it 's a beastly bill. However, I 'll go and see.'

'Dash my buttons,' cried the parrot inappositely.

Dr Pether came back with two or three envelopes in his hand.

'These can wait,' he said, disposing of the first two, which he was well aware contained 'accounts rendered.'

'Hullo! What 's this?' he cried, suddenly pausing before one which bore the post-mark, Petergate, and was directed in legal handwriting. 'Petergate! Why, that 's where my old godfather, Peregrine Chillingworth, lives!' he exclaimed in some excitement. What could it be? Was his godfather dead, and had he repented of his lifelong neglect of his godson, and left him the fortune he was supposed to possess? Until now all that Dr Pether had received from his godfather was his Christian name, which had been a source of unending torment to him at school and college; a christening-mug, which had long ago gone in exchange for much-needed coin of the realm; and a gift of five pounds when he passed his Apothecaries' Hall examination. Since then nothing, though his godson had modestly informed him of the stages of his subsequent career.

Dr Pether tore open the envelope and began to read:

'High Street, Petergate.

'Dear Sir,—I have to inform you that my client, Mr Peregrine Chillingworth, died on Tuesday, November 4th last, and that he has bequeathed to you his residence, The Bower, Petergate, with the furniture, and also appointed you residuary legatee.—Yours faithfully,

'John Foster, *Solicitor*.'

Dr Pether read the note twice, and let it fall to the carpet. 'The Bower!' he repeated dolorously. 'And no money—not a penny-piece!' His spirits, which had been momentarily raised to the pitch of expectation, as suddenly sank again. A house and furniture! He had a dim recollection of both, and that they were shabby and old-fashioned. 'Residuary legatee to what? My luck altogether,' he groaned, stooping to pick up the letter.

'Just my luck,' said the parrot, with her head on one side, as if keenly interested in the case.

Dr Pether sat in moody reflection for some time; then he sprang up, seized his writing materials, and began a hasty note, not to the lawyer, but to his afore-mentioned old chum at Glasgow, in which he told him a little as to how he had been getting on—or rather *not* getting on—at Middlecot, and wound up with the contents of the lawyer's epistle.

II.

A few days after Dr Pether had become aware of the extension of his worldly possessions he received an answer from Glasgow:

'DEAR OLD PEGS, — Congratulations on your having attained the dignity of being a householder! Of course you would rather have had money; but it's not so bad, either, to have a house and bit of ground. As you are not doing well where you are, why don't you go to Petergate and set up at The Bower? It would be a healthy place to work in, anyhow—if that is an advantage—and you might find it easier to build up a practice there, where there would not be so much competition. Think it over, old fellow, and let me know what you decide.—Yours always, ALEX. FERGUSON.'

'Not a bad idea, Aleck,' said the doctor; 'eh, what do you think, Polly? Shall we migrate to the country, you and I? I've had about enough of Middlecot.'

'Kiss me quick and go, honey,' said Polly, chuckling.

'All right, Poll; go we will,' cried her master. 'And the sooner the better.'

Dr Peregrine Pether was nothing if not impulsive. In an incredibly short space of time he had made his arrangements, and a few weeks later saw him and the parrot transferred to The Bower, Petergate, while the brass plate inscribed 'Peregrine Pether, M.D.,' was fixed on to a varnished oak gate at the bottom of a carriage-drive.

The Bower was a rambling old house, with more rooms than its new occupant knew what to do with, but they were all furnished; and, whatever happened, he would no longer dread quarter-day and the rent. It is true he felt rather aggrieved when he had seen Mr Chillingworth's solicitor and a copy of the will, and found that the great bulk of his godfather's property had gone to hospitals and institutions, the rest in legacies. His own share seemed small by contrast; but the fresh air and rural surroundings induced him to take a brighter view of things, and he quite hoped his luck would soon take a turn.

The worst of the winter was over when he wrote to his old friend: 'You will be wanting to know how I am getting on, Aleck, and so far I cannot report any great success. No rich old lady has taken a fancy to me, and no lucrative accident has obligingly happened outside my gate. I have assisted a few little mortals into this vale of tears; but the people about here are so healthy that they never seem ill; and if they are, they have more faith in their own remedies. What can one expect with a peasantry that doses itself with live spiders wrapped in butter for what they call the "yaller-jarnders," and believes in the unfailing efficacy of an acorn carried in the pocket as a preventive of cramp, and a cold potato for rheumatism? However, I shall stick to it for the present; but it is harder for some things here—as one has to keep up appearances. In a country village one's private affairs are a matter of public interest, and I cannot say to my factotum, as I often used to at Middlecot, that I am dining out, and quietly satisfy my hunger with prunes and raisins in the parlour.'

. . . . . .

One day Dr Pether came home from an errand at the other end of the parish, and missed Polly's cheerful greeting as he entered the dining-room. He looked to where the cage stood, and found, to his dismay, that it was empty. As I said before, the cage was old and shabby, and Polly's continual pecking at the bars had so loosened them that it was easy for her to make her escape, which it appeared she had at last done. In vain her disconsolate owner hunted high and low. There was no sign of the gray parrot. He went into the garden and called Polly till he was hoarse. As a rule, if Polly was loose—for this was not the first time she had obtained her liberty—she would come swooping through the air at his call, and, perching on his wrist, let him carry her back to captivity; but no welcome flutter of wings cheered the doctor now. He was so cut up that he could not sit down to his lunch, but went out into the village and asked every man, woman, and child he met if he or she had seen a gray parrot, and his opinion of country intelligence was considerably lessened by the answers he received. More than once his expectations were raised by an affirmative reply, only to be dashed to the ground when, instead of a parrot, a rook, or a pigeon proved to have been the bird seen.

A couple of days passed, and there was no sign of poor Polly. Dr Pether began to fear he should never see her again. He had had bills printed and put in the rural police-station window, in the general shop, and in the blacksmith's, but to no effect.

One afternoon he was in the surgery when Mrs Sloman's successor, a stolid countrywoman, came to the door with a scared face. 'If you please, sir,' she said, 'there's such queer noises in the back wash'us as ever was!'

Dr Pether followed her forthwith—the early twilight of a winter's afternoon over all—and the back wash-house looked chill and dreary. The noises—and they were sounds of a very faint sort—seemed to proceed from a chimney at the end of the apartment (there was no grate), and Dr Pether walked at once to the spot and listened.

'Sounds like summat scuffling about there,' said the housekeeper. 'Shouldn't wonder if it wasn't that there old parrot of yourn.'

'Not likely, Mrs Peek. How could she get in the chimney?' asked the doctor; but he bent forward and put his head a little way up the

black shaft. He could not get it far, for the brickwork suddenly narrowed; but he could see a glimpse of gray sky at the top, and on a ledge half-way down something lighter than the soot was lodged. Just then Polly's unmistakable and plaintive *peep* made itself heard.

'Polly!' cried the doctor. 'Pretty Poll!' The *peep* came louder this time. Then there was a quiver of feather-quills, and 'Poor Polly's cold,' said the parrot.

'Oh! it is the parrot, sure enough!' cried the doctor delightedly; and, regardless of the soot which encrusted the brickwork of the interior, he reached up as far as he could, but he was still a long way off Polly.

'Come down, Polly; come down,' he said coaxingly; 'scratch poll, Polly—scratch poll;' but the parrot would not move. She had evidently been pecking mortar on the outside of the chimney when she overbalanced and fell, alighting on the projecting ledge above mentioned, from which she was afraid to fly either up or down.

Dr Pether remained in his sooty surroundings for fully a couple of hours, inviting, coaxing, threatening, but all in vain. Polly's *peep* was pitiful; but she did not stir. At last a sudden thought struck the doctor, and he sent Mrs Peek for a butterfly-net which hung in the hall.

'Now, bring me the cage,' he said, 'and shut the door.' It was by this time quite dusk, and the housekeeper had put a lighted candle on the stone floor of the wash-house, there being no table.

All being ready for the last desperate venture, Dr Pether armed himself with the butterfly-net and made a frantic dash for the parrot. It was a move in the dark, for the candle's gleam scarcely penetrated into the chimney, and every movement sent a shower of soot into the doctor's eyes. The next minute there was an unearthly shriek, a wild flutter of wings, followed by a jingling sound, and a begrimed Polly flew madly out of the fireplace, brushing against her master, and aiming straight at the candle, which she speedily extinguished.

Mrs Peek, joining her scream to the parrot's discordant clamour, felt for the door and made good her escape; while Dr Pether, hastily striking a match, beheld, to his astonishment, amid the soot which lay ankle-deep on the hearth, the glitter of gold and the frayed edge of an old cotton stocking.

Oblivious of Polly, who flew round and round the wash-house uttering piercing cries, he lit the candle, and groped about on his knees, literally picking up gold and silver, while tightly wedged at the bottom of the stocking-foot was a plump roll of Bank of England notes.

With sooty fingers that trembled with excitement he pulled it out, and the first note that met his eye was inscribed for one thousand pounds. At this juncture the housekeeper cautiously put her head in at the door; but Dr Pether, in a voice unlike his own, bade her go away and shut the door, as Polly was likely to be spiteful after her imprisonment.

Then he took the candle, and poked about in the chimney; but beyond a few loose guineas he found nothing else. Evidently the stocking had rested on the same ledge as Polly, and when she had been so unceremoniously dislodged she had brought it with her in her tumultuous flight.

. . . . . .

For some days afterwards Dr Pether went about with sooty shadows round his eyes, very black eyebrows and lashes, and hair that repeated washings failed to restore to its normal bright hue.

As Mrs Peek observed to a neighbour, 'When the doctor came out of that there chimbley he was a *masterpiece* for soot; and as for the mess and dirt there was all about the place, it was one person's work to clear up;' and she wished—she did with all her heart—the blessed old parrot had stopped where she was.

Dr Pether, however, was of a different opinion when he wrote to Aleck Ferguson: 'I can never thank either you or Polly enough—you for advising me to set up at The Bower, and Polly for obligingly tumbling down the wash-house chimney. My fortune is made, whether my godfather intended it or not; and I see that, after all, it is sometimes not such a bad thing to be left a residuary legatee.'

ON SALVAGE.

'SALVAGE,' says an ancient authority, 'is that recompense allowed to a ship that has saved another from enemies or pirates;' but at the present day the word has a slightly different meaning. The 'enemies and pirates' of the old-time sea-lawyer are now chiefly heavy gales and turbulent waves; and the 'recompense' formerly awarded to a ship that had rescued a sister-vessel from a foe, or from one of Shylock's 'water-thieves,' is to-day the salvage-money. This varies from the few shillings earned by a longshoreman who has drawn a balk of timber to land out of the surf, up to the hundreds or even thousands of pounds awarded to the craft that has towed a disabled liner into a place of safety.

It might be imagined by the uninitiated that the captain of a vessel in distress would accept help without hesitation. No; he knows too well

the high price put on such assistance. For instance, it was but recently that a large cargo-steamer became disabled in the English Channel owing to a breakdown of her machinery, and anchored to repair damage in a bay exposed on the south-west. As the wind was blowing from that quarter at the time, and had increased in force to a gale before the necessary repairs were completed, the anchorage became unsafe, and the steamer began to drift towards the shore. For some time the danger of her position had been evident to the ever-watchful longshoremen, and information had been sent to the nearest port that a steam-tug was wanted. The tug was speedily on the spot; but the sum demanded for towing the steamer into a place of safety was, in the opinion of the captain of the steamer, exorbitant, and he also foresaw the displeasure of his owners on account of the delay that had already occurred; therefore the tug's first offer was declined.

Slowly but steadily the anchors dragged, and slowly but steadily the steamer drifted nearer and nearer to the shore. Again the tug approached, and now her captain, like the sibyl of old, raised his price to just double what he had at first demanded. Again his offer was refused. Another interval, during which the steamer's peril became greater, and once more the tug approached and offered help, but at a further advance. By this time, however, the position of the steamer had become so perilous that the captain was compelled to accept the tug's aid. There was just room for the latter to manœuvre between the shore and the disabled vessel, a tow-rope was successfully passed on board, and she was forthwith conducted to a place of safety. The salvage claimed by the tug was, it may be mentioned, disputed by the owners of the steamer on the plea of extortion. The Admiralty Court rejected the plea, and the tug received her due. In this case, as has been seen, the tug refused her help except for a certain specified sum. It is more usual for the salvage to be first effected, and the price to be paid for the service settled afterwards by the parties themselves or by arbitration.

The case of the steam-collier *Achilles*—a vessel that in October 1899, while passing through Yarmouth Roads in broad daylight, got too near the Scroby Sand and grounded there—is a typical one. Beachmen from Gorleston and longshoremen from Caister, as well as two steam-tugs, were quickly on the spot; but their united efforts on the first day were impotent to move her. During the night she jettisoned a portion of her cargo of coal, and the next day she was floated. At the suit of the salvors, she was, however, detained until her owners had deposited a sum sufficient to cover their claims, the amount of the claim being settled by the lawyers of the parties interested. On this occasion the Gorleston men, having both wind and tide in their favour, arrived at the scene of action in their beach-yawl in advance of their Caister brethren, so their services as first-comers obtained a larger share of salvage-money in consequence.

The beachmen or longshoremen of a district frequently form themselves into a company; and certain members of the company are ever on the watch for vessels in distress. In Kent men of this class are locally called 'hovellers.' Usually they do salvage-work in their own beach-yawl. The well-known surf-boat the *Friend of all Nations* belonged to a company of Margate beachmen. Her record was remarkable on account of the innumerable services she had rendered to shipwrecked men and vessels in distress. At last she who had salved so many others became herself a subject for salvage. After doing duty for many years, she capsized while on one of her life-saving errands in a very heavy storm at Margate, and several of her crew lost their lives. It was in November 1898, however, whilst being towed out to a vessel signalling for help in the Downs, that her crew perceived that she was sinking, smothered beneath the enormous waves. All the men succeeded in getting on board the tug; and the waterlogged *Friend of all Nations*, relieved of their weight, remained afloat, and was dragged through the waters she had so often deprived of their prey. Then suddenly she disappeared, her stem having been torn out by the stress and strain of the waves. 'There goes the last of the *Friend of all Nations*,' said one of her crew as she vanished. He was mistaken. Some days later she was found floating off the place that had given her birth, wandering blindly back to her first home. The tug *United* of Yarmouth picked her up and towed her into her native port. Here, later on, she was sold for the benefit of her owners, the Margate beachmen, a majority of them considering her too old for further use. The minority, however, like true sailors, were unwilling to give up their old favourite, so they purchased her. Sent back to Margate by rail, she was there repaired, and renewed her former career of life-saving and salvage-earning.

In estimating salvage the risk and trouble are naturally taken into account, as well as the value of the goods salved. It is not 'finders, owners,' at sea any more than on land. A few years ago, when a Mediterranean fruit-boat was run down off Folkestone, the deck cargo, consisting mainly of boxes of oranges, dotted the Channel for many a rood. The Folkestone fishermen returning to harbour picked them up by dozens. Boat after boat came in with a double cargo—fruit as well as fish; and, like Edie Ochiltree at Misticot's tomb, the fishermen were for saying, 'No halvers and quarters; all of my ain and nane of my neighbours'.' However, the Custom-House authorities were of a different opinion; every box was deposited in their warehouses, and the owners

were communicated with. On the following day the oranges were sold, and salvage-money was duly paid to the murmuring fisherfolk. Needless to say, oranges were cheap in Folkestone for the next few days.

Wrecked goods, especially if of a perishable nature, seldom fetch much. It was in 1898 that the barque *Galatea*, laden with a general cargo, stranded on Hammond's Knoll, one of the outlying network of sandbanks that protect, as well as make dangerous, the Norfolk coast. She became a total wreck, and goods of all sorts, from toys to pianos, were salved, principally by fishermen. Some of the pianos fetched but ten shillings; others, less damaged, were sold for as many pounds. Not long since a North Sea trawler brought to the surface a marvellously heavy case. The crew gathered round, and expectation rose high. The case appeared to have been long under water. When opened it was found to contain ten tins; and when one of these was forced open, a stick of some unknown yellow substance was disclosed to view. It was evidently not good to eat. Would it burn? A light was applied, and the substance burned so fiercely that the crew prudently sent it, tin and all, into the depths whence it had come. The other nine tins were brought on shore; and their contents, proving to be phosphorus, were finally disposed of to a firm of rat-poison manufacturers, thereby, no doubt, affording certain rats a fine North Sea flavouring for their final refection.

Salvage is obviously of a very hap-hazard character. Like the schoolgirl's notion of the distance of the moon from the earth, it depends very much upon the state of the weather. One branch of salvage, until recently a less precarious employment than the accidental, still remains. It consists of dredging—or, as it is locally called, 'swiping'—for chains and anchors. These have found a temporary resting-place on the sea-bottom from various causes: they may have encountered some obstruction and clung to it, or a link in the chain may have broken, or they may have been deliberately cast loose. The spot is usually marked and dredgers set to work. But in such well-known and frequented anchorages as the Downs or Yarmouth Roads, dredging is conducted on the chance that the scour of the tide may have laid bare some fresh treasure of the deep. Anchors and chains thus salved are lodged with the Receiver of Wreck for the district in which they were found, and are paid for at the rate of two shillings per hundredweight, exclusive of a small amount for portage. At periodic intervals tenders are invited for these reclaimed articles by the Board of Trade, and thus the Receivers' wreck-yards are cleared of their lumber. The palmy days of anchor-dredging are on the wane, however. The old-time anchor, with its two flukes, shank, and stock, bids fair to lose its berth in favour of a new invention. The new anchor is double-clawed, without a stock, and with a shank capable of being drawn up into the hawse-hole. This type of anchor is not easily parted with, and when lost is not, as the dredgers know, easily recovered. Doubtless by the time Herr Zeppelin's air-ship has become an ordinary locomotive, deep-sea anchors will be so perfected in construction as to have destroyed the dredgers' trade in them entirely; and their gaze, hitherto intent upon the deep, must then be turned skywards in search of the means of gaining a livelihood.

FROM THE CAPE TO THE AUTHOR OF 'LONGING.'

(See *Chambers's Journal* for 1900, page 608.)

YOUR song about the 'green road' came o'er the veldt to me.
In auld langsyne I trod that road, down to the 'happy sea;'
But I left Old Scotia's mountains for this land of sunny fountains,
For the kopje, sluit, and sheep-kraal gave up moor and stream and tree.

For the 'full breath,' the 'cool breath,' the breath so strong and sweet,
My thirsty soul is longing sore, amidst this glare and heat;
For the fragrant gorse and heather, in the glorious autumn weather,
And the caller wind from the 'great North Sea' which I never more shall meet.

My 'pure love,' my 'sure love'! I think of her each day;
I left her for a worthless love, an idol of cold clay.
Now, alas! I'd give full measure of my dearest earthly treasure
For one of those glad hours again, so happy and so gay.

The 'gay street,' the 'gray street'! Alas! it tempts me too;
Its witchery is calling me, here in the wide karroo.
Oh! I hear its turmoil rushing, I see life and passion flushing
In the 'gay street,' the 'gray street,' so far beyond my view.

The 'green road,' the 'clean road'! The town that calls me too;
The 'pure love,' the 'sure love,' so fond and good and true;
The 'gay street' throbbing, living; the fresh wind, all life-giving:
To all my thoughts oft wander, while great Orion yonder
Looks down on Northern Sea and town and my hut in the lone karroo.

M. C.

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SIXTH SERIES.

'OBEAH' TO-DAY IN THE WEST INDIES.

READERS of that delightful novel, *The World went very well Then*, will remember Mr Brinjes of the fiery eye and the snake-stick, who made every negro do his bidding, and doled out aches and pains as though he were possessed of a Pandora's box. Mr Brinjes was a great *obeah*-man. Could he revisit these pale glimpses of the moon he might perchance make a fortune out here in the West Indies; at least, he would find abundant exercise for his black art, and make plenty of disciples.

Obeah is the witchcraft of the West Indies. The sworn foe of Christianity and civilisation, it hinders every effort to uplift the negro race; it is a superstition as degrading as it is widespread, a standing menace to the social order. But for the strong hand of the British Government, it might at any time incite the mass of ignorant blacks to massacre the mere handful of whites thinly scattered amongst them.

The name is derived from Obi, apparently an evil deity worshipped on the West Coast of Africa by the ancestors of the present West Indian negroes before they were shipped off as slaves to the plantations. The Rev. John Radcliffe, a noted Jamaican scholar, has proved the word *obi* to mean a snake, and to this day the snake is commonly used as a symbol in the baleful rites. Snake-sticks, such as Mr Brinjes used, form part of the armoury of most self-respecting *obeah*-men. It is curious that nearly every race and every creed should envisage the serpent as the enemy of mankind.

In former days the *obeah*-man flourished openly, even in the British colonies; but since 1845 he has had to carry on his evil practices more or less 'under the rose.' Laws have been passed against him, and when caught he is punished with twelve months' hard labour and the cat-o'-nine-tails. Nevertheless *obeah* flourishes beneath the surface, and 'slowly rotting inwards, moulders all.' Far away from villages, dwelling in a palm-thatched hut upon the trackless mountain-side, the *obeah*-man may be found. Fearfully his negro client creeps through the clinging lianas and tangled undergrowth, shuddering at the shadows cast by the feathery bamboo, and half-crazy with dread lest 'duppy spring 'pon him.' The ghostly silence of the tropical night is broken only by the dismal note of the croaking lizard. Small wonder that the negro reaches the sorcerer's den prepared to be impressed by his heathenish rites, silly though they may appear to the civilised intelligence. The *obeah*-man is generally a sinister, terrifying figure—aged, decrepit, often diseased, and half-mad; but with a baleful gleam in his bloodshot eyes that does not belie his pretended intimacy with the Author of Evil. He is accommodating: he will do anything for a bottle of rum, a 'coolie bangle,' and a few shillings. Is his client in love? He can concoct a philtre to make the dusky beauty kind. Is it an enemy to be avenged upon? He will put 'duppies' on him so that he shall be racked by ghostly terrors, his cattle die, his yams fail, and his wife prove unfaithful. Has his client committed a crime? He will go to the court and cast his spells upon the judge so that he must acquit. Is it poison that is wanted? Even that can sometimes be had at a price.

In the old slavery days it was a common thing for slaves who had been treated with extreme barbarity to go to an *obeah*-man for poison to mix with the overseer's 'cocktail' or coffee. Ground glass was a favourite article for this purpose. Nowadays such cases are very rare; during three years' residence in Jamaica not one has come under my direct observation, though I have heard of them. The native whites say that to keep a servant who has a grudge against one is to invite poisoning. I scarcely believe it. A discharged servant will 'set *obeah*' on one; but his animosity ends there. The other day I walked into the house of a friend on a large estate near Moneague, 'the garden of Jamaica.'

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Hanging over the doorway was a rusty knife. That was *obeah*. It had been placed there by a negro whom my friend had discharged, the idea being that if the latter passed underneath the knife he would soon meet a violent death. Such curious trifles are constantly met with by white men in these colonies. It may be a handful of graveyard earth on one's pillow at night, or a few *sen-seh* feathers in one's soup-plate, or some evil-smelling liquid in one's whisky-bottle, or a few lizards' bones in one's coat-pocket; whatever it is, the object is either revenge or propitiation. The *obeah*-worker wants either to injure one or to make one do as he wishes. I have known coloured schoolmasters scatter these ridiculous trifles about their schoolrooms with the idea of compelling the Government inspector to give them good reports; and missionaries have told me that members expelled from their Churches for evil living commonly work *obeah* in order to be restored to the fold. When the minister enters his pulpit, and, opening his Bible to give out the text, finds a quaint assortment of cats' claws, feathers, dried leaves, and egg-shells, he is by no means puzzled as to the meaning of it all. He knows it expresses Hezekiah Da Costa's wish to be received back into Church membership without abandoning his career as the village Don Juan. Like other savages, the negro has a curious knack of grafting Christian teaching on to his old beliefs. That is, perhaps, the greatest difficulty a missionary has to contend with.

The vitality of *obeahism* is surprising. Under British law it perforce assumes forms less dangerous to the social order than in Hayti and San Domingo; but it is serious enough. It must be carefully kept in check, for there is a danger that at any moment it may break out into excess and lead to a ghastly tragedy. Quite recently some negroes in the British colony of Dominica killed a child as a sacrifice to that great West African fetich, Mumbo Jumbo. A man was arrested and tried for the murder; but he proved an *alibi*, and was acquitted. The judge and barristers concerned in the case made some startling remarks as to the dangerous prevalence of *obeahism* in Dominica. It is certainly worse in the smaller islands than in a large and important colony like Jamaica, where the influences of civilisation are naturally more widely diffused. The negro republics of Hispaniola, however, stand at the top of the hierarchy of *obeah*. Much as it has been denied, there can be no doubt in an impartial mind that the lonely groves which serve as temples for the dreadful *vaudoux*-worship have echoed, and still echo now and then, with the shriek of 'the goat without horns,' and that cannibalism sometimes crowns the sacrifice. Sir Spenser St John has been criticised very severely for his remarks upon this subject, and the truth of his revelations has been questioned; but nearly every white man who has lived in Hayti corroborates him more or less. The hatred educated Haytians bear towards him is in itself some evidence of the truth of his exposures: the galled jade winces. Since his book was published a native Haytian newspaper has been suppressed for no other reason than that it published details of human sacrifices and cannibal feasts. The French colonies of Martinique and Guadeloupe, too, are undoubtedly more firmly in the grip of the *obeah* superstitions than the islands belonging to Britain. Their people are more ignorant and vicious, their laws worse administered, their general condition more degraded. It is chiefly in these colonies one finds the curious old superstition of the *loup-garou*, wrongly attached by some novelists to the whole of the West Indies. The *loup-garou* is a terrible were-wolf or vampire which is supposed to live on the blood of wayfarers whom it springs upon at night-time, or of sleepers whom it finds in lonely huts. The 'rolling calf' is its counterpart in the British West Indies. This is a quadruped with blazing eyes and having a clanking chain round its neck. Like the *loup-garou*, it prowls at night, and the man whom it touches dies. The only way to escape—so the negroes say—is to stick a penknife in the ground and turn your back on the monster. Like Mephistopheles held back by the sign of the Cross, it cannot then advance, however malevolent it may be.

Trials for practising *obeah* are common in the criminal courts of the West Indies, and *obeah* enters largely into trials for other offences. A celebrated Jamaican judge has said: 'The *obeah* man or woman is one of the great guild or fraternity of crime. Hardly a criminal trial occurs in the colony in which he is not implicated in one way or another. His influence over the country-people is unbounded. He is the prophet, priest, and king of his district. . . . Under the style and title of a "bush-doctor," he wanders from place to place, exacting *coshery* from his dupes on all hands: supplied with food by one, with shelter by another, with money by a third; denied nought from the mysterious terror with which he is regarded, and refused nothing from fear of the terrible retribution which might be the consequence of such a rash act.'

There is something so indescribably sinister about an orthodox *obeah*-man's appearance that he can always be picked out by anybody who has had much to do with negroes. Dirty, ragged, unkempt, diseased, deformed, there is yet about him an air of cunning authority. His small, cruel, piercing eyes peer viciously on the witnesses arrayed against him in court, for all the world like those of a cornered rat. Black men may be seen to turn as gray as ashes under the terror of that baleful gaze, and often it is only with the greatest difficulty that incriminating evidence can be dragged out of them. A Jamaican poet says that even the 'John Crow'

vulture, about the most repulsive creature on God's earth, cannot endure the *obeah*-man:

Crouched in a cave I saw thee, and thy beard,
White against black, gleam'd out; and thy gaunt hand
Mixed lizards' skins, rum, parrots' tongues, and sand,
Found where the sinking tombstone disappeared.
Sleek galley-wasps looked on thee; grimly peered
Blood-christened John Crows in a hissed demand,
'Who art thou?' then, like ghouls to a dim land,
Fled; for they saw thee working, and *they* feared.

The wizard's awesome presence, however, does not appal an unsentimental British judge. He orders him 'twelve months' hard' and a sound flogging. Frequently the *obeah*-man appeals against this sentence to the higher court, and in Jamaica it is not at all unusual for him to get off on some technical point, owing to the defective drafting of the law. Of course, he tells the ignorant negroes that he procured freedom by his magical powers, and thus their superstition is strengthened. Three laws have been passed in Jamaica against *obeah*, but unfortunately all of them abound with loopholes for the escape of the guilty.

A typical *obeah*-man was convicted, only the day before I wrote this article, within a few miles of Kingston, the metropolis of Jamaica. He is an old villain well known to the police, and has previously served several terms of imprisonment for the same offence. According to the evidence given at the trial, he overheard a respectable negro peasant-proprietor say he wished he could make a lodger leave his house, as he was a nuisance. The *obeah*-man volunteered to manage it at a price. The peasant must get two white *sen-seh* fowls, a white shirt, a pint of white rum, some black thread, a bundle of wood, two nails, and a hammer; and they would meet at the peasant's house at an appointed time to work the *obeah*. Unfortunately for the wizard, the peasant happened to be an educated, intelligent man, with a strong contempt for the superstitions of his race. He pretended to agree, and then went and told the police. At the appointed time he concealed two detectives in some coffee-bushes near the rendezvous, where they could see all that went on. The *obeah*-man kept the appointment. After some weird incantations, he drove one nail into the front-door of the house, and the other into the back-door, tying the black thread from nail to nail. Then he produced a flask filled with a filthy mixture of oil, rum, and fowls' blood, and lubricated the thread with it, chanting monotonously the while. What remained of the liquid he threw, after many ceremonies, into the kitchen fire. The next part of the ceremony was the solemn sacrifice of one of the *sen-seh* fowls and the sprinkling of its blood on the floor. The *obeah*-man then demanded his fee (seventeen shillings and three silver bangles), remarking to the peasant, 'I gib dat man one day fe clear out. If him don' go, I set *obeah* fe catch him shadow, and him go dead den fe true!' As soon as the money had changed hands, the detectives rushed in and arrested him. He was sentenced to the usual term of twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour; but, in consideration of his advanced age and infirmities, the flogging was remitted.

It is most difficult to catch and convict an *obeah*-man. Notorious offenders practise with impunity for years because it is impossible to secure sufficient evidence against them. The constabulary is composed of blacks, most of whom are as superstitious as the rest of their colour. Inspector Herbert Thomas, a Jamaican police-officer who has brought many *obeah*-men to justice, tells of a case in which the dread of *obeah*-power kept closed for three years the mouth of a man who had seen two persons carry the corpse of a woman whom they had just brutally murdered along a lonely path, and deposit it at the door of a house in which she had been staying with a relative. This relative and his wife were arrested on suspicion, but managed to clear themselves. Three years later remorse—or more probably the death of the *obeah*-man—unsealed the man's lips, and his evidence contributed mainly to the conviction and hanging of the murderers. Yet a reward of one hundred pounds had been offered all the time!—a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice to a man in his station. Not one negro in twenty, rich or poor, educated or uneducated, will inform against an *obeah*-man. This degrading superstition seems ingrained in the race. A black man may become a deacon in a church, a schoolmaster, or even a graduate of an English university, and yet at heart believe in *obeah* and tremble before its priest. At Oxford he may have discussed Comte and Spencer with intelligent appreciation; but when he returns to a West Indian environment he may fall more or less under the sway of the beliefs he imbibed from his *nana* when a child. As the negro proverb coarsely puts it, 'Monkey pickney neber walk on ground.'

Some time ago a coloured man in Jamaica, who was looked up to as a prosperous merchant, churchwarden, and local politician, was convicted of practising *obeah* and sent to jail. The pontiff of the cult in this colony of Jamaica is known to the police, but they can never catch him. The fear he inspires among the black people is so great that evidence sufficient for conviction cannot be procured. His name is C——; he resides in Kingston, and was formerly a member of the City Council. Not long since several detectives, hearing that he was celebrating some grand *obeah* rites, made a raid upon his dwelling. Timely warning was given to the wizard, and when they reached the house they were set upon by half-a-dozen strapping negresses—*Khadijahs* of the prophet—and soundly thrashed. Speaking of these women, perhaps the worst feature of *obeah*

is the scope it gives the *obeah*-man for the unbridled exercise of his passions. The wildest debauchery forms part of the ritual. It is impossible to sully these pages by even hinting at what commonly happens, even though it sometimes forms the subject of open conversation in Creole circles.

I heard of a rather curious *obeah* case recently in one of the remoter districts of Jamaica. The culprit was a coal-black man, with bloodshot eyes, woolly uncombed hair, grayish whiskers, and that indispensable requisite of all old-fashioned *obeah*-men—an ulcered leg. His dupe gave evidence in court as follows: 'I told him there was a piece of land which I wanted to buy, but another man wanted to buy it too. I wanted the *obeah*-man to make the owner sell it to me. He asked me whether I wished to kill the man who was opposing me. I said no. He told me he would give me something to throw on the land, so that when the man went there it would smell so nasty that he would go away and have nothing to do with it. He then commenced to make a mixture. He took four different things, mixed them together, and gave the concoction to me. Into this mixture he threw some stinking powder and some rum. He told me to get a coco-nut shell half-full of water, put the mixture into it, and throw it all on the land. Then the other man would not be able to buy it.' This *obeah*-man escaped punishment by a legal technicality, with the result that his practice has largely increased, the negroes believing that he got off by 'fixing the eye' of the judge.

Just as I was writing, the following curious 'duppy' story came under my notice. It is believed by hundreds of black people in the district of Lamb's River, Jamaica: A boy who was wanted to give evidence in a criminal case was missed a few months ago. It was supposed that he had run away; but it is now darkly rumoured that he was murdered by a young woman, who has ever since been tormented by his 'duppy.' The ghost stones her every night. People say they see the stones hurtling through the air, and the bruises on her body; but they never see anybody throw them. Hundreds of people—so the story goes—follow the luckless young woman about every night to see where the stones come from, but it remains a mystery. The young woman has had her head broken by them, and it is feared that she will lose her reason.

In many countries superstitious rites are practised to bring good luck; but that is not the case as a rule with *obeah*. Its root idea is the worship and propitiation of the Evil One: it is essentially malevolent. A negro usually goes to the *obeah*-man to harm his neighbour, not to do any good to himself; and that is why the law regards the matter so seriously. The principal exception to this rule is the not infrequent case of the young negress who goes for a love-philtre to make some 'high gentleman' marry her. The *obeah*-man is often called upon to exorcise 'duppies' driven into a man or woman by a brother of the craft. In former days this used to be the exclusive work of the *myal*-man. It was the old story of 'white' and 'black' magic. One wizard did the mischief, and the other supplied the antidote. Nowadays *myalism* is completely merged into *obeahism*, and the law punishes both equally.

It may sound rather curious, but it is the fact that the white planters are among the greatest offenders against the *obeah* laws, though they are never punished. They 'work *obeah*' every day to save their plantations from that great curse of the West Indies, 'predial larceny'—the theft of growing crops. You may walk through your friend's 'coco-piece' or banana plantation and notice a skull stuck on the top of a stick, a small bottle full of dead cockroaches tied to a branch, or a miniature black coffin placed on a little mound. 'Hullo, old man!' you say; 'working *obeah*—eh? I'll come and see you flogged at the jail.' He tries to laugh it off shamefacedly, saying there is really no other way to make 'those wretched niggers' keep their thieving hands off the crops. That is true. It is needless, however, to go to the trouble of placing these things about the plantation. If some night-prowler has stolen your best yams or bananas, all you need do is to say next morning in the hearing of the negroes, 'It's all right; I don't care. I've got the footprint.' You will see them whisper amongst themselves in an awe-stricken way, and presently one will come up to you nearly weeping with terror and confess himself the thief. The superstition is, that if you dig out the earth upon which the robber has impressed his foot and throw it into the fire, he will waste away and die unless he gives himself up and takes his punishment. One is reminded of the wax figures which people used to make of their enemies in the Middle Ages to stick pins into so that the originals might feel the pangs.

Do *obeah*-men believe in *obeah*? That is a moot point. Probably a few of them do—half-crazy old Africans who were brought to the West Indies in slavery days from the Congo or the Gold Coast; but the majority simply practise upon the credulity of their more ignorant fellows in order to obtain an easy living, a power in the village community, and unlimited chances to gratify their evil passions. If you ask an average negro whether he believes in *obeah*, he will be sure to say no, and even laugh the idea to scorn. He is ashamed to own the truth to a white man; but ask that same negro to chop down a silk-cotton tree—the recognised abode of all 'duppies,' 'jumbies,' 'diablesses,' and '*loups-garou*'—and he will refuse in horror.

This account of the witchcraft of the West Indies is rather rambling; but it may be pleaded in extenuation that there is no coherence or

regularity in the thing itself. *Obeahism* in the British colonies, although so widespread, is quite unorganised. This is particularly the case in Jamaica. During my residence there I never came across anything in the nature of those grand *vaudoux* ceremonies which sometimes occur in Hayti and San Domingo. The superstition takes less ornate and less dangerous forms. Its devotees have a wholesome dislike of the cat-o'-nine-tails. The power of the cult is decreasing, though very slowly, with the spread of education, and under British government it is bound to be uprooted in time; but were the Union-jack hauled down and the blacks left to their own devices, they would inevitably revert to essential savagery, ornamented with a little gold lace; their evil superstitions would have unchecked sway; and the rites of *obeah* would eventually be accompanied by human sacrifices, as they occasionally are in the black republics of Hispaniola.

CLIPPED WINGS.

CHAPTER VI.—A THANKLESS CHILD.

MR PETER LORIMER reached Ingarangi after a damp drive through the blustering midsummer gale to find that fortress undermined by feminine subtlety.

Lucie condescended to meet him in the hall, and to help to remove his wet waterproof. Kitty had his slippers warming before a cosy fire. Mrs Lorimer had ordered a specially tempting dinner. Mr Lorimer's stronghold was fashioned upon antique principles, and consequently it could only be taken by the beleaguerers who followed traditional tactics. But every man likes to have his castle assailed by interested females. It flatters his vanity to think that they consider him worthy of cajolery. Consequently Mr Lorimer—who, with but slender reason, prided himself upon his astuteness—saw through these transparent wiles; and, dinner having ended without any explanation forthcoming, he glanced at his womenfolks over the pipe he was filling, and bluntly demanded the meaning of these concerted manœuvres.

'What d'ye want now? Out with it. New bonnets again, I suppose?' The man of commonplace mind—and none could be more stereotyped than Mr Peter Lorimer's—imagines that an insatiable craving for a change of head-gear dominates the weaker sex. 'Out with it. Don't be afraid. What's the figure?'

Thus encouraged, Mrs Lorimer explained circuitously that perhaps he hadn't noticed that Lucie was looking pale and needed a good change, and that, for her part, she believed in the old saying that 'home-keeping folks have ever homely wits;' that nothing was better to enlarge young people's ideas than travelling; that if Lucie was going home, now was the time to sail, so as to enjoy the English summer; that the *Rapuera* left Auckland in the beginning of February, and would catch the *Omega* at Sydney; and that everybody knew that the *Omega* was one of the best boats on the line.

It was with extreme difficulty that Lucie refrained from interrupting her mother's well-meaning but somewhat inchoate prolation. 'Oh, if I only had told him myself!' she thought aggrievedly. 'Now mother's gone and made a mess of the whole thing.'

'Um! So it's all cut and dried—is it? Lucie's going home on the *Omega* in February—is she? Evidently all I've got to do in the matter is to provide the money. She can't go far without that,' was Mr Lorimer's caustic reply. 'And after Miss Lucie has got as far as London on the *Omega*, may I ask what she intends doing next?'

'She'll stay with her uncle Andrew, Peter, and her cousin Honoria, of course.'

'But she has never set eyes on either of them, and doesn't know their ways. Besides, how does she know that they'll be willing to have her?'

'Peter,' said Mrs Lorimer solemnly, 'blood's thicker than water all the world over; and if people don't welcome their born relatives, whom will they receive? I'm sure the numbers that have come here with introductions from people at home that we scarcely knew—why, I couldn't count them; and a queer lot most of them were, I must say. You'll remember about the man that called here one day when I was alone, saying he was from your brother in England, and that he had often spoken of us to him. I was as good to him as I could be, and gave him lunch, and lent him an umbrella because it was raining and he said he'd left his at the hotel. And when he went away, after borrowing a sovereign because his purse had been stolen, I found he had taken a bottle of brandy out of the sideboard and a pair of your new boots. I'm sure if Uncle Andrew can send people like that to us'——

'I was looking at uncle's last Christmas letter, father,' Kitty interposed strategically; 'and in it he asks if none of us is coming to the old country, and says how pleased Honoria and he would be to see any of us. This year they only sent a card, so I think they may be a little offended at our never accepting their invitations,' added the arch-plotter.

'Um!' was Mr Lorimer's laconic reply. 'Look here, my girl!' he continued after a pause,

addressing Lucie, who sat with drooping head as though the world were lost. 'You've got everything you wish here. There's nothing you haven't got. Why, when I compare your upbringing with mine or your mamma's—every bite we got we had to work for, and work hard, too. And now, when you've got nothing to do but curl your hair and drive out in a carriage like princesses, you aren't satisfied, and nothing 'll serve you but to leave your parents' house and go among strangers that you've never seen.'

The sting sharper than a serpent's tooth had pierced Mr Lorimer's most vulnerable part. It is an exceedingly bitter moment to any father who has striven without sparing himself when he realises that by reason of that very labour undertaken on their behalf his children have outgrown him. Mr Lorimer was secretly proud of his two pretty daughters. Kitty, who was blest with a brighter and more sympathetic nature, had won the larger share of her father's affections by taking pains to conciliate him, and by showing him those little attentions that it is a daughter's privilege to pay a parent; but since leaving boarding-school Lucie had never tried to please her father, and her petty airs of superiority had frequently annoyed him. It was as though he had been expending capital on the education of a critic, who, thenceforward sharing his domestic hearth, would take silent notes of all his shortcomings.

'Tired of New Zealand—is she? Says she meets the same people again and again,' growled Mr Lorimer, in response to a blundering but admirably intentioned remark from his spouse. 'Pretty reasons for a girl of twenty to give. Lucie's been too well off all her life—that's what's the matter with her. You take my word for it, she wouldn't be a bit more contented in England. If she can make up her mind to settle down here for a year or two like a sensible girl, we'll see about taking her home; but not till then.'

Mr Peter Lorimer had issued his ultimatum. Lucie, her hopes shattered, retired to the morning-room, there to pore gloomily over the ashes of the fire, commiserating herself that her parting with Challoner must be final.

However, Mr Lorimer's ultimatum, like that of many another potentate, proved to be inconclusive.

At an early hour in the morning, Lucie, who had tossed sleeplessly till long after midnight, was aroused by the appearance of her mother's figure framed in the narrow doorway. The light of the dawn stealing through the venetian-blinds revealed her ample proportions shrouded discreetly in a scarlet flannel dressing-gown. Her face, which was encircled by a frilled night-cap, wore a reassuring smile.

'Your pa has given in, my dear. I thought you'd like to know. He was quite set against your going till I told him about Mrs Levison and Edith, and that was enough. He won't let the Levisons be before him in anything, since Levison cheated him out of that property at Onehunga.'

Lucie had started up in bed, flushing with pleasure. 'Then I can begin preparing at once. There's nothing to delay for now.'

'There's only one thing that may be a difficulty,' Mrs Lorimer admitted reluctantly. 'Pa says that before he gives his consent we must find an elderly lady who will be willing to chaperon you all the way. He says there's so much foolishness and flirting goes on on long voyages that he won't let you set foot on board ship without somebody to look after you.'

'Well, father might just as well have said "No" right out. Surely I'm not a child that I need to be tied to anybody's apron-strings all the way,' cried Lucie fiercely, lying down again, and turning her face to the wall. 'I see it's no good. I'll just make up my mind to stay at home.'

But the morning post, that ministering angel of modern days, brought unexpected tidings of a possible chaperon; a duenna, too, of such irreproachable standing that not even the captious Mr Lorimer could raise any feasible objection against her fitness to act the part of moral policeman to his child.

A black-bordered missive from Miss Santhem announced that by the recent demise of a great-aunt residing in Shropshire the writer had inherited a small legacy, and that, with the view of wresting it from the hands of the lawyers, who, she was convinced, were already conspiring to swindle her, Miss Santhem proposed leaving her antipodean home to the care of her niece, and sailing for England early in February.

Under any other circumstances Lucie would have scorned the idea of accepting the services of Miss Santhem as sheep-dog; but in the face of Mr Lorimer's obduracy she realised that she must either endure the guardianship of a woman she destested or reconcile herself to remaining at home. Just now Lucie's whole heart was determined upon arranging matters so that she might journey Britainwards on the ship that carried Challoner. What experiences awaited her at the close of the voyage she did not trouble herself to anticipate. Her visions of the future were bounded by dreams of the weeks at sea, wherein from morning to nightfall they need never be apart.

The matter of an escort was soon settled. Miss Santhem readily promised Lucie the benefit of her advice and protection throughout the voyage, and as equivalent was graciously pleased to allow Mr Lorimer the privilege of paying a sum beyond the customary fare, in order to secure a cabin for her own and Lucie's exclusive use.

The mail that two days later left Auckland for London *vid* San Francisco carried a long letter from Mr Peter Lorimer to his brother, Mr Andrew Lorimer, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.,

wherein he stated that Lucie would sail for London in the *Omega* if he sent a cablegram to the effect that a visit from her would meet his approval. The epistle added that, as Lucie's stay in England would probably extend over several months, and as her parents desired her to see as much as possible during her holiday, she would bring with her a bank-draft for four hundred pounds, the bulk of which sum the writer trusted her uncle would take care of and administer for her use.

The sunshine having returned with Lucie's smiles, the hobbledehoy coachman in the voluminous hat and short coat straightway drove the ladies into town to open a siege of costumiers and milliners that was raised only when Lucie's three large trunks and her hat-box were finally locked and strapped ready to be despatched to the wharf.

During the fortnight that elapsed before Lieutenant Challoner sailed for Sydney, where he had promised a flying visit to a cousin who was on the Governor's staff, his attentions to Miss Lucie had increased. Both the girls had been invited to tea on the *Akarana*, and his hansom had frequently tarried by the white gate. With his departure Lucie felt as though her interest in New Zealand had completely vanished.

Certain little festivities had been given in her honour; but, to speak truthfully, they bored the capricious maiden, who, feeling that her real life was fated to begin when she saw her native shores fade into the distance, was eager to blot out the days that intervened before the attainment of her heart's desire.

. . . . . .

The autumn evening was closing in as the *Rapuera* backed ponderously from the wharf whereon the stay-at-home members of the Lorimer family, attended by the Angel and David Straight, stood waving farewells to the departing Lucie, who, clad in the nattiest of travelling costumes, leant over the rail waving in return.

'I do wish mother wouldn't cry so,' she said inwardly, noticing that Mrs Lorimer, in the grief incident upon parting with her first-born, had abandoned all effort at retaining her composure, and, having in her agitation failed to find her pocket to get out her handkerchief, was openly wiping her eyes with the long ends of her bonnet-strings. 'It's so unbecoming. She looks so plain when her eyes are red and her face blotchy; besides, it's unkind to me to make a fuss.' But even while she grumbled, Lucie felt ashamed that she had so little compunction at leaving her kindred for so long a period.

Straight, who had drawn a little apart, stood silent, making no demonstration of sorrow.

Tommy Tresscott, who came up at the last moment, had seized the opportunity, while the captain of the *Rapuera* awaited the arrival of the ship's papers, without which she could not sail, of springing on board to utter a few expressions of goodwill. But Lucie remembered afterwards that just as the gangway was being withdrawn he had lingered to say, in that shamefaced fashion wherein any mortal who is not a hypocrite tenders good advice: 'I say—I wish you'd look out for Pockets. He's—he's such a fellow to flirt—don't you know?'

Lucie scarcely noticed the words at the time. Later, the significance of the honest sailor's warning became evident to her.

The last moments, during which the distance between the steamer and the quay slowly widened, seemed, as is the nature of such moments, intolerably long.

For the third time Mr Lorimer impressed upon his daughter the advisability of at once giving her valuables into the purser's custody. Mrs Lorimer had thrown to the winds an incoherent remark connecting chills and flannels. Tresscott had made Kitty smile through her tears by affecting to wipe imaginary moisture from the Angel's eyes with his long, drooping ears.

The *Rapuera* curved slowly out, then gaining impetus with the steady pulsations of her engines, swiftly encompassed the North Head on her way towards the open Pacific. Lucie's heart said 'Quicker, quicker,' as they steamed past triple-crowned Rangitoto, and she thrilled with the knowledge that her old life was left behind, and that freedom and adventure lay before her.

A fresh breeze was rising, and the passengers wore the dejected aspect common to those dominated by the foreboding that their troubles are about to begin.

Miss Santhem, in a travelling-robe of the most uncompromising cut, had screamed disjointed instructions respecting household arrangements and economies to her meek niece as long as the wharf remained within hailing distance. Then, seating herself stiffly upright in her ascetic deck-chair, she produced a knitting-bag and inaugurated that intricate process known as 'casting on' a black worsted stocking presumably destined to clothe one of her virgin limbs.

Lingering on deck after dinner watching the lights of the Little Barrier sink into the distance, Lucie felt the first stirrings of her immature soul. Something, she knew not what, began to strive within her. Nothing in her heedless, indulged life had awakened her latent emotions. The foolish fancy for Challoner was the nearest approach to unselfish feeling she had yet experienced.

Sitting under the stars, with the waters of the greatest ocean in the world surging and throbbing around her, Lucie let Miss Santhem's strictures on their fellow-passengers pass unheeded. Her thoughts were busy with the existence she had been so eager to relinquish. Some portent, a shadow of the events that lay before her, cast a gloom over her communings, for even the certainty that Challoner would be awaiting her arrival in

Sydney, and the knowledge that he had taken passage for London in the same liner as herself, failed to enliven her musings.

Of her father and mother Lucie thought almost tenderly. After all, they had acted according to their lights. Their only failings had been on the side of over-indulgence. And Kitty had ever been a staunch comrade. To David Straight, she remembered with faint regret, she had forgotten even to bid farewell. For a moment the memory of the tear-stained faces she had left behind bedewed her own eyes. When she returned all would be different, she promised herself. She would take pains to conciliate her father, to humour his likings; no longer self-engrossed, she would be gentler, less exacting with her mother, more thoughtful and affectionate.

'He can't possibly be her husband,' Miss Santhem's voice, sunk to a low monotone, broke harshly upon her reverie. 'Lucie, do you hear? I've been watching them all evening. They're down on the passenger list as Mr and Mrs W. P. Jones; but I'm sure they're not married. He's far too attentive to be her husband!'

FRAUDS WITH GILDED COINS.

PROBABLY no coin was ever so fruitful in the production of crime as the unfortunate 'Jubilee' sixpence during the short time it was in circulation. The designs on both sides of it were, as our readers will remember, fac-similes of those on the half-sovereign of the same issue, with the slight exception that on the reverse of the sixpence a garter encircled the coat-of-arms. That similarity led to the coins being called in as soon as the fact was brought to the notice of the Mint authorities, but not before great numbers had been gilded and passed for their golden twin. *Punch*, the ever-faithful recorder of current events, published the following lines on the subject, with an appropriate illustration:

A silver coin, upon the ground,
William Sikes one morning found.
'Oh!' he cried, elate with glee,
'What a slice of luck for me!
This here Joey, as I live,
I will pass for half a "skiv."'
So he did; but, being caught
By a bobby, he was brought
To the bar of justice rude.
Fourteen years of servitude
Sikes will have to undergo
'Cause he found that little 'Joe.'
And this thought the fancy strikes—
'What a slice of luck for Sikes!'

To such an extent was the practice carried that a powder was sold in the streets which, on being rubbed on the sixpences, gave them the appearance of gold; and although the police did all they could to put a stop to this illicit trafficking, endless frauds were perpetrated through its agency, the silver coins themselves finding ready buyers at three-and-sixpence each. The imposition spread even to South Africa, where a man named Henry White was sentenced to two months' hard labour for palming them off on the natives of Pretoria. Of course, a large number of these sixpences have never found their way back to the Mint, nor ever will, being retained by their possessors as curios, or with the object of disposing of them to collectors at a price far in excess of their intrinsic value.

One case of gilding two of the five-shilling pieces and passing them for five-pound pieces came into the police courts in December 1887. Owing to another lamentable error, the inscription and design both on the obverse and reverse of the two coins is identical, the only difference being that the figures of St George and the Dragon are very slightly smaller on the gold one. Both, too, had originally milled edges; but now the crown-piece bears around its smooth edge in sharp relief the old legend, *Decus et Tutamen Anno Regni*, with the year of the reign in which it is minted in Roman numerals—which legend was first used in the reign of Charles II., and then appeared for the first time upon a Victorian piece of money.

It was hoped that with the issue of a new coinage there would be an end of all this; but in the hurry of business, especially to those not blessed with good eyesight, there still lurks considerable danger of being cheated and outwitted by the unscrupulous. The commonest form is gilding the shilling to look like a sovereign; the majority of the victims are small tradespeople, principally tobacconists. At one time so widely was the deception practised in Cambridgeshire that a general police notice was issued; yet, in spite of that, the imposture continued to flourish.

It has been urged over and over again that the value should be clearly denoted on all gold coins, as well as on the silver; but the suggestion has always been pooh-poohed on the ground that numismatists hold that a perfect coin should have no value marked on it. It is true that the shilling has the Royal Arms on its reverse, and the sovereign the St George and Dragon; but, in the interests of the unlearned, who do not even notice the different size of the two coins, why not sacrifice the caprices of a few faddists and collectors to the stern requirements of everyday life, by causing to be impressed on the latter the words 'one sovereign,' like those

turned out by the Australian Mint? Another, and perhaps better, idea is that coins of nearly the same size but of different values should be of different shapes; for example, one round, and the other octagonal.

The farthing of 1896 was also employed as a swindling medium, and in all its nakedness. Many instances were communicated to our dailies by victims. In one a rate-collector stated that they were frequently tendered to him as gold pieces, especially in the dark and foggy days of winter; in another a man had two given to him as half-sovereigns among other change for a five-pound note, and did not notice the fact till—in the innocence of his heart, as he expressed it—he offered one in payment at a newspaper office next morning.

Thomas James, a seaman with no fixed abode, was charged at Worship Street with having stolen ten shillings worth of postage-stamps, the property of the Postmaster-General, by means of a trick. It was proved that the prisoner went to a post-office in Whitechapel, and was served, as he asked, with ten shillings worth of stamps. He put down a bright farthing, and hurriedly left; but the clerk gave the alarm, and the prisoner was pursued and caught. It was stated that exactly a similar trick was perpetrated three days before at the Charing Cross branch post-office, and the prisoner was identified as the man. He entered the office without a cap, giving the idea that he came from a neighbouring shop; and, having got the stamps and thrown down a bright farthing, he ran out. There was no doubt that he had also defrauded another branch post-office by getting ten shillings worth of post-cards; but he could not be clearly identified.

Owing to the resemblance between the bright farthing and a half-sovereign, the Mint in 1897 issued a new farthing, dull and dark in appearance, which cannot be passed off as gold.

The following letters were sent to the editor of the *Standard* in February 1897:—

Mr Robt. J. Gaiger, manager, Prescott, Dimsdale, Cave, Tugwell, & Co. (Limited), wrote: 'In the *Standard* I see that a discussion took place in the House of Commons with regard to the similarity between half-sovereigns and farthings. During the last few months I know of four distinct cases of a new farthing having been taken for a half-sovereign, the persons who took them in each case being, of course, the losers. In two cases, quite recently, I have had new farthings paid into the bank with other gold as half-sovereigns, quite unknown to the clients who paid them in until it was pointed out to them. The Chancellor of the Exchequer informed Mr Schwann that no recent case of farthings having been taken for half-sovereigns had been brought to the knowledge of the Mint; therefore I send you the above for their information, all being recent cases, and having occurred in one small town alone.'

A 'Bank Manager' also wrote: 'On turning to our "Cash Loss Account," I find two instances last year where we took across the counter farthings for half-sovereigns, and I know that several others were refused. Under the electric light, if they happen to come Queen's-head up, they are quite difficult to pick out. I look upon the sameness as a constant source of danger.'

While on the subject of our latest coinage, we would refer to the recent omission from the bronze coins of the little ship and lighthouse which have for about one hundred and thirty years served to commemorate Smeaton's grand achievement of completing the Eddystone Lighthouse. Many ancient coins preserve delineations of some of the most beautiful edifices of antiquity not existing now even in their ruins. Edward the Elder had Saxon buildings on the reverse of several of his coins, and on one of Athelstan's is a building intended for York Minster. Some perpetuate historic events, among which there is none prettier than the milkmaid sitting under her cow represented on the dollars, stivers, &c. coined at the town of Dordrecht, in Holland. The occasion was as follows: 'In the noble struggle of the United Provinces for their liberties, the Spaniards detached a body from the main army, with the view of surprising Dordrecht. Certain milkmaids perceived, as they were going milking, some soldiers concealed under the hedges. They had the presence of mind to pursue their occupation without any symptoms of alarm. On their return home they informed their master, a wealthy farmer, of what they had seen. He in turn gave information to the Burgomaster, and the sluices were opened and the water let loose, by which a great number of the Spaniards were drowned and the expedition defeated.'

The gilding of inferior coins is no new crime. A statute was passed in the reign of William the Fourth enacting that any person found guilty of so doing should be liable to transportation for life or any term not less than seven years, or to imprisonment for any term not exceeding four years; but the fraud was known more than a century earlier, for Dryden, in the dedication to the Earl of Dorset of his translation of the Satires of Juvenal, published in 1702, when eulogising that nobleman's writings as being distinguishable from inferior authors, says: 'A shilling dipt in the *Bath* may go for Gold amongst the Ignorant; but the scepters on the Guineas shew the difference.' To 'the ignorant' he might have added 'the careless,' for to accept a farthing, with its unmilled edge, greater diameter, characteristic reverse, and the word 'Farthing' round the head of the figure Britannia, for a half-sovereign betokens a want of very ordinary caution.

CARMELITA: A TALE OF PERU.

PART II.

IN my eyes the one defect that my friend possessed was her tendency to become a blue-stocking. In Lima she had been educated in a convent school for three years, and on her return even her own people were amazed at her accomplishments. Reading, geography, beautiful writing, and embroidery, besides playing and singing, had she learned in those three years. Now, in addition, she had mastered a foreign language, and for the first time in my life I felt jealous. Standing in the moonlight at the side of a blonde Saxon, Rosita tore the petals of one rose after another apart, and threw them to the ground. The man was a stranger to me, but not to my friend. She was in a listening attitude, and he was speaking rapidly.

I watched them for a while, then strained my ears to catch a few sentences of their all-absorbing conversation. Unnoticed I drew nearer; but as their words grew clearer, to my utter chagrin I could not understand a syllable. They were talking in German. Carl Rufer was a native of Hamburg. He had gone out to the rich country of Peru, dreaming of rapidly making a fortune, whether in gold-mining or on the guano isles he cared not. He had been fortunate as well as industrious, and before long the silver which he invested turned to gold. He was rich, and he was single. At the time we met he was on a visit to Rosita's father, from whom he sought advice as to the merits of a plantation which was offered for sale, and which he proposed to buy.

Doubtless Señor de Pronto received the young German with great warmth. The fact that he himself possessed a pretty and marriageable daughter formed an additional motive for urging his guest to prolong his visit for a few weeks. However that may be, Rosita was not in love; but I was. Never before had I met a man who had power over me against my will. Physically I admired Carl Rufer; but besides and beyond was something that seemed to magnetise me. I watched him, listened to him, agreed with his opinions, and was fascinated by his whole bearing. He spoke fluent Spanish, and later in the evening, when Rosita left him and he talked to me, I felt my own inferiority, and was miserable. If he spoke of daily topics or of what was going on in the world, I understood as little as though he talked Hebrew. With tact he turned the conversation and introduced plays and spoke of the opera. He asked my preference for well-known singers of whose names I had not even heard, for novelists whose works are immortal, and I stood before him incapable of giving a reply, feeling myself outside the pale of civilisation, knowing nothing more than an Indian.

Tears of mortification filled my eyes. Nature was bound to assert itself and provide help—for I felt that either I must cry or tell him the truth. How well I remember that evening! We were slowly walking about in the garden, and by chance were almost alone. The moon was at its full, brilliant and light as noonday.

Suddenly turning, and without warning, I cried, 'Señor, you would not have wasted half-an-hour talking to me had you known that everything you said was as unintelligible as Greek to me. Wait; let me tell you and denounce myself. I know nothing, can do nothing, and am on that account the unhappiest girl in the world.'

He looked wonderingly at me, as though he failed to understand the torrent of self-abuse with which I overwhelmed myself.

'It is all true, señor,' I continued; and then I told him how I had misspent my young life.

Gravely and patiently he listened. When, after my confession, I paused, expecting to see him shrug his shoulders in disgust, I saw his eyes only filled with pity.

'Don't despair, señorita,' he said gently; 'it is never too late to mend. No one has found the key-note to your character before, and made you feel the desire for knowledge and of being in touch with the balance of the world. If we only knew what happened personally to ourselves, we should indeed live in narrow surroundings. You have neglected yourself; but to-day you realise it, and to-morrow you will take the first steps to recover lost ground. Let me help you. I am the guest of Señor de Pronto, and shall be here for a few weeks. You are your own mistress practically; let me give you lessons every day. You will learn readily, and by the time I leave you can work by yourself or with your friend.'

Breathless I listened to the proposition. What unselfishness, perfect self-abnegation, on the part of my hero! Every moment he seemed to rise in my estimation. I readily, almost greedily, accepted his offer, and before I left next day I had received my first lesson in mastering the alphabet and in forming letters on paper.

In the solitude of my bedroom I practised what I had learned; but the compact we had made I kept a profound secret, lest my mother should veto the scheme. Almost every day I met my teacher. Sometimes I rode to the Prontos' house; sometimes we met half-way. My progress was rapid, for I was in earnest and determined to make the most of my opportunity. I strove to hide my delight at seeing him, and

to confine myself to the details of my lessons; but it was the hardest task of all to dissemble, to avoid looking into those clear gray eyes lest I should betray myself, to bow when we met for fear that he should notice the tremor of my hand.

When at last he told me that he must leave in a few days for his new home, I resolved that he should never know the agony which filled my soul. I dared to show mere indifference.

On my return home my mother asked me to come to her room for a long chat. I felt intuitively that the moment I dreaded had arrived, and that I should learn the result of her many consultations. I followed her with a quaking heart, curious though fearful.

'Carmelita, little one,' she began in a tender voice, 'you are very dear to me. I am not, it is true, your real mother; but I have tried to replace her, and have failed. Don't interrupt me, Carmelita, but listen. In my love for you I have neglected your welfare.'

'No, no, mamita,' I cried.

She held up her hand to command silence, and proceeded. 'I repeat that I have neglected you. I have not done my duty by you, or you would not have grown up the wild-flower you are. You are no longer a child; you are a woman, and must think as such. You are nearly sixteen years old, an age most suitable for marriage.'

She paused a moment, and involuntarily my thoughts rushed back to Carl Rufer, and at the same time I wondered whether my mother had found another Don Pedro for me, and had made real arrangements for transferring me from her own care to his. I was not long left in ignorance, for she resumed the conversation.

'It is undeniable that you are unqualified to take a position to which by birth you are entitled. Your mother was an accomplished lady, and it would have been her ambition, had she lived, to make you the same. You have refused all instruction, and been deaf to my entreaties'—'Was Rosita, then, right in her surmises?' I thought—'and I have weakly allowed you to grow up in your own way. I clearly see my fault, and trusting no longer to my own judgment, I have sought counsel from the *pádre*, who loves you dearly. He has shown me my duty, and I must follow his directions. How hard it will be for me, my Carmelita, you cannot know; but I must give you up, I must renounce you for a while, and place you under the care of others firmer and wiser than myself. You are to go to Iquiqui to the convent for two years, and learn what holy and educated women can teach you; and if after that time you desire to remain still longer to pursue your studies I will deny myself for another year. After that time I shall expect you to return, marry, and take your place in society.'

My mother had spoken! The fiat had gone forth!

She looked at me inquiringly, evidently expecting an outburst on my part. To her astonishment, there was none—neither tears nor opposition.

'When am I to go?' was all I asked.

'In one week from to-day,' she replied; 'but, Carmelita, you ask me nothing. You are not angry, dear?' she said anxiously. 'It is for your own good.'

'Doubtless,' I answered, compressing my lips, anxious to let no remark escape me.

'Look forward brightly, Carmelita. Two years will quickly pass, and you will in after-life see that I have done right. Now go, sweet one, for I have much to think of for you.'

She dismissed me with a caress, doubtless glad to have escaped the scene which she imagined I should make. In the solitude of my room I threw myself upon my knees in despair. The thought of being immured behind the walls of a convent, my whole life ruled by the hours of a clock; to have no will—not even a wish—of my own; to learn, and have to learn, whatever the nuns chose to teach me, drove me frantic. I battled with myself, trying to think. I could not: I felt helpless before a terrible misfortune. Tears would not come; but great sobs shook my frame. Weary and exhausted with emotion, I went to bed, wishing that I could sleep for ever.

On the following morning I saddled my horse and rode off to the Prontos' house. I spent some time with Rosita, and gained her fullest sympathy; but, after all, she said that she thought my mother was right. She tried to comfort me, and bade me look forward to my future position.

As we talked Carl Rufer entered the room. My pale face and hollow eyes told their own tale of trouble. Rosita left us with the books spread out on the table; but lessons were impossible for me that day. I needed comfort for the heart, not food for the mind.

Directly we were alone Carl laid his hand over mine, saying, 'Something has happened; you are in trouble.'

The floodgates of my heart seemed to open at these words; and, laying my head down upon my arms, I sobbed convulsively. He left me thus for a few minutes, then firmly and quietly begged me to control myself. At the sound of his voice I was soothed; I seemed to have found a helper in my need. He listened in silence to my recital of what was to befall me, but his hand never relaxed its grasp of mine.

'Carmelita,' he said, using my name for the first time, 'what you tell me must never be. Your mother is a noble woman, and means well; but nevertheless she is mistaken in her intentions and aims concerning you. Had she sent you away four years ago it would have been well; now it is too late. As a child you would have been happy at the convent; but she forgets that now you are a woman. To seclude you now would be nothing less than imprisonment, and, with your warm, impulsive temperament, you would pine away.'

As I listened to these words, it seemed as though but one person in the world understood me. I could have fallen at his feet and worshipped him.

'I have much to say to-day, Carmelita, and you much to hear. You have no need to bury yourself in a convent. Let me continue to be your teacher. I love you dearly, Carmelita, and want you for my wife. Say but one word, and I vow that you shall never enter the walls of Iquiqui. Sweetheart, answer. Can you love me?'

Love him! I felt delirious—mad with joy. Were those real words I listened to, or should I awaken in my bed at home and realise that I had been dreaming? My doubts were rapidly dispelled, for an arm encircled my waist, and I felt with a delicious thrill a pair of lips meet my own. In the same breath that I confessed my love for him I told Carl that my mother would never sanction our marriage.

'She is ambitious beyond belief. There is no one high enough or with a sufficiently long lineage to satisfy her. Above all, supposing even that she liked you personally, you are a German, and she hates all foreigners. Were a prince to offer himself, and he was not a Spaniard, she would refuse.'

Carl's face darkened. His jaws had a square and determined look, and an expression came over his features which I had never seen before.

'Carmelita,' he began, 'listen attentively to every word I say. I love you devotedly, and offer you all I possess. You may be untutored and ignorant of the world; but your heart is golden, and you would make me the happiest man on earth. As my wife I would undertake your education. Little by little all difficulties would be overcome, all deficiencies supplied, and there would be neither banishment nor sorrow involved. Can you sufficiently love and trust me to give up all the grand prospects your mother has in store for you in exchange for what I can offer?'

He waited for my answer, which evidently satisfied him, for he went on to say, 'I must see Señora de Blanca to-morrow, and formally ask for her consent. I will never give you up now.'

I clung to my lover in fear.

'No, no, Carl; she must not know. I should be lost to you for ever. She would sooner make me take the veil than give me to a hated foreigner.'

'With or without her consent I shall marry you, Carmelita. I hate underhand ways; but after what you tell me, there appears to be no option but to take the matter into our own hands. You must fly with me, and we will be married at once by the nearest priest. I will arrange everything, and from the church I will take you to my home. The plantation close to Lima, of which I told you, is now mine, and the house is ready for its mistress. Your mother will naturally be angry at being thwarted; but once we are married she will bow to the inevitable, and forgive you. She loves you too well to be long angry with you.'

My mind was in a state of chaos. Sorrow at the thought of my mother's anger, hatred for the banishment which was in store for me, and dread at the prospect of losing the man I loved caused a perfect tumult in my heart. What to do I knew not. I returned home without having made any promise, but I realised that I must decide before we met on the morrow. I passed a sleepless night in conflict; but as the sun rose my resolve was formed—love had conquered.

It was no unusual thing for me to spend a couple of days with Rosita, so the first difficulty of my flight was overcome. Within forty-eight hours after receiving the proposal from Carl I met him, not at my friend's house, but on strange ground. The one day which had elapsed was sufficient for completion of his arrangement with a priest, whose professed scruples at being involved in a secret marriage were easily overcome by the liberal sum which Carl left behind him.

Scarcely realising that I was one of the chief actors in the drama, I entered the church; half-an-hour later I left it with my husband. I was a married woman! We hurried north in order to reach our home as quickly as might be; but before doing so I wrote to my mother, telling her everything, and imploring her forgiveness. That letter she never answered. Again and again I renewed my attempts at reconciliation. It was all in vain; my letters were returned without comment. I was dead indeed; she had swept me from her heart.

DUTIES AND DANGERS OF THE DRUG DISPENSER.

ORE than one comic artist has portrayed a chemist carefully weighing out some deadly poison, and being censured by the purchaser, who has misconstrued his precision as stinginess; but such ridicule is not calculated to make the dispenser of drugs one whit less cautious. He knows the necessity for accuracy, and also what may be the consequence of the neglect of the necessary precautions. He is not likely to yield to appeals of 'Oh, don't stop to label it. Give it to me just as it is. I've got to catch a train. I'll mark it "Poison" when I get home; you needn't do it.' The pharmacist, although anxious to oblige, and perhaps in some cases just a shade too subservient owing to the close competition of the present day, is not usually disposed to risk the chance of a coroner's inquest for the sake of saving ten seconds.

In large and well-ordered chemists' shops,

where sufficient hands are employed to meet pressure, and where the dispensing department is screened off from public view, purchasers are not likely to be demonstrative. In many places it is still the case, however, that there is one working-day in the week on which a chemist may expect a far greater number of customers than on any other: in country towns it is the market-day; in the poorer districts it is almost invariably the Saturday, when wages have been received. It is then that the short-handed pharmacist finds it is as much as he can do to accommodate his customers, and it is then that he is frequently asked to stretch a point; but usually appeals to a drug dispenser to save time by foregoing some necessary marking and labelling are totally disregarded, and very properly so. His enforced study of the poison regulations of the Pharmacy Act has made him well aware of the necessity for observing them in the face of importunity and at the risk of loss of custom.

The man whose peace and property are disturbed by the incursion of some destructive rodent may think it hard that he cannot walk into the first chemist's shop and obtain without further preliminary the most deadly poison available for the purpose of destroying the obnoxious vermin; and he sometimes gets angry when respectfully told that, as he is a stranger, he cannot be supplied with what he requires without an introduction by some one personally known to the vendor. If an impatient being, perhaps he will walk out of the shop, muttering that if that chemist won't serve him with what he wants for his money he will go to another who will; and he is surprised to find that the next pharmacist applied to is of necessity equally obdurate about supplying a deadly poison to any one totally unknown to him, and who is not provided with a doctor's order for the article. If the counter-man always supplied the article demanded without inquiry as to the intended use, serious results would often occur. For example, bicarbonate of potash is much in favour as a specific for rheumatism; but not infrequently a would-be purchaser will, in mistake, ask for bichromate of potash. The peculiar local names often given to drugs are at times puzzling to the chemist who is a stranger in the district. When asked for 'oil of bricks' or 'oil of swallows' he is at a loss to know what is wanted, though he has elsewhere supplied the desired article under a different name.

No! Methodical precautions must be observed. When engaged in dispensing, the careful man gives more than a passing glance at the label of each bottle as he uses it. Seldom does he take down more than one at a time, as he ordinarily prefers to do the reaching labour twice over rather than run the risk of pouring from the wrong bottle. Usually he has been carefully trained to this. A regulation very strictly enforced in many pharmaceutical establishments is, that no two bottles must be taken for dispensing purposes out of their regular place at the same time unless it be absolutely necessary.

Zealous novices might be disposed to smell or even taste the contents of bottles. To do the latter would sometimes be to court suicide. Nevertheless, judging by the letters some chemists receive, it would almost appear as if this were expected of them. A pharmacist once expressed his opinion to the writer that such was the case. He based it on the advice contained in the following note:

'SIR,—Your prussic acid is no good. I poured the whole ounce bottle down a terrier's throat with no effect, except that he rather seemed to like it. I recommend you to try and examine what you have left of it.'

It turned out that the fault lay with the manufacturers, who, by using an imperfect stopper in their vessel, had caused such exposure of the acid to the air as to deprive it of the proper strength; but the retailer seemed decidedly of opinion that his customer inferred in his note that he had better taste the poison for himself. In the bigoted, unenlightened ages, when women were tried for sorcery and plunged into water, they had the consolation that if they failed to float they would not be considered guilty of witchcraft. The pharmacist, however, did not on this occasion consider that it would be satisfactory were he to prove that his prussic acid was efficacious by dying from the effects of a dose of it. Smelling, too, would often be risky. Let the sceptic venture upon a vigorous sniff of the contents of a large bottle of strong liquid ammonia, and if it does not floor him or send him reeling he will prove that he is not constituted as is the average man.

It is the exception to meet with a chemist who does not make every effort in his power to keep his poisons apart from his non-dangerous stock. It becomes a second nature to do this, even though he be much restricted for space. Those who deal in drugs and chemicals have to exercise care as to the position they occupy, not only because inadvertence may result in explosion and spontaneous combustion, but also to ensure the proper preservation of their properties, which may otherwise be seriously damaged by proximity. Camphor, for instance, will discolour and impregnate with its odour many other vegetable products if placed in close contact with them, and some oils are spoilt in a few hours if exposed to some powerful perfume, as the scent of the latter becomes permanently retained by them.

An admirable precautionary measure adopted in some dispensing establishments—with a view to convenience and safety, thereby diminishing the chance of accident and overdose—is the use of bottles having a neck made in a screw form, so that the outpour is limited to a minute quantity at a time.

Not only has a dispenser of poisons to observe strict regulations touching the sale of those to be taken internally; for since 31st January 1899 there has been a Privy Council enactment in force that poisonous liniments must be sent out in bottles of such form as to be distinguishable by touch from ordinary medicine-bottles. This regulation is of obvious benefit as a safeguard. A patient with medicine-bottles at his elbow is thereby guarded in a dim light or even in darkness from drinking the contents of the liniment-bottle by mistake—a catastrophe that has often occurred with fatal result.

The dangers connected with the trade of the retail chemist and druggist are more numerous than are generally imagined. Loss of life or serious bodily injury as well as loss of property may ensue from the placing of some inflammable article too near an exposed light. Many a destructive fire has occurred through the escaping of the vapour from an imperfectly stoppered bottle of ether left inadvertently too near a gas-jet. Defective stoppers and bad corks are the bane of drug dispensers. Whether hurried by importunate customers or in the event of an accident occurring, it behoves a pharmacist to keep his head. Nevertheless, that man must have his nerves well under control who can keep quite cool when something catches fire close to him, and he knows that he is surrounded by inflammable articles. Many in such circumstances get totally confused for the moment. For instance, a chemist was rashly heating a preparation in a pan on an open fire in his back-shop. As he took it off he tilted the pan by accident, and the contents ignited. Doubt it who will, it is a fact that the man, in his anxiety to keep the flames from spreading, tried to sit in the pan, and thereby burnt himself severely. However, this happened in the middle of the last century. Doubtless the experiences of later years, which have brought improved apparatus to the pharmacist, have also inculcated lessons of prudence.

Phosphorus is sometimes a cause of injury to chemists as well as to match-makers. A chemist who was chopping up some phosphorus noticed that a small chip had jumped up and disappeared. Shortly afterwards he felt a burning pain in his arm; and examination showed that the missing piece of phosphorus had got up his coat-sleeve and burnt a hole through to his skin, badly blistering his arm.

There are some medical preparations which have a tendency to expansion under various circumstances; and no vessel used to contain a portion of one of these should be filled full and fastened down tightly, or it may burst with disastrous consequences. Damage may also be sustained from the contents of a bottle broken by accident. Only those who have had experience of pharmacy know how necessary it is to submit bottles and jars to a searching examination before filling them. Thus a novice might cause loss to his employer by putting a quantity of an article into a bottle which is not strong enough to bear the weight. It must be remembered that the pharmacist sells many things much heavier than water.

In a large dispensary a prescription not infrequently passes through half-a-dozen hands, so elaborate is the check, entry, and execution system. The dispenser also acts as a check on the medical practitioner. Some people erroneously believe that a prescription cannot be altered without the consent of the doctor who wrote it, even though the dispenser may detect an error. This is not the case. Every effort is ordinarily made to communicate with the doctor; but if he cannot be got at betimes, a skilled dispenser will on occasion take the responsibility of correcting a palpable slip, subsequently informing the medical man that he has done so. Fortunately for all concerned, slips are more the exception than the rule.

The public would be far less apprehensive of mistakes were the fact more generally known that prescriptions, although enigmatical to those unversed in pharmacy, are with few exceptions quite plain to the skilled dispenser. Certainly he sees trouble ahead when he receives a prescription containing some new therapeutic agent just introduced to the medical fraternity, accompanied by an intimation that it is wanted to be made up immediately. The difficulty does not ordinarily lie in the comprehension of what is required, but in obtaining the drug at such short notice. The doctor who prescribed it may have seen some panegyric of its efficacy in the *Lancet* or the *British Medical Journal*, and included it without consideration of the chemist's difficulty. So numerous, and frequently only short-lived, are the new remedies introduced, that the pharmacist must of necessity stock them only in very small quantities sufficient to meet his immediate requirements, as otherwise the preparations might lie on his shelves unused for years. There need be no apprehension that the trained dispenser will indulge in guesses at the meaning of the prescription he receives, though some people are extremely sceptical of that fact. How frequently does the recipient of medicine thus comment suspiciously and discontentedly: 'This bottle doesn't look a bit like the last I had; the colour is different, and the mixture looks much thicker. I expect that something different has been put into it. I shall not send there again.' Now, in nine cases out of ten, any material difference in the appearance of the mixture or compound is owing to natural causes. For instance, the appearance of many medicinal ingredients is materially affected by temperature. Several oils used in pharmacy congeal at a much higher temperature than the freezing-point of water, and present a very different appearance when the weather changes from warm to cold. Then, again, the difference between the

shades of foliage in early spring and in midsummer is apparent even to the casual observer; therefore many medicinal plants and herbs also vary in shade, and so to some extent will preparations made from them. Nor is the yield of the efficacious property from these plants and herbs uniform; so that in one case a larger amount must be dealt with to produce the desired result than in another. This is the case, for instance, in the preparation of belladonna liniment, so much in demand. The alkaloidal value of the root varies considerably, and so the resulting liniments vary very much in colour, although prepared strictly in accordance with the latest edition of the Pharmacopœia. A patient, therefore, should not jump to the conclusion that he is being supplied with articles of variable strength because of a lack of precise uniformity in shade of colour.

The recipient of the suspected potion or salve should certainly make an investigation, civilly, before finding fault with the compounder; and the compounder, if interrogated, should, in turn, be careful not to display any of that half-veiled supercilious contempt for the ignorance of his questioner which youthful pharmacists in particular are sometimes justly accused of manifesting. These men have had to exert themselves most strenuously to qualify. Reference to the columns of the *Pharmaceutical Journal* of 12th October 1901 affords evidence that at the commencement of that month, although one hundred and eighty-nine candidates presented themselves before the examiners in London for the 'Minor' examination, only forty-eight succeeded in passing, and thereby acquired the right to carry on the trade of a chemist and druggist or serve as a qualified assistant. The examination standard has been considerably raised. This has partly been caused by legislation, further regulations affecting the sale of poisons having been enacted; and no candidate displaying ignorance of the Poison Schedules can expect to be successful, however brilliantly he may figure in other respects. The safeguard of the public is the primary consideration of the Pharmacy Act, and for this they should be very grateful. Consequently, when candidates have come through the ordeal—perhaps after more than one unsuccessful attempt—some of the successful men, when they preside at the counter with new-blown honours fresh upon them, are not overburdened with modesty. However, time does wonders, and the pharmacist who seemed at first to have persuaded himself that he knew everything—or at any rate everything connected with his trade that was worth knowing—may find all too soon that he does not know enough to enable him to live and pay his way without close application to business and studied civility to customers.

To be fair to the chemist, it must be admitted that a wrongful accusation made through ignorance is rather irritating. Sometimes a lady customer will enter the shop with a grievance. She has seen a beautifying recipe in some journal for ladies, and has, with economical purpose, purchased the specified ingredients and endeavoured to compound them herself, with an unsatisfactory result. She will say, 'Really, Mr A., I am sure that some of the things you sold me were inferior in quality. I can't account for it otherwise. The stuff that I made from them won't do at all. Mrs B. showed me what she had made for her from the same recipe, and I tried it, and it answered beautifully. She gets her things from Mr C., and I thought that yours would be as good, if not better, as you have always told me that you kept the best qualities that you could get. I assure you, I feel very annoyed.' 'Madam,' replies the chemist, 'are you certain that you were correct in weighing your quantities?' 'Oh yes! I had this table of the apothecaries' weight before me. I cut it off the cover of my child's copy-book. It is printed on the outside of all her exercise-books.' The chemist groans inwardly, and then has to enter into explanations which are perhaps incredulously received. For, thanks to the persistency with which publishers *will* go on reprinting obsolete tables of weights, so that these get drummed into children's heads to no purpose, the world at large is not acquainted with the fact that the apothecaries' pound-weight of twelve ounces has been obsolete for many years, and that the avoirdupois ounce long adopted in pharmacy is not the equivalent of eight drachms of sixty grains each, but of four hundred and thirty-seven and a half grains only. Nor must he be surprised if the customer, after hearing what he has to say, asks him to take the unsuccessful composition off her hands, saying, 'It's no use to me, and you as a chemist must be able to do something with it; and if you make me a fair allowance, you may make up the right article for me.'

Some chemists certainly have been convicted of persuading those who have brought them prescriptions to allow them to substitute something for one of the specified ingredients with a view to lessening the cost of the mixture. One of them, known to the writer, some twenty years ago had a shop in a working-class centre. He said that the people who came to him with prescriptions could not afford to pay high prices, so when they were ordered a mixture containing some form of quinine, he always told them he had another 'bitter' which would do as well, and make the price less to them; and thereupon substituted quassia, which he could buy at the time for less than one-fiftieth of the price of the quinine. Still, even this man did not venture on substitution without some form of intimation; and those who are disposed to it know that they are liable to detection, censure, and perhaps prosecution.

The work of the Pharmaceutical Society of

Great Britain goes on steadily precluding the chances of any but experienced men retailing dangerous drugs and chemicals. It is true that under the Pharmacy Act prosecutions are not conducted against the qualified chemist who employs an unqualified assistant if mischief arise through leaving the latter in charge of the business. It is the assistant who is prosecuted; but the employer suffers in reputation, and can be sued in a civil court for damages caused by the act of his assistant.

The following extract from the *Pharmaceutical Journal* of 3rd May 1890 is of great importance. It is from a report of the judgment of Mr Justice Hawkins, on 29th April 1890, concerning an action brought under the Pharmacy Act to recover a penalty for the sale of a scheduled poison by an unqualified person: 'As regards the appeal made to us on behalf of the smaller chemists, we can only say that those who cannot afford to keep qualified assistants must, if they desire to absent themselves from their shops for greater or less periods of time, take such precautions as are within their power, either by locking up their poisons or by other means, to prevent any sale of them during their absence. It has been urged that it is hard to punish the servant for that which he has done in ignorance of the law and in the interests of his master. This, however, is no answer to the action; we have only to deal with the law as it exists. We need hardly say that if mischief arose by reason of a master negligently leaving an unqualified person in charge of his business, no punishment of the assistant under Section 15 of the Pharmacy Act would exonerate the master from his civil liability to any person injured; nor, if death ensued through such negligence that the jury found it to be of a criminal and culpable character, would he be exonerated from liability to a charge of manslaughter.'

Reference to the advertisements for assistants wanted inserted in pharmaceutical trade-journals affords evidence that at the present day there is an increased demand for qualified assistants. This is largely the outcome of further legal enactments for the protection of the public; and, since protective regulations have been enforced, it behoves the community to assist rather than hinder the drug dispenser in his endeavour to observe them carefully. He undoubtedly runs heavy risks and incurs serious responsibilities. He is to some extent a public benefactor. His skilled knowledge is indispensable, and yet it frequently does not fetch its fair market value. Close competition has brought things to such a pitch that all over the country there are hard-working chemists and druggists who have a struggle to live and maintain a respectable appearance; and it is to be hoped that their efforts to do so will excite the sympathy and consideration which they well deserve.

Meanwhile Government has been moving in the direction of further safeguarding the public. The Duke of Devonshire, as President of the Privy Council, has appointed a Departmental Committee called the Poisons Schedule Committee, of which Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., is chairman, to consider the first schedule appended to the Pharmacy Act, 1868, and to report to his Grace alterations therein which they may deem expedient; also to consider and report whether a third subdivision might not properly be added to the schedule containing poisons which, whether sold by pharmaceutical chemists or not, should be labelled or otherwise distinguished. The inquiry has special reference to the manner in which sheep and cattle medicines, weed-killers, and insect destroyers are now sold by persons other than pharmaceutical chemists, by the latter of whom alone, however, can they be legally retailed if they contain any of the scheduled poisons, as most of them do. Some of these poisonous agricultural drugs are now, it is alleged, dispensed by oilmen, seedsmen, and ironmongers in some country towns and villages, but always under some risk of prosecution. Many extremely dangerous substances, such as the mineral acids used in arts, have not yet been officially recognised as poisons, but it is now thought their distribution should be restricted as much as is possible without undue interference with trade. The greatest danger for criminal and suicidal purposes arises, as coroners point out, from the ease and readiness with which certain poisons can still be procured in the open shops of tradesmen who are not chemists. Dr G. Danford Thomas, the coroner for Central London, has repeatedly called attention to this danger, and urged the necessity of further precautions. According to the last official returns, three thousand suicides occurred in 1899 in England and Wales, a large proportion of which are regarded as due to the facility with which poisons can still be had by the public. In the same year there were six hundred and thirty-six deaths by misadventure, the result of poison.

A PATHLESS WAY.

You will not love me for a day,
Yet I have loved you all the year;
Your heart is deaf to all I say,
And never knows when I am near.
We meet as we have met before,
And, touching hands, are far apart;
Though love can bring me to your door,
I know no way to reach your heart.

But, tossed on trackless seas, the barque
Can find a way across the foam;
The bird will cleave the untrodden dark,
Nor miss the path that leads to home.
And if I love you blindly yet,
And dearer as the days go past,
My heart may all its pain forget,
And find the way to yours at last.

A. St John Adcock.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

A CURE FOR CLEVER PEOPLE.

THOSE who have read Robert Louis Stevenson's beautiful little story *The Treasure of Franchard* will remember the words of comfort spoken by that dear creature Anastasie to the reclaimed acrobat-boy, Jean-Marie. 'Do not mind,' she would say. 'I, too, am not at all clever, and I can assure you that it makes no difference in life.'

Was Anastasie right? At first blush it would appear not. It seems a good thing to be clever. Undoubtedly a quick brain soon gets the hang of things. In this work-a-day world, when each is trying to 'get on'—to get the better of his average neighbour—cleverness should surely spy the way; but there are many thoughtful men to-day who are not at all clear upon the point. Experience has taught them to be doubtful. From the places which they have made for themselves in the world they look about them, and with voices of surprised inquiry, ask, 'Where are our clever schoolfellows?' Ay, where? Where are the brilliant young rising stars whom the gods seemed so much to love? They have not all died early; but where have they arrived?

There comes into our mind a clever drawing-room sketch by Du Maurier. We do not remember the exact dialogue, but will endeavour to bring out the point. A delicate little boy has been making the running and winning ladies' smiles by means of an exhibition of his clever 'parlour tricks.' To him across the rich carpet comes a burly baby John Bull of aggressive mien. 'Look here,' says he. 'I can't speak French, I can't play the fiddle, and I can't crochet—but I can *punch your head!*' This single scene from *Punch* gives us in a flash the reverse of the medal often worn by clever boys. The side which they show to the world is cleverness, brilliancy, youthful promise—call it what you will; and the side they wear next their hearts is too often physical defect.

The great physiologist Huxley had a conviction that a man's best start in life is a sound stomach. With apologies for mentioning this necessary organ, we wish to state clearly that this is our opinion also. The commissariat of the body depends on the headquarters of the digestion. This should be manned by steady and efficient workers; for the distant outposts of even the most highly cultured brain wait keenly expectant for their share in the last square meal. It is well known that the more highly developed the organ the sooner does it become exhausted in the exercise of its function. The clever brain, then, needs a haven where it may refit. Sleep and food are the natural revivers, or perhaps it would be better to say sleep and a good digestion; for food without a good digestion is coal and no means of making a fire; undigested food cannot keep alight the furnace of the human body.

The fact that highly imaginative work has been done by a brain working at the expense of the body may seem to contradict this. The body and the soul of man!—beautiful pictures from the hand of a perishing artist; heavenly harmonies touched by a sweet musician's wasting fingers; magic words from a pen dipped in the failing fountains of the heart—history is tearful with pathetic instances.

However, we are speaking of *clever* people. They are by no means rare; and for the most part they live a rough-and-tumble life, like the rest of us. They, like us, are parts of the machinery of everyday existence—the 'butchers or bakers or candlestick-makers'—and, like us, they must bear a share of its jolts and jars. Here, to our thinking, is precisely where they fail. The clever boy is not as a rule a sturdy boy. At games he may be brilliant and 'showy;' but in an uphill fight he 'loses his hair.' Under stress and difficulty he becomes irritable. If the strain be prolonged he either backs out or breaks down. A clever boy is unsatisfactory when it comes to his turn at the trenches.

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If there is one field in which dash is more likely to tell than in any other, it would seem to be that afforded by the varied chances of the fox-hunt. Yet any hunting-man will tell us that it is the rider who keeps steadily pounding away who gets there at the death. Steady pounding, grit, dogged grip, quiet perseverance, sustained effort—different names for nearly the same thing—are strangers to the clever boy. He cannot keep on trying. To be sure, his cleverness often enables him to do quickly what it takes his less impetuous brethren longer to accomplish; but take the clever boy as a whole and we are apt to find his efforts fragmentary, his course zigzag, and his goal uncertain.

How common a thing it is to hear a parent say of a son, 'Yes, he could do almost anything if he would only work; but the fact is, he is inclined to be idle'! There are two questions which we put to ourselves when we hear a statement of this kind: Could the boy in very truth do almost anything if he would work? Is he in reality inclined to be idle?

A clever boy may indeed learn in two hours as much as an average boy in three hours; but is it not possible that at the end of two hours the clever boy has used himself up as much as the average boy in three? The brain of a clever boy may be more receptive—it certainly is; but, on the other hand, it probably becomes more rapidly exhausted. Cleverness is not, as a rule, associated in the same individual with that strength of personality which enables a man to dominate his fellows by the force of his bodily presence. Everybody is familiar with that peculiar feeling experienced on first shaking hands with a possible antagonist over a ticklish piece of business. When A.'s hand grips B.'s, and A. looks into B.'s eyes, if A. be the man of stronger personality that single look tells him that all is well. B. may be the cleverer, but A. has only to sit tight and keep face to face with B., and the chances are that the gods will be favourable to A. in the end. Because, as B. would explain it, 'A. is such an overbearing fellow;' and, as A. would explain it, 'I just kept hammering away, and wouldn't let him go till it was settled. I knew that directly my back was turned he would write a letter and cry off.' A clever man, as a rule, would prefer to do his fighting by letter. In the privacy of his own room he may be able to argue in a manner disastrous to his opponent; but with the steady eye of a slow man upon him his periods are apt to halt.

The truth of the time-worn dictum, 'Life is a battle,' is what makes things difficult for clever people. For instance, if a clever man be a grocer, there is sure to be another grocer near at hand. The clever grocer may dress his window to better advantage; he may be keenly alive to the uses of advertisement; but the chances are that his more ordinary rival over the way will be more in touch with his customers. He will mix with folk. 'I like Mr So-and-so; *he's always the same.*' This is not often said of a clever man. Clever people are apt to be 'moody.'

It is an unpleasant charge-sheet that we have drawn up against clever people. The items on it are want of staying-power, irritability, and weakness when in a tight place, uncertainty of temper, a certain aloofness from their fellows (which is bad for any man), and a tendency to slyness and shiftiness when occupying a responsible position.

If these things are true, what is the reason? To answer intelligibly we must go back almost to the nursery. We believe that at a very early age a clever child learns to pit his wit against the muscle of other children. Physically he is not so strong as they, and he is aware of this instinctively; but he has one thing which they have not: an impressionable nervous system. He is quick at assimilating facts, and slow to lose impressions. He learns to read character. He watches the other children's faces. He becomes an adept at pitting one child against another, and is pleased to find himself able to scheme an advantage when he could not win it in open fight. At school a strong boy will take him for his chum. The clever boy will provide the ornamental side of the chumship; the strong boy will protect him when necessary. In all probability the clever boy will do well in the matter of what is called education. His brain being quick, eager, and irritable, he will suck up knowledge like a sponge. Things are so delightfully simple at school. There is the exact amount of work to be done, and he who does it best wins. At school the clever boy stands on velvet; but out in the world it is a different matter. The battle of life has to be fought single-handed. The way to prosperity along which each would go must be cut through virgin forest by himself. There is no one to say, 'Play up!' No one will tell him whether he is doing well. No one will help him here on the larger field which is the ultimate test of a man's true worth. For, in point of fact, there is this thing to be accomplished by one and all at some time in the drama of life: a bitter fight. The buttons are off the foils once in the life of every one of us. Cleverness here avails nothing. We may shift, cajole, and air our ornamental graces; but Fate has at last crossed swords with us in earnest, and his unswerving point is bare. We have got to fight it out—to show our cleverness? No, there has been enough of that; this fight is to decide our grit. It comes to just this: in the battle of life it is grit that wins. Then is it a fact that clever people, as a class, being deficient in grit, cannot hope to succeed in life? By no means. We have endeavoured to bring into relief the weak points of the quick-witted with the view to suggest a reasonable remedy.

Now, if an average clever person were shown a

pair of three-pound dumb-bells, and asked how many times he could put them up over his head, he would probably estimate his capabilities at about double their worth. If he were actually able to put the dumb-bells up forty times, he would think that he could certainly put them up eighty times at the least; and if he were prevailed upon to put his physical capacity to the test, he would go at it like a bull at a gatepost; he would begin by putting the dumb-bells up eighteen to the dozen—and his strength would quickly fail him. Physical exercise soon shows a man his physical level.

Yet there is no reason why a clever person should not become physically as strong as one who is not clever; because a naturally delicate constitution may be hardened and rendered fit by proper training. The trouble is, that the clever child has most commonly begun by being physically rather inferior to his fellows, and has instinctively sought compensation by a special exercise of his wits; and this has gone on all through his rise to manhood. A nimble wit and a sluggish body: this is the organisation of the average clever person.

The remedy is obvious. If any reader of this article can say to himself, 'I did well at school. There are lots of men now doing better than I; and yet, in the matter of brains, I know I could whip their heads off. Oh, how I want to succeed! But—yes, it is true; I admit it—I get fits of the blues: people bother me. If only somebody would tell me exactly what to do to get on in life, by Jove, I'd very quickly set about it!' If any reader seated quietly by his own fireside can admit this to himself, then let him make himself a solemn promise; and let the words of the promise be, 'I will begin at once to train my body.'

A pair of three-pound dumb-bells, a good book on the use of them, and a bath—these are the whole outfit. Ten minutes daily is all the time that need be occupied. We are aware that to do the whole of the exercises set down in the best books would take nearly an hour daily; but they may be done two or three at a time for ten minutes daily till all have been gone through, and then begun again. A cold bath should be taken before dressing every morning all the year round. Cold baths vary in temperature from 60 degrees to 80 degrees Fahrenheit. The bather will quickly find out what temperature best suits his constitution. When he enters the bath the water should feel cold; then in a few seconds it should cease to feel cold. The bather should now leave the bath, and immediately a warm glow should suffuse the whole skin of his body. This glow should last. At no time should a feeling of chilliness supervene after the bath. If it does, the water has been too cold. Let the bather raise the temperature by the addition of a little warm water, until by daily experiment with a thermometer he has found what degree gives him a warm, comfortable feeling after he has dressed. The morning bath should be taken colder and colder as the bather becomes stronger, till, even in the coldest weather, warm water is not necessary. The dumb-bell exercises may be done after the bath, or at any time during the day; but the earlier the better, because the body, refreshed by the night's sleep, is best able to endure during the fore-part of the day. The weight of the dumb-bells need never be increased. Daily open-air exercise should be taken. Meals must be served at regular hours, and should include some green vegetable once every day.

All this may fail or be neutralised unless the clever person is careful to guard against excess in other directions. Experience will help to guide him in regard to diet. Some people err in eating too much animal food, others in drinking too much tea. Temperance and moderation will help this all-round development. To overload the stomach makes a man sluggish, and spend overmuch of the vital force in the digestive processes. Athletics carried also to the verge of exhaustion defeat their own end. The delicate clever man may not become a centenarian by adopting the above-mentioned treatment, but he will certainly gain in nerve force and take more out of life, and do more for himself and for his fellow-men.

Let the seeker after physical strength therefore persist in this regimen and he will gradually become strong. Too much must not be expected at once; but at the end of a year the progress made since the beginning will be pleasantly obvious.

The clever man will now be on the way to become a strong man also. The development of his body will not rob his mind of its cleverness; but it will relieve it of its irritability. Stability of character will come with strength of muscle. Physical fitness will beget a desire to cultivate friends, will engender a feeling of self-confidence, and will induce a control of temper acceptable to the world at large.

A delicate clever man has it in his own hands, then, to become a clever strong man; and a clever strong man who wishes to succeed in life is very likely to attain his desire. His daily physical exercises will tend to make him steady; his growing physical strength will render him confident; and his clever brain, relieved of its irritability and fits of depression, will become calm and forceful. With a clever head and a strong body, a man ought to do well.

CLIPPED WINGS.

CHAPTER VII.—BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

THE R.M.S. *Omega* steamed her way through the Indian Ocean, and for the first time in her life Lucie Lorimer was ideally happy. Thus far her most sanguine anticipations regarding Lieutenant Challoner had been realised. On the arrival of the *Rapuera* in Sydney harbour he was waiting on the wharf to welcome her. During the few days that elapsed before the sailing of the *Omega*, Lucie and her guardian stayed at the Hotel Metropole; and Challoner called each morning to learn their arrangements for the day, with the intention of fitting them in with his own engagements as far as possible.

Unfortunately Miss Santhem had proved a stumbling-block to the success of Challoner's schemes. Her one idea of the duties of chaperonage was apparently the determination to object to everything that was proposed—a hazardous characteristic in a guardian, and one likely to force her ward into the practice of deception. When Challoner had suggested escorting the two ladies to a theatre, Miss Santhem—who had never patronised any more lively frolic than a penny-reading or a church anniversary tea-meeting—gasped with horror, and rejected the notion as absolutely untenable.

'I must humour her until we're actually on the way to England,' Lucie had said confidingly to Challoner during a momentary absence of her tyrant. 'If I don't, she'll cable to father to recall me. Once we have really left Australia I can set her at defiance. Luckily she is a wretched sailor. The smallest blow knocks her over, so I'm certain of a little freedom during the voyage.'

The first few days after sailing from Sydney were rather disappointing. The ocean proved unwontedly peaceful, and Miss Santhem, with the duties of sheep-dog fresh upon her, was aggravatingly vigilant. Her knitting-needles clicked an accompaniment to the beat of the engines ever after in Lucie's memories of those wasted days. Challoner had succeeded in having his place set next Lucie's at table; but Miss Santhem's sharp ears were on the alert to catch their lightest word, and her ever-ready tongue to join in their most intimate converse.

Miss Santhem's energy was boundless. In vain did Challoner resolve to walk her briskly up and down the promenade-deck until she succumbed to exhaustion, in which event he hoped to get a turn alone with Lucie; but the wiry frame of the chaperon was inured to fatigue, and after he was tired out she was as fresh as ever. To tell the truth, Miss Santhem, though possessed of a forbidding exterior and an aggressive manner, was not above feminine weakness; it flattered her vanity to have a handsome man of good family pay her attention, so she was quite ready to accept his companionship and to flaunt it in the eyes of their fellow-passengers.

'If only the weather would change!' Challoner murmured under cover of the clatter of knives and forks at dinner, while Miss Santhem lectured her table-steward on his iniquity in having served her with a leg of a fowl. 'It's a glorious moonlight night, and she's sure to persist in dogging our steps on deck, and to force you to go to bed at ten o'clock.'

'If only the weather would change!' echoed Lucie, sighing. 'But there's not the slightest prospect of it. I've been tapping the barometer all day, and it will keep at "Set Fair."'

Their day at Melbourne proved to be another disappointment. Challoner was claimed by a friend, who, coming on board the moment the *Omega* was berthed at Port Phillip, insisted on taking bodily possession of him, and only ceased to engross his attention with lavish hospitality when the time of departure had arrived. Left alone, Lucie and her guardian spent a day of chastened joy between the Zoological Gardens and the Art Gallery, with an interval for economical refreshment at a tea-shop.

It had been a dreary time for Lucie, whose only gleam of consolation was that the barometer was falling, the wind had risen, and the sky was overcast.

Lucie's hopeful prognostications were justified. The threatened storm speedily overtook them. Their brief stay at Adelaide was passed in such a deluge of rain and whirl of wind that even the most daring spirit amongst the voyagers did not venture to land. With the crossing of the Great Australian Bight began a blissful time for Lucie, for the playful motion of its turbulent billows kept Miss Santhem recumbent in her berth, an india-rubber hot-water bag to her feet, a handkerchief soaked in eau de Cologne round her forehead, and Lucie revelled in the freedom of her own will.

The run ashore during the *Omega's* stay at Albany atoned to the two young people for previous disappointments. Miss Santhem, on essaying to rise from her berth, experienced even in the tranquil waters of the anchorage such a sensation of giddiness, accompanied with shakiness in the nether limbs, that she was perforce driven back to her couch, and her post as chaperon was again rendered vacant.

Having gone on shore in the fussy little tender, Challoner and Lucie strolled up the wide street.

'It is quite like New Zealand, with the verandas, and the flowers, and the pig-lilies in the ditches,' Lucie said disappointedly, as the glint of the sun on the tin roofs made her head ache. While she spoke they were passing a Chinaman working in the garden surrounding a tiny box-like Mongolian home that was almost identical with the one across the paddock from Ingarangi. 'Though I've been travelling for over a fortnight, I feel as though I had never left Auckland. Surely the world can't all be like New Zealand?'

'You are still in the colonies,' Challoner reminded her. 'Wait till you reach Ceylon.'

They lingered on land, sitting in a quiet nook of the shell-strewn beach until the time for re-embarking came, when they reached the *Omega* to find Miss Santhem so far recovered as to be highly indignant at the lack of sympathy Lucie had shown by her desertion. The irate lady had purposed showing her disapproval by an emphasised frigidity of manner. But observing that the delinquent paid no regard to her chilly demeanour—which, indeed, Lucie was too busy with her own happy thoughts to notice—Miss Santhem could no longer contain her indignation, and while they were together in their state-room dressing for dinner she opened the vials of her displeasure upon her charge's careless head. Lucie's felicity, however, was greater than could be influenced by Miss Santhem's rebuke; turning deaf ears to the tirade, she centred her interest in an attempt to smooth out the packing-crushed trimmings of a new evening-frock that Challoner had not yet seen.

Pacing the promenade-deck after dinner, the two young people kept as far as the limits of the circumscribed space permitted from the chair amidships which they knew Miss Santhem was still too uncertain of herself to relinquish, even in the exercise of duty.

The night was moonless, and the purple-black sky was studded with myriads of stars. From the open windows of the music-room came the soft refrain of a love-sick ditty, which mingled harmoniously with the steady beat of the engines and the surge of the sea. Leaning over the side, they watched the phosphorus tinselling with gold the long lacy scarfs of white foam.

'Your hag looks askance at me already,' Challoner observed lightly. 'I thought I had succeeded in mollifying her. Didn't I carry her cushions and rugs on deck, and didn't I bribe the quarterdeck-man to place her chair right in the midst of a thicket of matrons, where she could gossip to her heart's content?'

'She's a horror,' responded Lucie; 'but I really don't mind her a bit. While we were dressing for dinner to-night she began a sermon having my utter depravity in going on shore with you as text; but I paid no attention.'

'That was right. Don't let us pay attention to anybody but ourselves, Lucie.' Since the Christmas evening in the olive-plantation Challoner had, unrebuked, fallen into the way of thus addressing her. 'What a happy chance this voyage is! At least a month still before us, and nobody we know or care for on board, except each other. You do care a little for me, dear—don't you?' he asked, lowering his voice.

'Yes,' Lucie answered simply. A woman who is in love is never coquettish. Then, if at no other time in her life, is she absolutely sincere. 'Yes; I do—care.'

So for once was the wilful Miss Lorimer content; and, indeed, she had ample reason. She had the pleasant assurance that the *Omega* carried no prettier or more tastefully dressed girl than herself; and Challoner, who was indisputably the best-bred man on board, devoted himself exclusively to her.

Yet the moment wherein Lucie realised that at last were her desires satisfied brought also her first pang of fear, as Lieutenant Trescott's warning, like some skeleton at a feast, recurred to her memory. Challoner's tenderest whispering held no hint of a future. Could she hope to retain his interest even to the end of the voyage?

Lying awake in the night, the question troubled her; but with a mental review of their fellow-passengers, Lucie's confidence in her own power of attraction returned. In Challoner's openly expressed opinion, which entirely coincided with her own, there was nobody worth considering on the *Omega*—no one who could compete with her either in looks or charm.

The passenger-list was made up of the usual items. There were one or two genuine invalids going to England to undergo special treatment, and the customary number of *malades imaginaires*, who, having exhausted the patience of the colonial physicians, were journeying Londonwards, there to pass some engrossing weeks consulting one specialist after another in quest of an opinion as to the gravity of their fancied ailments which would confirm their fears. Several family groups, the fathers and mothers taking their children home to exhibit to fond grandparents, helped to swell the passenger-list, which comprised also a score of returning tourists, some commercial men, and a trio of mining experts all alike blatant of speech and over-affluent in personal adornment. One fellow-traveller who, by reason of his oddity, seemed to stand out from among the others was Mr Thomas James Muter, a man of middle-age, and he chanced to occupy a place at table directly opposite Lucie. To the casual eye, Mr Muter's leading characteristics were a feeble flaxen beard, a painfully nervous manner, spectacles of abnormal diameter, and a liking for white socks with low shoes. An unfortunate preference for wearing garments that were too large even for his lank form gave him an unwarranted air of secrecy, which his habitual silence helped to nurture. Mr

M..ter was popularly reported to be connected with science, and was returning to London after a visit to Australia undertaken in connection with certain colonial museums. Among the marriageable maidens on board there was none whom Lucie Lorimer could regard as a possible rival; and, as the procession moved slowly across her drowsy brain, she fell asleep, and slumbered peacefully in the belief that the voyagers numbered no one who could give her cause for jealousy.

'UP FROM SLAVERY.'

By R. P. Cropper, M.A.

BOOKER TALIAFERRO WASHINGTON, M.A., Principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Alabama, the subject of this article, has not the pedigree of a race-horse. He always calls himself a negro, a term of wide significance in the States; but he had 'heard reports' that his father was a white man who lived on one of the near-by plantations. Date and place of birth are hazy, and Washington jocularly suspects that he must have been born somewhere and at some time. This is in advance of Mrs Beecher Stowe's Topsy, who never was born, and 'I 'spect I growed' was the only explanation she could give of her existence. Circumstances requiring that Washington should have a birthday, he fixed on Easter-day, which has the advantage, if one is needed, of affording him a movable feast; the year was 1858 or 1859, and the state Virginia. When he says he was 'born almost out of doors,' he conveys the impression that the cabin in which his little slaveship first saw the light was excessively ventilated.

Washington's log-cabin was not only the shelter for his slave-mother and the other children, but the kitchen for the whole population of the plantation, whites and slaves alike. The bare earth was the sleeping-place of all the family, and the children were fed on scraps of food in such quantities, of such qualities, and at such times as the overworked slave-mother could find. They had sometimes to go in search of a breakfast to the places where the cows and pigs were fed, and pick up some boiled corn. One little delight is recorded: Washington remembers that on Sundays he got a couple of spoonfuls of molasses in his plate. Swaying the plate from side to side, he made the little look much. Was it any wonder that the little fellow wished Sunday would come every day? From his earliest boyhood he was made to drudge, and never knew the joy of sport or play. But that a little bright spot blazed on the horizon occasionally, Booker's sky would have been black indeed. Such spots were the sight of his young mistresses and lady visitors eating ginger-cakes, which begat a resolve to do the same, as the height of his ambition, when he became free; and when he carried the schoolbooks of one of his young mistresses, and saw dozens of boys and girls engaged in study, he thought the getting into such a school would be paradise.

While still a child, the Civil War being over and the slaves set free, Booker went with his mother and the other children to his stepfather in Western Virginia, where at Malden he commenced life's free labour at one of the salt-furnaces. Here he often began to work at four o'clock in the morning. He was already yearning after book-learning; and his mother having procured him a spelling-book, he taught himself the alphabet and some simple syllables. Then a teacher turned up who gave him some night-lessons, at which he laboured so zealously that he made more progress than the children who attended the day-school. So began Booker Washington's literary career. His ultimate success is attested by this excellent autobiography, *Up from Slavery*.

From the salt-furnaces Booker proceeded to coal-mines. Here he heard the miners talking of a school for coloured people, at which poor students could work out all or part of the cost of their board, and at the same time learn a trade or industry. This was the Hampton Institute in East Virginia. The boy's mind was made up at once. To Hampton he would go, though as ignorant of its whereabouts and distance as was Abram when he set out from Haran. In reality, this Hampton was in the extreme east of East Virginia, five hundred miles from Malden. As soon as possible he set out for what was to him a new heaven and a new earth, with little money and less clothing. After many hardships he reached Richmond, about eighty-two miles from Hampton. Here he spent some time, sleeping at night under a high board-sidewalk of a street, with his small bundle of clothes for a pillow, and hearing the tramp of feet overhead. During the day he worked on board a ship discharging cargo till he had earned enough to pay his way to Hampton, which he reached with half-a-dollar in his pocket. This was in 1872, when he was about fourteen years old. When he applied for admission to the institution, he received the almost military command: 'The adjoining recitation-room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it.' Booker says this was the best college examination he ever passed; and he did the sweeping so satisfactorily that he was at once admitted, with the words, 'I guess you will

do to enter this institution.' He was forthwith engaged as janitor. His duties were hard, and occupied him from four o'clock in the morning till late at night; but thus he earned nearly all the cost of his board, and soon he was told that his work did him so much credit that it sufficed for the whole of his board. The cost of his tuition was defrayed by a friend secured for him by General Armstrong, and some of his clothes came from the North, where left-off suits were collected for the poor of the institute. Booker had had little acquaintance with a bed and a sheet; and when he came to Hampton his bed had two sheets, and he did not know what to do with them. The first night he slept under both sheets, the second night on top of both, and next night he solved the puzzle by watching what the other students did.

In 1875 Washington completed the three years' curriculum at Hampton; but as his purse was empty he was obliged to accept a situation as waiter at an hotel. When at last he got back to Malden, he fortunately obtained the mastership of a coloured school, at a small salary. To this he added a night-school, at which some of the scholars were men and women over fifty years of age. Next he started a reading-room and a debating society, and conducted two Sunday-schools several miles apart. He remained at Malden two years, then went to the Wayland Seminary at Washington, where he spent eight months in studies and in making the acquaintance of 'strong men and women.' Leaving Washington, he returned to Hampton for a year to instruct Indian boys. This was in 1879. He was to be a 'house-father' to the Indians, living with them, and teaching and disciplining them into civilisation. A year afterwards he undertook the charge of a night-school at Hampton. The conditions of the school were that the students should work ten hours a day, and attend school two hours at night. For their work they were paid rather more than the cost of their board. This school started with twelve students, and now (1901) numbers between three and four hundred. Experience has shown that the efforts made by the students through the industries to help themselves is of immense value in 'character-building.' Washington carried on this work as well as his personal studies till 1881, when, the training for his life-work being completed, he entered upon his brilliant career at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three years.

The equipments of Booker T. Washington for the great work before him were good health and a sterling mother who knew that character was all in all to a man, and laid for him the foundations of honesty and all the best qualities that build up character. It was by inheritance and inspiration from her more than from all the other influences that he became what he was. The hardships of his life from the tenderest years, and the still harder struggles and tougher experiences of boyhood and youth, had taught him self-reliance; and his manifold successes in overcoming obstacles had made it a fixed belief with him that he should succeed in all he undertook. The effacement of himself was a hard task. He could not at first understand how a man could be happy in working for others; but when once he grasped the idea and saw that those were happiest who did most for others, this altruism became an instinct, and was woven into the very texture of his being. Even at a very early age he had shown no bitterness against those who ill-treated him for his guilt of colour. Like the Emperor Sigismund, he destroyed his enemies by making them his friends. This grew into a fixed principle and developed more and more into higher excellence after he came into contact with his great exemplar, General Armstrong (who had fought on the Federal side), until he became as happy in serving the white man as the black. General Armstrong was a powerful magnet, drawing with irresistible force all those who came within range of his influence. The students at Hampton respected him, loved him, 'worshipped him,' says Washington. Intercourse with him was education of the highest order; and it was the greatest delight of the students to do whatever the General was known to wish. When Washington entered on his work he exercised the same influence.

Washington's special book-studies for eight months at Wayland Seminary, capping his assiduity and painstaking devotion by night at Hampton and elsewhere, had made him a fairly 'full' man, equipped and ready for the intellectual duties before him; and his keen observation of how unexpected difficulties and obstacles were overcome by the use of most unlikely means had put him on his mettle never to be daunted by any event or circumstance. To him 'impossible' was a blockhead of a word; and his broad, enlightened, wholesome, and practical common-sense ever kept him within reasonable bounds. Never extravagantly elated by success nor unduly depressed by failure, his well-balanced mind gave him patient endurance till success crowned his effort. It may be remarked here that in the greatest ceremonies in which he took part in later years, Washington never thought of himself, but only of his work. Hence his self-possession, calmness, modesty.

The legislature of Alabama had granted two thousand dollars a year for the payment of the salaries of the teachers of a Normal School in Tuskegee, a small town of two thousand inhabitants, in the east of the state. Half of the people were of the coloured race. Washington was appointed to start this institution, and arrived at Tuskegee on 1st June 1881, expecting to find buildings and all appliances for the work. He found in Tuskegee neither house nor apparatus for a school, but there were a number of people eager to be taught, and this gave him courage.

He did not fold his arms and complain of the want of a building. He had learned a better lesson than that at Hampton, and he looked about for some erection that might be converted into a schoolhouse. He found an almost ruinous building that had once been occupied by the Methodists as a church, but was now abandoned, and a dilapidated shanty near it. These were kindly lent. With the willing assistance of the people, some repairs were done, but not enough to prevent a possible picturesque photograph of a student, during a shower, holding an umbrella over the teacher while he conducted a class. Here on the 4th of July the Normal School was opened with one teacher and thirty students. Before the end of the year the number of students had reached more than a hundred, many coming from neighbouring towns, and the teaching staff had doubled.

Washington spent the month that passed between his arrival at Tuskegee and the opening of the school in visiting the people in their homes for miles around. One of the most important lessons he learned from this tour was that a boarding department was essential to the success of the scheme. 'In it the people can be taught those correct habits which they fail to get at home. Without this part of the training they go out into the world with trained intellects, but with their morals and bodies neglected.' An old plantation with some small buildings a mile from Tuskegee being offered for sale for five hundred dollars, Washington's eyes sparkled at the idea of purchasing it; but he had not one dollar. Nevertheless, the two hundred and fifty dollars required to be paid down he borrowed from a friend, and by entertainments, subscriptions, and donations he soon obtained the other two hundred and fifty dollars. Confidence is capital, he began to learn. In a few weeks, by the labour of the students after school-hours, a few old houses on the plantation were transformed into school premises, and were at once occupied; and it was not long before Washington, by the same co-operation of the students, cleared twenty acres of land and planted the first crop, thus at once beginning to reduce cost of maintenance. Soon there followed a large wooden building, comprising a chapel, a boarding-hall, some class-rooms, and dormitories for girls. Then a large brick building for boys' dormitories was erected. The plantation possessed abundance of good clay. From this the students made the bricks and built their walls; and when the woodwork was completed they painted the building and made the required furniture, asking for nothing which they could provide for themselves. In this way progress was steadily made towards realising Washington's day-dream, that a building might be put up of any description or size without going off the ground for a single workman. This self-supplying principle was soon extended to every department of human industry. The plantation supplied the institution with timber of oak, pine, and poplar; its sawmill prepared the timber for the carpenter; and the carpenter cut it and dressed it for any kind of woodwork. From the outset the institute built its own wagons, carts, and buggies; and while the boys attended the engine-room, machine-shop, foundry, and electric plant, the girls did the entire housekeeping, including cooking, washing, ironing, mending clothes, mattress-making, and other domestic economies. Washington has also had an excellent coadjutor in each of his three wives.

At this time the desire for education—that is, book-learning—was almost universal among the coloured people—had, in fact, become a craze even with people rising to seventy years of age; and schools by day and night were crowded. The idea was that education would relieve them from the degradation of manual labour, and that a smattering of Latin or Greek would lift them far above their fellows. Teaching and preaching were the goals to which most aspired. As an illustration of this, it may be mentioned that a church of two hundred members included eighteen ministers. On the other hand, many of the whites considered that the education of the blacks would make them worthless. When Booker Washington took his axe in hand and led the students into the woods to fell timber he disabused their minds about degradation, and began to teach them the new lesson of the dignity of labour; and when, later, he set his own son at ten years of age to learn the trade of a mason, he completed the curriculum of his teaching of what was meant by education at Tuskegee. On the other hand, those who boded ill of educating the negro soon saw that the negro became industrious, capable, and profitable to himself and others, respecting himself and respected by others.

It was a fundamental condition that every student who came to Tuskegee, no matter how well off he might be financially, must learn some industry. And students had the option to learn the trades which they expected to follow for life. At first many parents objected to their children being compelled to learn to work, and students themselves did not like to learn trades; but before long they wished to do so, and now industrial work is as popular as the academic branches.

It is not to be supposed that Washington set no value on academical studies and the work of the universities. Far from it. But his mission was not to the few, but to the many; not to the small, refined, and classical aristocracy, but to the multitudinous untutored common people; and to these, in addition to the big industrial topics, he had to preach the special 'gospel of the tooth-brush, the bath, and the night-shirt.'

The net results of industrial education, in Booker Washington's own words, are: 'First, that the student shall be so educated that he shall be enabled to meet conditions as they exist now in the part of the South where he lives: in a word, that he shall be able to do the thing which the world wants; second, that every student who graduates from the school shall have enough skill, coupled with intelligence and moral character, to enable him to make a living for himself and others; third, to send every graduate out feeling and knowing that labour is dignified and beautiful; to make each one love labour instead of trying to escape it.'

A gentleman once gave two dollars to the institute, and for a dozen years he took interest in it and increased his donations, till shortly before his death he gave fifty thousand dollars towards the endowment fund. Mr Andrew Carnegie gave a donation of twenty thousand dollars for building a library and reading-room. Ten years had elapsed since the first application had been made to Mr Carnegie; but when the man of millions was convinced that Tuskegee Institute was worthy of his help, the gift was sent, accompanied with these hearty and cheering words: 'I am glad of this opportunity to show the interest I have in your noble work.' Still more striking was the remark of another generous giver on presenting his cheque: 'I am so grateful to you, Mr Washington, for giving me the opportunity to help a good cause. It is a privilege to have a share in it. We in Boston are constantly indebted to you for doing *our* work.' The enterprise has laid hold of the heads and hearts of both North and South, and it would be an insult to the men and women of those great communities to hint that they could lightly withdraw from an enterprise which their inmost soul approves.

In addition to the extensions of Tuskegee, it must not be overlooked that hundreds of men trained in the various handicrafts at Tuskegee are scattered throughout the South, doing good work and getting good pay everywhere. Migratory Tuskegee is now represented by at least three thousand men and women at work in different parts of the South, showing by example how to improve the material, educational, moral, and religious life. 'Wherever our graduates go, the changes which soon begin to appear—in the buying of land, improving of homes, saving of money, in education, and in high moral character—are remarkable. Whole communities are fast being revolutionised through the instrumentality of these men and women.' Tuskegee itself is gradually becoming self-supporting. The superior quality of its bricks commands a ready market in all directions, and last season's output was one million two hundred thousand bricks. Its reputation for horse-shoeing is such that the valuable horses of the gentlemen of the surrounding district are sent to Tuskegee to be shod. The institute makes its own harness and saddles for between fifty and one hundred horses and mules; builds its own wagons, carts, and buggies; and does a good business in these trades in the market. The same may be said of many other products.

Of the institute itself it may be stated that its property is worth three hundred thousand dollars, and its endowment fund amounts to two hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. Its property includes two thousand four hundred and eighty-eight acres of land, six hundred head of live-stock, and forty-six buildings, nearly all built by the students.

Washington had annual conferences, and every week in the chapel on Sunday evening he had a 'talk' with, or rather to, the assembled students. He would not preach a sermon nor deliver an academic address, but spoke plainly and simply right into the hearts of his attentive listeners, as when he said: 'The longer I live and the more experience I have of the world, the more I am convinced that, after all, the one thing that is worth living for, and dying for if need be, is the opportunity of making some one else more happy and more useful.'

His speech at the opening of the Atlanta Cotton States and International Exposition was a splendid effort, interspersed with pithy practical points, and permeated throughout by the wholesome common-sense for which the man is specially distinguished. Speaking of the inter-relation of the races, he said: 'In all things that are purely social, we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress.' Such hearty congratulations and handshakings greeted him that he could scarcely get out of the building; and next day he was so embarrassed by a repetition of the same felicitations that he had to retire to his lodgings. In a few days he received a letter from the Hon. Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, 'thanking him with much enthusiasm for the address.' This address gave him so much renown that everywhere the press gave thrilling accounts of the speech and its delivery, and a lecture bureau offered him fifty thousand dollars, or two hundred dollars a night, with expenses, if he would place his services at its disposal for a given period. His reply was the unchanged and unchangeable stereotyped one, 'that his life's work was at Tuskegee, and that when he spoke it must be in the interest of Tuskegee and his race.'

In 1896 the Harvard University conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In December 1898 the Tuskegee Institute had the honour of a visit from the late President McKinley. With the President came Mrs McKinley and nearly all the Cabinet officers, many of them accompanied by their wives. The Alabama Legislature, which

was in session at the time, adjourned, and went to Tuskegee, headed by the Governor and State officials. In his speech the President, referring to Washington, was pleased to say: 'He has won a worthy reputation as one of the great leaders of his race, widely known and much respected at home and abroad as an accomplished educator, a great orator, and true philanthropist.'

In the spring of 1899 friends in Boston, observing that Washington needed rest, subscribed the means of giving him a holiday, and sent him off with Mrs Washington for a tour on the Continent. On his way back he went to London, and was privileged to see Queen Victoria at Windsor, where he and his wife and their party were guests of Her Majesty at tea. Later President Roosevelt invited him to dine with him, a proceeding which scandalised those who draw the colour line only too closely.

All through the autobiography, *Up from Slavery*—the British edition of which is published by T. Fisher Unwin—Washington, who has been called the 'Negro Moses,' expresses his unchanging assurance of the success of his work; and among his last words are these: 'Despite superficial and temporary signs which might lead one to entertain a contrary opinion, there never was a time when I felt more hopeful for the race than I do at present.'

CARMELITA: A TALE OF PERU.

PART III.

AS the years rolled by, my husband's love seemed only to grow; and, but for my one sorrow, I had no wish which was unfulfilled. Our plantation every year increased in value. A new irrigation scheme was crowned with success. We built new sheds for the sugar-refinery, and fitted them up with all the most modern European machinery. Everything seemed to prosper with us.

Our lives, however, were not destined to be spent without clouds. The spirit of unrest which pervaded my unhappy land seemed to enter our home; and, filled with anxiety, we watched every rise and fall of the Government. My husband, as a wealthy and influential citizen, was in a prominent position. He supported the President in every possible way, feeling that the man who was at the helm was both a ruler and a statesman. Unfortunately the friction between the civilians and the military element was very great, and, what was worse, it increased daily. As the dissatisfaction spread, so regulations and measures to quell it became severer, and at last the whole land lay under military dictatorship.

It was now the summer of 1866, a year which brought disaster and distress to country and people alike. I had been married a little over five years, and was the mother of three children, the youngest only a few days old. Often as I bent over the curly heads of my little ones when they slept have I trembled for their safety. We were living literally as on a volcano, momentarily expecting an outburst. Each time that I saw Carl leave the plantation, though but for a day, I wondered whether I should see him return unharmed. The Government was hated, and every supporter of it shared in the enmity of the disaffected.

The windows of my room stood wide open, as the July night was closing in and the air was oppressive. I felt as though a storm was impending, and grew restless as a caged bird. A low, rumbling sound in the distance attracted our attention, and we listened in nervous tension, hardly knowing what we expected or feared. It was unlike thunder even far away. My husband's face grew more and more grave, and he looked from the darkness outside to the infant which lay asleep in my arms, and then at me, but in silence. The rumbling continued without cessation; it seemed even to increase.

'Carl,' I asked at last, 'what is that noise? Surely not thunder.'

'You are right, Carmelita. The noise you hear is no thunder. Would to God it were! It is the feet of horses and men. What we have feared for some days past has now taken place. The city is in an uproar. The Government is prepared, so I fervently hope that the revolution will not spread beyond Lima. Still, we must be prepared for the worst, and bravely stand by our colours.'

The sound of a horse galloping hard along the road which led to our house interrupted further conversation. Loud knocking at the door announced the rider's haste, and he was admitted without delay.

The man was breathless and wild-looking in his excitement.

'Señor,' he panted, 'fly with your wife and children. Don Carlos, in two hours at latest the rebels will reach your home, and you will be murdered. I heard their whole plan, and also which citizens they would first put out of the way. You are hated, señor, by every civilian in Lima, as a staunch supporter of the Government. Save yourselves while you can. I have not drawn bridle since I started, in order to warn you.'

With these words he sank back in his chair, eagerly drinking the contents of the glass which stood before him.

My husband understood the imminent danger of defying the threats of the revolutionists and remaining on the plantation. He instantly took measures for our safety, and within an hour we had quitted our home and were flying before an infuriated mob. Carefully he gave his instructions to our major-domo, who was our most trusty man. Tenderly he took leave of his children, and then last of all of myself.

'Carl,' I cried in horror, 'we will go together. Why do you bid me farewell?'

'My wife, my beloved, it is impossible. To you I commit the care of our children; but for a few weeks we must separate. I should only endanger you were I to remain, for those madmen will hunt me down if they can. I must fly to the mountains, and try to hide until the troops gain the upper hand once more. Courage, my dear one; you must obey me. Your horses are ready, and you and I must take opposite roads. José knows the way; you will cross the mountains, double, and then go south. If all is well we shall meet at the square in Arequipa three weeks from to-day at noon.'

There was no time for remonstrance or to invent any plan by which we could remain together. I mounted my horse; the nurse took the baby Inez, who was only a week old; and two of our faithful servants each took a child before him on his horse, leading a second horse as pack. Our little cavalcade set out without delay; and as I turned in my saddle, my eyes blinded with tears, I saw my husband, friendless and alone, disappear in an opposite direction.

Riding entirely on rising ground, it was not long before we could overlook the city. Here and there we saw fires, the work of incendiaries whose fury and devilry knew no bounds. On the road from Lima to our own lost home we could discern moving lights, and could hear the tramp of a crowd. We knew that they were insurgents bound on their mission of murder and destruction, and involuntarily we breathed a prayer and rode faster. We dared not force our animals too much, for we had a long ride before us.

The children slept, and we pressed forward until we reached the summit of a hill, and there we made a halt for a few minutes before turning into a wilder part of the mountains. As we looked around us for the last time we saw a tongue of flame dart upward from the spot I loved so well, and I knew that they had fired the sheds on the plantation. The fire spread with leaps and bounds, and I found myself wondering how long it would be before the house caught on. I gazed in horror—yet fascinated. I was rooted to the spot.

'Señorita Carmelita,' cried the man at my side, 'rouse yourself. We must fly. Those devils have done their worst; but they now know that the man they seek has escaped, and they will scour the mountains. Look at your children, and remember your husband.'

I shuddered and obeyed. In silence we continued throughout the night our ride for life. Excitement and physical weakness caused me almost to faint; but thoughts of my lonely husband came to me, and I forced myself to continue.

In the early dawn we stopped for breakfast. Hastily swallowing it, not daring to stop and rest, we were about to recommence our journey when an ominous sound struck our ears. The same dull thud on the ground as on the preceding evening forced the truth on us that we were being pursued. My heart seemed fairly to cease beating.

'To horse!' I cried, and in confusion we left everything we had used lying where it was, our only instinct being to save our lives. We rode as fast as we could; but behind us we heard hoofs which rang out sharply and clearly. Our pursuers were gaining on us! We could hear but could not see them. Every moment's respite was a gain; but we knew that this could not last much longer. Encumbered as we were, it was an unequal match, and we felt that our end was near. In front of us rode the major-domo with my three-year-old girl, and I was next to him. The nurse with the baby was immediately behind us, and last of all a second man with my boy. Less than five minutes later the insurgents were upon us.

'Halt!' shouted their leader. 'Halt, or you are a dead man!'

The servant who brought up the rear, and who held my Carlos, checked his horse and waited for his pursuer to come up to him. He evidently knew that flight was impossible, and thought that by parleying he might at least save his own skin. Finding that the fellow knew nothing of his master's movements, the rebel left him and addressed the nurse. The woman, terrified at coming into close contact with the enemy, relaxed her hold of her charge, and the infant was dashed to the ground and instantaneously trampled to death. I did not witness the catastrophe, or I would have risked everything to rescue its poor little body. The major-domo saw everything; but, instead of saying a word to me, he gave my horse a terrific blow and his own another, and we galloped madly away. I had no power over the animal, which, frightened and furious, dashed onwards. I blindly held on, expecting that the others were following.

For miles the beasts kept up their headlong speed, and then, without an effort on my part, they stopped. Dazed and trembling, I looked around. I was alone with José, who held Mercedes in his arms. He assisted me to alight, and placed the child beside me. There was no sound, not even the cracking of a twig, to disturb the solemn silence of the mountains.

'José,' I cried out piteously, 'where are the others—my boy and my baby? What is the meaning of that mad gallop leaving those helpless children behind?'

The faithful fellow looked sorrowfully at me. 'May the Holy Virgin help you to bear your trouble, Señora Carmelita! I saw the ruffians talking with Miguel, who had the boy, and the baby has gone back to the saints.' Here he crossed himself. 'The boy is probably safe; but we could not have helped him by staying, and they would have killed you had you refused to betray Señor Carlos. My master gave you into my care, and my duty was to save your life, which I have done, and also that of your girl.'

Probably I fainted, for it was late in the day before I saw my Mercedes again, and then her voice seemed far away. There was nothing to be done. I should not gain anything by returning, for it was certain that the mob must have dispersed, and that, being unsuccessful in one direction, they were hunting my husband in another. I must go on, and, though absent, obey his commands, waiting patiently until the time appointed for him to rejoin me in Arequipa.

In perfect destitution I reached the city, every stone of which was familiar to me. In luxury and affluence had I left it; as a beggar I returned. I gave my rings to José to sell, and took up my abode with my little daughter in the cottage of a poor woman a few miles distant from the town. I dismissed my man-servant, and he at once set out for Lima. I was frantic for news of my boy, and scarcely dared to meet my husband without him. José faithfully promised to find and bring him to me, and with his assurance I comforted myself.

The days dragged wearily by, and the weeks passed; but there was no sign from my husband. I vainly told myself that the rebellion was still unquelled, and that Carl could not show himself ere peace was restored.

Two months elapsed before I received news. I was sitting at the door of the cottage looking and watching for my darling, when I saw a man approaching; but it was not the man I sought. I struggled to my feet and ran to meet him; it was José, my old servant.

'My boy, José,' I gasped—'where is he? Tell me, quick, where have you hidden him?' Then, without a pause, I continued, 'Have you not met your master, Señor Carlos, on the road? You have been in Lima; you must have seen him. Is he near by? Ah! he has sent you on to prepare me.'

The man stood silent, his eyes fixed on the ground.

'José,' I continued impatiently, 'how slow you are! Tell me everything.'

'Ah, Señorita Carmelita, you so young and so good, and yet you have so much sorrow! My heart bleeds.'

'Never mind, good José. All my troubles and sorrow will be at an end when my husband and my boy come. I shall remember nothing.'

The man looked strangely at me, and suddenly a nameless fear clutched at my heart.

'Where is he?' I asked in an unnatural voice.

'Dead! Shot through the breast.'

'Dead!' I shrieked, echoing his words. 'You lie!' I fastened my ten fingers like the talons of a vulture into the man's arm, and shook him violently.

'I will tear you to pieces if your lying tongue repeats such words.' I was beside myself, and knew not what I said.

'Señorita, what can I say?' said the man mournfully. 'You will never see your husband again. He is with the Holy Virgin in Paradise.'

My grasp on the man relaxed, my brain reeled, and I fell like a log to the earth. Weeks passed, and I was watched and tended by the good woman in whose hut I lay. I was fed by charity. Unconscious of the world and of my own misery, I raved in brain-fever. Release, though, was not for me—I had to live. When the fever left me, feeble and useless as a new-born babe, they lifted me gently and placed me in the sunshine. Each day appeared the same to me. I certainly did not gain strength, nor did I make any effort to do so. My child grew strong and active in spite of her scanty fare and ragged garments. Like the veriest street-arab, she played on the road in the dust making mud-pies. I did not take the trouble to chide her.

One afternoon my child was amusing herself as usual out of doors, when, heedless of all danger, she crossed the road just as a carriage drawn by a pair of spirited horses turned the corner. As I lay on the old bed I heard a scream, and I knew that my Mercedes—my one treasure on earth—had been run over. I attempted to rise, but fell back again from sheer weakness. Noise and confusion I heard, but above all one voice which thrilled me through and through. I called, but no one came to me; everybody from near and far was grouped around the carriage. Close to the door of it stood a lady clad in mourning, with a tattered child in her arms.

'Are you hurt, little one?' she asked gently. 'Have you pain?'

The child had stopped crying, and shook her head of golden curls.

'Whose child is she?' inquired the lady. 'What is your name, dear?'

'Mercedes de Blanca,' came the answer, in sweet lisping accents.

'Impossible,' muttered the stranger. 'Can it be accidental, or is the combination intentional? I will take you to your mother; show me the way.'

A dozen bystanders were now ready, indeed

officiously anxious, to do the bidding of the señora with the fine carriage, and led her to the hut. Bearing the child in her arms, the lady entered the house and neared the bed on which I lay helpless.

'Mamita,' cried the little one, 'the horse did not stand on me;' and, struggling to the ground, she ran to my side.

'This is my mama,' she continued, turning to the stranger; 'but she is so sick.'

The lady approached, then stopped, and, raising my eyes, I beheld my mother.

A look of horror passed over her noble face.

'My Carmelita! my poor child!' she exclaimed; and, sitting down on the edge of the bed, she wept.

My thin hands sought hers, and little by little the tale was told. No need to ask again for forgiveness. Her heart, overflowing with love and pity, granted it ere I spoke one word. Her home was mine once more. Baby Mercedes was the connecting-link between the past and the present.

Long after my reinstalment at Arequipa I learned the truth about my boy and all the details of my husband's death. The child had been detained as hostage until the whereabouts of his father should be disclosed. He lived but a week with his captors, for a chill followed by fever carried him off quickly, and their villainy availed them nothing. José's information was scant but true. My husband had been shot.

I was only twenty-two, but my hair was white as the driven snow. I lived in perfect seclusion with my mother until her death, which took place many years after my widowhood. My Mercedes is married and in a home of her own; and though the wealth that was once my mother's is now mine, I roam about the world, seeking oblivion and peace, but finding none.

THE END.

ELECTRICITY IN THE WORKSHOP.

HOW often do we hear, in discussions on the uses of electric energy for industrial purposes, the somewhat hackneyed statement that electricity is to be the power of the future; and how often is it realised that the saying, though true, is in a sense misleading! The future at this date has given way to the present, and electricity is now employed to an enormous extent in our factories for many operations which hitherto have been dependent on steam, gas, or water-power. The latter agencies, however, cannot be entirely superseded, for it must be remembered that electric energy can only be obtained through the medium of one or other of them—that is to say, the dynamo, to be capable of generating electricity, has to be driven mechanically by means of a steam, gas, water, or other engine.

In the case of the steam-engine, perhaps the best known of them all, the energy latent in coal is first converted into heat in the furnace; the heat is then communicated to the water, converting it into steam; the energy in the steam is then applied to driving the engine, where it appears in the form of mechanical energy of rotation; this is once more applied directly to driving the dynamo, and finally is available as electrical energy, which can be conveyed through the medium of wires to any point where it may be required for lighting, heating, or the driving of machinery. The foregoing remarks indicate generally the processes which are gone through in an electricity station where the object is to distribute electrical power to various places more or less distant from the supply station.

A manufacturer wishing to employ electricity in his factory must establish a generating station from which power may be distributed throughout the works; or, should these be situated near a public electricity station, he may obtain the required power by leading wires connected to the public supply mains into his factory. For large establishments requiring a considerable amount of energy, it may possibly be more economical for the factory proprietor to possess his own generating machinery; for moderate-sized factories and small workshops, or where space is limited, it will be found cheaper to take advantage of the supply company's existing arrangements, especially if, as is frequently the case, the rate at which electricity for power purposes is sold is moderate.

Before discussing the various conditions under which electricity may be advantageously employed, it may not be amiss to describe briefly the principles underlying the action of an electric motor. If a piece of copper wire be placed between the poles of a magnet, and a current of electricity be passed along it, the wire is at once subjected to a force which tends to move it in a certain direction depending on the relative position of the wire and the magnet to one another. It is also found that the strength with which the wire is acted on is proportional to the amount of current which is passing along the wire, and also to the strength of the magnet. The greater the current and the stronger the magnet, the greater will be the pull on the wire. The modern electric motor is merely a highly developed form of such a combination of current-carrying wire and magnet.

In its most common form, the magnet con-

sists of a steel or iron frame with projecting parts called the poles. Round these poles are wound coils of wires through which a current is passed, with the result that the frame is converted into a powerful electro-magnet. Between the poles there is formed a circular space, through the centre of which passes a steel shaft, pivoted at its ends in ordinary bearings, to allow it to revolve freely. In the inter-polar space, and mounted on the shaft, is a cylindrical-shaped drum or ring of iron, on which are wound coils of wire, called the armature wires. These represent, on an extensive scale, the single wire of our elementary example. The armature coils are again jointed to a number of copper bars, grouped into the form of a cylinder, and known as the commutator or collector. On the commutator press two or more copper or carbon contact brushes which are connected by wires to the outside source of supply. It is by means of these brushes that current is conducted first to the commutator and thence to the armature coils. The process to be gone through, accordingly, to obtain mechanical power from the motor is, first, to pass a current round the magnet coils, so as to magnetise the iron frame; then to connect the brushes so that a current passes round the armature coils lying in the circular space between the poles of the magnet. The result is that the coils at once are subjected to a force pulling them in such a direction that the whole armature and its shaft begin to revolve rapidly with a force which can be utilised for driving other kinds of machinery by means of pulleys and belting or other well-known methods. In order to stop the revolving shaft it is simply necessary to disconnect the armature from the supply wires, and as the whole process of starting and stopping can be carried out by the mere turning of a handle, it is easily seen that the control of the electric motor is exceedingly simple. Indeed, it is to this ease of control that the motor owes a large measure of its popularity.

The fact that the electric motor is admirably adapted for the driving of machinery has been known and taken advantage of for the last twenty or thirty years, ever since the discovery that any good dynamo, capable of giving out electric current when properly set in motion, is reversible — that is to say, is capable of a rotary motion when current is supplied to it. But its use in this respect was for a long time confined to the driving of tram-cars or of machinery in factories already provided with generating plant of their own. Within recent years, however, the introduction of public electricity stations into most towns has relieved the manufacturers of the burden of laying down their own generating plant. The result has been to make possible the use of electric motors under conditions which, for cost, compare favourably with the older existing methods.

The factory-owner requiring power for the driving of machinery, and whose works are situated within moderate distance of an electricity station, has, broadly speaking, the choice of three methods of obtaining the requisite power—namely, steam, gas, or electricity. We neglect here water-power, which, in this country at least, is comparatively seldom available. The question then arises: which of the three methods is likely to prove the most efficient? In other words, which will involve the smallest capital cost to install combined with the smallest expense in actual working, and will at the same time be best adapted for driving the factory under such special conditions as the nature of the industry may require?

The steam-engine may, generally speaking, prove the most suitable in large works where the various machines are grouped compactly together, and are constantly at work throughout the day. It is under such conditions that the steam-engine can be made to give out a maximum of useful power with a minimum of cost for fuel. It may also happen that steam is required for other purposes of the factory than for driving, as in the case of chemical-works, laundries, and the like. Here the one steam plant will with advantage serve the two purposes. While under favourable conditions steam-power may prove economical and satisfactory, it has the disadvantage of requiring a comparatively large amount of attention, and occupies a considerable amount of space, a serious matter in thickly populated districts where land values are high. It also involves the cost of erecting buildings for the accommodation of boilers and their accessories.

These objections can be obviated by the use of gas-engines, which, for the compactly grouped and continuously working machinery, may prove as efficient, or even more so, than the steam-engine, more especially if the locality is favoured with a cheap supply of gas.

On the whole, however, if the machinery is spread over a large area, or is located throughout several buildings, and more especially if the use of the various machines is intermittent, electrical driving will be found vastly superior to steam or gas. This applies generally to all factories containing a number of separate pieces of machinery. For small workshops requiring power for only one or two machines the superiority is as great.

To illustrate the difference between the older and the newer methods, take the common example of printing-works. Under the old conditions, the usual arrangement would be to provide one large engine to drive the whole factory. There would then be erected in the various machine-rooms lengths of shafting which, situated it may be on different floor-levels or even in separate buildings, would have to be so arranged as to allow of their being driven in some way from the main engine. The printing-machines would

then be placed in suitable positions in proximity to the shafting, from which they would be driven by means of pulleys and leather belting. Now, in such a factory it is seldom the case that all the machines are working at one and the same time, for the nature of the work necessitates the laying down of the formes of type or stereotyped plates and the making of them ready before the actual work of printing can be proceeded with. This preparation may occupy as much time as the printing itself, and in the average machine-room it may be taken for granted that seldom are there more than half of the machines actually at work simultaneously, the other half being in a state of preparation. While this is the case, yet the principle on which the factory is driven involves the steam-engine, the shafting, and all its driving-belts being at work continuously and to a large extent unnecessarily, a constant waste of power being the obvious result. This waste may be going on even for the sake of a single machine. Such a condition frequently occurs should there be the necessity of working overtime, a contingency of common occurrence in the printing trade. It is no exaggeration to say that at such a time an engine may have to be kept at work driving shafting, at the rate, and consequently the cost, of from twenty to thirty horse-power, for the sake of one printing-machine which in itself may require only three or four horse-power.

With such an example contrast the electrically-driven printing-works. Each machine is provided with a separate electric motor which drives it directly by toothed gear-wheels. There is also provided within easy reach of the machine-man controlling switches for setting it in motion, for varying the speed, or for stopping it. There has to be fitted up neither shafting nor belting, both of which occupy space, interfere with the effective lighting of the building, and form distributors of dust and oil over the work.

As the machines are driven independently of one another, they may be placed in any convenient position, instead of having to be ranged in line with the driving-shaft. Floor space can thereby be greatly economised. Lastly, instead of one large engine being at work, under conditions the reverse of economical, and absorbing perhaps twice as much power as is actually necessary, there will be at work only such electric motors as are attached to the printing-machines in use at any one time. Such a condition is most favourable to high efficiency, and, as a natural consequence, to cheapness of working. For overtime no keeping up of steam pressure is required, nor the wasteful driving of idle shafts; a mere turning of a handle and the machine is set in motion without delay or waste of energy. Again, in the event of a breakdown the stoppage is limited to one machine instead of the whole factory being at a standstill. Another advantage may be pointed out—namely, the ease with which the speed of a machine can be varied, so that for each class of work the most effective rate of working can be employed. The result of this is usually to increase largely the profit-earning capacity of the factory. Indirectly there may be considerable saving in the first cost of a new building where electric motors are to be employed. Massive structures, which would otherwise have to be provided to withstand the weight and vibration of engines and shafting, are, on account of the smoothness of action of the electric motor, to a large extent rendered unnecessary.

The conditions which obtain in printing-works such as just described may be said to be those of the majority of industrial concerns, and in most cases the same economies and advantages of electrical driving can be secured. Where very small power is required to drive a single machine—say from a quarter to one horse-power—the economies to be derived from fitting a separate motor to each machine are not so great, because motors of such small powers have a comparatively low efficiency. In such a case the machines may be driven most effectively by grouping a number of them together, and coupling them to one shaft which would be driven by a single larger motor. In machines requiring from two to three horse-power and upwards, one motor to one machine will usually be found the most satisfactory arrangement.

From what has been said it will be realised that the capacity of the electric motor for the operating of machinery of every description is without limits, and it is only possible to refer here to one or two examples.

A noteworthy instance of electrical driving came under the writer's notice in an engineering workshop some ten or fifteen years ago. Through the main body of the factory there ran an overhead crane, capable of lifting weights of twenty tons, and the machinery for lifting and for causing the crane to travel to and fro was worked by means of an endless rope which extended from end to end of the building. This rope was driven from the main shafting of the shop, and kept in constant motion whether the crane was actually required or not. When the conversion to electrical driving was made the rope was done away with, and instead there was provided a dynamo which was driven from the shop shafting. On the crane was mounted a motor of about twelve horse-power, arranged to drive the crane gearing where previously the endless rope had been attached. Two copper cables were then led from the dynamo to the crane, one being attached to the metal rails on which the crane travelled, and the other to a bare copper wire which was stretched alongside of the crane rails. On this bare wire a copper brush mounted on the crane always made rubbing contact, and by its means current was conveyed to the motor, no matter at what position the crane might be. The

immediate result of the new method of working was that the power consumed in driving the rope when the crane was idle was entirely saved, and also that the power necessary to work the crane under ordinary conditions was only half of what had previously been required.

The driving of portable machine tools in engineering factories is another class of work for which the motor supplied, as it may be, with power through flexible cables is admirably adapted. Where the drilling of small holes and similar work has to be done in masses of metal weighing perhaps many tons, it is found much more convenient to bring a comparatively light machine into the neighbourhood of the body to be operated on than to transport the heavy weight to the drilling-machine. No system is so adaptable for such work as electricity, and its use for driving portable machine tools is spreading to a large extent in this country, and even more so in European and American workshops.

Another field for the electric motor, and one which is not confined to factories, but which extends to warehouses, clubs, hotels, and even dwelling-houses, is the driving of lifts for the conveyance of passengers and goods from one level to another. Here again great economies may be effected, and the ease with which the motor can be controlled puts the operation of the lift within the powers of the average unskilled person.

For the driving of fans for ventilating purposes nothing can be more convenient than electricity, whether for purifying the air of buildings or for directing a cool draught of air on fevered brows during sultry weather. For this latter purpose small fans are obtainable, which, placed on a table or fixed on a wall, may be connected to the ordinary lighting wires, and turned so as to blow in any desired direction. As a substitute for the primitive punkah in hot climates, such fans are proving invaluable.

For church work, the chief use of electricity, apart from that of illumination, is for the driving of organ-bellows. These hitherto have been worked manually, by water-engine supplied from the town mains, or by gas-engine. But here again these are being replaced by the newer power, which is far superior in respect of its steady and economical working, and also on account of the ease with which it may be controlled from a distance. This last feature enables the driving-gear to be placed in any convenient position, even although at a considerable distance from the console from which the motor has to be stopped and started.

To almost every profession and business in which machinery of the lightest description is employed, the electric motor may be of advantage. Indeed, it is possible to refer to only a few of these. The dentist's drilling-machine, the experimental machinery of the scientist, the amateur's lathe, the housewife's sewing-machine, the grocer's coffee-grinder, the hairdresser's brush, the various machines of the baker, the wood-worker, and the stone-worker, and many other familiar industries, all offer themselves as subjects of electrical working.

While advocating in such wholesale fashion the consideration of electricity as a driving power, the writer has no intention of implying that under all circumstances it is the most suitable means which may be adopted; in fact, he has already indicated conditions where it would certainly not be so. His purpose is rather to suggest that its merits should be thoroughly investigated by all intending power-users, with a view to obtaining the very best and most economical system of carrying out their work. It is only by such methods that our industries, and consequently our national prosperity, can be maintained in the face of the ever-increasing competition from abroad. The enormous extent to which electrical power is being used by our foreign competitors affords a sufficient argument in this respect; and it behoves us to lose no opportunity of keeping in advance of them by every means at our disposal. The reduction of the cost of production by this or any other method will largely assist us in attaining that end.

THE FLAG OF A LOST CAUSE.

The banners on the gray cathedral walls—
A sheaf of glory reaped on hard-won fields—
Lend, with their colours and their tarnished gold,
The touch of pathos only valour yields.

In golden letters of undying fame,
Each flag records its victories in the past;
And through the silence of the dusky aisle
The names fall stirring as a trumpet-blast.

But one among the glorious throng there is
Which to the curious passer-by bids pause:
No golden name upon the fading silk
That represents the Flag of a Lost Cause.

. . . . . .

One wove with patient hands the silken web,
In the far-off and long-forgotten years;
Worked in with every thread a dreamer's hope,
That sometimes glittered through a blur of tears.

One bore it on the well-fought battlefield
Whose life paid forfeit where the red folds toss'd,
Death lurking stabbed beneath the silken pomp;
But death meant little when the cause was lost!

One took it when the hopeless day was done,
In darkness, tender, as a kindly pall;
The heart's blood that had stained the lilies red,
Won it a place upon the old gray wall.

. . . . . .

For this among these ancient flags it hangs,
Nameless, where each one vaunts its ancestry,
But sacred, for that cause is never lost
For which a man has dared to live and die.

AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'

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SIXTH SERIES.

TEA TASTING AND BLENDING.

SOME thirty years ago a song extolling the virtues of a 'full and fragrant cup of tea' was popular at the universities and elsewhere. Its author compared the cup of tea to life, intimating that the world was in hot-water, that men were very often spoons, and that lovely woman was the sugar.

Although that song has given place to others, its subject has not retrograded in popularity, for the statistics of the Customs show that during the last ten years there has been a steadily recurring annual increase in the amount of tea on which duty has been paid for consumption in the United Kingdom. The total amount of duty paid on tea for the twelve months terminating 31st March 1900 exceeded four and a half million pounds sterling. The Commissioners of Customs in their report for that period made a statement to the effect that the increase of consumption was unusually large, and indicated the prosperous condition of the population.

A writer who published a work on tea in 1886 states that fifty years prior to that date forty million pounds of tea per annum fully supplied all requirements; but that, at the time at which he was writing, one hundred and eighty million pounds barely sufficed for the home consumption alone. Were that writer to treat of the present day he would have to augment the quantity by more than sixty millions. The imports of tea into London in 1900 exceeded two hundred and ninety-eight million pounds, whereas no other port in the United Kingdom received tea-imports of half a million. Harwich comes next with under four hundred and eighty-eight thousand pounds, and Liverpool third with not quite three hundred and forty-seven thousand.

Considering this enormous consumption of tea, it may naturally be supposed that information on the processes of tasting and blending, for the purpose of providing a mixture that will suit the palate of the consumer, will be of interest.

There are public sales of tea in London four days each week, at which, by average computation, from seventy-five to one hundred thousand packages of tea may be said to be sold. These are put up for sale in varying quantities. Sometimes the packages of similar quality are only ten or twelve, or they may number one or two hundred; and, where large firms are concerned, almost the whole of these teas are tasted and valued by expert tea-tasters before the sales commence.

The method of sampling the teas offered at public auction is as follows: Out of each lot on offer for sale a number of packages are opened and submitted to inspection by the trade. Every day a youthful army issues from the various tea-dealing establishments. Its members are provided with bags of tea of qualities approximate to those which are to be sampled. Their further necessary accoutrements consist of a quantity of small tins, numbered, each of a capacity to hold about three ounces of tea, and they also carry catalogues of the teas offered for sale during that week or the week following. On arrival at the warehouses they proceed to the packages which have been opened for the purpose, and sample the contents by taking two or three ounces of tea from each. The numbered tins are then brought into requisition. The operator empties the sample into a tin, and then checks the parcel of tea on his catalogue and enters on the margin the number of the tin containing the sample of that particular parcel.

Any one disposed to jump prematurely to conclusions may, on reading these particulars of the procedure up to this stage, be inclined to express an opinion that such a process of sampling must lend itself to fraud, as persons having no intention of purchase might come and dishonestly accumulate samples of tea for the purpose of sale or consumption. However, if the reader will have the patience to acquire further information on the subject he will quickly perceive that such fraud is impossible. For every sample

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withdrawn from a package an equal quantity of approximately similar quality must be returned by the sampler; and this accounts for the bags of tea, known as 'returns,' which the samplers who come to the warehouses bring from the establishments they represent. These 'returns' are not mixed with the bulk of the tea; for, if that were done, any package into which they were introduced could no longer be relied upon as fairly representing in quality the rest of the unopened consignment to which it belonged. The 'returns' are thrown into large paper bags, and packed into the chests which are called 'sampled packages,' and are sold at a somewhat lower price than the bulk of the parcel.

Sometimes a firm will announce a specially valuable tea for sale, with a stipulation that there shall be 'no returns,' and that samples can only be seen at their office. They know that if they did otherwise, and allowed this special lot of tea to be sampled at the public warehouses, no quality of approximate value would be forthcoming to serve as 'returns,' and that they would consequently be likely to lose materially instead of incurring the slight loss ordinarily incurred by accepting the 'returns.'

The samples obtained from the warehouses are handed over to the tea-tasters of the establishments, and they proceed to taste them with a view to valuation, so that they may ascertain approximately the figures up to which it will be worth while to bid at the coming auction sales. In a London wholesale tea establishment hundreds of samples of tea are tasted weekly.

This tasting is no rule-of-thumb operation. It necessitates accuracy and concentrated attention. The mode ordinarily adopted is as follows: Portions of the tea-samples to be tasted are carefully weighed, so that the quantities experimented upon shall be precisely uniform in weight. This is an absolute necessity for a proper comparison of results. The tea is next infused for some six minutes in hot-water taken just as it reaches boiling-point. The liquor is strained off into cups, and when it becomes lukewarm the contents are tasted one after the other in large teaspoonfuls. The taster is generally desirous of matching the strength and flavour of some tea which has been previously purchased, and has suited the requirements of customers; so he ordinarily infuses a similar quantity of that quality at the same time, and by first tasting it and then the others he decides which of them most closely resemble it and should be bid for. The taster does not swallow these spoonfuls. Some tasters, although the practice is not uniform, make a point of adding milk to the various cups, and then taste them anew.

Water that has been overboiled will not serve for the infusions. It ordinarily fails to bring out the proper flavour of the tea, a point in which every skilled manipulator with the domestic tea-kettle will readily acquiesce. It is very necessary that the merchant, if he wants to suit his customers, should have some knowledge of the quality of the water in the various districts where he has a business connection; for the results of trying equal portions of a similar quality of tea in water which is decidedly hard and water which has a tendency to softness are frequently very decidedly different. Therefore, a London merchant will often be at pains to procure a quantity of the water of a locality where he wishes to extend business.

The appearance of a tea is also to some extent a consideration, for in some districts the inhabitants are peculiarly addicted to the use of one of large leaf, and in others the preference is precisely the reverse.

Much has been said and written about the pernicious effect on the system of over-indulgence in tea; and therefore, if any such statements be credited, it may naturally be surmised that the tea-taster suffers from the effects of his experiments. Several writers have not hesitated to asseverate that the taster's occupation is fraught with danger and calculated to induce paralytic affections. Most experienced tea-traders, however, emphatically deny that such is the case; but many of them are ready to admit that they think prolonged tea-tasting has an effect on the nervous system, and that those who practise it do become rather high-strung. Still, in the face of this, there are plenty of tea-tasting experts to be met with who present a robust and healthy appearance, and who have followed the occupation for several years.

Both experienced tea-merchants and medical men who have given special attention to the subject have for the most part pronounced strongly in favour of the use of pure China tea rather than of that which comes from India and Ceylon. The late Sir Andrew Clark, when delivering a lecture to students of the London Hospital on 13th October 1891, thus emphasised his preference: 'Tea, to be useful, should be, first of all, black China tea. The Indian tea which is being cultivated has become so powerful in its effects upon the nervous system that a cup of it taken early in the morning, as many people do, so disorders the nervous system that those who take it actually get into a state of tea intoxication; and it produces a form of nerve disturbance which is most painful to witness.'

However, neither merchants nor medical men have been able to contend against the desire of the British public to get as much as they can for their money; and as the stronger Indian and Ceylon teas are lower-priced than those of China, the consequence is that the importation of Chinese tea into England is now only about one-fifth of what it was some thirty years ago.

Formerly, before Indian teas began to take a firm hold on the market, which was not till well

after the commencement of the second half of the last century, tea-blending was comparatively unknown, as the China teas which were principally sold at that time were rarely mixed; but when once regularly introduced, the process did not take long to develop extensively. As any mixing operation is apt to be regarded with suspicion by those who are imperfectly acquainted with the reasons for it, the advantages of tea-blending require some specification.

Tea-blending is a process that affords great benefit to purchasers, as it enables them to purchase teas which are superior in strength and flavour in preference to a plain unmixed tea which would cost quite as much. This is effected by using strong Indian teas and the flavoury and less pungent teas of Ceylon, and occasionally those of China and Java, which are principally used for cheapening purposes.

It is also ordinarily of material benefit to the retail trader, as it obviates the necessity of separate purchases of those varieties which would be used in a blend; and in outlying country districts it is often difficult for a retailer to buy all that he requires, for there are times when the market is rather bare of certain qualities. If, however, he is in the habit of buying blended teas from a wholesale house of good standing, he may rely on almost absolute uniformity of quality and flavour. Nothing damages a tea trade more than changing the flavour of the tea sold, even when better qualities are substituted, as people get used to the tea sold by a particular trader, and their palates recognise and prefer it to any other.

Before the retailer could readily purchase blended teas his outlay was considerable, for he had to buy stocks and to pay duty, so that he often held a stock of teas which took him many months to sell and locked up his capital; but at the present time he can satisfy requirements by making weekly purchases of blended teas from a wholesale firm. By this means both the average tea-retailer and the public benefit as a rule; the trader by economising capital, and the purchaser by the chance that he will obtain better teas. The teas blended by the wholesale house are kept with extreme care in a dry warehouse, so that they come to the consumer in the best possible condition; whereas the retailer often had to stock his tea in damp rooms and in warehouses where spices and such articles as sugar and other groceries were kept; and contact with these was calculated to damage the quality of the tea very materially, as tea, being highly roasted, readily absorbs the flavour of articles stored in its vicinity. Consequently, within the last ten years the trade in blended tea has been much developed; and although some of the country dealers, from a feeling which, in the majority of cases, seems somewhat akin to false pride, prefer to blend their own teas, the purchase of blended teas by the retailer from a wholesale house is generally acknowledged to be advantageous to all parties.

Those who interest themselves in reading reports of prosecutions of venders of adulterated articles can scarcely fail to note that tea adulteration prosecutions do not ordinarily figure amongst them. There are various reasons for this fortunate state of affairs. All tea which is imported into Great Britain has to be examined by His Majesty's Customs and declared to be pure before the buyer can clear it—that is, effect the necessary formalities for obtaining possession. In some of our colonies the regulations are still stricter. In Canada, for instance, the Government compels the importer of tea to be furnished with a certificate of its origin and purity. Then, again, common teas are now so low-priced that there is scarcely anything that would pass as a substitute obtainable cheaper. The duty on some teas greatly exceeds their actual values; in fact, it more than doubles the price. Concoctions of sloe-leaves under the name of tea exist nowadays more in fiction than in fact; although there is every reason to believe that in earlier days, when tea was dearer and Customs regulations less precise, there was a considerable amount of tea adulteration.

Nations that are alive to commercial interests bestir themselves actively to secure all available tea trade. A correspondent writing to the *Standard* recently, while urging the necessity for an extension of the export tea trade of Great Britain, drew special attention to the strenuous efforts of Russia to control the overland China tea trade by means of the great Siberian Railway, by which tea brought by caravans from China was received at Irkutsk and carried to the farthest limits of Russia.

It is more than a quarter of a century since Mr John Ruskin made a philanthropic effort to benefit a portion of the London poor by establishing some of his family servants in a tea-shop in Paddington Street, W. He aimed at enabling the poorer classes to buy good and pure tea in small quantities at prices at which it was customarily sold in larger parcels; but his well-meant endeavour was not a financial success, according to his own narrative in *Fors Clavigera*, which states that the business did not pay working expenses. He had declined to push his trade by the aid of illumination or advertisement, and in a measure attributed the failure of his enterprise to those reasons, coupled with the fact that he had taken a long time before he could make up his mind as to a suitable sign for the shop. Mr Ruskin, though lacking a knowledge of commercial detail, nevertheless went the right way to buy, for he approached a highly respectable firm of wholesale tea-dealers in Tower Street, and made purchases of good, sound tea, and did not allow the exigencies of foreign travel to interfere with the making of prompt payments. His correspondence, some of which is still preserved by the firm,

indicates that although sometimes professing ignorance as to the difference between the invoices and the statements of account which were forwarded to him, his commercial inexperience did not lead him into any betrayal of impatience when endeavouring to master the details of the transactions. At the time he started the business the prices made purchases of good tea far more prohibitive to the poor than they are at present, and are likely to continue to be unless some Chancellor of the Exchequer, driven to extremity, should impose a further tea-duty, a measure which would be calculated to elicit a general expression of popular disfavour.

CLIPPED WINGS.

CHAPTER VII.—(*continued*).

THE delicious hours of morning before the sun became a disc of molten copper were Lucie's own. During their course her irksome trammels were relaxed; for Miss Santhem, who had a keen eye for luxuries that did not entail extra expenditure, elected to breakfast in her berth, and rarely appeared on deck until eleven o'clock, when beef-tea and chicken-soup were handed round. By next morning, when Challoner and she were sitting on chairs placed confidentially near under the shadow of the wide awning, with the vast waters of the Indian Ocean rippling and sparkling around them, Lucie had already let the recollection of Trescott's warning slip from her mind. The near future seemed to hold so many golden hours in store that she felt it were folly to ruffle her enjoyment for the sake of hypothetical happenings.

Their chairs were drawn a little apart from the close phalanx of cumbersome bamboo lounges whereon the matrons and spinsters sped the long hot hours with make-believe work and very genuine gossip. Challoner was reading aloud from a stray volume of Adam Lindsay Gordon's poetry, which he had picked up in Melbourne. He read well, but nothing is harder than to fasten one's mind to serious thought when at sea; and after the first few verses Lucie found herself listening to the melody of his skilfully modulated voice, and allowing the tenor of the words to escape her:

> 'A little season of love and laughter,
> Of light and life and pleasure and pain,
> And a horror of outer darkness after,
> And dust returneth to dust again.
> Then the lesser life shall be as the greater,
> And the lover of life shall join the hater;
> And the one thing cometh sooner or later,
> And no one knoweth the loss or gain.

Hallo!' said Challoner, breaking off abruptly, 'something's evidently going to happen.'

A valet had bustled up, and was arranging three deck-chairs in a half-moon close to the rail in front of them, where the occupants would sit facing the sea, with their backs turned to the promenade. Having stationed the seats to his liking, he retired, and quickly reappeared, burdened with a couple of small folding-tables, which he placed near the chairs. This done, he again departed, giving place to a smart lady's-maid laden with wraps and cushions.

The reading had been abandoned. Even the gossip had ceased, for the smallest sensation ranks high on board ship, and everybody within watching-distance awaited with interest the arrivals anticipated by these preparations.

'By the pricking of my thumbs, something gorgeous this way comes. I thought we had seen all the passengers. The initials on the chair-backs are D. G. Do you know of a prince of the blood-royal whose initials are D. G.?'

'Hush!' counselled Lucie. 'They are here.'

The valet walked first in the procession, carrying a footstool. He was closely followed by the maid, who bore a book, a sunshade, and a fan. Then appeared, progressing with dignified slowness, an elderly lady supported on one side by a doddering old gentleman, and on the other by a humble companion who held a gold-chased bottle of smelling-salts.

In appearance the dowager, the preservation of whose bodily comfort necessitated such elaborate equipment, was distinctly suggestive of an upper-middle-class dame on her way to church. While all the other travellers were in more or less free-and-easy costume, she was attired in the rigours of a beplumed bonnet, a black lace mantle covered her narrow shoulders, and a veil and gloves put the finishing touches to a toilet that lacked only a prayer-book to complete it.

'Blue-gums and kangaroos!' exclaimed Challoner under his breath. 'It's the Dickon Gunns! I was sure I recognised the old boy at table, but couldn't place him. Well—of all the dispensations'——

'Then you know them?'

'Oh, in a kind of way, you know. Our places and theirs are near—as distance goes in the country. My people dine with them twice a year, and *vice versâ*.'

'Have they any family?' Lucie asked tentatively.

'One girl. Awfully lively girl. Terrific flirt. Would carry on with anybody. Used to make love to me when I was a kid and she was just out of the schoolroom. She married early. Ran away with a fellow—rather a detrimental. But

the old folks came round all right, and subsidise them. Mrs Willie Delphin—Lena is now.'

'But what are her parents doing out here? They don't look the sort of people to be travelling for pleasure.'

'Blest if I can tell,' said Challoner. 'Out on a sort of chastened *jamboree*, I suppose.'

'Will they know you?' Lucie asked anxiously. Already her apprehensive heart objected to Challoner communicating even with the parents of the fascinating Mrs Delphin.

''Tisn't likely. Haven't seen them since I was a middy, and then the old lady didn't quite approve of me. Still, I'd better keep out of the way.'

Leaving Lady Gunn seated under the shade of the parasol that had been raised to shelter her complexion, in the event of the dual protection afforded by the veil and awning proving insufficient, they slipped off, and, stepping warily, took up their station on the farther side of the deck-house behind immediate danger of recognition.

But peace had abandoned them: the vigilant Miss Santhem was already on their track. Just as they had secured a quiet corner, and Challoner had opened the book to resume his recital at the passage where he had relinquished it, she swooped down, and, sweeping Lucie away, kept her holding interminable skeins of wool until the luncheon-gong sounded her release.

Despite his precautions, Challoner's identity did not long remain hidden. By the afternoon Lady Gunn had so far recovered from her indisposition as to betray a restricted interest in her fellow-voyagers. Composing herself, with closed eyelids, to listen, she instructed her humble companion to read out the names on the passenger-list.

'Not that there is the most remote chance of there being a soul on board that one would care to speak to,' she remarked charitably. 'For, really, a commoner lot of people I never saw. I only hope no one will insist on trying to make my acquaintance!'

'Mr J. A. Adams; Mr and Mrs Bowen, baby, and nurse; Mr William T. Buron; Lieutenant the Hon. Victor A. E. Challoner; Mr Dyce; Mrs Fraser, and three children'——

'Stop a moment,' Lady Gunn interrupted. 'Challoner—can that be the Victor Challoner we know?—Dickon!' sharply to her husband, who was wrestling with the tantalising intricacies of a game of 'Dog's Patience,' 'there is a Lieutenant Challoner on the ship. He must be one of Lady Beddoes' sons—the third one, Victor, you remember. He was in the navy—wasn't he?'

'Um—ten, knave, queen, king—Victor Challoner on board, my dear? Quite likely. Navy—yes, of course he was. Probably on leave,' Sir Dickon answered abstractedly. 'One, two, three, four,' he continued, placidly dealing out the remainder of the cards.

However, his wife was not to be balked of her prey. 'Dickon, do stop that idiotic game for a moment. I want you to go and find out if it is Victor Challoner. Please go at once. Oh, nobody will touch the cards,' she added testily, seeing her husband look reluctantly at the table.

'But, my dear,' Sir Dickon made feeble protest, 'I really don't'——

'You must ascertain at once,' Lady Gunn insisted. 'If it is our Victor Challoner, he is certain to be suffering dreadfully, with no society but that of all those shocking people. He used to be a pretty boy, with nice manners. Wrote verses, too—didn't he? We must try to be good to him. Knowing we are on board, he is certain to think it odd we don't speak to him. Go and fetch him now.'

Thus urged, Sir Dickon unwillingly left his cards arranged with mathematical precision in neat rows, a promising little pile of 'dogs' at one side, and went in search of Challoner. He toddled round the deck, short-sightedly peering at every group, and finally, within earshot of Challoner and Lucie, who were leaning on the rail watching the butterfly-like flying-fish skimming the waves, he asked an officer where Lieutenant Challoner was to be found.

Challoner groaned inwardly, casting a plaintive glance for Lucie's sympathy. Then, putting the best face on the matter, he stepped forward, and, meeting good Sir Dickon's advances affably, permitted himself to be led to Lady Gunn to receive her commiseration regarding the quite impossible people they had fallen among.

'I went in to luncheon to-day for the first time—the sea has been so terribly rough since we embarked at Adelaide—and really, looking round the saloon, I did not see a soul I'd care to associate with. I'm sure you must feel the same. Such dreadful women! One creature sat down to table in a Tam o' Shanter.'

Challoner, who was wise in his day and generation, held his opinion of their fellow-passengers in abeyance and temporised. 'There are many nice people on board, no doubt,' he answered diplomatically. 'Of course, coming from such a mixed community as Australia, one must be prepared to encounter some rough blades.'

'Fladgetts told me'—Lady Gunn's voice dropped confidentially—'that one of the saloon passengers wears an india-rubber collar and cuffs which he washes in his cabin. She saw them drying as she passed the open door!'

'Probably a millionaire who got into the custom of economising washing at the mines. It's a safe rule never to undervalue your shipmate; you never know what he may turn out to be,' Challoner responded lightly. 'How is Mrs Delphin?'

'Dear Aline is very well. She and her husband have arranged to join the *Omega* at Colombo, so that we shall all travel back to London together. They have been wintering in India.'

'That's jolly,' Challoner said heartily. 'Mrs Delphin will liven up the ship a bit. It needs it.'

Lady Gunn sighed. Her daughter's liveliness had been the one thorn in the cluster of roses life had offered her. 'Yes, we shall be a nice little party then. But till we reach Colombo we must make the best of matters. You are at the captain's table, you say? We have one to ourselves at the side. Sir Dickon made it a condition. I would certainly have refused to sail otherwise. You must join us often at dinner, and we shall have a game of whist afterwards.'

Challoner, who saw his evenings with Lucie endangered, essayed a bold stroke for freedom.

'Whist? Ah, dear Lady Gunn, I daren't play whist now. Doctor's orders; the—the *excitement* upsets me, you know. Doctor forbade me even to look at a card in the tropics. Said heat and excitement combined might be fatal—weak heart, you know. You remember how suddenly my poor old grandfather died. Inherited it from him, I'm afraid.'

'Ah, the poor dear Earl; that was a sudden loss. Ninety-seven, wasn't he? Yes, we all thought he'd live to be a hundred,' sighed Lady Gunn sympathetically.

'We're between two fires,' Challoner remarked when he rejoined Lucie, and found that Miss Santhem was too busily engaged decrying mutual friends with a lady from Wellington to pay any attention to her ward—'We're between two fires, Lucie; but I flatter myself I've extinguished one of them!'

(*To be continued.*)

SUCCESSFUL KNAVERY.

WE are all taught to believe that 'honesty is the best policy;' and experience would seem to prove that knavery and knavish ways of making a living, if long enough persevered in, are almost certain to defeat their own ends and bring those who practise such frauds hopelessly to grief. Yet no one would care to dispute that instances in plenty could be cited of guilty persons escaping scot-free, if only for a time. Were it not so, the men who make it the business of their lives to prey upon society would not be nearly so numerous as they are; neither would the community have need of so many safeguards to protect itself from their depredations.

The following instances, the details of which the writer is in a position to vouch for, go far towards proving what a large amount of misapplied cleverness and ingenuity is needed nowadays for the making of a successful rogue.

About five o'clock one summer morning two shabbily dressed men made their way to one of the large City warehouses, opened the doors with a key which one of them carried, and went inside. Five minutes later a dray in charge of other two men stopped in front of the warehouse. The doors of one of the upper lofts were then opened, the crane made ready, and in a very short time three large bales of wool were lowered one after another on to the dray, which was then driven slowly away. All this was done in broad daylight, and without apparent hurry, in sight of several passers-by. Shortly afterwards the two men who had entered quitted the warehouse, locked the doors after them, and lounged away in a direction opposite to that taken by the dray. The men employed at the warehouse arrived to their work at six o'clock, and in the course of an hour the theft was discovered; but although the case was at once put into the hands of the police, the thieves had got clear away, and the wool was never traced.

Another case, which exhibits an equal amount of audacity, although offering less chance of immediate detection, may be thus reported.

Consigned to a well-known London factor, there arrived at one of the Metropolitan Railway stations four hundred quarters of malt, invoiced 'to await orders.' The malt was accordingly warehoused, and an advice of its arrival sent to the consignee. A few days afterwards three men in charge of a wagon presented themselves at the station and handed to the wharf-clerk a written order, to all appearance signed by the factor, whose handwriting was not unknown at the station, authorising the company to deliver to 'Mr John Blank, or bearer, twenty-five quarters of malt, part of the four hundred quarters lying to my order in your warehouse, and charge carriage of same to my account.' The fifty sacks of malt were of course delivered to the men and taken away; and it was not till nearly a fortnight later, when the factor sent an order to deliver the whole of the four hundred quarters, that the fraud was discovered. The thieves were never detected.

Both these cases suggest the opinion that the criminal population of London—or a certain section thereof—must have special facilities for the storage and subsequent disposal of large quantities of merchandise, and need not necessarily confine their operations to what is commonly known as 'portable property.'

Our next instance is of a somewhat different complexion, and displays a remarkable combination of audacity and assurance.

The hero was a collector for a well-known City firm, and an old 'London hand,' who considered himself—and was considered by his employers—as far too experienced and wide awake to be taken in by any of the shallow dodges by means of which the unwary are so often relieved of their property. It was the habit of this man, whenever he had received any considerable sum in notes or cheques, to carry it in his trousers-pocket, as being the safest place in which he could put the money, and for further security to keep his left hand constantly in the pocket. This grew into such a habit with him that if he stopped to shake hands with a friend, or had to get into a cab, or to make use of his handkerchief, his left hand never quitted his pocket. Proceeding thus down Gracechurch Street towards the office one winter afternoon just as the shops were being lighted up, with twenty-five pounds in notes, some cheques for heavy amounts, and one or two bank-bills in his possession, humming a little tune—for his day's collection was over—he all at once felt, with a thrill which turned him deathly cold, that his pocket was empty of everything but his hand. His brain began to swim, the street and the busy crowd round him seemed for the moment a wild unreality, and he asked himself seriously whether he was not in bed and labouring under a hideous nightmare. Then his wits came back, and he realised the all but incredible fact that his loss was no imaginary one. Yet, by what means had the robbery been effected? That it was the work of a thief he never for a moment doubted. He felt so confident that his hand had never for an instant quitted his pocket since leaving the last place at which he had called a quarter of an hour before that he would have affirmed that fact on oath. The more he thought about his loss the more hopelessly bewildered and puzzled he became.

A few days later, when the police had reported that they had discovered no traces of the missing property, an advertisement appeared in the newspapers offering a reward of ten pounds and 'no questions asked' to any one who would return the cheques and bank-bills 'lost' on the evening of such-a-day in Gracechurch Street, 'the same being of no value to any one but the owners.' Two nights later, between nine and ten o'clock, a muffled-up individual knocked at the door of the collector's private residence, and after some parleying and several assurances that everything was 'on the square,' produced the cheques and bills, and had the reward handed over to him. 'By-the-bye,' said the collector as the man was turning away, 'I am very curious to ascertain how the robbery was effected, for I am perfectly convinced that my hand never left my pocket.' The fellow grinned; then he said, 'Do you recollect that as you turned the corner into Gracechurch Street something tickled your left ear?' 'I do,' said the clerk; 'and I now remember taking my hand out of my pocket to rub the place. It was only for a second or two, though.' 'Long enough for my pal to do what he wanted,' replied the fellow, with another grin. 'He was close behind you as you turned the corner, and he tickled your ear with a feather.'

The following narrative of a theft of 'left luggage' from a railway station is further proof of the audacity and skill of some members of the criminal classes.

One afternoon some years ago three persons got into a second-class compartment of the London train at a little country station. One was a stout, farmer-looking man, with a loud voice and a bold, confident manner, and in one of his companions—who turned out to be a master-tailor on his way to London to purchase his spring goods—he evidently recognised an old friend he had not seen for several years. The third man in the compartment was meek-looking and middle-aged, was dressed in shabby black, and carried an old cotton umbrella; and from the moment he entered the carriage he never stirred out of the corner in which he had placed himself, seeming absorbed in the perusal of his newspaper. Between the burly man, who proved to be fresh from Australia, and the master-tailor a brisk conversation was kept up during the whole journey. Among other things, the Australian announced that he was going forward to Dover by the first train to see a niece who was living there, and that he should not be back in London for two days, when, however, he hoped to see his friend the tailor again. Among his other luggage, he said, was a small black portmanteau—then under the carriage seat—which he would rather not take forward to Dover, as he might lose it or be robbed of it. Would his friend advise him to leave it in the cloak-room of the London terminus till his return to town? The tailor opined that, under the circumstances, that would be the wisest thing he could do, as, when the portmanteau was once booked and in the railway company's hands, they would hold themselves responsible for it till the production of the ticket which they would give him on taking charge of it.

On alighting at the terminus the Australian and his friend made their way to the cloak-room, the former hardly less loud-voiced than he had been in the train, and apparently not caring though all the world should hear what he had to say. They were followed at a respectful distance by the shabby man in black, who was desirous of depositing his umbrella with the railway company. He stood meekly behind the burly Australian while the latter handed in his portmanteau to the man in charge, paid his fee, and received a ticket in return, the counterfoil of which was affixed to the portmanteau. Then, with his mind appa-

rently relieved of a load, the Australian walked away with his friend in a higher state of jollity than ever. The man in black now handed in his umbrella, paid the fee, and received a voucher in return stamped in one corner with the number 544, and with the abbreviated words 'Cttn. umbrla' written across the face of it. About two hours later another seedy-looking person presented himself at the cloak-room with a somewhat dilapidated black portmanteau, which he deposited in the usual way, receiving a voucher for it with the words 'Blk. ptmant.' dashed across its face.

In the course of the forenoon of the following day a showily dressed young man alighted from a cab at the terminus, made his way to the cloak-room, and producing a ticket numbered 543, had the Australian's portmanteau handed to him, which was precisely what he had come for, and drove away with it in triumph. Among other things, it contained a considerable quantity of gold-dust and some valuable jewellery. The ticket presented by the young man was of course a forged one; but it was so cleverly executed that the forgery was not discovered till the real ticket was produced by the Australian. The rogues had rightly argued that the tickets given to the public were numbered in sequence, and that as 544 was the number for the umbrella, 543 must be the number for the Australian's portmanteau. The second portmanteau, which was afterwards found to be full of shavings and firewood, was deposited by a confederate in order to obtain a correct idea of the abbreviated words necessary to be filled in on the forged ticket, which, in effect, were imitated so closely that the cloak-room porter himself, even after the forgery was discovered, could not distinguish them from his own scrawl. None of the stolen property was ever recovered.

STOFFEL'S REVENGE.

By H. A. Bryden.

STOFFEL the Hottentot had just been tied up by his master, Andries Bartness, a Boer farming some way below the great Augrabies Falls on the Orange River, and was about to receive condign punishment. Stoffel was a herdsman, and, as ill-luck would have it, one of his master's goats was missing that evening. The huge, burly Boer had counted in his flock as they filed into the thorn kraal, and the tale was one short. Stoffel could not account for the animal. All the long, hot day he had been herding the goats in some wild, sequestered kloofs and valleys; perchance a leopard had quietly seized a victim. He could not tell.

'*Baas! Baas!*' he cried, trembling, for he had bitter experience of the sjambok, and feared it terribly, 'I will find the goat or make it good. Give me to-morrow, only to-morrow, and I will do my best.'

The Boer shook Stoffel roughly by the scruff, and, taking a grip with his left hand of a leather band and some beads encircling the Hottentot's yellow neck, raised his hide-whip and prepared to administer the flogging. Just at that moment he felt in his grasp some small, round, hard substance; and, on opening his great fist, there among the rubbish of beads and leather was a tiny pouch of skin. The pouch was very old and very greasy, almost the size of a cob-nut, and it was neatly sewn up with minute, delicate stitches of fine sinew. The Boer had never before noticed it.

'*Maghte!*' he said in his deep, guttural voice, 'what is this?'

'Oh, my *Baas!*' replied the Hottentot, 'it is nothing; only a bit of medicine to keep me from sore throat.'

Andries Bartness took his hunting-knife from its sheath and swiftly severed the little pouch from the man's neck. Then dexterously nicking the leather with the keen edge of the knife, he extracted a curious octagonal pebble, somewhat like a piece of water-worn glass or a bit of clear gum-arabic. As the pebble lay in his broad palm, Bartness knew instantly that a diamond of great value was in his possession. His eyes glittered at the sight; but he judged it wiser to keep his knowledge to himself, and at once pocketed the stone.

'So!' he said, 'if the thing is good for your throat, it is good for mine, or the children's. Where did you find it, you *schepsel?*'

'I found it nowhere, *Baas*,' said Stoffel. 'My father wore it round his neck as long as I can remember, and when he died I took it and wore it after him. Give it me back, *Baas!* It is not white man's medicine, and is of no use to you.'

For answer the great Dutchman gripped his puny servant once more and administered five-and-twenty heavy stripes with the sjambok.

'There, you *schelm!*' he said, as he untied the unfortunate's hands and released him from the wagon-wheel to which he had been fastened, 'you can go, and if you lose me another goat or sheep within the next three months you shall have fifty instead of twenty-five.'

The miserable Hottentot, his back waled and even bleeding from the cruel hide-whip, slunk away, hatred and suppressed venomous anger burning in his heart. Seeking the wretched hut that gave him shelter, he lay down upon his

face—his back was far too sore to rest upon—and, amid a bundle of sacking and old sheepskins, presently slept.

A few days later Stoffel was despatched with an iron bucket to get wild honey for the master's family, and as he had already ransacked all the bees' nests he could discover among the rocks within a mile or so of the farmhouse, he had now to go farther afield for the toothsome dainty. Therefore he made his way out of the flat valley in which the little square homestead stood towards a wild and unfrequented part of the Orange River bank, hereabouts hemmed in by deep kloofs and jagged precipices. There, all through the morning hours, he searched among valleys littered with stones and boulders, amid which the wild pelargoniums, heliophilas, irises, and many other flowers bloomed in a short-lived and unnoticed splendour.

At length Stoffel obtained the clue he needed. In virtue of his semi-savage Hottentot and Bushman parentage, he knew by heart every sign and secret of the wilderness. His narrow, Mongol-like eyes had long been watching intently the wild bees as they hummed and flitted hither and thither among the grass and flowers; now at last he was able definitely to track them to their store-chamber. The chase led him away among yet wilder and deeper valleys, then up a sloping *nek* (pass); and presently, in a cavity of the great brown cliff-wall, he found the honey-nest of which he was in search. First covering up his head with a sack-like contrivance of skin which he had devised for the purpose, Stoffel rifled the luscious store of what he required, and, at the expense of a few stings on his hands, for which he cared not at all, filled his bucket with splendid honey. Hiding away his plunder under the cool shelter of a deep mass of pelargoniums, he devoured a comb of honey, ate a piece of dry bread, took a pinch or two of snuff as a refresher after his exertions, and proceeded to make further explorations.

All this rough and remote wilderness of kloof and mountain was new to the Hottentot, though he had explored many other wild regions of the surrounding country. Proceeding farther up the *nek* over the mountain-side, at a distance of two hundred yards he came to a precipice. Lying flat on his stomach, the Hottentot crawled to the edge and looked over into a deep, well-like, circular crater, having smooth perpendicular walls and a flat sandy bottom. This strange, empty cauldron among the rocks seemed to be about a hundred yards in width and perhaps two hundred feet in depth. After a prolonged inspection of this natural curiosity, the Hottentot rose to his feet and proceeded on his tour of discovery; manifestly he was deeply interested in what he saw. With some difficulty, climbing over rocks and boulders and through bush and long grasses, he made his way round the great pit, when suddenly he perceived a pungent smell; to a white man it would have been vastly unpleasant, but to the Hottentot it merely told a tale of decaying flesh. Within a hundred yards from the chasm Stoffel came upon the origin of the malodour thus tainting the breeze. Near the side of the mountain stood a low tree of wild-olive, and upon the junction of two of its branches rested part of a buck, a klipspringer; on another part of the tree were the remains of a baboon. Stoffel knew at once what this meant: the tree was a 'leopard's larder,' and not far away rested a leopard, or a pair of them, probably lying asleep in some snug cavern of the mountain-side hard by. Most up-country colonists in the mountain districts of South Africa know of this habit of these fierce *felidæ*, and the leopard's larder is familiar to the natives.

Stoffel glanced at these evidences of the near proximity of the *tyger*—as Boers and colonists in South Africa always call the leopard—and was moving away, when something in the grass beneath the tree attracted his attention. He turned aside, stooped, and picked it up. It was a piece of black-and-white skin, and the Hottentot's keen eye and instinct at once told him where it came from. It was the last remnant of the unlucky goat for whose loss he had sustained so severe a flogging two or three days before. The leopard, then, had had that goat, and had been the cause of his merciless sjamboking. Stoffel cursed the brute—in Dutch of course—beneath his breath, and moved away again, bent on exploring that strange, round chasm to the left. He had no fear of the leopard. He carried an old snider carbine; and, unless wounded or cornered, these creatures, savage though they are, will seldom venture to attack a human being. A wounded leopard is, of course, the very fiend incarnate; but that is another matter.

Prowling about round the edges of the great rock-crater, Stoffel presently made another discovery. He had now circumnavigated the vast well, and except at one spot there was no possible way down to the bottom of it; but here a deep, narrow gully or flaw in the rock formation trended from the hill above towards the very base of the wall of rock. Down this little ravine went Stoffel; and at the bottom, among a litter of boulders, big and little, he found that a short tunnel ten or twelve feet in length gave access to the interior of the crater. He had no difficulty in creeping through this, and found himself standing erect on the smooth sandy floor. Looking around him, he noted several things. First he saw that the rock walls encircling him were extraordinarily smooth and sheered from the top inwards. Not a shrub or a plant of any kind found a hold on that level, adamantine surface of dark-brown, shining rock. Except for a rock-rabbit, or perhaps a lizard or a fly, no living thing, assuredly, could find exit from that place—hemmed in as it was

by two hundred feet of circular, inaccessible cliff-wall—save by the entrance through which he had found his way.

Stoffel sat down in the centre of this grim-looking dungeon of the mountain, took snuff with intense enjoyment, and again looked about him. Suddenly his face wrinkled into a smile, and a harsh, dry, shrill titter issued from his throat. Again and yet again he indulged in that diabolical cachinnation, and each time it was echoed eerily from the walls around. Sitting there in the sand, the little man, with his yellow, monkey-like face, broad, high cheek-bones, sharply narrowing cheeks and chin, flat nose, and broad lips, looked the very embodiment of evil. He might have been Satan himself—Satan in some wild and hideous inferno, in African shape, planning mischief against the human race. Presently he jumped up briskly, and crawled out of the passage that gave entrance to the crater. He now tested several big boulders that here littered the slope. Then, climbing up the little ravine, he got upon the mountain *nek*, found his bucket of honey, and marched off at a brisk pace for Gemsboklaagte, his Boer master's homestead.

That night the Hottentot did a very odd thing. A number of biggish mongrel dogs were maintained at the farm. They were useful guards, and were occasionally employed in hunting leopards, *rooikats*, jackals, and other troublesome carnivora. Stoffel lured one of the smallest of these dogs to his hut with a piece of flesh, and after closing the door he suddenly seized and stabbed the animal with his long knife. The dying brute gave a yelp or two, but these sounds were smothered by an old sheepskin *kaross* which the Hottentot at once threw over its head. A little later, when all was still, Stoffel stole out in the starlit night, and having carried the dead dog to a place half a mile distant, deposited it among some rocks and bushes.

Next morning, as he had anticipated from some words his master let fall on the preceding day, he was told to go out into the mountains and bring in a head or two of game, klipspringer or rhebok, or whatever he could come across. This order ran exactly in line with his own views; therefore, with his old carbine slung across his back, he set forth pretty early on his quest. He marched straight for the place where he had concealed the slain dog, and taking up the burden, tramped on through the mountains until he neared the leopard's larder discovered on the previous day. Before approaching the tree whereon the leopard's food had been disposed, he fastened pieces of fresh goatskin over his *velschoens*, so that the taint of his footsteps might not create alarm. He had carried the dead dog carefully wrapped in goatskin for the same reason.

Now approaching the low olive-tree, he was gratified to find that the wild beast's larder was completely empty, all the flesh having disappeared. The leopard, then, would be hungry towards evening! That was good. He fastened a long rawhide *riem* (halter) round the dead dog's neck, made a gash in the creature's stomach so that part of the entrails protruded, and then proceeded to make a trail to attract the leopard in the required direction. After first dragging the carcass about hither and thither, he set off, trailing it behind him, towards the secret entrance to the circular chasm. Leopards are extraordinarily fond of the flesh of dogs, as every up-country hunter knows, and will do and dare almost anything to possess themselves of the dainty meal; and Stoffel the Hottentot was well acquainted with this trait in pardine character. Making his way down the little ravine, he passed through the tunnel, and trailing his lure across to the far side of the chasm, untied the *riem*, and so released the carcass. Then, returning through the exit, he climbed the little gully, and edged round to the rim of the crater, whence he could command the lure and yet be no great way from the tunnel. Ensconcing himself comfortably in bush and grass, he set himself, with the supreme patience of an African, to await events.

For hours the Hottentot lay there, watching, waiting, with the quietude of a figure of bronze. At last, towards four o'clock, he was rewarded. The sun, slanting north-westward, was now off the floor of the crater, and the place was in shadow. There was perfect stillness; the breeze had dropped, and only a cicada droned shrilly from a neighbouring thicket. Suddenly some creature crept stealthily across the smooth floor. It was the leopard, going, as the Hottentot had hoped, straight for the carcass of the dog. With a fierce, triumphant gleam in his bleared eyes, Stoffel rose softly and crept down the little ravine that led to the rock tunnel. There was a risk that the leopard might hear him, and, becoming suspicious, change his mind and return; but the Hottentot took that risk; he had his loaded carbine ready, he had courage, and, moreover, he had a wild thirst for revenge raging within him. Always that!

He neared the mouth of the tunnel; a great boulder stood handy, and, exerting all his strength, Stoffel heaved and heaved again. The boulder toppled downwards and fell against the entrance to the tunnel, completely blocking the exit. Stoffel sent down another boulder to make sure. He now had the leopard completely imprisoned, and it was impossible for the animal, fierce and strong and lithe as it was, to force its way out, the boulders closing the entrance tunnel being far too solid and heavy. Stoffel climbed to the lip of the abyss again, to ascertain if by any possibility the animal could make its escape. He knelt at the edge of the chasm and looked down. The leopard was there, but the noise of the boulders had disturbed it. As the Hottentot showed himself, the beast darted like a flash of

lightning for the tunnel entrance. Failing to find exit there, it turned, and with beautiful striding action swept round the circular walls of the chasm. Escape there was none. Stoffel laid himself on the ground, his head peering over the precipice. Again that shrill, crackling laugh came from his throat; and as the echoes round the rock-walls in weird dissonance came back to him, he cackled again at the laughter that seemed to mock him. His sides shook with enjoyment.

'Ah, my beautiful *tyger*,' he cried, speaking of course in his habitual tongue, Cape Dutch, 'so you are caged—are you? That, you *schelm*, is for killing the goat the other day and getting me a sjamboking. To-morrow, *kerel*, you shall have a fellow-prisoner—a nice, big, comfortable fellow-prisoner. If it is cold at night down there, you and he can snuggle up and keep each other warm. Ah, it will be brave to see you together! You will so love one another!' At the thoughts which his fancy thus conjured up, the Hottentot's yellow face crinkled up again, and his shrill, tittering laughter ran crackling round the abyss. While he addressed the leopard it stood crouching on the sand far below, eyeing him in fierce hate, with teeth bared, and growling horribly in deep, hollow chest notes.

The native was determined to see before he left whether by any possibility the leopard could escape. He put his carbine over the edge and fired a shot, sending the bullet, intentionally, a yard or so wide of the beast. With the clattering impact of the missile on the rock near it the brute now became thoroughly alarmed. It rushed hither and thither, striving frantically to clamber up the smooth walls; but its efforts were fruitless; no foothold could it obtain anywhere; and after each spring upwards it fell back upon the ground baffled and confused.

Stoffel, completely satisfied, now went down to the boulder-sealed entrance of the passage again. Here, upon the rock-strewn gully, just above, he spent the remaining hour or so of daylight in scraping away the soil supporting certain large overhanging masses of rock. To one boulder especially, directly in line with the entrance, he devoted the greatest care and attention, clearing away with his short hatchet quantities of soil from beneath. Then, whistling softly to himself that well-known air, beloved of all good Boers, 'Trek Ferreira,' he turned for home. Two hours after nightfall he reached the farm.

At sunrise the following morning he was at the goat-kraal, aiding in letting out the flock for their day's pasture. That done, he explained to his master his doings of the day before. He lied, of course.

'*Sieur!*' he said, 'I could not kill a buck for you, but I have got something much better. I have wounded a *tyger* in a place where it can't get away, and if ye will so come with me we can kill him and get his skin. He has a beautiful coat, worth a pound at least. But you must come with me. I daren't tackle the *schelm* alone.'

Andries Bartness grumbled and ejected a guttural oath or two, but finally, on thinking it over, decided to go. A good leopard-skin is not to be had every day, and at the nearest store he knew he could obtain a sovereign for it, even from the Jew trader there. Yes, he would go!

Ten o'clock, then, saw the big Dutchman mounted on his sturdy pony, setting off for the welter of wild hills that fringed the Orange River. Within a mile of the crater Bartness could get no farther on horseback; the broken and chaotic nature of the mountain was too much for him. Familiar as he was with most of the country near his farm, he had never yet found his way into these wild and inaccessible solitudes. The average Boer is not fond of climbing.

Tying up the pony, Stoffel now led the way briskly to the leopard's prison. Never allowing his master a view of the crater from the top—which would have spoiled everything from his point of view—the Hottentot guided Bartness straight down the gully to the passage, now carefully blocked up by the boulders.

'It is through here, my *Baas!*' he said, pointing to the wall of rock. 'Help me with these two *klips* and you will soon have the *tyger* at your feet.'

The two men put their shoulders and hands to the boulders, and with some trouble shifted them; the entrance was once more free. This was the most ticklish moment for the Hottentot. His heart beat thick and fast. Beneath his brows he cast one furtive glance at the Boer, another at the passage. It was a toss-up whether the leopard, caged in that vast pit all night, raging no doubt with hunger, and mad with fear, would come racing out to liberty, or, hearing, as it surely did, the noise at the entrance, and dreading the presence of human enemies, would prefer to await events inside its rock-encircled dungeon. The beast accepted the latter alternative.

'Now, *sieur*,' said Stoffel, 'I will first go through yonder and see that it is all right; and then, when I come back, you will look for yourself, and say whether what I have to show you was not worth the journey.'

So speaking, he crouched down, crawled through the ten-foot passage, and, thrusting his head very cautiously beyond the entrance, glanced round. There to the right, lying close up to the wall of rock, eighty yards away, was the leopard. Stoffel turned with difficulty, crept back, and emerged.

'Now, *sieur*,' he said to his master, 'do you creep quietly through and look about you.'

The Boer was a big man, and there was

none too much room for him in that low, straitened tunnel. It looked very short, however; he could see daylight beyond, and, with a grumble, Andries Bartness went down on hands and knees and crept in. As he did so, Stoffel ran up to the big boulder hanging there in the gully ten feet above, and getting behind it, shoved furiously. He had most carefully prepared his trap, and cut away the soil beneath; but the rock was a big and heavy one, and it seemed for one instant as if it would not budge. Again the Hottentot shoved, wildly, furiously. Then it gave, it moved, it gathered impetus, and, rolling down the narrow slope, crashed against the entrance, all but completely blocking it. Stoffel dashed like a madman to another boulder similarly undermined; that went too, then another and another. Now no man could force the exit from that stone-blocked entrance. The Hottentot's wicked task was finished; he had gained the victory over his enemy. In that moment all the long years of his hard servitude under the big Boer—the brutal floggings, the daily insults, the wretched fare, the scant and mulcted wages—all, all were avenged. Wiping the sweat from his face, Stoffel advanced to the closed entrance and listened.

Meanwhile Bartness, peering into the arena, had seen and heard enough to induce him to make his escape. He had noted all the features of the place; its cliff-like walls and smooth, sandy bottom. He had also seen the leopard lying there, grimly watching, at the right-hand side. This was not at all the sort of job he had anticipated, and he shrank from it. A cornered leopard, in such a place, was no joke; it would be madness to think of facing it. Stoffel had deceived him! He ground his teeth and muttered softly to himself that Stoffel should suffer for it. Then came the rumbling crash of the first rock-boulder closing him in. He turned and crawled hastily for the entrance. Too late: he was a prisoner. After pushing fruitlessly at the rock, striving with might and main, he realised that his despised Hottentot had fairly entrapped him; Atlas himself, thrusting from that confined position, could not have shifted the impediment. To liberate himself was hopeless; but no doubt it would be mere matter for negotiation. Still, it was an awkward—nay, a dangerous predicament, to be caged there with the leopard.

Smothering his wrath, he called to the Hottentot in a mild tone to let him out. There was a cranny through which they could hold communication; and Stoffel listened, meantime taking care to keep out of the line of fire, for the Boer had his rifle with him.

'If the *Baas* will give me back the *steinje* [little stone] he took the other day, I will see what I can do for him,' he replied, in answer to the Dutchman's entreaty.

There was a longish pause.

'I can't do it,' said Bartness. 'I haven't the stone here.'

'Then,' answered Stoffel, 'I must leave you. You won't hear of me again, and the *tyger* is not a pleasant bedfellow. There's no moon to-night, *Baas!*'

The big Boer groaned. There was silence again.

'If I give you back the stone, Stoffel,' he said presently, 'how will you get me out?'

'I shall go to your horse, ride off straight for home, and bring help,' answered Stoffel. '"Tis only a joke, *Baas;* but I must have that *steinje.* It carries all my good luck. I want the stone first, before I stir; and if I get help, you must swear before God Almighty that you won't be revenged on me, that you will treat me well, and for the future pay me my full wages. I can get help fast enough, and meanwhile you have your rifle and can keep off the *tyger;* though, to speak truth, I believe he is just as frightened as you are.'

There was another pause. Then the Boer's hand came to the mouth of the cranny; between the thumb and the first two fingers was the diamond. 'There is the stone, Stoffel. I swear before God Almighty to treat you well in future, and that I won't take any revenge for this trick of yours. Now, for the Heer God's sake, go and get help before nightfall, or as soon as possible.'

The Hottentot took the proffered stone, looked at it well, and pocketed it. His countenance changed again from expectancy to diabolical, implacable hate.

'I have fairly tricked you again, Andries Bartness!' he said. 'I will get no help. Is it likely? You are a liar through and through, and I would not trust you. No, I will leave you to die here, you and the *tyger.* Soon you shall be two pieces of worthless carrion. Never shall you leave that place alive. *Verdomned schelm!* I spit upon you. I mock you. Farewell!' The native burst into a wild torrent of Dutch and Hottentot imprecations, hurled at the head of the unfortunate Boer, and, deaf to all prayers and entreaties, turned on his heel and quitted the place.

Taking Bartness's horse, Stoffel now rode away westward. Skirting the river, he crossed next morning at a drift fifty miles away, and plunged into the desert to the north, never again to be seen or heard of south of the Orange River.

Andries Bartness's family made no search for him for three days. It was quite customary for him to be absent with the Hottentot for a day or two at a time on hunting-trips, and it was imagined that they had followed a trek of the springbok and slept out for a night or two. Later, when his wife became really alarmed, the entire district was roused and search was made. After ten days a Koranna came in with news of a strange discovery. The sons and the

brother of Bartness rode out with the native, and, making their way to the chasm in the mountain, they found there evidences of a dire tragedy.

The bodies of Bartness and the leopard, unseen and untouched by vultures or wild beasts, lay near to one another, both much decomposed. The leopard, with a bullet through its ribs and stabs from the Boer's hunting-knife in various parts of its body, had evidently died hard. The throat, chest, and stomach of the man had been frightfully mangled by the teeth and claws of his ferocious opponent. When and how they had joined in that deadly issue—impelled, no doubt, by hunger and thirst and despair—no man could say. Nor could any man reveal what had passed through the soul of the Dutchman during those awful hours before the end came; what, in that terrible dungeon, had been his agonies during the dark night-watches, his despairing vigil under the broad light of hopeless day. His cruelties and crimes had been many during his lifetime. Perchance, in the eyes of God, those terrible hours of suffering, that awful ending, had served to expiate them.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE MAGNETIC GRIP.

NEW applications of electricity are being continually adopted, and it is only natural that this should be so now that the current is 'laid on' to many neighbourhoods, and the electric main is becoming as familiar as the water or gas supply-pipe. By aid of the current so supplied the New York Shipbuilding Company at Camden, N.J., have adopted a novel method of handling the heavy steel plates, &c., of which modern ships are built. Each crane, instead of being furnished with grappling-hooks, has at the end of its chain a powerful magnet, which can be made active or passive by the movement of a switch under the control of the man in charge. Thus, instead of half-a-dozen labourers working with crowbars to lift a plate and place chains under it previous to hoisting in the ordinary way, the magnet is brought over the desired spot, and at the touch of a lever grips the metal, and does not release its hold until the plate is in position on the structure of which it is to form part. The magnets in use at the works named have each a lifting capacity of five tons; but they are seldom taxed to their full load. In the case of small plates several can be lifted at one operation, for the magnetism is conveyed from one to another, just as with a toy magnet one can lift up three or four clinging nails. In dealing with large plates, on the other hand, two or more magnets are brought into requisition, both on account of the extra energy required and also to prevent slip or bending of the metal.

PAINTING THE FORTH BRIDGE.

Some interesting and curious particulars connected with the work of painting the mighty steel structure which crosses the Forth have recently been published. It is evident that such an erection must be kept well painted to prevent the action of the atmosphere upon it; but few would imagine that the work of painting the Forth Bridge never ceases, except, of course, on Sundays. There are thirty-five men continually employed on this work. They commence operations at the south end of the bridge, and proceed steadily to paint their way northward, their laborious journey occupying just three years; then they begin again. It will thus be seen that the Forth Bridge, which was opened eleven years ago, is now receiving its fourth coat of paint. Great ingenuity has been expended in the design of steam hoists, elevators, &c. necessary to the carrying out of the work, some of the appliances being of a fixed character. It is not stated whether the paint is applied solely by brush, or whether the spray painting-machine is brought into operation where large unbroken surfaces have to be covered.

FARMING IN ESSEX.

For some years the County Technical Committee of Essex has been doing valuable work in showing farmers the best way of making their land profitable. It has organised excursions to Denmark in order that the model dairies there should form object-lessons to dairy-farmers at home, and they have just concluded a six years' experimental treatment of pasture-land, in order to ascertain the best fertilisers on soils of different kinds. Nine localities were chosen for these experiments, and it is clearly demonstrated that the hay crop can be enormously increased by judicious treatment of the soil. An unfertilised field which produced five hundredweight of grass per acre was made to yield eleven and a half hundredweight by natural and fourteen and a half hundredweight by artificial fertilisation. From the reports which have come to hand it would appear that nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia have increased the crop nearly one-half, and that a still better record has been established by the use of superphosphate and of basic slag. The cost of superphosphate is stated at seven shillings and sixpence per acre, the profit from increased value of hay being twenty-three shillings and threepence per acre. The Essex Committee

has done further service in establishing a winter School of Agriculture at Chelmsford, which is intended for the benefit of young persons taking up farming. This school is free to residents in the county; and arrangements have been made to provide board and lodging at very moderate expense for students coming from a distance.

THE NEEDLE-LOOM.

A new loom for the manufacture of ribbons and other fabrics of narrow dimensions has recently been imported into London from the United States, and we understand that it owes its origin to a family of Transatlantic weavers. Its salient feature is the substitution of two needles, one on each side of the ribbon under manufacture, in place of the usual travelling shuttle. These needles have a horizontal movement, and carry the thread which is to form the weft of the fabric to and fro, other needles working vertically from below seizing the loop and aiding in the formation of a neat selvedge on both sides of the ribbon. Each needle has its own independent supply of thread, which it gathers from a fixed cone or spool; and herein lies the chief advantage of the new loom, that enough thread can be carried on these spools for several days' work, so there is no need to stop the machine at frequent intervals to insert freshly wound shuttles. In this way the speed of manufacture is enormously increased. It is a noteworthy feature of the mechanism that it can be fitted to looms of the old-fashioned pattern at comparatively small expense. The new loom is on view at 19 Jewin Crescent, London, E.C.

THE LIGHTING OF PUBLIC VEHICLES.

The popularity of the new electric tube-railways is in great measure due to the brilliancy with which the carriages are lighted, as the passengers are thus enabled to read their newspapers in comfort. Possibly the London omnibus companies have felt bound to follow suit, for they are abolishing their old and evil-smelling oil-lamps in favour of a gas apparatus which gives a really serviceable light. This is known as the Phos system of lighting, and the gas employed is acetylene. The London County Council require that each public vehicle shall show a bull's-eye light on the outside, and the Phos lamp is so arranged that it will perform the double duty of throwing a light ahead and providing for the needs of the passengers within. The lamp is of the simple form familiar to cyclists, the turn of a tap allowing water to drip on calcium carbide so as to cause a gradual evolution of gas. The disagreeable, garlic-like smell of unburnt acetylene is guarded against by the provision of a chimney for each lamp. The system appears to be very successful for omnibus-lighting, and thus applied will be a grand advertisement for acetylene lighting, which may in time to come be found suitable for many other purposes.

CHEAP ELECTRICITY.

The advance of electricity as an illuminating agent is entirely a question of cost, and the cost varies very greatly in different towns. In Bradford, Yorkshire, the people are supplied with current at slightly less than a penny farthing per Board of Trade unit, which is equivalent to gas at about sevenpence halfpenny per thousand feet. Other cities and towns, including Liverpool, Halifax, Leeds, Bolton, and Edinburgh, serve their customers at a slightly higher rate; but when we get to the south-country we find rates at present ruling which are often prohibitive. In a recent address at the Society of Arts, London, Sir William Preece told his audience that the development of the electric light had been phenomenal, and that it was possible to contemplate the generation of electricity at one farthing per unit. Before that happy time comes we may be quite sure that the electric current will be used largely for domestic purposes other than heating. Heating and cooking by electricity will become common, and various labour-saving devices worked by the obedient current will be found in every household.

LIGHTING BUOYS BY PETROLEUM, AND A NEW SCINTILLATING LIGHT FOR LIGHTHOUSES.

At the meeting of the British Association held in Glasgow, Mr John R. Wigham, M.R.I.A., of Dublin, read two interesting papers, one on a system of lighting buoys by petroleum (already referred to, p. 348 of *Chambers's Journal* for 1901), and the other on a new scintillating lighthouse light. A notable feature of the first is that it describes a system by which buoys and beacons can be lighted by petroleum in a very simple and inexpensive manner, the lights requiring no attendance whatever for a month or longer if necessary, the cost of petroleum being only about one penny for every twenty-four hours. These petroleum-lighted buoys have been adopted in many harbours in Great Britain, the colonies, and abroad. The most remarkable point about the scintillating lighthouse light is, that while it is much more powerful than an ordinary fixed light, having all the power of the great lenticular revolving lights with which we are so familiar, it is nevertheless continuously visible; besides, its peculiar scintillating appearance is so unmistakable that it most remarkably differentiates itself from all other lights. Both these points are considered by sailors of very great advantage to navigation.

FOOD PRESERVATIVES.

The departmental committee which, under the chairmanship of Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., was appointed to inquire into the use of preservatives and colouring matters in the preparation of food

has made certain recommendations which have been set forth in the form of a report. It is recommended that the use of formalin should be absolutely prohibited; that salicylic acid be not used in greater proportion than one grain per pint in liquid food or per pound in solid food, and that its presence be declared; that no preservative or colouring matter in milk be permitted at all; that in the case of cream only boric acid or mixtures of boric acid and borax be allowed, the amount not to exceed 0·25 per cent. expressed as boric acid—and here again the amount of such preventive must be notified by a label upon the containing vessel; that in all dietetic preparations intended for the use of invalids or infants, chemical preservatives of all kinds be prohibited; and that copper salts for colouring preserved foodstuffs be forbidden. Such, in brief, are the recommendations of the committee, which will, we suppose, in due course become law. Unfortunately such laws are easily evaded, unless each householder becomes an analytical chemist.

CATTLE-TROUGHS.

A short time back we referred in these columns to certain cautions which had been published with regard to the dangers incurred by horses in drinking from the ordinary trough common to all comers. It was suggested that every carter should be furnished with a clean pail, so that the horses should run no risk of infection by drinking from street troughs. The secretary of the Cattle Trough Association wrote to us stating that the evil had been much exaggerated, and that if the pail system were adopted the horses would suffer by neglect. We have now received particulars of a new form of cattle and horse trough which seems to meet all difficulties. The trough consists of a cast-iron longitudinal box, in which are cemented glazed fire-brick basins, which are always overflowing with clear, fresh, and uncontaminated water. This trough is on the same principle as the lavatory basins which have been largely adopted by school boards and others throughout the country, and it is worthy of note that the system can be adapted to existing troughs. The appliance is designed by W. Cassels, 9 Allan Park, Stirling.

'YOUR NAME,' ONE PENNY.

A very ingenious machine, actuated on the familiar penny-in-the-slot principle, has recently been seen at certain places of public resort. Its purpose is to emboss, upon a neat label made of sheet aluminium, a name or word so that the little tablet may be used to attach to a drawer, hand-bag, box, or other receptacle. After dropping into the slot the necessary penny, the purchaser sets the pointer of a dial against the several letters composing his name or any other word which he wishes to be embossed on the tablet, pressing it down at each letter. A final thrust detaches the newly made tablet from the ribbon of metal from which it is made, and the article drops into the space provided for it. These tablets will be of great use for many purposes, and will be regarded as a boon by collectors. They would also be of much service to gardeners as imperishable labels for their plants. Such a machine as this would be very useful, we should think, in museums for the rough labelling which must precede the final explanatory label which is now happily becoming such an important feature in these establishments.

CORK-GROWING IN ALGERIA.

In a recent consular report the production of cork in Algeria is commented upon as showing great promise for the future. The cork-tree does not become profitable until it has passed through an initial process called *démasclage*, which consists of stripping it of its first bark. The tree then grows a fresh skin every year, and it is to the union of these annual coatings, continued undisturbed for ten or twelve years, that the cork of commerce is due. The virgin cork is not of much value, and is devoted to such purposes as floats for fishing-nets, packing for ships' fenders, sawdust for packing fruit, &c. The better kind of cork, which is gathered from the tree after some years' growth, as already explained, is used in the main for bottling purposes, the remainder being used for covering steam-pipes, making buoys, &c.; while the waste from such manufactures is ground into powder used in the manufacture of linoleum. The cork production of the Algerian forests, which belong to the State, increased from sixty thousand hundredweight in 1897 to ninety thousand hundredweight in 1900. The greatest production was in 1898, when one hundred thousand hundredweight of cork was gathered. The decrease noted in following years is due to the call for cork of greater thickness, and the Government have now instituted a minimum thickness of twenty-five millimetres, equal to one inch.

BOOTMAKING MACHINERY.

Present-day travellers are much amused when they look back to the early days of railways in this country, and note the obstinate opposition which was raised to the progress of the iron horse. The railway-stations were relegated to a distance from several of the towns, the inconvenience of which mistake is felt to the present day; and there was a widespread belief that the new method of locomotion meant national ruin. Possibly fifty years hence people will look back with similar feelings to the opposition which is at present being brought against the introduction of machinery into certain industries. The shoe operatives at Northampton have been making a violent protest against certain American machines which have recently been introduced

by English manufacturers, with a view to competing on more equal terms with their Transatlantic rivals. The chief secret of the American success in so many industries is that nothing is done by hand which can be better and quicker done by machine. In the work of making a boot about a hundred different machines are used, and the man in charge of each one gets so expert in its use that goods are turned out at marvellous speed. It is not a matter for surprise that under such conditions the American factor can undersell us in our own markets. The obvious remedy is for us to employ modern machinery; and to this course our operatives, who would be the first to benefit by the change, are taking suicidal objection.

THE NEWSPAPER AS A POPULAR EDUCATOR.

The public is now tolerably familiar with what that American educational society known as Chautauqua has done and is doing, with its counterpart in this country in our Home Reading Union. There have always been abundant self-educator series in the way of books, by which any student may do much in self-education, and there are periodicals that assist the process. There is more novelty in a newspaper taking up the work and successfully persevering with it. This is what the *Chicago Record* has been doing since 1897 through its 'Home Study Circle,' which has been duplicated in other daily papers, so that at least one hundred thousand people follow the work as it appears. The first course was elementary, and began with book-keeping and finance and elementary mathematics; but it passed on to science, geography, astronomy, history, and series of the world's great artists, popular living authors, studies in Shakespeare, and European history. The contributors include specialists in every department.

RECENT ELECTRICAL WONDERS.

The announcement that Marconi has succeeded in establishing communication by means of his wireless telegraphic apparatus between England and Newfoundland has naturally caused much excitement both in scientific and commercial circles; but it must be noted that at the time these words are being put into type nothing in the shape of a message has been carried across the Atlantic, merely a triplet of short electrical impulses (- - -) indicating the letter *s* of the Morse alphabet. These may have originated at the Cornwall station, as believed by Marconi, and they may, on the other hand, have been due to earth currents or to vagrant impulses originated by some vessel having the Marconi apparatus on board. We sincerely trust that the announcement of this electrical triumph is not premature; but some time must elapse before this can be put to a decisive test. We are disposed to regard with far greater doubt the report that came almost simultaneously that a Parisian dentist had discovered a process of 'seeing by wire,' which, shortly explained, means that he can while speaking through the telephone *see* his correspondent at the other end of the line of communication. Stories of this kind have cropped up repeatedly in one form or another ever since electric telegraphy became possible. Such sensational reports can always secure wide publicity before time has been allowed for the mere formality of verification.

ORRIS-ROOT.

The beautiful white iris, with its bright-orange lip (*Iris florentina*), has always been valued in Italy, and especially at Florence and Leghorn, for the sake of its root, known to us in this country as orris-root, the foundation of fragrant tooth-powder. It has many other uses abroad. In Germany and Austria it is sold in granular form and coloured, for the purpose of throwing upon fires for the sake of the emitted perfume. It is also largely used in the form of chips for chewing purposes, to remove the smell of tobacco or garlic from the mouth. There is, however, a much older employment for the root. It was once widely used in surgery for the production of issues, or artificial ulcers, an incision being made in the arm and a ball of orris-root placed in the wound so as to set up inflammation. Only a few years ago twenty millions of these balls were annually exported from Leghorn. The most recent use for the root is found in the manufacture of artificial 'corals' for babies.

IMPERIAL ENGLAND.

ENGLAND! Imperial England! there are those
Who, in the guise of specious amity,
Would bid thee apprehend calamity.
Fear them: they are more dangerous than foes;
Heed not their rumours: every wind that blows
Brings an assurance of thine heritage.
Thou art not Lear, deserted in thine age,
Awaiting feebly an inglorious close.
Be not dismayed by perils they forecast;
Remember righteousness which doth exalt,
Array thyself in justice, let the past
Admonish thee of many a grievous fault.
Champion the right, and then pursue thy ways,
Careless alike of slander or of praise.

GERTRUDE DARLOW.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

'THE KING EXPLORES.'

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THE KING EXPLORES.

By Robert Barr.

I.—OFF TO THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

JAMES Fifth of Scotland was pleased with himself. He had finished a poem that was admitted by the Court to excel anything Sir David Lyndsay ever wrote, and he had outdistanced James Macdonald, son of the Laird of Sleat, in a contest for the preference of the fairest lady in Stirling, and young Macdonald was certainly the handsomest sprig about the palace. So the double victory in the arts of rhythm and of love naturally induced the King to have a great conceit of himself. Poor Davie, who was as modest a man regarding his own merits as could be found in the realm, quite readily and honestly hailed the King his superior in the construction of jingling rhyme, but the strapping young Highlander, proud as any scion of the Royal House, took his defeat less diffidently.

'If the King,' he said boldly, 'was plain Jamie Stuart, as I am Jamie Macdonald, we would see who would win the bonniest lass; and if he objected to fair-play, I'd be very willing to meet him sword in hand on the heather of the hills, but not on the stones of Stirling. It is the crown that has won, and not the face underneath it.'

Now, this was rank treason, for you must never talk about swords in relation to a king except that they be drawn in his defence. The inexperienced young man made a very poor courtier, for he spoke as his mind prompted him, a reckless habit that has brought many a head to the block. Although Macdonald had a number of friends who admired the frank if somewhat hot-headed nature of the youth, his Highland swagger often earned for him not a few enemies who would have been glad of his downfall. Besides this, there is always about a Court plenty of sycophants eager to curry favour with the ruling power; and so it was not long after these injudicious utterances had been given forth that they were brought, with many exaggerations, to the ears of the King.

'You think, then,' said His Majesty to one of the tale-bearers, 'that if Jamie had the chance he would run his iron through my royal person?'

'There is little doubt of it, your Majesty,' replied the parasite.

'Ah, well,' commented James, 'kings must take their chance like other folk; and some day Jamie and I may meet on the heather with no other witnesses than the mountains around us and the blue sky above us, and in such case I shall have to do the best I can. I do not doubt that Macdonald's position in Stirling is less pleasant than my own. He is practically a prisoner, held hostage here for the good conduct of his father, the firebrand of Sleat, so we must not take too seriously the vapouring of a youth whose leg is tied. I was once a captive myself to the Douglas, and I used words that would hardly have been pleasant for my jailer to hear had some kind friend carried them, so I have ever a soft side for the man in thrall.'

To the amazement of the courtiers, who had shown some inclination to avoid the company of Macdonald after he had unburdened his soul, the King continued to treat the Highlander as affably as ever; but many thought His Majesty was merely biding his time, which was indeed the case. The wiser heads about the Court strongly approved of this diplomacy, as before they had looked askance at the King's rivalry with the hot-headed youth. They knew that affairs were not going well in the north, and so loose were the bonds that restrained Macdonald that at any moment he might very readily have escaped, ridden to the hills, and there augmented the almost constant warfare in those mountainous regions. Every clan that could be kept quiet was so much to the good, for although they

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fought mostly among themselves, there was ever a danger of a combination which might threaten the throne of Scotland. The King had often a reckless habit of offending those whom he should conciliate; but even the wiseacres were compelled to admit that his jaunty kindness frequently smoothed out what looked like a dangerous quarrel. The sage counsellors, however, thought the King should keep a closer watch on those Highland chieftains who were practically hostages in his Court; but to this advice James would never listen. He had been a captive himself not so very long before, as he frequently remarked, and he had an intense sympathy for those in that condition, even though he kept them so through the necessity of internal politics; yet he always endeavoured to make the restraint sit as lightly as possible on his victims.

Some weeks after the ill-considered anti-royal threats had been made, their promulgator was one of a group in the courtyard of the castle when the captain of the guard came forward and said the King wished to see him in his private chamber. Macdonald may have been taken aback by the unexpected summons; but he carried the matter off nonchalantly enough, with the air of one who fears neither potentate nor peasant, and so accompanied the captain; but the gossips nodded their heads sagely at one another, whispering that it would be well to take a good view of Macdonald's back, as they were little likely to see him soon again. This whisper proved true, for next day Macdonald had completely disappeared, no one knew whither.

When James the laird's son entered the presence of James the King, the latter said, as soon as the captain had left them alone together, 'Jamie, my man, you understand the Gaelic, so it is possible you understand those who speak it.'

'If your Majesty means the Highlanders, they are easily enough understood. They are plain, simple, honest bodies, who speak what's on their minds, and who are always willing, in an argument, to exchange the wag of the tongue for a swoop of the black knife.'

'I admit,' said the King, with a smile, 'that they are a guileless pastoral people, easy to get on with if you comprehend them; but that is where I'm at a loss, and I thought your head might supplement my own.'

'I am delighted to hear you want my head for no other purpose but that of giving advice,' returned the Highlander candidly.

'Truth to tell, Jamie, your head would be of little use to me were it not on your shoulders. If the head were that of a winsome lassie I might be tempted to take it on my own shoulder, but otherwise I am well content to let heads remain where Providence places them.'

Whether intentionally or not, the King had touched a sore spot when he referred to the laying of a winsome lassie's head on his shoulder, and Macdonald drew himself up rather stiffly.

'In any ploy with the ladies,' he said, 'your Majesty has the weight of an ermine cloak in your favour, and we all know how the lassies like millinery.'

'Then, Jamie, in a fair field, you think you would have the advantage of me—as, for example, if our carpet were the heather instead of the weaving of an Eastern loom?'

'I just think that,' said Macdonald stoutly.

The King threw back his head and laughed the generous laugh of the all-conquering man.

'Egad! Jamie, my lad, we may put that to the test before long; but it is in the high realms of statesmanship I want your advice, and not in the frivolous courts of love. You may give that advice the more freely when I tell you I have made up my mind what to do in any case, and am not likely to be swayed one way or other by the counsel I shall receive.'

'Then, why does your Majesty wish my opinion?' asked the Highlander.

'I'll want more than your opinion before this is done with; but I may tell you at once that there's troublesome news from Skye.'

'Are the Macleods up again?'

'Ay, they're up and down. They're up in their anger and down on their neighbours. I cannot fathom the intricacies of their disputes; but it may interest you to know that some of your clan are engaged in it. I suspect that Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan is behind all this, although he may not be an active participant.'

'Ah! that is Allaster Crottach,' said the young man, knitting his brows.

'Allaster—yes; but what does Crottach mean?' asked the King.

'It means the humpback.'

'Yes, that's the man, and a crafty, plausible old gentlemen he is. He got a charter of all his lands under the Great Seal from my father, dated the 15th of June 1468. This did not satisfy him, and when I came to the throne he asked for a similar charter from me, which I signed on the 13th of February last. Its conditions seemed to me most advantageous to him, for all that was required from him was that he should keep for my use a galley of twenty-six oars, and likewise keep the peace. I am not aware whether the galley has been built or not; but there is certainly very little peace where a Macleod has a claymore in his hand. Now, Jamie, the Macleods are your neighbours in Sleat, so tell me what you would do were the King's crown on your head?'

'I should withdraw their charter,' said Macdonald.

'That would seem but just,' concurred the King; 'still, I doubt if our friend the humpback places very much value on the writing of his august Sovereign. He knows he holds his lands as he holds his sword: his grip on the one relaxing

when he looses his grip on the other. We will suppose, however, the charter withdrawn, and the Macleod laughing defiance at us. What next, Macdonald?'

'Next! I would raise an army and march against him, and make him laugh on the other side of his crooked mouth.'

'Hump!' said the King; 'that would mean traversing the country of the Grahams, who would probably let us by; then we would meet the Stewarts, and for my name's sake perhaps they would not molest us. We would march out of their country into the land of the Macnabs, and the chief is an old friend of mine, so there would be no disturbance there. After that we would have to trust ourselves to the tender mercies of the Campbells, and the outcome would depend on what they could make by attacking us or by leaving us alone. Next the Clan Cameron would confront us, and are more likely than not to dispute our passage. After them the Macdonalds, and there you would stand my friend. When at last we reached the Sound of Sleat, how many of us would be left, and how are we to get across to Skye with the Macleods on the mainland to the north of us? I am thinking, Jamie, there are lions in that path.'

'The lions are imaginary, your Majesty. The Grahams, the Stewarts, the Macnabs, would rise not against you, but for you, delighted to be led by their King. The Campbells themselves would join you if your force were large enough to do without them. Among the Macdonalds alone I could guarantee you an army. You forget that the Highlandman is always anxious for warfare. Leave Stirling with a thousand men and you will have ten thousand before you are at the shores of Sleat.'

The King meditated for a few moments; then he looked up at his comrade with that engaging smile of his.

'It may all be as you say, Jamie. Perhaps the Highlands would rise with me instead of against me; but a prudent commander must not ignore the possibility of the reverse. However, aside from all this, I am desirous of quelling the military ardour of the Highlands, not of augmenting it. It's easy enough setting the heather on fire in dry weather; but he is a wise prophet who tells where the conflagration ends. I would rather carry a bucket of water than a sword, even though it may be heavier.'

'If your Majesty will tell me what you have resolved upon, then I shall very blithely give you my opinion on it. It is always easier to criticise the plans of another than to put forward sensible plans of one's own.'

'You are right in that, Jamie, and the remark shows I have chosen a wise counsellor. Very well, then. I have never seen the renowned island of Skye. They tell me it is even more picturesque than Stirling itself. I propose to don a disguise, visit Skye, and find out, if I can, what the turbulent islanders want. If I am not able to grant their desire, I can at least deal the better with them for being acquainted.'

'Your Majesty doesn't purpose going alone?' cried Macdonald in amazement.

'Certainly not. I shall be well guarded.'

'Ah! that is a different matter, and exactly what I advised.'

'You advised an army, which I shall not take with me. I shall be well guarded by my own right arm and by the still more potent right arm, if I may believe his own statement, of my friend, Jamie Macdonald of Sleat.'

With bent brows Macdonald pondered for a few moments, then looking up, said:

'Will your Majesty trust yourself in the wilderness with a prisoner?'

'There is no question of any prisoner. If you refer to yourself, you have always been at liberty to come and go as pleased you. As for trusting, I trust myself to a good comrade and a Highland gentleman.'

The King rose as he spoke and extended his hand, which the other grasped with great cordiality.

'You will get yourself out of Stirling to-night,' continued the King, 'as quietly as possible, and hie you to my castle of Doune, and there wait until I come, which may be in a day or may be in a week. I will tell the Court that you have gone to your own home, which will be true enough. That will keep the gossips from saying we have each made away with the other if we both leave together. You see, Jamie, I must have some one with me who speaks the Gaelic.'

'My advice has been slighted so far,' said Macdonald, 'yet I must give you another piece of it. We are going into a kittlish country. I advise you to order your fleet into some safe cove on the west coast. It will do the West Highlanders good to see what ships you have, for they think that no one but themselves and Noah could build a boat. When we come up into my own country we'll get a gillie or two that can be depended on to wait on us; then, if we are nipped, one or other of these gillies can easily steal a boat and make for the fleet with your orders to the admiral.'

'That's not a bad plan, Jamie,' said the King, 'and we will arrange it as you suggest.'

The Court wondered greatly at the sudden disappearance of James Macdonald; but none dared to make inquiry, some thinking he had escaped to the north, others that a dungeon in Stirling Castle might reveal his whereabouts. The King was as genial as ever, and the wiseacres surmised from his manner that he meditated going off on tramp again. The fleet was ordered to Loch Torridon, where it could keep a watchful eye on turbulent Skye. The King spent a busy three days in settling the affairs of the realm

which demanded immediate attention, left Sir Donald Sinclair in temporary command, and rode off to Doune Castle.

From this stronghold there issued next morning before daylight two young well-mounted men, who struck in a north-westerly direction for the wild Highland country. Their adventures were many and various; but Macdonald's Gaelic and knowledge of the locality carried them scatheless to the coast, although much of the journey was done on foot, for before half the way was accomplished the insurmountable difficulty of the passes compelled them to relinquish their horses.

As it was unadvisable for them to enter Skye in anything like state, the two travellers contented themselves with an ordinary fishing-boat, which spread sail when the winds were fair and depended on the oars of the crew when the sea was calm. They were accompanied by two gillies who were intended to be useful on any ordinary occasion and necessary in case of emergency, for the boat and its crew were to wait in some harbour of Skye that was determined upon, and carry news to Loch Torridon if the presence of the fleet were deemed necessary.

(To be continued.)

'WHAT'S WHAT?' HARRY QUILTER ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

FOR some considerable period the public has had the benefit of a useful biographical volume, *Who's Who?* Now, thanks to Harry Quilter — who has been in turn artist, author, barrister, art critic, and lecturer—we have a thick volume issued by Sonnenschein bearing the title of *What's What? A Guide for To-day to Life as it is and Things as they are.* This volume of over twelve hundred pages, which is due to the suggestion of Mrs Quilter, has taken just a year to produce, and the editor has himself written one-third of the two thousand five hundred 'paragrams' composing the book.

Critics, and private correspondents, who are invited to give their opinions, have no doubt told the editor some very frank home-truths: that the first half of the alphabet comes off best, and that here and there an article is promised and the promise is not redeemed. Provincial critics will say that the author believes London to be the hub of the universe. The least that any critic might say is that the production of a dictionary or work of reference cannot be hurried without injurious results. At the same time Mr Quilter makes it known that *What's What?* does not claim to be a book of reference in the strict sense of the term. What he does claim inferentially, though not explicitly, is to tell people something about the nature of things and affairs —and, in many cases, of things and affairs excluded from other works of general information. This, together with the personality of the editor, makes the book all the brighter and more interesting reading. Edinburgh and Glasgow and Manchester, for instance, are distinctly impressionist sketches; it is the town of Manchester as it appeared to Harry Quilter when fulfilling certain lecturing engagements which he is careful to mention. If in the line of mentioning lectures, why not allude to John Ruskin's famous Manchester lecture, *Sesame and Lilies*, which when published proved the most popular of all his works? 'Money as an Object in Life' is another uncommon subject; 'Bachelorhood or Marriage' is also a surprise; but, alas! he forgets to redeem his promise made to give 'Spinsterhood.' What possibilities lie in such an article!

Still, the book is so good in some respects that one could only have wished that it had been much better. The author is brilliant, clever, unconventional; and one cannot open his volume without finding something useful and entertaining—more entertaining, in fact, than ninety-nine out of every hundred of the novels which drop from the press in such a steady stream. That useful volume, *Who's Who?* is strictly biographical; this is general, and has to do with life in all its multiform interests. How and what to eat and drink, how to dress and purchase dress, spend a week in London, chat about novels and novelists, magazines, pictures, sale-rooms, &c., these make the book like the Scotsman's description of a sheep's-head: 'full o' fine confused feedin'.'

There is no clue as to how far the lady contributors or sub-editor are responsible for the domestic interest, which is distinctly strong. Take for instance the following scattered fragments of information we have gleaned, such as the fact that comparatively few people, and hardly any women, take in as much fresh air as they ought, and therefore certain parts of their lungs are apt to become weak; only those possessed of really good feet or indifferent to expense should have boots made to measure. The editor does not explain why many cookery-books, like sermons, are so unpractical; but English dinners, we are told, are too long and too heavy: 'Soup or fish, an entrée, and a vegetable are as much as a man wants who is dining alone, with, say, a mouthful of Roquefort cheese to wind up with.' Not only our dinners but our English buns are too heavy, and there seems to Mr Quilter an opening for a confectioner who can invent an 'intelligent and digestible species.' 'Abernethy Biscuit' has the honour of

a paragram to itself; the one on 'Biscuits' is good. Chicory, we are told, weakens the digestive powers; coffee aids digestion. Schweitzer's cocoatina is one of the editor's favourite beverages. He does not say what wine he prefers; apparently he has tried many kinds and found them equally wanting. To open our windows day and night makes a greater difference than a couple of hours more or less out of doors. Parents are warned against furnishing children with exciting and expensive amusements. Like Dr Keith, the editor recommends a very small amount of butcher-meat for children—only a small slice of lamb or mutton once or twice a week. Cake, unless made by a 'rational artist,' is too indigestible. The case is mentioned of one family of little children so well brought up that to them taking medicine is a pleasure; but as regards medicine the less given the better, digestion being best aided by careful dieting. A tablespoonful of pure olive-oil is better than magnesia, and ordinary colds subside all the sooner in the open air. The worse a cough is the less a child should sit over the fire, the dry heat of which only irritates, though staying in the same room may be advisable. Athletics are not so unintellectual as some people suppose, for Sandow declares that no muscular development is possible by movement alone without conscious mental effort. Ping-Pong is said to be rather typical of the 'smart set,' and is noisy, frivolous, and a trifle childish. What of E. T. Reed's picture of 'Ping-Pong in the Stone Age' in *Punch?*

Those interested in the sale-room will turn with pleasure to 'Agnew's' and 'Christie's,' and probably also to 'Pictures.' We learn that the Agnews were originally Manchester people, there being three brothers: Samuel, Thomas, and William; the latter was the man of genius of the family, the London art business founded by Sir William Agnew being now probably the 'most important in the kingdom.' Sir William has an interest in the firm of Bradbury & Evans, the proprietors of *Punch.* Since he retired from the picture trade a few years ago the business has been carried on by his two sons, a third being a partner in the auctioneering firm of 'Christie's.' The Agnews have always been noted for dealing in water-colour drawings of fine quality, although the pre-Raphaelites did not find favour with Sir William, who paid any sum for certain pictures he liked, so that he kept them within his own control. 'Christie's,' as the noted firm of Christie, Manson, & Woods is often designated, established for nearly a century, has a first-class reputation, being regarded as 'the first auction-room in London.' We learn that Mr Taylor is an excellent judge of *bric-à-brac.* Mr Woods, the senior partner, knows a great deal about pictures; and here any lady may go with safety and enjoy the humour of the sale-room. It is explained why the private buyer may come off best in the sale-room if a dealer is employed. On the other hand, the writer under 'Pictures' says he has seen five hundred picture-sales at Christie's, and the most profitable have been collections formed according to the independent judgment of the seller, or original owner.

Mr Quilter is quite at home in discoursing upon 'Pictures' and 'Picture-Dealers' under these headings. His allied article on the 'Tate Gallery' is mainly a condemnation of the collection ('Sir Henry Tate did not know a good picture from a bad one') and a warning to millionaires to get sound advice before they spend thousands on questionable subjects. A most interesting paragram on Charles Fairfax Murray comes with a sense of freshness and novelty to the ordinary reader. This self-made Scotsman, the 'unofficial counsel to the great picture-dealers,' is styled one of the most remarkable men in England. Of humble birth, with little or no education, he taught himself to draw while in a City office; introduced to Rossetti, he worked for some years as his assistant, and acted in the same capacity to Sir Edward Burne-Jones. John Ruskin, who called him a heaven-born copyist, sent him to Italy to do work for him in water-colour. He married a Siennese girl, and settled in Florence about twenty years ago, although he now spends a part of the year in London. His knowledge of Italian art is said to be unrivalled, and he has made hundreds of copies of famous pictures for the purpose of study. He began collecting pictures and dealing in them, and is said to possess the best collection of pre-Raphaelite drawings, outlines, and manuscripts in existence. What De Quincey said of Wordsworth, in regard to anything the Lake-poet might want, is said in another sense by Mr Quilter about Murray. He would not like to possess a work of art that Murray wanted, as he would be certain in the long-run to get it out of him. This is Mr Quilter's summing up. Murray is a bold buyer at Christie's, has the courage of his convictions, is 'furiously independent, scrupulously a man of his word, touchily proud, a most interesting talker, has a native sense of humour, and, we should think, never forgets either friend or enemy. He has one of the finest heads with which we are acquainted.' Mr Quilter holds the strong opinion that it is 'sheer idiocy' on the part of the Government not to entrust such a man with the directorship of the National Gallery, when in ten years he would make it the most celebrated collection in Europe.

We cannot too heartily express our sympathy with Mr Quilter's remarks on modern picture-dealing. These remarks apply more especially to the acquisition of ancient pictures by modern millionaires hailing in most cases from New York. Referring to the case of the 'Gainsborough' known as 'the missing Duchess,' which Messrs Agnew the Bond Street picture-dealers bought for ten thousand pounds and are reported to have

sold lately to Mr Pierpont Morgan for thirty thousand pounds, Mr Quilter says: 'When this picture disappeared there were doubts as to its authenticity and genuineness held by several experts, and since then nothing has happened to prove these doubts unfounded, so that we have the extraordinary result of a picture being sold for an enormous sum disappearing the very night of its purchase, and when it reappears fetching three times the amount paid for it. In truth, sweet are the uses of the American millionaire. I only wish he could be induced to buy pictures *for himself* from living painters, instead of those by dead men through picture-dealers. When English artists have such a bad time of it as they have had of late, we thoroughly grudge these enormous sums to any middleman. The whole Royal Academy sales this year (1901) only amounted to twenty-two thousand pounds, an average of two hundred and fifty shillings per work exhibited. And here it may be noted that if any American or other traveller wishes to deal direct with any English artist, there is not the slightest difficulty in so doing; he can go to any studio whatever, and send in his card, and it's a hundred to one he will be received with courtesy and pleasure.' This information Mr Quilter supplies under the heading 'London: a week in —Wednesday,' giving at the same time many interesting anecdotes of Bond Street and its *bric-à-brac* shops. The writer's advice to those on the lookout for a suitable portrait-painter is equally valuable. 'Be on your guard,' says Mr Quilter, 'against a painter whose work you have found looks especially well in the Royal Academy. Why? Because in all probability your drawing-room will be *unlike* the Royal Academy; and what looks especially well in the one is likely to look especially ill in the other. There is a much deeper and more vital reason for this than the one we have mentioned; but we prefer to leave our readers to discover this for themselves.' We are afraid this fine, if somewhat obscure, piece of satire will be unintelligible to many readers.

Under 'Editor' we are told many of the 'secrets of the prison-house;' the last and twenty-sixth being, 'Have a waste-paper basket like a bucket, a constitution like a horse, a revolving arm-chair, and a heart like the nether millstone.' Under 'Journalism' and 'Illustrated Journalism' we are told many plain and interesting facts which those concerned will be inclined to contradict or repudiate. Fresh, piquant, and entertaining, the writer gossips of novels and novelists; but why include Browning and omit Tennyson and also Andrew Lang? Mr Hall Caine will not feel flattered at this reference made to him: 'To some men pose is as necessary as porridge. Certainly, nowadays, the former procures the latter. In person Mr Hall Caine is said to cultivate a composite likeness to Shakespeare and the Founder of the Christian religion; he wears his hair long, dons a cloak, rolls his eye of genius a little wildly, and writes for the *New York Herald*.' There are some plain remarks about Mr Shorter, who is certain to say the circulation of one of his papers is understated. *John Halifax*, however, is not purely a girls' story, and Henty, Fenn, and Stevenson might have been added to the writers for youth, as they have the greatest vogue at present. Mr Quilter says the modern magazine gives a great deal for the money; but he thinks that it does not seem to matter what the illustrations are! The old style of magazine was 'much more unobjectionable and more friendly.' The modern magazine has variety, enterprise, advertisements, and is very 'suitable for reading in a railway train and throwing out of a window when done with.' It is very clear that Mr Quilter had not *Chambers's* in his mind when he wrote this, as it does not figure in his list, and we know that it is saved for a better fate. Possibly he is perfectly sound as regards dictionaries and encyclopædias, for he declares his preference, amongst concise and comparatively cheap etymological dictionaries, for that of Chambers, and in encyclopædias 'the *Chambers's* division of the subject-matter into many separate paragraphs seems decidedly more practical than the alternative plan of embodying most details of a large science in one long discourse (as in the *Britannica*). To put it in a nutshell, the one encyclopædia is pre-eminently practical, the other mainly abstruse.' Modesty prevents us from printing the whole of the paragraph.

There is nothing better in the whole book from a literary point of view than the sketch of R. H. Hutton and Townsend of the *Spectator*, under whom the writer served his journalistic apprenticeship. The review of the week at the beginning of that paper has for long been held to be the best thing in journalism. The *Spectator* was started in 1828, with a Scottish journalist, Mr Robert S. Rintoul, as editor, who had secured a brilliant staff and a firm hold on public favour ere his death in 1858. The present editor is Mr St Loe Strachey, and he and his family chiefly own the paper. Richard Holt Hutton and Meredith Townsend were proprietors as well as editors of the *Spectator* during its brilliant recent period, and considered it of more importance to express their personal opinions 'than to write what was pleasing to their readers or calculated to increase the circulation of the paper.' The circulation of the paper did continue to increase, however, between 1870 and 1890. Hutton was a thinker and metaphysician; while Townsend, who had been proprietor and editor of a Calcutta paper, is termed 'one of the most brilliant historical and political leader-writers that ever served a weekly journal.' The staff included James McDonnell, Malcolm MacColl, Herman Merivale, Mrs Cashel Hoey, and Frances Power Cobbe 'the humanitarian, kinder to cats than to her fellow-Chris-

tians.' Mr Hutton wrote six or eight articles himself, and impressed his individuality upon every part of the paper. John Morley termed him 'the best critic in England.' The *Spectator*, we are further told, has always been religious in tone, and has a large circulation amongst country parsons, 'schoolmasters, and other serious people.' Hutton was chivalrous, truthful, and sympathetic, and ruled his contributors and staff well; he did not alter articles; but if one did not please it was bundled back to the writer. Townsend is described as a 'quaint, excitable, and exceedingly untidy little man, with his waistcoat half-unbuttoned and covered with snuff, which he took copiously the whole time, and he had a trick of speaking as if he were furiously angry on the slightest provocation. It was, however, a mild, fretful, spluttering sort of anger, quite different from the great roar of Hutton. . . . Imagine a thin, elderly lion turned into a short-sighted man, and set down at a high desk, writing busily apparently with his nose as well as the pen; imagine, I say, this metamorphosed king of beasts writing at breakneck speed, with grunts and ejaculations, and continual replacement of an eye-glass and tossings of its gray mane, and sheets of copy flying all over the room when finished.' Mr Quilter is proud to say that for twelve years he served under these chiefs, 'two of the cleverest men in England.'

The editor, under 'Hotels,' speaks eloquently against certain iniquitous hotel charges, which must, he thinks, be a puzzle to the foreigner. He objects to paying one shilling for a plain cup of tea and also to tip the waiter into the bargain. In some big hotels the cooking is indifferent, in others absolutely criminal. This has the air of a personal experience: 'The mere sight of the milk-jug allotted to him at breakfast, holding a tablespoonful of that inestimable fluid, makes his heart ache; the half-kipper brought him looks sad and lonely on the spotless plate; the small teapot,' and the roll half life-size—all make but an apology for breakfast. The dearest English hotels in the season are at Cromer; in Devon and Cornwall they are nearly the cheapest; and he considers Cornwall more beautiful in its coast and sea than any place on the hither side of the Riviera.

The series of paragraphs, 'A week in London,' is of great interest to every one, and might with advantage be reprinted separately for the sake of the visitor; those on London dressmakers gossip about prices and mention houses which have 50 per cent. profit. The writer also tells of certain private dressmakers who are almost invariably incapable, careless, 'and, when convicted of sin, insolent.' The case of a worker who sewed carpets is mentioned as receiving five shillings a week for eleven hours a day. Dressmakers' workrooms need much amendment; to enter some of them even for a few minutes, we are told, ensures a headache. The workers, with sickly, yellowish faces, are frankly commiserated. Altogether, there is much healthy humanitarianism like this in the book, which, in spite of all that the reviewers have said, may probably run through many editions and have a great future before it.

CLIPPED WINGS.

By Mary Stuart Boyd.

CHAPTER VIII.—NIGHT AND MORN.

THE moon was obscured when at midnight the *Omega* cast anchor in Colombo harbour. Save only for an occasional transitory phosphorescent glimmer, the ocean lay in impenetrable gloom around the brilliantly lit ship. At the foot of the accommodation-ladder clustered native boats, their owners eagerly competing for the privilege of conveying passengers ashore. Beyond the circle of radiance lay an unknown world, dark, silent, replete with the romantic charm of mystery.

'Would you like to go on shore,' Challoner said suddenly as Lucie and he leant over the rail watching those of their fellow-travellers whose voyage ended at Ceylon descending the ladder, followed by obsequious luggage-bearing, tip-expecting stewards.

'On shore! It sounds delicious; but wouldn't it be ridiculous at this hour? It's all so dark,' responded Lucie, desire and dissuasion warring in her voice.

'It'll be all right on land. The shops are sure to be open when a liner comes in; we're to leave at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and the beggars won't lose a chance of making money. We can have a look round and get back if there's nothing doing.'

'My cloak will do; but I would require a hat,' Lucie debated, glancing down at the thin white frock she wore under the long red cloak; 'and if I go down, I'm afraid Miss Santhem'——

'Try to dodge her,' counselled Challoner. 'Run down for your hat, and we'll cut away before she notices.'

Returning with a hat hidden under her cloak, Lucie slipped past the open doors of the dining-saloon, wherein her guardian was restoring exhausted nature with a ham-sandwich, on her way to bed. Lucie flattered herself she had avoided detection; but Miss Santhem's keen eyes were on the alert. Before her ward had reached the top of the steps she discovered that Miss Santhem was ascending behind her, and heard

her acrid voice demand, 'Where are you hurrying to?'

'On deck,' was Lucie's laconic reply.

'But you've got a hat under your cloak and shoes on. You're going on shore, and with that man,' she whispered fiercely.

'Well, what if I am?' Lucie responded defiantly. 'We're only going to walk about a little and then come back; the people say the shops will all be open. It's my only chance of seeing anything of Ceylon if we sail so early to-morrow.'

'If you go on shore I'll go with you. I promised to look after you during the voyage. When that's over my duty's ended. But till then I won't shirk it.'

They had been ascending as they spoke. With the last words Challoner came in view, waiting impatiently.

'Miss Santhem says if I go on shore she'll come too,' Lucie indignantly appealed to him.

'By all means,' replied Challoner, gallantly making the best of a tough bargain. 'I was looking for you, Miss Santhem, to ask you to come. It would be a pity to stay on board when we might have an hour on land. Is that cloak all right? Then come along.'

Without giving the good lady time to object to his taking her at her word, Challoner hurried Lucie down the steep accommodation-ladder and into the nearest boat. Miss Santhem, protesting that it was folly—stark, staring madness—to think of landing on a foreign shore after midnight, followed at their heels, and speedily found herself seated with Challoner and her charge in the stern of a boat that, under the guidance of two Indian boatmen, was cleaving its way through the darkness to the unknown beyond.

Half a cable's length from the ship impenetrable blackness encompassed them, and with it came a feeling of awe that silenced Miss Santhem's repinings. Even the faces of the boatmen were unseen; only the white of their turbans and flowing draperies was dimly visible as, standing to their work, they steadily propelled the boat onwards.

'Where are they taking us to? Are you certain these men are honest?' whispered Miss Santhem in a mild frenzy of alarm. 'They might take us anywhere, and we could be robbed and murdered, and nobody be any the wiser. Oh! why did I ever allow you to persuade me to come on a fool's errand like this?'

A vagrant light twinkled in the distance; the moon escaping momentarily from behind an extinguishing bank of clouds threw a ghostly radiance over the scene, and showed that the boat was approaching the Custom-House steps.

'Nothing will ever induce me to go through that experience again,' declared Miss Santhem when they were safely landed, and the Indians, after accepting treble their lawful fee with resigned dignity, had re-entered their boat and instantly disappeared into the darkness. 'I'm certain that tall man was a regular cut-throat. If I hadn't said aloud that I had left all my money on board the *Omega* they'd have murdered us or kept us hostages somewhere. I know they would.'

Beyond the portals of the Custom-House the town lay hushed in slumber. Every window was dark; even the trees lining the wide road seemed somnolent. None but the three travellers appeared to be awake.

'Well, I wish people would talk about what they know. Saying the whole town would be alive! I suppose we had better go back,' said Challoner.

'I certainly sha'n't go back till daylight. Nothing would make me endure again what I suffered in that dreadful boat,' exclaimed Miss Santhem, a hint of waspish tears in her voice.

As they turned a corner of the dark road, a building alive with sparkling lights confronted them.

'There's a hotel. Suppose we sleep there. It's nearly one o'clock now, and we can get up early and see the native village before we join the ship. They say that's jolly,' suggested Challoner, cheered by the prospect of light and shelter.

'I'm willing to sleep there if you're certain that it's quite a respectable hotel. I'd do anything to escape those murdering boatmen,' Miss Santhem conceded. 'But I certainly will not go to the native village in the morning. There was a bill posted up on the ship's notice-board to warn people that in going there they ran the risk of catching fever.'

Within the hall of the Grand Oriental Hotel a suave Hindu gentleman received the travellers blandly. 'The bar is closed. There can be no refreshment before morning, sir. Except beds; plenty of beds, ladies, at once.'

As they discussed the matter of rooms, a lady in evening-dress, alighting from an open carriage, entered the hotel, followed by a gentleman who carried her cloak. As the light fell upon her naked shoulders the extreme scantiness of her bodice caused Miss Santhem to gasp.

'Lucie! Do you really think this is quite a respectable hotel?' whispered the over-wary spinster, assailed by new fears. 'Her dress is simply shocking. No decent person would expose herself like that. I never wore a bodice that was more than a little square-cut in my life.'

The unconsciously offending lady, pausing to get some letters from the clerk, chanced to catch sight of Challoner, who was leaving the office with the bedroom tickets in his hand. To Lucie's surprise and Miss Santhem's horror, the abandoned female, after a moment's scrutiny, hastened forward and effusively greeted him.

'Vic! Why, you dear old boy, who ever thought of seeing you at this end of the world? Come into our rooms and tell us how you came here.'

'Lucie, did you hear that? Fancy accosting a gentleman in that free-and-easy way at this hour of night, and in a strange hotel! She can't be all right. If she'd only cover up her neck'——

But Lucie made no reply, for Challoner, who had only escorted his chance friend to the foot of the staircase, quickly returned.

'Do you think this is really a *nice* hotel? One where ladies'—Miss Santhem emphasised the word—'can safely stay?' she inquired in her iciest tones, eyeing the young man severely, chin in air. 'There are some rather—strange characters about.'

'Safe? Yes, of course. This is the best hotel in Colombo,' Challoner answered impatiently, annoyed at himself for getting into a position that necessitated the endurance of this intolerable female.

'Miss Santhem doesn't quite approve of your friend's style of dressing,' Lucie hinted.

Challoner burst out laughing, his good humour completely restored. 'I wish the Dickon Gunns could hear you. Why, that's their daughter—Mrs Willie Delphin; and you know how proper her mother is, Miss Santhem. She says they're coming on with us to-morrow. I had quite forgotten Lady Gunn told me she and Delphin were going to join the *Omega* at Ceylon.'

To travel to London in company with that smart woman with the flippantly affectionate manner and the bare shoulders! Lucie's heart, assailed by vague jealousies, sank at the prospect. The thought almost destroyed her pleasure in the novelty of their surroundings. She did not share Miss Santhem's amazement at finding that the custodian of their chamber was a little bearded Cingalese who wore a skirt and did his long hair up with combs; and, occupied with her own thoughts, she paid little heed to the shock experienced by that good lady when, on opening the door to put out her boots, she discovered the dusky sleeper stretched on a mat placed across the threshold.

Making such changes in her toilet as were possible in the absence of luggage, Lucie slipped between the cool sheets, and was asleep before Miss Santhem, with her head encased in a handkerchief knotted at each corner in place of a night-cap, had wriggled under her mosquito-curtains and for the time being was at peace.

With the first glimmer of dawn Lucie awoke. Moving noiselessly to avoid awaking her gorgon, she dressed, then stepped out on to the balcony on which the window of their room opened. Raising the matting blinds, she looked out, drawing in the aroma of the balmy air and the beauty of the scene in one long breath. It was all so foreign. The slowly moving figures, with their elaborately dressed hair, their flowing raiment, their harmonious movements, seemed in perfect keeping with the vivid greens of the tropical herbage, the glowing sapphire sky, and the humid atmosphere. The soft-eyed, gently moving natives appeared to suit their surroundings; even as Lucie had seen a swarthy tattooed Maori woman, clad in the brilliant reds and yellows dear to her barbaric fancy, form a fitting adjunct to some New Zealand bush-scene luxuriant in *ti*-tree and *bunga-bunga*.

A rustle of the matting curtain that divided her portion of the balcony from that of the next room brought Lucie back to actualities, and she became conscious that Challoner was there, trying to attract her attention.

'The hag—is she asleep?'

'Thank Heaven, yes.'

'Suppose we do a bolt. Can you get out without arousing her?'

Lucie peeped anxiously into the darkened chamber beyond. 'I think so—yes.'

'Then we'll take breakfast in the courtyard downstairs—there's a nice place with palms and flowers—and slip out for a walk before she discovers we have gone.'

They breakfasted in a blossomy nook by a fountain, off toast, little silver bananas, and tea that, unlike the beverage served on ship-board, had flavour other than that of distilled water. After the oppressive steamer menus there was something fairy-like and enticing in the simple meal, with its dainty adjuncts of strangely savoured preserves.

In the native village every one was astir. The inhabitants, surprised at the early appearance of the travellers, smiled graciously upon them, several of the linguists essaying cheerful 'Good-mornings.' The little open-fronted shops were ready for buyers.

'What dear cherubs the children are!' Lucie exclaimed. 'Just look at that darling.' She indicated one who, undressed save for a waist-girdle of interwoven silver cord and beads and a tiny bangle on each wrist, sat on the edge of the gutter affecting to cleanse his tiny seed-pearl teeth with a bit of rag. 'Isn't he lovely! Why,' she exclaimed, pausing in her affectionate interest, 'it's raining!'

So it was. Without warning further than a momentary darkening of the sky, great rain-drops had begun descending in torrents.

'Quick, come in here! You'll be drenched,' Challoner said, hurrying Lucie into an open-fronted shop on whose makeshift counter, formed by a board resting upon rough wooden trestles, were displayed sundry repulsive-looking messes which they guessed to be native sweetmeats. Certain sleeping-mats on the floor, and a few rice-dishes, revealed that the establishment combined the dual offices of shop and house. The owner was absent, and Challoner and Lucie had the place to themselves but for the presence of the tooth-cleaning infant, who promptly toddled

in, and stood gravely inspecting them with his great dark eyes.

'He isn't a real baby. He's only an exquisite little bronze statuette,' Lucie was saying, when, with a patter of bare feet, the mistress of the house appeared under a skeleton black cotton umbrella, through whose rents the rain had been dropping on her embroidered chemisette and salmon-hued skirt.

'And she is ugly,' Lucie whispered. 'Fancy the mother of that cherub being squat and hideous.'

Picking up her boy, the mother had placed him astride her hip, and, standing in the farther corner of the circumscribed space, both now regarded the interlopers with solemnly inquiring eyes.

'I wish I knew what lingo to speak to these people. I feel as though I ought to apologise for taking possession of their shanty.—Here, Totty, give us some sweets,' said Challoner, laying a shilling on the counter and indicating by a wave of his hand the meagre stock-in-trade.

Her dark eyes astare at the munificence of the order, which she readily comprehended, the woman quickly wrapped up her entire stock in an untidy parcel, and began to fumble among her draperies in quest of change.

'Never mind about change; and give this to the kiddy,' said Challoner, hastily shoving the dainties into the infant's ready hands, which hands speedily conveyed the sweetmeats in the direction of his yet readier mouth.

The downpour of rain had ceased as suddenly as it began. Behind the tall spikes of cactus that rooted in the crevices of the quaint red-tiled roofs of the low dwellings, the sky was already brightening; and once more picturesque figures were moving along the narrow street.

'We must hasten back. If Miss Santhem discovers she will never forgive me,' said Lucie, struck with tardy compunction.

For once fortune favoured the delinquents. Miss Santhem's locks were only just released from the custody of the pocket-handkerchief with the knots in the corners when Lucie knocked warily at her bedroom door. She had over-slept herself, and was so afraid of losing the boat that, without delaying to breakfast, she insisted on returning to the *Omega*, which by daylight seemed much nearer than in the darkness Miss Santhem had fancied.

On the Customs wharf, surrounded by a host of friends and piles of luggage, stood Mrs Willie Delphin, who hailed Challoner with acclamation, and promptly enlisted him in her service. 'Mr Challoner is on the *Omega*. He has promised to teach me the ropes,' she explained to her satellites.

Challoner promptly introduced his companion to Mrs Delphin, who, having many claims upon her attention, accorded her a merely perfunctory greeting; but even under the casual glance of her eyes Lucie felt painfully conscious of her white evening-frock, whose edges the rain had bedraggled, and of the flowing red cloak which was such unsuitable wear for a torrid morning. She felt ashamed, too, of being seen in Miss Santhem's company, and annoyed at being forced to delay their embarkation, and to wait in close proximity to Mrs Delphin's group while her guardian, who was incongruously attired in the skimpy black silk that formed her evening-dress, a tan tippet, and a rakish navy-blue yachting-cap, chaffered shrilly with a native huckster regarding the price of certain baubles.

'I knew better than to allow that man to cheat me. They always ask three times more money than they expect to get,' Miss Santhem exclaimed complacently when, after ten minutes of vociferous argument, the bargain was concluded, and she consented to embark, proudly bearing a little bone elephant that she had succeeded in securing at half its alleged price.

Lucie, who was sitting with her face buried in the bouquet of fragrant Buddha blossoms Challoner had bought her, paid no heed to these self-congratulations. Next moment her attention was forcibly aroused by Miss Santhem starting up from her seat in the boat in a sudden accession of wrath.

'Stop! stop! Go back. That man has cheated me. He hasn't given me the elephant I bought. This one is damaged. It has a broken trunk. Go back instantly.'

'Nonsense. Go on, boatmen,' commanded Lucie, now thoroughly awakened from her reverie. 'Do you wish to be the laughing-stock of the whole ship?' she added in a lower tone.

'But, Lucie, I tell you this is sheer robbery. I paid a shilling for the elephant; the man asked a florin at first, and he has palmed off a broken one on me. It's downright fraud. I'll go back and complain to the authorities.

The British Consul's launch bearing the Delphins was passing abreast of their boat at the moment of Miss Santhem's tragic discovery, and Lucie had the humiliation of seeing Mrs Delphin thrust a laughing face from under the gaily striped awning, and regard them with undisguised amusement, then turn and make some jocular remark to her companions.

Lucie felt the blood rush to her face. She did not look at Challoner, who sat beside her, but by his silence she could guess his annoyance. After such an exposure, how could she expect him to acknowledge her as his one friend? At that moment her distaste of Miss Santhem reached to detestation. She hated her quondam duenna with an intensity that, had she realised it, would have surprised that complacent lady.

'I was mad, mad to allow myself to be handicapped with her,' Lucie thought, as she gazed with unseeing eyes over the expanse of sparkling water.

DUCAL MOTTOES.

By JAMES A. MANSON.

MOTTOES exist for other things than 'lovely crackers,' as Mr W. S. Gilbert would be the first to admit. Where would Suburbia be without them? Nay, more, is it quite clear that his motto is of less importance to a duke than his strawberry-leaf? We have been led to understand that 'kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood.' If so, surely some of the maxims inculcating goodness and belief have a value no less real. The fact that so many of them are wrapped up in foreign tongues only proves how modest their bearers are; for when you reduce some of these mottoes to plain English, the sense of proprietary rights in graces and virtues and talents becomes rather strong for the palate.

His Grace of Norfolk, the premier duke, is a general favourite. Though his dukedom dates from the 28th of June 1483, he gives himself no airs, puts on no side. When the Sussex Archæological Society visited Arundel Castle, a little gentleman in a cutaway coat was seen making himself very affable on the occasion. He even held out his hand to a clergyman. 'Ah!' said the parson in those hard tones we know so well, as he adjusted his *pince-nez*, 'I'm afraid I have not the pleasure—have I?' 'Oh,' quoth the little gentleman, 'I'm the duke.' There you have him, and we feel it to be only proper that the motto of the *dux ducum* should be '*Sola virtus invicta*' (Virtue alone is invincible).

On the other hand, the youngest of our dukes —for the Earl of Fife appears to have received his dukedom as a wedding-present on the 27th of July 1889, two days after he married the Princess Louise of Wales—has three mottoes. Over one crest the legend runs, '*Deo juvante*' (God helping); over the second, '*Deus juvat*' (God helps); and under the shield, '*Virtute et opera*' (With virtue and energy). These are all mottoes that a Scotsman might select. On the other hand, his Grace is said to own nearly a quarter of a million of acres, and may be excused, therefore, if at times he feels the burden almost heavier than he can bear.

There is a grotesque appositeness in the motto of the Duke of Devonshire (created May 12, 1694). It is also remarkable as being the only ducal motto that condescends to a play upon words. His Grace's family name is Cavendish, and his motto is '*Cavendo tutus*' (Safe by being cautious). Throughout his public career his Grace has religiously lived up to his motto.

I cannot say as much for the Duke of Buccleuch, because I do not know; but his motto would suit almost any family. The first duke was created on the 20th of April 1663; and when he assumed '*Amo*' (I love) for his motto he must have enjoyed many a hearty laugh as he called to mind the exploits of the Scotts, who were certainly dauntless in Border warfare, although neither particularly faithful nor specially laggard in love.

Standing next to Norfolk in age but not antiquity, for in this respect none of the dukedoms are remarkable, the Duke of Somerset (created February 16, 1547) has the eminently laudable motto of '*Foy pour devoir*' (Faith for duty).

Another of the three Victorian dukedoms, that of Westminster, was created on the 27th of February 1874. This was the duke who acquired the beautiful portrait of Mr Gladstone by Sir J. E. Millais. When the Home Rule Bill was introduced it was said—I hope untruly, for it was such an un-Gracelike thing to do—that he turned the picture with its face to the wall. Afterwards he sold it for three thousand pounds to Sir William Agnew. Then Sir Charles Tennant secured it, and, with admirable judgment and generosity, presented it to the nation. However this may be, the first duke showed unusual pawkiness in the choice of a motto. *Qua* duke, he was, as we have seen, quite an infant. Therefore he boldly proclaimed, '*Virtus, non stemma*' (Virtue, not pedigree), although as a Grosvenor he needed not to be ashamed of his blood, for no doubt his remote ancestor came over with the Conqueror.

Amongst the dukes there are but two Irish ones, which is manifestly another injustice to Ireland. The earlier was a FitzGerald, who became Duke of Leinster on November 26, 1766. Like a true FitzGerald, he sported a battle-cry. His motto of '*Crom a boo!*' (Crom [one of his castles] to victory!) is the only Gaelic legend in these ducal records. The other Irish duke, he of Abercorn, had the felicity to be the first duke created by Queen Victoria, his date being August 10, 1868. It speaks volumes for Her Majesty's good sense that she had been thirty-one years on the throne before she made a single duke. Perhaps his Grace won the royal favour as a *bonne bouche* after the disestablishing of the Irish Church. As a Hamilton, one of his mottoes is 'Through;' the other from Juvenal is a trifle trite, not to say juvenile: '*Sola nobilitas virtus*' (Virtue is the sole nobility).

Charles II., being a merry monarch, was not easily abashed, and raised two of his bastard sons to ducal rank in 1675. One took the title of Duke of Richmond (created August 9), with the mottoes, '*En la rose je fleuris*' (I flourish in the

rose) and 'Bydand' (Biding); the other became Duke of Grafton (September 11), with the motto, '*Et decus et pretium recti*' (Both the ornament and reward of worth), which, all things considered, 'takes the cake' for frank, unblushing impudence.

During the last half of the seventeenth century no fewer than eight dukes were created, and the same rate of ennoblement was kept up for the following fifty years. As there are now only twenty-seven dukes all told, it will be seen that a single spell of a hundred years accounts for sixteen of them, leaving eleven for the whole of English history within the ducal period, barring those that became extinct. With this profuseness Queen Victoria's abstinence was in fine contrast. However, probably the Glorious Revolution and the support of Hanoverianism had to be rewarded as well as kingly amours. Beaufort's dukedom dates from December 2, 1682, and carries the motto, '*Mutare vel timere sperno*' (I scorn to change or fear). The Duke of St Albans was created on the 10th of January 1684, and his motto is '*Auspicium melioris ævi*' (A token of a better age), thus associating himself with the good time that was coming in a manner peculiarly peer-like. The Duke of Leeds owns a motto which may be recommended to the notice of puzzle-editors, Civil Service Commissioners, and that large section of the community which holds with Jack Bunsby that 'the bearings of this observation lays in the application of it.' '*Pax in Bello*' (Peace in war) reads paradoxically at the moment; but perhaps on May 4, 1694, when the dukedom was created, the first of the Osbornes to bear the ducal coronet, sniffing dangers ahead, took time by the forelock and preached even in his motto the virtues of peace.

'*Che sara sara*' (What will be, will be), the motto of the Duke of Bedford (created May 11, 1694), is either truism or fatalism. In any case it is scarcely the inspiring cry that we should like to link with the Russells, who have rendered such signal services to Liberalism and the people. That motto is couched in Italian; but John, the first and greatest Duke of Marlborough (created December 14, 1702), cloaked his sentiments in Spanish. '*Fiel pero desdichado*' (Faithful though unfortunate) may be good Churchillese, but few students of past or present will take it seriously. Marlborough was the first of Queen Anne's dukes. Her second was another Englishman, a Manners, who became Duke of Rutland on March 29, 1703. The duke's motto, '*Pour y parvenir*' (To obtain it), has an odd suggestion of the *parvenu* about it that must have been intolerable to his lyric successor who pleaded so touchingly for the 'old nobility.' Anne's third duke was a Scotsman, one of the Murrays, whom she created Duke of Atholl on June 30, 1703. His motto has a fine, frank, breezy swing that R. L. Stevenson would have loved—'Furth, Fortune, and fill the Fetters.' In these few, strong, gallant words there lies a whole novel of romance and adventure.

But Atholl was not the first Scottish duke. The premier place belongs to the Duke of Hamilton, who was created on April 12, 1643. His Grace boasts two mottoes. As a Hamilton he claims 'Through;' as a Douglas, '*Jamais arrière*' (Never behind), which may fit the faithful and true Douglases, but which would be a bitter satire if adopted by the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company, although it is rather surprising—when you come to think of it—that they have not appropriated it.

'God bless the Duke of Argyll' is supposed to be the standing invocation of the Highlander of fiction and of anecdote. It is, therefore, interesting to learn that the first Mac Callum More to become a duke dated his creation from the 23rd of June 1701. Whether in accepting his patent the Campbell conferred an honour upon his ducal brethren or was himself honoured is an open question. Probably the former supposition is the more correct, if we may judge from the sentiments which his clansmen expressed when the present duke, then the Marquis of Lorne, married the Princess Louise. 'It's a proud woman,' they said, 'the Queen will be this day.' His Grace has two mottoes. One is Ovid's '*Vix ea nostra voco*' (I scarce call these things ours), which is thought to have some reference to ancestral honours, but which may really have been an unguarded utterance after reviewing the spoils of a raid in the Lowlands. For at least some of the Campbells were caterans, like their neighbours. The duke's other motto is '*Ne obliviscaris*' (Forget not), which somehow recalls the ghost of Hamlet's father. All the same, it appeals to Highland pride, for the Duke of Montrose (created April 24, 1707) has it too—'*N'Oubliez*' (Forget not). Another Scottish duke's motto points to a notable characteristic of his countrymen. This is the '*Pro Christo et Patria*' (For Christ and Country) of the Duke of Roxburghe, who was created on April 25, 1707. The Duke of Sutherland (created January 28, 1833) has a motto that illustrates still another side of the Scottish character—'*Frangas non flectes*' (You may break but you won't bend me). This dour, stubborn spirit it is which leads a landholder to clear out glens and replace his fellow-creatures with deer and sheep.

We may all lay to heart the exhortation of the motto of the Duke of Portland (created July 6, 1716)—'*Craignez honte*' (Dread shame). His Grace of Manchester, who dates from April 28, 1719, brings us back to the earth with his '*Disponendo me, non Mutando me*' (By disposing of me, not by changing me), though perhaps it is unfair to read any hint of office-seeking into it. But a veiled allusion to matrimony is not so far-fetched, as one might read 'By disposing of me (*scil.*, in marriage).' The Duke of Newcastle (created

November 13, 1756) proclaims that '*Loyaulté n'a honte*' (Loyalty has not shame), as if anybody said it had! The Percy of Otterburn and Chevy Chase had one cry, but the Percy who became Duke of Northumberland (created October 22, 1766) chose another and a better motto—'*Espérance en Dieu*' (Hope in God).

Lastly—and it is astonishing how all things seem to work round sooner or later to the Iron Duke—the Duke of Wellington, whose creation dated from May 11, 1814, selected the singularly tame, prosaic, and uninspiring sentiment, '*Virtutis Fortuna Comes*' (Fortune is the Companion of Valour) for his motto. Still, it cannot be gainsaid that Strathfieldsaye and Apsley House were very substantial comrades.

VANISHING LONDON: A ROMANCE IN HISTORY.

By WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM.

SINCE the landing of William the Conqueror in this country England has produced a phalanx of remarkable men, whose influence in their respective walks of life has, by the *vivida vis animi* they have displayed, been felt throughout the world; and it is a somewhat striking circumstance that practically the whole of these master-minds have at some period of their lives been connected—many of them intimately—with the Metropolis. It has, therefore, been truly said that the history of London is an epitome of the history of England; but during the last few years extensive alterations have been going on in 'the hub of the universe,' with the result that many ancient landmarks are being swept away.

The most extensive improvement which, for several centuries at least, has been carried out in London is now in progress—namely, the making of the new thoroughfare from the Strand to Holborn. The total cost of this gigantic undertaking will be close upon five millions sterling, and the scheme will take several years to complete. As the neighbourhood is one which has not only played a conspicuous part in the historical drama of England, but is indissolubly connected with the lives and habits of those who during a very long period have, *inter alia*, been distinguished in the world of letters, an account of some of the most noteworthy incidents which have taken place there will be interesting.

The new thoroughfare will necessitate the demolition of the whole of the buildings on the north side of the Strand from Wellington Street to St Clement Danes Church. A crescent will be formed here, which is to be bisected in the centre by the proposed new avenue to Holborn, the result being that Holywell Street, Clare Market, and other slums familiar to the readers of Dickens and other novelists will disappear, thus giving to the entire locality a dignity which it never before possessed. In this connection it is interesting to recall some of the historical events which have taken place in Fleet Street and the Strand, where Dr Johnson in his day found 'the full tide of human existence.'

There are various legends connected with the early history of Fleet Street; but nothing really definite is known except that it derived its name from the Fleet—a stream which at one time flowed bright and clear in the immediate vicinity, but which is now used as a sewer. In the thirteenth century the thoroughfare obtained an unenviable notoriety owing to the serious riots which took place there, and later it became noted for its waxwork exhibitions and processions, its coffee-houses and taverns. The exploits of Wat Tyler, when he and his men sacked the Savoy Church and part of the Temple, afterwards destroying the forges placed by the Knights-Templars on each side of St Dunstan's Church, are well known. Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester, did 'penance' through Fleet Street when on her way to St Paul's, where she 'offered' at the high altar on account of witchcraft practised against Henry VI.; and it may be recalled that Titus Oates was pilloried at Temple Gate. Scott in his *Fortunes of Nigel* has given a graphic description of the thoroughfare in the stormy times of James.

Interesting as are the historical facts connected with Fleet Street, its literary associations have a greater attraction; and it is a somewhat strange coincidence that the thoroughfare—many of the old buildings in which are being demolished, and which is now known throughout England as the place where a number of the London dailies are produced, where many of the leading provincial journals have offices, and where several of the publishing houses have premises—was the very spot where Pynson, who worked for Caxton, published, in 1483, his first book; so that for a period of nearly five hundred years the locality has been identified with the printing trade, which is still its chief claim to public notoriety. The *litterateur* who more than any one else made the locality famous was the eccentric Dr Johnson, who for a considerable period lived in the immediate vicinity. It was in his walks late at night or early in the morning, to and from his house in Bolt Court or Johnson's Court, that he used to put coppers into the hands of the waifs whom he found sleeping in the doorways. The great lexicographer, who was never happy out of London, used to attend worship at the Church of St Clement Danes, where there is now a brass tablet recording the fact. Although

there can be little doubt that Johnson was, in the broad sense of the term, a religious man, this did not in the least prevent him, in accordance with the custom of the time, from taking part in festive gatherings at which he was always one of the most prominent figures. It was at the various gatherings in Fleet Street that he was always seen at his best, where his resounding periods were punctuated with laughter and applause, and where he had the faithful Boswell to record his doings for posterity.

It was at the Devil Tavern that Johnson gave a supper to celebrate the appearance of Mrs Lennox's first novel, *The Life of Harriet Stuart*. About twenty guests assembled, including the lady's husband, who was a tide-waiter in the Customs. The entertainment was as remarkable as the supper—a gigantic apple-pie, decorated with bay-leaves, was one of the chief dishes—for it is on record that Johnson's face at five o'clock the next morning shone with meridian splendour though his drink had only been lemonade; but the major portion of his guests, together with the waiters, were sound asleep, either on the floor or on the chairs. He had been talking most of the night, yet he had to assist the landlord of the house in awaking his guests, who left the premises at eight o'clock—just twelve hours after they had assembled! The celebrated Doctor, however, was not always so abstemious, for on another occasion he and Boswell met at the 'Mitre,' where they had a good supper and port wine, 'of which Johnson then sometimes drank a bottle.' Boswell, who recalls this meeting, which was one of the earliest he visited in company with the distinguished writer, adds, in his inimitable way: 'The orthodox High Church sound of the "Mitre," the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, the extraordinary power of his conversation, and the pride of finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experienced.'

Another famous tavern was the Cock Inn, which was situated on the spot now occupied by a branch of the Bank of England, close to the Law Courts, but the business of which was a few years ago transferred to the opposite side of the street. Many notable gatherings have taken place within its walls from the sixteenth century down to the time when Tennyson, who once had chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, sang its praises in verse. Pepys mentions in his *Diary* that he brought Mrs Knipp the actress here, of whom the amorous Navy clerk's wife was very jealous, and not without reason, for on one occasion they 'drank, ate a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry till almost midnight.' Mrs Pepys, however, determined to put a stop to these meetings, and one night she went to his bedside and threatened to pinch him with red-hot tongs. What result this threat had we are not informed.

It is curious to read in the old chronicles of London that the Strand, which is now one of the main arteries of the Metropolis, was in the reign of Henry VIII. described as a thoroughfare 'full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome,' and that the high-road between the Temple and 'the village of Charing' was so deep in mire as to be almost impassable; yet it was by this route that Cardinal Wolsey, when he lived in Chancery Lane, used to ride in full state to Westminster Hall. Carriages were not then in use; the nobility used to be carried from one place to another in sedan-chairs; while the poorer classes had perforce to walk. Even so late as 1625 there were only twenty hackney-coaches in London; but they became so popular that in ten years the Government took alarm at their general use, and endeavoured to limit the number. Their efforts were for a short period successful; but in the time of the Commonwealth these coaches were again introduced in very large numbers. One of the first inhabitants of the Strand of whom we have any authentic record was Peter of Savoy, uncle of Henry III. After the thoroughfare had been deserted by royal personages, the bishops erected their famous inns there. Selden in his *Table-Talk* says that 'anciently the noblemen lay within the city for safety and security; but the bishops' houses were by the water-side, because they were held sacred persons whom nobody would hurt.' Gradually the great noblemen had mansions erected there, and their memory is still perpetuated by the streets which are named after them.

Although there has been at various times much discussion as to how the Strand received its name, it is generally conceded to have been of Saxon origin; and in proof of this it is stated that upon 'the Strand' Earl Godwin and his son Harold drew up their land forces in the insurrection which they led against Edward the Confessor. At a later period the Devereuxs, the Earls of Essex, the Howards, the Cecils, Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham, Protector Somerset, and a host of others who have taken a prominent part in moulding the destinies of the country resided in this locality. From the time when Queen Elizabeth rode in state from Westminster to St Paul's to return thanks for the victories over the Spanish Armada, the Strand has witnessed all the historic State pageants down to that of Queen Victoria, who in 1897 paid a visit to the famous Cathedral on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Strand has always been associated either with Court intrigues or with the display of State ceremonial, for in more peaceful times it has also resounded with the mirth of the poor children of the neighbourhood, who on the spot now occupied by the Church of St Mary-le-Strand have danced round the famous May-pole, which is thus alluded to in the *Dunciad:*

Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand;
But now, as Anne and Piety ordain,
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane.

Holywell Street, which is better known as Booksellers' Row, is now being demolished in connection with the Strand improvement scheme, and Wych Street, an adjoining thoroughfare, will soon suffer the same fate. Both these streets, which are situated between St Mary-le-Strand and St Clement Danes, have a remarkable history. The former is built on the site of the famous Holy Well. It is said that penitents and pilgrims used to visit this well as early as the reign of Ethelred, and it was well known from time immemorial as 'St Clement's Well.' Round this well in the early Christian era newly baptised converts, clad in white robes, were wont to assemble to commemorate Ascension Day and Whitsuntide; and in later times, after the murder of Thomas à Becket had made Canterbury the constant resort of pilgrims from all parts of England, the Holy Well of St Clement was a favourite halting-place of the pious cavalcades for rest and refreshment. The street was once described as 'sweet, wholesome, and cleere, and much frequented by schollars and youthe of the city in summer evenings, where they walk forth to take aire.' Whatever might have been the merits either of the well or the street in bygone times, its only claim to public notice in the present generation lay in the fact that it was one of the few remaining bits of Old London.

The thoroughfare in recent years was inhabited by second-hand booksellers, and it was no unusual thing to see well-known bibliophiles endeavouring to discover rare volumes among the piles of books which were exposed for sale. It is said that Gladstone used to visit these shops in his earlier years; and I myself have repeatedly seen Lord Halsbury, who has occupied the Woolsack longer than any Lord Chancellor during the past hundred years, stop in front of one of the boxes containing books labelled 'sixpence each.' As he was short of stature and rather rotund in figure, few of the regular frequenters of Holywell Street recognised the 'Keeper of the King's Conscience.'

Wych Street, leading to Clare Market and to some of the lowest slums in this locality, has an unenviable notoriety. It was in a narrow court leading out of this thoroughfare that the notorious Jack Sheppard served his apprenticeship as a carpenter; and at the 'hostelrie' which formerly stood in White Lion Passage this daring highwayman arranged those adventures with his *confrères* in crime which caused such a sensation at the time. It will be remembered that in 1724 Jack Sheppard and a man named Blueskin had been condemned to death for stealing cloth from a draper in the Strand. The two were lodged in Newgate, and with great cleverness Sheppard effected his escape, only to be recaptured and hanged at Tyburn. The capture and hanging of this notorious criminal caused a great sensation; his portrait was painted in prison, and an opera and farce were composed in his honour.

Another famous inn in Wych Street was the 'Angel,' from which Bishop Hooper was taken in 1554 to Gloucester to be burned at the stake. This tavern also figured in the following advertisement which appeared in the *Public Advertiser* in March 1769: 'To be sold, a Black Girl, 11 years of age; extremely handy; works at her needle tolerably, and speaks English well. Inquire of Mr Owen at the Angel Inn, behind St Clement's Church in the Strand.'

According to the confession of Thomas Winter, it was in one of the houses near to Wych Street that the Gunpowder Plot was hatched in 1605. He says: 'So we met behind St Clement's—Mr Catesby, Mr Percy, and myself; and, having upon a primer given each other the oath of secrecy, in a chamber where no other body was, we went after into the next room, and received the blessed Sacrament upon the same.'

This locality, which is now the home of the submerged tenth, was at one time a very fashionable quarter. Drury Lane was named after the great family of the Druries, who once lived there; and Clare Market after Lord Clare. The fame of Drury Lane is world-wide. Who has not heard of the famous pantomimes at Drury Lane Theatre, and of the many famous actors and actresses who have played there? Who has not read of the wild exploits of Nell Gwyn the flower-girl, who obtained such an ascendency over the Merrie Monarch? Pepys calls her 'Pretty Nell,' and records how he saw her in Drury Lane 'standing at her lodging's door in her smock sleeves and bodice, a mighty pretty creature.'

Many incidents connected with the theatre—which has recently obtained a new lease of life owing to an agreement having been come to with the ground-landlord, the Duke of Bedford—are of pathetic interest. Sheridan was at one time the lessee, and the burning of the theatre in 1809 marked the beginning of his downfall. When the roof fell in and the flames illuminated the sky for miles around, Sheridan was addressing the House of Commons; and when a member proposed that the House, which was in a fever of excitement, should adjourn, the great orator, with the *sang-froid* which at that time characterised him, replied that whatever might be the extent of the private calamity, he hoped it would not interfere with the public business of the country. He then walked calmly out of the House. Poor Sheridan! In spite of his misfortunes, which finally brought him to penury, he struggled on for a few years, until he was weighed down by illness and debt. Many of his friends deserted

him; and, having lost an election at Stafford, he was found in a sponging-house in Tooke's Court, Cursitor Street, off Chancery Lane. He, however, remained sanguine almost to the end. A short time before the final scene he was invited to dinner by Rogers, and there met Lord Byron and Tom Moore. On hearing some days later that Byron had privately remarked that Sheridan had written the best comedy, the best operetta, the best farce, the best address, and delivered the best oration ever heard in England, the unhappy man burst into tears. Drury Lane is also noted as being the scene of the great riot which resulted in the death in Howard Street of Mr Mountfort, who succeeded in frustrating the efforts of Captain Hill, who, with Lord Mohun, endeavoured to kidnap Mrs Bracegirdle, the beautiful actress, as she left the theatre. Captain Hill had fallen desperately in love with the actress, but she refused his addresses. It may be remarked *en passant* that Lord Mohun was afterwards killed in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton.

When the new street from Holborn to the Strand is completed several of the houses which have been immortalised by Dickens will have been swept away. One of the few old coaching inns is already doomed—namely, the 'Black Bull.' This famous inn was established over two hundred and fifty years ago, and for a very long period the old stage-coaches which journeyed to the eastern counties before railways were established started from here punctually at ten o'clock every morning. The building, however, is better known to readers of Dickens as being the place where Mrs Gamp and Betsy Prig nursed Lewsome. The house in which Dickens's most famous character is supposed to have lived is also coming down. This is the barber's shop in Kingsgate Street where Pecksniff made the acquaintance of Mrs Gamp. 'Mr Pecksniff had been to the undertaker, and was now upon his way to another officer in the train of mourning: a female functionary. . . . Her name, as Mr Pecksniff gathered from a scrap of writing in his hand, was Gamp; her residence in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn. This was at a bird-fancier's next door but one to the celebrated mutton-pie shop, and directly opposite to the original cats'-meat warehouse.' Not far off is Portugal Street, where stands the Old Curiosity Shop, which is also doomed, and which is said to have given the title to that well-known novel. It is described as 'one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of this town, and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and distrust. . . . The haggard aspect of the little old man was wonderfully suited to the place.' Owing to the striking appearance of the shop, and to the fact that on the front is painted its title in large letters, also that it was 'immortalised by Charles Dickens,' it is the most conspicuous of all the places mentioned by the great novelist. It is now tenanted by a waste-paper dealer, who also sells photographs and drawings of the building. The burial-ground where poor Jo took Lady Dedlock to show her where her husband found his last resting-place disappeared some time ago when the new thoroughfare from Catherine Street to Drury Lane was made.

Thackeray in his works refers several times to this locality, showing that he was perfectly *au fait* with most of its leading features and history. Not only does he confirm the account of the kidnapping of Mrs Bracegirdle, but in regard to Slomen's sponging-house in Cursitor Street (which Disraeli in *Henrietta Temple* has sketched with remarkable *verve*), he describes it in *Vanity Fair* as the temporary abode of the impecunious Colonel Crawley.

Allusion has already been made to the two churches which occupy such a commanding position in the Strand; but it should also be pointed out that both St Mary's and St Clement Danes had a narrow escape of being demolished; but by abridging the churchyards of these two sacred edifices—in the case of St Clement Danes many bodies had to be removed—it has been found possible to arrange the new thoroughfare without destroying the harmony of the whole scheme. These churches are of classic design, and have an interesting past. Wren built St Clement Danes and Gibbs built St Mary's. Both have graceful steeples and are Italian in design. A Church of the Innocents existed in the Strand as early as 1222, since which time several others have been erected.

In addition to the houses which are to be demolished, no fewer than four theatres will also disappear—namely, the Gaiety, the Globe, the Olympic, and the Opera Comique. The remarkable growth of the traffic, especially during recent years, has caused the authorities the greatest concern; and although the cost which the widening of various thoroughfares entails is stupendous, there is no help for it if London is to progress.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

There is a childhood into which we grow—
  A heart-simplicity whereby we hold
  Love's sunshine fairer than the glint of gold,
As what we hope for passeth what we know.
Warm memories from the tender 'long ago'
  Whisper their tale; and we can ne'er grow old
  If now and then life's shadows, gray and cold,
Are flooded with our childhood's afterglow.

We are not old till we forget the way
  That leads us from the tumult of the street
  To memory's dimly-lighted, still retreat,
Where youth comes back to those who have grown gray,
Where all may find a benison—save they
  Whom long forgetfulness hath made unmeet.

Percy Gallard.

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MANNERS.

IT is a common habit of social pessimists to lament the decay of manners in modern times. According to these prophets of woe, manners seem to have been steadily degenerating ever since the days when Noah noticed with pain that his sons only held out their hands with a grunt to help the ladies of the family across the plank into the ark, and did not bow, take off their sheepskin hats, and say, 'Allow me, if you please.' If this be so, we will not, like the proverbial lawyer, try to make the best of a bad case, but join in the general complaint and help to swell the lamentation.

Now, what do we mean by manners? That the eighteenth century abounded in courtliness more than the nineteenth few would deny. There is less formality now both in dress and address than of yore. Change of manners and habits is inevitable; but it does not necessarily imply deterioration. If to-day we have not so many Sir Charles Grandisons, surely we have fewer Squire Westerns. Let any one compare the manners prevalent in the middle of the eighteenth century as mirrored in any of the courtly and fantastic centres of fashionable society with those in vogue to-day, and he will have abundant evidence of the way manners have softened down into a quiet elegance. Take, for example, Bath in the Smollett-Sheridan era, with its assembly-rooms, its card-parties, its chairs, its crescents, and its ceremonials. The first thing we notice about the Bath heroines of that day is the absence of all delicacy. They do not seem to have understood that such a feeling could exist. They are bright and witty and even good-tempered; but scruples of delicacy never trouble them. Miss Linley, after being engaged twice, after receiving three thousand pounds in a compromise for an action for breach of promise, and after trying to commit suicide, writes with perfect *sang-froid* her long letter explaining her elopement with Richard Sheridan. Mrs Hannah More, on visiting the gay city, is shocked to find Lady Miller holding a 'Fair of Parnassus' weekly, at which a flux of quality contended for poetical prizes and crowns of myrtle, and sprightly dressed men met to get drunk on claret and plot abductions. In Miss Austen's time we discover a marked improvement both in manners and morals. Her young ladies never talk Church or Sunday-school, yet there is a separate and distinct standard of feminine conduct which suggests a feeling of duty and decorum reaching deeper than mere convention. Indeed, the excess of a virtue has become a vice. In *Persuasion* we read of Anne Elliott so overcome by delicacy that she hardly ventures to go to the window of a pastry-cook's shop to see if it is raining, even though the man she likes best in the world is coming down the street. This progressive refinement can be traced in the manners of London society during the same period. So late as the beginning of the last century the hackney-coachmen on the Piccadilly stand used to earn a handsome revenue by letting out the roofs of their vehicles to amateurs who, from those points of vantage, were able to take sly peeps at the orgies going on in the saloons of Queensberry House. Nor did 'Old Q.' (the notorious millionaire and voluptuary who used to wear beefsteaks in his nightcap to induce a rosy complexion) care for concealment. *En grand seigneur*, he was as naughty as ever he chose, and made an open parade of his naughtiness. He disdained even the *demi-jour* of Venetian blinds; and sometimes, it is said, he would sit in his balcony looking down on the stream of Piccadilly, with a servant and a pony ready saddled to pursue any pretty maid who charmed him from below. The half-blind, half-deaf old aristocrat was by no means the chief of sinners in those degenerate days. The spectacle of Sheridan sitting over his bottle at Bellamy's, or reeling out of White's at three in the morning; or of Mr Pitt coming home tipsy, his little, sunken eyes burning in the dark; or of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams distributing his coarse verses among the habitués

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of the Mall—all these were regarded in those good old times as merry and convivial jests for the town to enjoy and laugh at. Nor is this very surprising in days when the *Times* newspaper was wont to call Cobbett a 'miscreant' and a 'ruffian bone-grubber' (the last from his having brought the remains of Tom Paine from America). Cobbett was quite capable of language equally vituperative, and retorted by saying that he should live to see Baines, the editor of the *Times*, exiled, and to spit upon his grave.

It has frequently been observed that modern manners are too familiar. Certainly the company which Swift described in his *Polite Conversation* did not err on the side of modesty; and we may hope that the free-and-easy badinage of Lady Smart and Lady Answerall, and the rapid exchange of raillery between Tom Neverout and Miss Notable, were the outcome of a familiarity which has long since passed away. So, too, that extreme type of familiarity known as horse-play. This should be the exclusive amusement of country bumpkins and gutter-children. To pull a man out of bed in the middle of the night; to throw his bedclothes or the contents of his portmanteau out of the window; to lock up a gentleman and lady in the billiard-room at one in the morning, and turn out the lights—these and such-like performances belong, we are happy to believe, to a form of polite enjoyment no longer practised in our country-houses of ancient dignity and modern notoriety. Still, to end the comparisons between manners past and present, and to make a kind of *rapprochement* between the two periods, let us say that if the properly-brought-up damsel of the eighteenth century would as soon have imagined herself at the cart's tail *en route* for Bridewell as riding outside any conveyance partaking of the nature of a modern omnibus, so the properly-brought-up maid of to-day would as soon think of flying as of treating her lover like Betty Ashmead, of the 'Bailey,' Durham, who took her suitor by the shoulders and thrust him out of the kitchen for offering to show her the way to heaven.

Few people are indifferent to the charm of good manners, even though they do not possess them—which is quite another thing; for some people like manners as others love music—without practising it. Even Doctor Johnson describes, with a sort of envy which does not obscure his admiration, a manner of perfect address: 'I remarked with what justice of distribution he divided his talk to a wide circle; with what address he offered to every man an occasion of indulging some favourite topic or displaying some particular attainment; the judgment with which he regulated his inquiries after the absent; and . . . I soon discovered that he possessed some science of graciousness and attraction which books had not taught; that he diffused upon his cursory behaviour and most trifling actions a gloss of softness and delicacy by which every one was dazzled; and that, by some occult method of captivation, he animated the timorous, softened the superstitious, and opened the reserved. I could not but repine at the inelegance of my own manners, which left me no hope but not to offend, and at the insufficiency of rustic benevolence which gained no friends but by real service.' This portrait is useful in drawing a distinction which lies at the very portal of our subject; there is all the difference between good manners and what the writer means to describe as a good manner. Good manners are the art of always knowing how to behave ourselves. A good manner sets its possessor off on all occasions. The one is decorum, the other grace; the one avoids giving pain, the other imparts positive pleasure; the one guarantees us from censure and ridicule, the other excites respect and admiration; the one admits to any company, the other enables its possessor to take the lead in it; the one can be taught and acquired, the other is a gift of nature, fostered by favourable circumstances. The essence or secret of good manners, as of goodness in all other things, consists in suitableness, or, in other words, of harmony. When we speak of harmony, we necessarily imply the relation between two things. We signify that the relation between them is what it should be; that the just proportion between them has been observed; and that out of this justness of proportion, this relation as it should be, springs what is designated by the significant word propriety.

The conclusion to which one comes after studying any of the many writers who have tried to formulate rules of social procedure, from Epictetus down to the compiler of the latest manual on etiquette, is that there exists a *nescio quid*—a spirit intangible, not to be described, but essential to the sweetness and light of human intercourse—without which 'the rest is all but leather or prunella.' Manner is so impalpable a thing that there is no crucible in which it can be impounded, no scales, be they ever so fine, in which it can be weighed. It has its source far too deep to be learned by practice and rote; it is no use trying to learn the trick of putting it on like a grenadier's cap to make one of consequence; it must be innate—an intuitive consideration of the feelings of others and a forgetfulness of self.

Though we do not with Mr Delany rank good manners with religion and morality, we think them of great importance. Manners are, as Sydney Smith said, 'the shadows of virtues' rather than virtues themselves. They do not partake of a moral character. Lord Chesterfield could kick a man downstairs with more grace than Doctor Johnson could offer him a chair. Fine manners are paper money, not sterling coin; but they are invaluable as currency, whether they be convertible into something more solid or not.

Nothing stands in the way of fine, easy manners

so much as the extreme hurry and bustle of modern life. They require calm grace; and calm grace is not easily preserved amid the hubbub and anxiety of the existence of to-day. Fine manners, too, require time, and are absolutely incompatible with fussiness. This does not mean that they are inconsistent with exertion or even with great energy; but the exertion must be equable, the energy must be uniform, not spasmodic or hysterical. Perhaps, considering the conditions, good manners never scored a greater triumph than in the case of the Spanish noble that Jeremy Taylor tells us about, who on his way to the scaffold gained the plaudits of an excited crowd by the grace with which he disposed the folds of his cloak so as not to interfere with the dignity of his ascent to the last fatal elevation.

Another serious element which is radically hostile to the cultivation of good manners is the method practised by those who wish to win the respect of others and yet betray all want of self-respect. People are generally valued at the rate they set on themselves—not, of course, what they aim at, but what their actions show they rate themselves at. Let a person come to act as though anything is good enough so long as nobody else is the wiser—that he can cut a figure to the world and be pitiful in private; but let such be not deceived. The secret will always betray itself some way or other, sooner or later. Miss Austen's Emma maintained that she could always tell by what conveyance Mr Knightly had come to a dinner-party on the argument that there is always a look of consciousness or bustle when people come in a way that they know to be beneath them. The consciousness that everything about us will stand inspection, that surprises will not shame us, that the outside is a true index of what is within, imparts a grace, ease, self-possession, and dignity of manner that nothing else can supply.

Manners change like the fashions—are, in fact, as much the sport of fashions as bonnets, skirts, mantles, or collars; but the gulf that separates the well-bred from the ill-bred remains as deep and wide as ever. While the celebrated actress Mrs Siddons was giving her readings from Shakespeare to a brilliant and admiring drawing-room, one of the servants in the hall below was overheard to say, 'What! I see the old lady is making as much noise as ever!' So little is there in common between the different classes of society, and so impossible is it to unite the diversities of custom and knowledge which lead to such utterances. The people with money (and nothing else) who take a house and have it decorated, and then send for the society papers to describe it, are separated by an impassable moral gulf from many in humble life, who—like the wayside flower drawing filth of the gutter into its veins, and filtering it by its own virtue into a beneficent juice—change the use of adversity or the humiliation of neglect into a spirit that sweetens all their surroundings.

The great danger of our time, due to the relaxed habits of family life, is that manners should be left to form themselves: neglected manners are rarely good manners. Nobody is born with manners. The most that can be said is that certain people seem born with a facility for learning the lessons of social intercourse more quickly and easily than others. This is probably the reason why little girls have better manners than boys. Just as they learn to speak and read more quickly and easily than boys, so they learn more readily to have good manners; but if manners are a matter of education, what is learned must first be taught. The danger to-day is not of people forgetting their manners, but of never learning them; and the ideal to be kept in view is the fine taste of the best man of the world wedded to the spiritual life—the union of the sons of Zion with the sons of Greece.

CLIPPED WINGS.

CHAPTER IX.—MRS WILLIE DELPHIN.

CEYLON had sunk, an enchanted vision of heliotrope hills and purple valleys, under the horizon; and with the steady progress of the *Omega* northwards Lucie gradually began to realise that the glamour of the previous weeks was fading.

Challoner had formally introduced her to the Dickon Gunns, and for a day or two she was included in their group; but a brief experience showed Lucie that she was a stranger within their gates. After an absence of three years, Challoner was naturally interested in home gossip, and the names of the mutual friends whereof Mrs Delphin prattled so glibly were unknown to Lucie. When Challoner sought to bring her into the conversation his efforts served only to reveal her ignorance regarding the ways of that world whereto she was speeding. So Lucie gradually drifted out of their exclusive circle back to her deck-chair and the society of her chaperon, who had bitterly resented the temporary defection of her charge.

'We can't have much of a promenade to-night, I'm afraid,' Challoner had said as they sipped their after-dinner coffee the evening after leaving Colombo. 'I've been obliged to promise to play "bridge" with the Gunns and Mrs Delphin; would have been rude to refuse again, you know. I wonder what old Gunn will do in heaven? When he's not playing cards with other people he

plays "patience" with himself. Told me he knew fifty-seven different ways of playing "patience." I hope he was lying, or his poor old brain is sure to become addled. It's a godsend to him to get a good game of "bridge" or something human.'

Challoner's desertion that night was the first vague indication of the divided interest to which Lucie was forced to accustom herself. For a time every absence was preceded or followed by an apology. There were still tender moments, when under the stars in the shadow of some overhanging boat Challoner would whisper soothing words, and reassure Lucie of his unfaltering devotion.

'Of course you understand, dear, that with these people on board I can't devote myself to you as I would like. It doesn't do to be altogether *rude*, you know; and when I'm with them I'm longing all the time to be back to you. You believe that—don't you, Lucie?'

And Lucie believed, hoping against hope.

'They are old friends of his family. He can't treat them rudely,' she would say in answer to Miss Santhem's insinuations respecting lovers whose ardour could not outlast a six weeks' voyage. 'They are old friends. He mustn't be discourteous,' she would try to persuade herself; adding always the little bit of consolation that she hugged to her heart: 'At any rate, they leave the *Omega* at Marseilles, and after that we shall have the rest of the journey all to ourselves.'

Good old Sir Dickon, it is true, touched one day by a wistful expression in Lucie's gray eyes as she sat silently listening to the gay talk of the others, insisted upon teaching her 'patience,' selecting the *rouge et noir* game as being a comparatively simple one for a beginner; and ofttimes, during the long empty days that followed, Lucie blessed his kind thought, for though her perturbed spirit refused to be comforted by the solitary amusement, it lent a semblance of occupation to some lonely hours.

There was something about Mrs Willie Delphin's clothes that annoyed Lucie, who up to the morning of her advent had secretly prided herself upon having a prettier selection of frocks than anybody on board. A woman can endure much if she still retains the conviction that she dresses better than her rival. It was not that Mrs Willie Delphin dressed elaborately—that, on shipboard, she would have esteemed bad form. Yet there was an indefinable air about even her least pretentious toilet that puzzled Lucie. 'It's all so simple, too. Her white serge is just like mine, only it has less gold braid and fewer gold buttons. Yet it looks far smarter. I suppose it must be the cut.'

Another point that surprised the unsophisticated colonial girl was the manner of Mrs Delphin's evening raiment. Remembering her lavishly exposed charms when returning from the dinner-party at Colombo, Lucie by judicious bribery gained unwarranted access to her 'wanted on the voyage' trunk, and taking therefrom her lowest-cut evening-frock, astonished her fellow-passengers by appearing therein at dinner the night after leaving Ceylon. But one glance at the Dickon Gunns' table revealed Mrs Delphin modestly arrayed in a black gown, with her neck and arms covered by some transparent net that glittered with iridescent beetles' wings. And Lucie suddenly realised that, however modish ultra-*décolletée* robes might be on land, at sea they were in decidedly bad taste, and, foolishly imagining all eyes upon her, she coloured over neck and arms with annoyance.

Often in the succession of hot idle days whose vapidity was broken only by heart-burnings, Lucie Lorimer tried dispassionately to analyse the influence Mrs Delphin exercised. 'She is not even pretty. She has no colour. Her eyes are quite greenish in the sunshine. She is far too thin. Her arms are like the Indian famine.' Thus Lucie catalogued her rival's defects, and wondered what Challoner could find attractive in her, as from time immemorial the slighted heart has wondered what the defaulting man sees in the other woman.

Mrs Willie Delphin's charm lay in her vivacity. She was never tired. Even the hottest weather could not quell her spirits or reduce her to languor. The attraction for Challoner lay chiefly in her power of entertaining. Lucie's affections once secured, her pursuit had ceased to divert the volatile sailor. A woman who is seriously in love ceases to be amusing. To a shallow mind such as Challoner's, the initial stages of love are ever the most engrossing. When love ripens into passion the sincere lover loses all sense of perspective; interest in all excepting the object of affection becomes void. For the time even the sense of humour dulls. A woman so deeply in love as to be capable of feeling an interest in but one member of the male sex is an anomaly, a nuisance to the world at large. Even to the recipient of her attachment, except his adoration equals her own, she is apt to become a bore.

Major Delphin made an admirable foil to his wife. As a young man he had been unusually handsome; but the leisured life he had led since leaving the Guards had told badly upon his figure. He was now an overblown Adonis. He had never been energetic, and as years passed his tendency to lethargy increased. For him ship-life proved an ideal *dolce far niente*, whose peace was disturbed only by the occasional necessity of humouring his father-in-law's predilection for games of chance. All his spare hours were passed dozing comfortably in a luxurious deck-chair with his mouth open, and having on his knee a book in whose perusal he never progressed. His wife, whose playful shafts quite failed to pierce his tough epidermis, was wont to declare that her husband

was never really awake; that he had gone through life asleep; that his soul was not yet alive. Be that as it may, the fact remained that he made an admirable consort for his sprightly spouse, in that he offered no obstacle to her taking all the liberty her flighty nature demanded.

'Willie makes the most adorable chaperon,' Mrs Delphin would say. 'I could spoon with a nigger in front of his nose, and he'd never notice. I might elope with twenty different men, and if his meals were served regularly, and nobody drew his attention to my absence, I could return when I liked, and I really believe that he'd never discover that I'd been away!'

That the presence of Mrs Willie Delphin was an acquisition to the gaiety of the *Omega* was indisputable. There was no reserve, no affectation of selectness, about the lively lady. Her one creed was enjoyment, and anybody or anything that administered to her craving for excitement was eagerly welcomed. From morning till night her spirits never flagged. Her vivacious personality made even the dull old fogies forget their fancied ailments, and, leaving their deck-chairs and the engrossing study of their symptoms, cluster round when she sang the latest 'coon' songs to the accompaniment of her banjo. The *planka-plank* of that instrument got upon Lucie's nerves. In the circumscribed limits of the ship she could not get beyond its hearing. Throughout the long sultry days the twang of its strings troubled her waking hours and haunted her restless slumbers. Mrs Delphin possessed the merest thread of a voice, but that little was tuneful and well trained. She had abundant *chic*, and a comprehensive collection of negro melodies.

At an impromptu concert given during the early days of the cruise, Lucie had taken part, singing two of the half-dozen drawing-room ballads so laboriously drilled into her by her Auckland music-master. Many of the prettiest birds are songless, and Lucie certainly had no gift of music; but Mrs Lorimer, to whom a stingy fate had denied accomplishments, was determined that her daughter should have all the advantages she had forgone. So twice a week Mr Harpur—an unrecognised genius whom the chilly colonial welcome extended to the fine arts compelled to earn his livelihood by teaching—tortured his melody-loving soul in the effort to force Miss Lorimer's execution of simple airs to the pitch of mediocrity.

But to even the most tuneless there comes a time when the inward harmony of the soul seeks vent in melody. They say that even noteless voices can sing once. Possibly the ship's concert had been Lucie's time. It occurred in the first flush of her happiness at Challoner's avowed adoration, and joy lent a sweetness to her otherwise flat tones. Lucie was looking her best; her cheeks were rose-flushed, her gray eyes sparkling. An attractive appearance counts for much, and with an uncritical audience worse music might have passed. Her song had been applauded, and she had been asked to sing again. It was a notable occasion for Lucie.

'I'm sure I never thought you could sing decently,' Miss Santhem had remarked afterwards in friendly candour; 'but really to-night, I must say, you didn't do so badly.'

Lucie glowed with the agreeable sensation of having discovered a new sense. When she perforce listened to the tinkle of Mrs Delphin's banjo, and heard her warble ditties to her 'Honey Boy,' or accounts of how a 'Chinese girl wed a Coon,' it was a cheering comfort to be able to hug the thought that she also could sing.

Thus it came about that when, one morning soon after the *Omega* had entered the Red Sea, two youthful and energetic members of the Entertainment Committee, note-books in hand, went about beating up volunteers for an evening concert, Lucie felt no hesitation whatever about complying with their request that she should graciously consent to enter her name for two songs.

On the night of the concert Lucie suffered agonies of indecision over her toilet before she was satisfied with her appearance. She dressed and redressed her hair to the accompaniment of sarcastic remarks from Miss Santhem, and even at the last discarded the frock she had intended wearing, and put on another.

Challoner was dining at the Dickon Gunns' table, and the seat beside Lucie was vacant. Miss Santhem, who had pinned a staring knot of bright mauve ribbon with long ends to the bodice of her invariable black silk in honour of the festivity, occupied her usual chair and her accustomed *rôle* of commentator upon Lucie's doings.

'Much good that'll do,' she sniffed, looking askance at her companion's pretty gown. 'If you imagine he's going to notice you while that frivolous woman is on board, you think differently from everybody else on the ship. How a woman who reads her Bible and says her prayers, as I presume Lady Gunn does, ever came to have a child like that is one of the inscrutable mysteries of Providence!'

Challoner had been placed at table with his back towards Lucie; but as he was passing out of the saloon he caught her wistful gaze, and paused to whisper a word of approval regarding her appearance. 'You're going to sing? Do sing "Twin Hearts;" that's my favourite. After the "sing-song" there's sure to be a dance. You'll keep a waltz for me—won't you, dear?'

With the careless words Lucie's spirits bounded up. She knew that this would prove a crucial night, and Challoner's whispered request seemed a good omen. She would sing—Challoner had never been more tender than after the last concert—then they would dance together, and his fancied coldness would be explained away.

But, to her keen disappointment, Challoner was not in the music-room when the entertainment began. Laying her music on a seat next her to secure it for his use, Lucie sat impatiently watching the door. Her first song was the second item in the programme, and she got through it in a half-hearted fashion that had but a poor result.

The stereotyped concert of an ocean liner proceeded.

A New South Wales damsel on her way to England with the intention of taking the London stage by storm was reciting 'Bobs' with a strenuous colonial accent when the Dickon Gunn party made a state entrance. Lucie nervously tried to attract Challoner's attention to the seat she had reserved; but he was laden with Mrs Willie Delphin's banjo and the amalgamation of satin and lace she deemed a wrap, and did not even notice Lucie's presence.

'You 've 'elped the soldier's load,
And for benefits bestowed,
Bless you, Bobs!'

concluded the Australian maiden with the fullest volume of her strident voice, and resumed her seat vastly pleased with herself.

Then came the turn of Mrs Willie Delphin. Acting on some freak of her fickle fancy, she had on this occasion thrown aside her quiet mode of attire. Her dress was a sheath of orange velvet, which, clinging closely to her lithe form, broke into a cascade of diaphanous flounces over her little orange-hued slippers. In the front of her dark hair was perched a black bird, from whose tail radiated thread-like shafts glittering with diamonds.

Major Delphin was already sleeping the sleep of the flaccid in his deck-chair, so Challoner it was who carried Mrs Delphin's banjo to the place where, directly facing the audience, she had elected to sit; and Challoner it was at whom she aimed the fetching glances that punctuated her selection. It must be admitted further that it was Challoner who, roused into enthusiasm by the combined influence of Sir Dickon's wine and his daughter, led the applause, and made whispered requests for certain of his favourite songs when an encore became inevitable.

Lucie was to perform next, but Challoner seemed to have forgotten that.

'It's stuffy in here. Let's go on deck,' she heard Mrs Delphin say; and, just as the prelude to 'Twin Hearts,' the song he had specially asked for, was being played, Lucie had the mortification of seeing her erstwhile lover leave the music-saloon.

It was a bad beginning. Lucie's voice faltered from the first; in the third bar it went flat, and the opening of the second verse found her hopelessly floundering on a wrong key. With the knowledge that her attempt to sing had proved a complete fiasco, she stopped at the close of the second verse, and sat down amid that perfunctory applause that is decidedly more condemnatory than utter silence.

'Lucie, what a shocking exhibition! Whatever possessed you to make such a fool of yourself?' Miss Santhem said when, at the close of the concert, she followed Lucie to their cabin. 'I wonder you set yourself up to sing if you can't do better than that. In my young days no girl ever dreamt of performing in public who couldn't sing as well as a professional can now. Really, as I always say, the conceit of the present generation is amazing. But for goodness' sake,' she continued, finding Lucie made no reply, 'don't sit down here sulking, or people will say you made a worse fiasco even than you did. Come up on deck. There 's going to be a dance.'

But for one comforting thought, Lucie would fain have hid her diminished head behind the brocaded silk curtains of her berth. Challoner had not witnessed her breakdown; neither had Mrs Willie Delphin. She had, at least, been spared that humiliation, and Challoner had asked her for a waltz.

Hastening on deck, she sought her chair, which was on the side of the deck-house farthest from the dancers. Challoner, she knew, would be certain to seek her there. She did not require to sit with the bevy of expectant maidens who were already grouped underneath the gay Chinese-lanterns suspended from the awning.

The band began strumming out the opening bars of a Strauss waltz, and the sibilant sound of feet moving swiftly over the smooth boards caught her ear.

She was waiting expectant when Challoner approached, walking quickly. In the dim light he would have passed her chair without noticing its occupant had not Lucie risen with a little glad cry of 'Victor! I am here ready.'

At her voice Challoner stopped with a start and came towards her. 'Oh yes,' he said awkwardly. 'I didn't see you in the darkness. Our waltz—isn't it?'

As they passed round the deck-house to the side of the promenade that had been cleared for dancing, Lucie, glancing forward, caught a glimpse of Mrs Delphin engrossed in animated converse with the first officer, and experienced a momentary triumph in the thought that Challoner had asked her and not Mrs Delphin to dance the first waltz. But her happiness was short-lived. Before they began the waltz was already half over; and when Challoner had escorted her back to the deck-chair where she preferred to sit, he did not linger by her side.

'Keep me the next waltz but one. I've got a duty dance next, but I'll come back when it is over,' he said as he hurried off.

At Lucie's side of the promenade-deck all was quiet; the night was still, the sea calm, the sky

starless. Except in the immediate vicinity of each light all was dark. The steamer chairs, save for their piles of cushions and rugs, were empty. In a long bamboo lounge Major Delphin slumbered placidly, occasionally giving vent to a sudden staccato snore. With a carriage-candle for the better illumination of their card-table, which was drawn up in the half-circle of radiance cast by one of the electric lights, Sir Dickon and Lady Gunn played cribbage. From the door of the smoking-room farther down the deck came a muffled sound of voices and a whiff of tobacco-smoke.

The music wailed on, rose and fell, increased to vehemence, and then stopped. With its cessation hope awoke afresh in Lucie's heart. Challoner, she assured herself, would speedily join her. Of course, after dining with the Gunns, he had to do a duty dance with Mrs Delphin: politeness demanded it. But one dance succeeded another, and still Lucie sat alone.

The sparkling music of the 'San Toy Lancers' began. Lancers was a favourite of Challoner's. He and Lucie had danced to these very airs. Perhaps Challoner was searching and could not find her. He might not have remembered to look in her chair. Hastily acting on the visionary hope, Lucie started up and went swiftly round to the farther side of the deck-house where the band was stationed.

The set was already formed. Challoner, his face radiant under the roseate glow of the lanterns, was handing Mrs Delphin to her place. One glance assured Lucie that there was no further use of her attempting to deceive herself. If that was Challoner's bearing during the execution of a duty dance he must be a consummate actor.

Feeling as though all prospect of happiness during life had ended, Lucie crept back to her wicker haven. Taking a novel from its side pocket, she made a pretence of reading; but for the time chaos reigned in her brain. Her eyes wandered mechanically along the lines, and she turned the pages at exactly the right moment without having the remotest idea what she was affecting to read.

'Can you tell me which is Miss Stephens's chair? She wants a shawl—a white one. Oh, here it is, thank you!' The voice of the fourth officer, a pleasant, blundering boy, broke in upon her reverie. 'Surely that's an awfully engrossing book, Miss Lorimer, if it keeps you away from the dancing. You used to be a great dancer, too. But you really ought to have been round on the other side to-night. We've been having no end of fun. Mrs Delphin and Challoner have been doing kitchen lancers. I never laughed so much in my life! Won't you be tempted to take a turn? No. Well, I must run;' and he vanished, leaving Lucie with the prick of an added sting to endure.

SOME LEAVES FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTE-BOOKS.

IN 1863 a book entitled *Natural History and Sport in Moray* was published in Edinburgh. It was founded on certain notes made by Mr Charles St John, recorded in regularly-kept journals and in letters written to intimate friends on the subject which had engrossed the attention of their author for the greater part of his active life. Admiral St John has recently reprinted these notes as they were made, as well as the sympathetic Memoir of his father written by the late Mr Cosmo Innes, and adds some pleasantly written impressions of his own on revisiting the scenes of his boyhood after the lapse of some fifty years. The book is enlivened by a variety of sketches. There are some artistic studies of the heads of birds, certain humorous presentments of bird-life and manners, and the fly-leaves are adorned with a series of comicalities, almost Thackerayan in their grotesqueness and vigour, with which, he tells us, his father was wont to amuse his children.

Charles St John was born in 1809, and at an early age was sent to school at Midhurst in Sussex. The observation of the habits of birds and animals had always a strong attraction for him, and it was during these early years of school-life that the inclination to zoological tastes became more marked. He seems to have had abundant opportunities for sport and the observation of animal life; school hours doubtless were not rigorous, nor the demands upon his attention too exacting. His expeditions into the surrounding country with a chosen companion were frequent, and he returned from them laden with spoil. His play-box formed a convenient storehouse for these treasures, and became in time a perfect menagerie: dormice were in one till, stag-beetles and caterpillars in the other, while sometimes a guinea-pig or a squirrel or even a rabbit found uneasy resting-places below in a cell cunningly constructed out of editions of the Delphian classics and Ainsworth's Dictionary. He was rarely without live-stock in his possession: in this respect like the famous Martin in *Tom Brown*, whose study was alive with a variety of insects, birds, and animals; or the late Frank Buckland in real life, who was from the same cause a terror to his neighbours in chambers at Winchester.

He left Midhurst in 1825, and does not appear

to have entered at a public school. We hear of him in 1828 as a clerk in the Treasury; but it was hardly to be expected that a high-spirited lad, with an ardent love of sport and natural history, should tamely settle down to the monotonous drudgery of a clerkship in a public office. 'He chafed like a caged eagle at a Government desk,' says Mr Ricketts, a fellow-clerk; and although he was not without talents, and performed his mechanical task well and rapidly, his heart was not in his work. We are not surprised to learn that the attempt to turn a man who by nature yearned for the freedom of an open-air life, and the companionship of birds and beasts, into a Treasury clerk ended in utter failure. During his periodical holidays, for several years, he joined a party of friends who were shooting in Scotland, and for a few brief weeks each year was able to indulge his natural inclinations to the full. It was always with difficulty that he tore himself away back to his work. At last, like one of his own birds, he winged his way north for good, and shook the dust of Downing Street from his pinions for ever. The Treasury lost an indifferent clerk, the world gained an excellent sportsman and naturalist.

For the next twenty years he lived at various places, chosen either for their beauty of situation or for the opportunities of observation and sport they afforded. Rosehall in Sutherlandshire was the first of these; then Aldourie on Loch Ness, and others beyond the Moray Firth; but it was not till 1843 or 1844 that he finally settled in the country that suited him best—the 'laigh' of Moray; and at Invererne below Forres, at Nairn, and at the Cottage, Elgin, he spent the last few years of his active life. This was a fertile, well-cultivated country, with dry soil and bright bracing climate, with wide views of sea and mountain, within easy reach of mountain sport, in the midst of the game and wild animals of a low country, and with a coast indented with bays of the sea and studded with frequent fresh-water lakes, the haunt of all the common wildfowl and many of the rarer sorts. Here he found happiness. He led a secluded life; he was free as air. There were few of the social duties which had galled him in London; there was no official routine to eat into his soul. He married, in 1834, a wife who gave herself up loyally to his tastes and wishes; and, as a family grew up around him, he lived in them and for them, as the best of fathers. He was always with his boys: when school permitted they shared in his sport; and sometimes even the schoolmaster was forgotten, when, as some fine morning the dog-cart came round to the door, and the loch or the moor was the object of the day's expedition, the boys jumped in with their father and old Rennie the keeper, a joyous party, eager for the chance of a bag or of some rare bird before nightfall brought them homeward again.

It was during these years of an active and vigorous life that he began the regular and systematic practice of taking notes upon the various forms of animal life that came within his observation; but as yet he had not thought of printing them. One day, however, he chanced to be thrown into the company of Mr Cosmo Innes, Sheriff of Moray, who himself occasionally contributed articles to the *Quarterly Review* on subjects connected with Scottish sport. Mr Innes, who after this first meeting was often with him, heard from St John the story of the 'Muckle Hart of Ben More.' It took his fancy, and by St John's permission he incorporated it in an article to the *Quarterly*. It received unqualified praise from Lockhart, who was then editor, and from that time, in addition to his other occupations, he found opportunity for a considerable amount of literary work, and produced at various times *A Tour in Sutherland* and *Wild Life and Sport in the Highlands*, besides laying the foundation of *Natural History and Sport in Moray*, which was published after his death.

It was at Elgin that he spent the years from 1849 to 1853, and they were especially happy. He had a convenient and pleasant house, the society in and around the old town was most congenial; he found there men of science and students of nature with whom he speedily became friends; within easy reach there were the Loch of Spynie and the rocks of Covesea for sport and the study of the habits of animals, and in the neighbourhood at Altyre lived an intimate friend and brother-sportsman, Captain Gordon Cumming, who was indeed a congenial spirit.

It seemed, in all human probability, that he might have looked forward to many years of such a life. He was of temperate and healthy habits; he was continually in the open air; he was no longer an idle man, and therefore not exposed to the temptations to which idle men are most liable; he blended judiciously the activities of outdoor pursuits with preoccupation in literary work; and it was with something of a shock that his friends heard that, one morning in December 1853, being just about to start out for a shooting-party, he was stricken with paralysis of the whole left side. He had been afflicted for some time with violent nervous headaches; but there was no suspicion of the grave cerebral troubles of which they were the premonitory symptoms. Henceforth his active life was done—he was permanently crippled; and though his general health so far recovered as to allow of his removal to the south of England, and there pathetically to indulge in the hope of some day returning to the country he loved so well, it was not to be. He died at Woolston near Southampton, in July 1856.

Before he died he asked that the skull of his old retriever Leo should be placed in the coffin beside him.

Mr Cosmo Innes, to whom we are indebted for the sympathetic Memoir of his life which appears in both these volumes, singles out for imitation the extreme care and accuracy of his observations, his guarded and simple statement of the results. This judgment is amply vindicated in the notes which appear in Admiral St John's book. They are full of interest not only to the naturalist and sportsman, but to all who take an interest in animal life. The naturalist is attracted by the minute and careful observations of the habits and haunts of wild birds of all kinds, from the lordly eagle to the humble sandpiper; the sportsman by the intimate knowledge displayed of game-birds; and both by the almost affectionate interest taken in the lives and fortunes of all winged creatures. He loves the geese and swans of the loch and the shore; he tells us, in most sympathetic language, all about the gull family; he appreciates, like an old friend, the difficulties of Mother Partridge in bringing up her brood, and notes with zest her cunning in concealing her nest, and her ferocity, if her hiding-place is discovered, in repelling the attack of a much larger and stronger bird; he knows all about the great grouse family, its intimate affairs, its politics, the diseases which attack it, and the symptoms which reveal them; the pheasant appeals to him alike by his sociability and his pugnacity, and he tells almost pathetically of the method employed by the poacher to bring about the bird's destruction. A pheasant loves to be seen, and has a fatal habit of selecting for his perch the barest and most transparent tree in the whole wood. The poacher, entering the wood, sees the dark bodies of his victims standing out clearly defined against the sky; he has with him a box to which is attached a long tube pointing upwards. There is brimstone in that box; he sets fire to it, and the fumes, rising heavenward through the tube, stupefy the bird, which soon drops senseless to the ground, an easy prey. Poaching of a less scientific but equally effective kind snares the grouse in hundreds as they make their evening meal on the oat-stooks which lie out on the higher and remote grounds in autumn; and nets the partridges in coveys on the bare fields, whither they love as night falls to seek their rest.

In contrast to these illegitimate methods, Mr St John describes a day of real sport enjoyed alone. In the early morning he sallied forth, gun in hand, game-bag on shoulder, with his couple of trusty dogs. He would fix on some point in the distance, often the top of a hill whence a view could be obtained, as the extremity of his beat, and thither wend his way, shooting such birds as came in his way, taking the pleasure of the real sportsman in the working of his dogs, and caring little for the number of the slain; and then, having reached his goal, he would return by another way and reach home in the evening, pleasantly tired, with his modest bag.

The whole tribe of wild birds, whether the wildfowl of the loch-shore or the small birds which enliven our woods and gardens, were, as we have seen, especially attractive to him. He has some interesting observations on the instinct which guides them, and the keen scent and keener eyesight which secures their food. A carrier-pigeon returns home a distance of many hundred miles; the raven is wont to soar for hours together, at an immense height, wheeling round and round seeking the carrion on which he lives; the eagle discovers from a great elevation a grouse crouching in the heather, and, swooping down till about thirty yards from the ground, hovers for a moment, and then darts down upon his prey.

Birds, he notes, appear to have a fairly acute sense of smell. Once, as he sat perfectly motionless in concealment, he saw wildfowl swimming quietly towards him apparently without a suspicion of his presence, until, on arriving at a point where he was, they immediately caught the scent and flew off in great alarm. He mentions, too, a subtle system of communication common among birds. A wild-duck, having discovered a quantity of corn that had been thrown down in a particular spot, soon brought others to the place; these in their turn, as they came, spread the information, until at length large flocks collected to feed on what was originally the prize of a single bird. In the same way signs of alarm and warning are communicated. Often has a crow passing over his head as he lurked, preparing for a shot at a flock of geese or swans, by a timely croak revealed his hiding-place and scattered the frightened birds; and—curious fancy—he was often led to think, from close observation, that when different kinds of birds were feeding in the same place, the mallards and widgeon were quite careless of their own safety so long as redshanks or curlew were near, seeming to be perfectly assured these noisy and vigilant fellows would at the least sign of danger utter the warning note. Swans are in the habit of posting sentinels, and they, with neck erect and sleepless eye, keep watch over their slumbering companions, who, having all confidence in their vigilance, have disposed themselves to rest; nor is a proper sense of justice awanting, for they relieve guard at regular intervals like a disciplined garrison. One of the sleepers awakens, advances, gently pecks the sentinel, summons him to his well-earned rest, and takes his place.

One of the most interesting questions of modern biology is the power of environment to produce variation in various types of animal life. It is clearly established that a change in the surroundings of an animal will cause it to change. There is the well-known example of the gull which

was kept in close confinement and fed entirely upon a grain-diet. The effect was that in time the stomach of the bird, originally constructed for a fish-diet, gradually came to resemble the gizzard of an ordinary granivorous bird like a pigeon. Mr Wallace tells the story of a parrot which changes colour from green to red and yellow when fed with the fat of certain fishes. Mr St John relates that a common brown trout, taken alive from its stream and placed in a white bottle of pure, clean water, itself rapidly turned white. There is, in fact, generally a curious adaptation of nearly all animals to their abodes, especially in the matter of colour. The polar bear in his coat of white suggests the dazzling Arctic snows, the ptarmigan becomes white in winter and in summer turns to the colour of stone, the partridge matches the fields, the grouse the brown heather, while the pheasant resembles the dead leaves of the wood and coppice.

There is a fine flavour about the story of the stalking of the 'Muckle Hart of Ben More,' to which allusion has already been made, and the observations recorded of the deer family throughout the book are marked by the usual care and moderation. The same delightful freshness strikes us, and we feel that the author is giving us first-hand information, and that he has watched and waited for all that he has to tell us. He is equally happy in dealing with fishing. Of course he was a fisherman, just as he was a deer-stalker and shot. He deplores, as men have not ceased to deplore, the growing scarcity of salmon in Scotch rivers consequent on the practice of indiscriminate netting. His point of view is that of the angler who is content to whip the stream from morn till eve, and thinks his day a good one if, at its close, he has grassed one or two fish of fair size. We feel that we are listening to a genuine sportsman when he expresses his horror of wholesale destruction of either fowl, fleah, or fish from motives of profit or for mere pleasure of killing. As long, however, as there is a large demand for salmon, and a willingness to pay high prices for it, so long will the demand be supplied in the only way possible—that of taking large numbers of fish, easily and quickly, by means of nets. This policy, however, if pursued long enough and thoroughly enough will ultimately render itself abortive. The grilse will not be allowed to pass, and the number of salmon in any given river will steadily decrease, so that the goose that lays the golden eggs is gradually done to death.

The subject is too extensive to be discussed here. We must be content to register the objection of the author, and to express a certain sympathy with the feeling that prompted it. St John disliked the commercial spirit that was creeping into sport in his day, and the ostentation that was already disfiguring it. His whole life was a protest against both. He lived in his remote corner of Scotland a kindly, unassuming gentleman, amid surroundings that many men would have found dull, was content to enjoy his modest sport, to make his observations, and to write notes in the same spirit. Such a life proves that there need be no dullness in rusticity; nay, rather that a country life may be full of interest and delight to all who are inclined to live quietly, to keep their eyes open, and to seek the wonders that lie close to them in every field and wood and moor.

THE KING EXPLORES.

II.—A PROCLAMATION IN SKYE.

IT was a beautiful evening, with the sea as smooth as glass, when the fishing-boat, with sails folded, propelled by the stalwart arms of the rowers, entered a landlocked harbour guarded by bold headlands. The name given to the place by Macdonald was so unpronounceable in Gaelic that it completely baffled the Saxon tongue of the King; but, although His Majesty was not aware of the fact, his own presence was to remedy that difficulty, because the place was ever afterwards known as the 'Haven of the King'—Portree.

The scattered village climbed up the steep acclivity; and as the royal party rounded the headland and came in sight of the place, it seemed as if the inhabitants knew a distinguished visitor was about to honour them with his presence, for the whole population, cheering and gesticulating, was gathered along the shore. The gillie, however, informed his master that the demonstration was probably on the occasion of the launch of the handsome ship which they now saw covered with flags riding placidly on the surface of the bay. It was evidently new, for the sides were fresh from the axe, without stain of either weather or wave.

'It seems the boat is yours,' said Macdonald to the King in English. 'It is the twenty-six-oared galley that Allaster Crottach was bound by his agreement to build for you. My man tells me that it is to be taken to-morrow to Dunvegan Castle, so it is likely to be used by Allaster Crottach himself before your Majesty sets foot in it; for if it had been intended only for the King, it would have been left here so that it might be convenient to the mainland. It has been built by Malcolm Macleod, the leader of all

the people in these parts. He thinks himself the most famous boatbuilder in the world, so Allaster has at least fulfilled one part of his agreement, and doubtless believes this to be the finest craft afloat.'

'It is indeed a beautiful barge,' assented the King, admiring the graceful lines of the ship. 'But what is that long-haired, bare-legged cateran screaming about, with his arms going like a windmill? The crowd evidently appreciates his efforts, for they are rapturous in their applause.'

Macdonald held up his hand, and the oarsmen paused, while the boat gently glided towards the shore. In the still air across the water the impassioned Gaelic words came clearly to the voyagers.

'He is saying,' translated Macdonald after a few moments' listening, 'that the Macleods are like the eternal rocks of Skye, and their enemies like the waves of the sea. Their enemies dash against them and they remain unmoved, while the wave is shattered into infinitesimal spray. So does the Macleod defy and scorn all who come against him.'

The King shrugged his shoulders.

'The man forgets that the sea also is eternal, and that it ultimately wears away the cliff. This appears to be an incitement towards war, then?'

'Oh, not so,' replied Macdonald. 'The man is one of their poets, and he is reciting an epic he has written, probably in praise of Malcolm's boatbuilding.'

'God save us!' cried the King. 'Have we, then, poets in Skye?'

'The whole of the Highlands is a land of poetry, your Majesty,' cried Macdonald, drawing himself up proudly; 'although the very poor judges of the art in Stirling may not be aware of the fact.'

The King laughed heartily at this.

'I must tell that to Davie Lyndsay,' he said. 'But here we have another follower of the muse who has taken the place of the first. Surely nowhere else is the muse served by votaries so unkempt! What is this one saying?'

'He says that beautiful is the western sky when the sun sinks beneath the wave; but more beautiful still is the cheek of the Rose of Skye, the daughter of their chieftain.'

'Ah! that is better and more assuring. I think either of us, Jamie, would rather meet the smiles of the Rose of Skye than the claymores of her kinsmen.'

By this time the assemblage on shore became aware that visitors were approaching, and the declamation ceased. Malcolm Macleod himself came forward to the landing to greet the newcomers. He was a huge man of about fifty, tall and well-proportioned, with an honest but masterful face, all in all a magnificent specimen of the race, destined by nature to be a leader of men. He received his visitors with dignified courtesy.

'I am James Macdonald,' explained that young man by way of introduction, 'son of the Laird of Sleat. We heard you had built a boat for the King, and so have come to see it. This is James Stuart, a friend of mine from the Lowlands; and I have brought him with me that he may learn what boatbuilding really is.'

'You are very welcome,' said Macleod, 'and just in time, for they are taking her round the headland to Dunvegan to-morrow morning. Ay, she's a bonnie boat, if I do say it myself, for no one knows her and what she'll do better than me.'

'The King should be proud of her,' said Macdonald.

Macleod tossed his shaggy head and said:

'It's little the King knows of boats. He should be playing with a shallop in a tub of water, and shouldn't meddle with men's affairs. Allaster Crottach is our king, and if he graciously pleases to tickle the lad in Stirling by saying he owns the boat, Allaster himself will have the using of her. I would not spike a plank for the King; but I'd build a fleet for Allaster if he wanted it. Has your friend the Gaelic? If he has, he may tell the King what I say when he goes back to the Lowlands.'

'No, he has no Gaelic, Malcolm; but I'll put into English whatever you like to tell him.'

So he gave to the King a free rendition of Macleod's remarks, toning them down a little; but the King was shrewd enough to suspect, from the manner of the man of Skye, that he held his nominal monarch in slight esteem.

Malcolm Macleod took the strangers to his own house, which was the best in the village. Almost the entire population of the port had been working on the King's boat, and now that it was finished and launched the place had earned a holiday. Malcolm was delighted to have visitors who could bear witness to the skill of his designing, appreciate the genius of the poets, and listen to the skreigh of the piping. The strangers were most hospitably entertained, and entered thoroughly into the spirit of the festivities. The morning after their arrival they cheered as lustily as the others when the twenty-six oars of the King's barge struck the water and the craft moved majestically out of the harbour. They seemed to have come into a land of goodwill toward all mankind, high and low vying with each other to make their stay as pleasant as possible.

'Jamie,' said the King to his friend two or three days after their arrival, 'I might well have ignored your advice about the ships, as I did your base counsel about the army. I need no fleet here to protect me in Skye, where every man is my friend.'

'That is very true,' replied Macdonald; 'but you must not forget that no one has any suspicion who you are. Every one is a friend of

James Stuart of the Lowlands; but I hear nobody say a good word for the King.'

'What have they against him?' asked the good man of Ballengeich, with a frown, for it was not complimentary to hear that in a part of his own dominion he was thought little of.

'It isn't exactly that they have anything against the King,' said Macdonald, perhaps not slow to prick the self-esteem of his comrade; 'but they consider him merely a boy, of small weight in their affairs one way or another. They neither fear him nor respect him. The real monarch of these regions is the humpback in Dunvegan Castle; and even if they knew you were the King, your sternest command would have no effect against his slightest wish, unless you had irresistible force at the back of you.'

'Ah, Jamie, you are simply trying to justify the bringing of the fleet round Scotland.'

'Indeed and I am not. The only use your fleet will be is to get you away from here in case of trouble. As far as its force is concerned, these islanders would simply take to the hills and defy it.'

'Ah, well,' said the King, 'I'll make them think better of me before I am done with them.'

The week's festivities were to end with a grand poetical contest. All the bards of the island were scribbling—at least those who could write. The poets who had not that gift were committing their verses to memory that they might be prepared to recite them before the judges, three famous minstrels who were chosen from three districts on the island, thus giving variety and a chance of fairness to their decisions.

The King resolved to enter this competition, and he employed Macdonald every evening translating the poem which had been considered so good in Stirling into the language of Skye; and Macdonald was to recite it for him at the contest. But this Homeric competition was endangered by disquieting news brought to the island by the fishermen. They reported that a powerful fleet had been seen rounding the northern coast of Scotland, and was now making towards the south. This unexpected intelligence seemed to change instantaneously the attitude of the islanders towards their two guests. Suspicion electrified the air. The news of the sighting of the fleet, coming so quickly on the advent of two strangers who apparently had no particular business on the island, caused them to be looked upon as spies, and for a day or two they were in danger of being treated as such. The King's alertness of mind saved the situation. He had brought with him from Stirling, in case of emergencies, several sheets of blank parchment, each bearing the Great Seal of Scotland. Once more the useful Macdonald was his amanuensis. A proclamation in Gaelic was written, and the signature of James the Fifth inscribed thereon. This document was enclosed with a communication giving directions to the admiral of the fleet, and Macdonald, entrusting the packet with one of his gillies, gave orders that sail was to be set for Loch Torridon, and the message given to the officer in command.

Three days later the ferment on the island was immeasurably increased when the guard on the headland reported that a ship of war was sailing direct for the harbour. A horseman was despatched full gallop to Dunvegan Castle to inform the head of the clan of the mysterious visit of the two men, followed so soon by the approach of a belligerent vessel of war; but before the messenger was ten miles on his way the ceremony was over and done with. The big ship sailed majestically through the narrows, cast anchor, and fired a salute. A well-manned boat was lowered and made for the shore. There stepped from the boat an officer in a splendid uniform, followed by a lieutenant and half-a-dozen men, one of whom carried the flag of Scotland. This company marched to the cross, which stood in the centre of the village, and the crowd sullenly followed, with Malcolm Macleod at their head, not knowing what the action of the naval officer might portend, and, in absence of definite orders from their chief, hesitating to oppose this inland march. Many of those on the fleet were Highlanders, and the second in command was one of them. This man mounted the three steps at the foot of the cross and stood with his back against the upright stone. His chief handed him a roll of parchment, and the subordinate officer, in a loud voice and in excellent Gaelic, cried:

'A proclamation from His Most Excellent Majesty James Fifth of Scotland! God save the King!'

At this the chief officer raised his sword in salute, and his men sent up a cheer; but the hurrah was not seconded by any of the large concourse there gathered together. Undaunted by this frigid reception, the officer unrolled the manuscript and read its contents in a voice that reached to the farthest outskirts of the crowd:

'I, James of Scotland, lawful King of this realm, do proclaim to all loyal subjects that the safety and liberty of my land depends on an unconquerable fleet, and that the merit of the fleet consists in stout, well-built ships; therefore the man whom I, the King, delight to honour is he whose skill produces the best sea-going craft, so I here inscribe the name of Malcolm Macleod, master-shipbuilder, a man who has designed and constructed a boat of which all Scotland has reason to be proud. The King's barge of twenty-six oars, planned by Malcolm Macleod and built for him by the people of Skye, will be used as a model for all shipbuilders in the Scottish navy. Signed by the King's own hand.—JAMES OF SCOTLAND.'

The reader now looked up from his parchment and gazed over the assemblage.

'Is Malcolm Macleod here?' he asked. 'Let him step forward.'

The giant, somewhat dazed, walking like a man in a dream, approached the foot of the cross. The officer rolled the proclamation and presented it to the shipbuilder, saying:

'From the hand of the King to the hand of Malcolm Macleod.'

Malcolm accepted it, muttering, half with a smile, half with a frown:

'Egad! the King knows a good boat when he gets it.'

Then the officer uplifted his sword and cried, 'God save the King!' and now the hills around re-echoed with the cheering.

The little company, without another word, retraced their steps to the small boat, and made for the ship, which was now facing outward, anchor hoisted and sails spread once more; so the watching Highlanders had a view of a large vessel superbly managed, as the west wind which brought her into the harbour now took her safely out again.

The royal young man had a striking lesson on the fickleness of the populace. Heretofore, as Macdonald had truly said, no one had a good word to say for the King; now it was evident that James the Fifth of Scotland was the greatest and wisest monarch that ever sat on a throne.

Malcolm Macleod had been always so proud of his skill that this proclamation could hardly augment his self-esteem; but it suddenly changed his views regarding his august overlord. In conversation ever after it became 'Me and the King,' and he was almost willing to admit that James was very nearly as great a man as Alexander Macleod of Dunvegan.

The enthusiasm was so great that several bards composed special poems in honour of the King of Scotland, and next day the effusions were to be heard at the cross, and the prizes awarded. The first thing done, however, after the departure of the ship was to send another mounted messenger to Dunvegan Castle, so that the lord of the island might learn that no invasion was to be feared from the fleet. The parchment proclama- was sent on to the chief, ostensibly in explanation of the ship's visit, but actually because Malcolm was not loath to let the head of the clan know what the head of the country thought of his workmanship.

It was early next morning that the reading and reciting of the poems began, and so lengthy were these effusions that it was well past noon before the last had been heard. To the chagrin of James, he found himself fifteenth on the list when the honours were awarded. Macdonald, endeavouring to keep a straight face, told the King of the judges' decision, adding:

'It will be as well not to let Davie Lyndsay know of this.'

'Oh, you may tell whom you please,' cried the King. 'I was sure you would bungle it in the Gaelic.'

The King was pacing up and down the room in no very good humour, so the young Highlander thought it best not to reply. He was saved, however, from the embarrassment of silence by the entrance of Malcolm Macleod.

'You are in great good fortune,' said Malcolm. 'The messengers have returned with a score of horsemen at their backs, and Dunvegan himself invites you to the castle.'

Macdonald seemed in no way jubilant over what his host considered the greatest honour which could be bestowed upon two strangers.

'What did he say?' demanded the King.

'He says that Macleod of Dunvegan has invited us to his castle.'

'Well, we will go, then. I suppose we can get horses here, or shall we journey round by boat?'

'I understand,' replied Macdonald, 'that the chief has sent horses for us, and furthermore an escort of a score of men, so I'm thinking we have very little choice about the matter.'

'Very well,' returned the King, with a shrug of indifference, 'let us be off and see our new host. I wonder if he will be as easily flattered as the one we are leaving?'

'I doubt it,' said Macdonald seriously.

[The next story, 'King James Drinks,' relates some adventures in grim Dunvegan.]

UNDEVELOPED BOLIVIA; OR, BETWEEN THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON.

AS the traveller bound from Valparaiso to Panama or from Callao to the south pursues the even tenor of his way on board one of the numerous steamers that furrow the quiet waters of the Pacific, he sees to the east, stretching for hundreds of miles, a coast barren beyond description, a great sandy waste rarely enlivened by a scrap of green or a drop of water: the Desert of Atacama. Day after day there is the same blinding glare upon the same sterile, sandy shore, backed by forbidding cliffs, bare of vegetation; and, far behind, the snow-capped summit of some great mountain deep in the interior, glistening in the brilliant sunlight like a star on the horizon, may occasionally be seen.

If time and the weather permit a landing at the little port of Antofagasta, a town mainly composed of mud, wood, and corrugated iron

shanties, the traveller will see the terminus of one of the most curious railways in existence—the connecting-link with the far-away country beyond the snowy peaks. That line, though it climbs more than fifteen thousand feet, has no tunnels and but one big bridge, and runs for four hundred miles almost without local traffic. The line was primarily built to serve one great mine, and later it was extended to bring an isolated and forgotten nation into touch with the rest of the world; for beyond the desert and the Andes lies Bolivia, hitherto a decaying survival of a past age, but now becoming veneered with a gloss of civilisation. In that state the agitation and discussion of questions of sanitation, science, education, morality, and religion—settled for us by our grandfathers or their grandfathers before them—are only beginning; one religion only is there officially accepted as true, and no other is tolerated; and there the Roman Catholic Church reigns supreme, making but a miserable show of it after hundreds of years of occupation, no Protestant missionary disputing its sway. Yet things could be said of this people that would make it appear advisable for some of the numerous missionary societies to spend a little money and labour among them: the 60 per cent. illegitimate birth-rate and the enormous infant mortality, for instance; for the Church, debased beyond the conception of an enlightened Roman Catholic in more advanced countries, is hardly redeemed from a travesty on religion by a few ardent and devout souls. Temporal needs are almost as much neglected as moral and spiritual ones. During only half the year can even the principal cities of the interior be reached except on mule-back; so little has been done in opening up the country since the Spaniards, with that patient beast of burden the mule, displaced the llamas of the Incas. Out in the far interior roads have ceased to exist, and all communication is carried on by a fleet of miniature steamers and by canoes.

Yet this country, which in so many respects is hundreds of years behind the age, is naturally rich, fair, and healthy; it is as large as Germany and France taken together; and its climate varies from the frigid to the tropical at the different altitudes. One may live in a perpetual winter, with snow constantly falling, or shrouded in thick fogs, in such cold that barley will not ripen; and yet, instead of being, as might be supposed, upon the almost inaccessible crest of some lofty mountain, the region is an open plain where llamas and vicuñas breed and thrive. Then, descending three or four thousand feet, a level is reached where barley and potatoes will grow, and even a little wheat in sheltered spots; and again descending, at from seven to nine thousand feet, there are great valleys in which all the fruits of the temperate regions grow abundantly, from the grape to the strawberry and the apple; where wide stretches of wheat, barley, and maize supply a considerable surplus for export to less favoured localities; and where the climate can only be described as a perpetual spring. In fact, from April to November, the winter season, it would be difficult to imagine a more ideal climate. At eight thousand feet high the air is always pure and invigorating. During the day the sun is brilliant but not overpowering; gentle breezes blow from the snow-clad mountains in the far distance; and the nights—with sometimes slight frost—are perfect, cool, clear, and made for sleep. The distant mountains, besides cooling the breezes, supply ice more cheaply than any ice-factory, and also streams of water for irrigation during the dry, winter season. Here consumptive patients, even in very advanced stages, may prolong their lives, sometimes for many years. In November great masses of clouds, which for weeks have been banking up on the north-eastern horizon—formed by the evaporation from the great forests of the upper tributaries of the Amazon—begin to gather overhead, and for four months the earth is gently watered, usually at night, ripening the strawberries for the picnic parties in December, and the grapes for the vintage in April.

It is curious to note the steps by which the harvest ripens in this country. In some favoured valleys the wheat is already turning yellow in January; but three or four thousand feet higher it is still green, and the ear hardly formed; higher still the young barley is barely four or five inches above the ground; and, still ascending, at last we meet the Indian turning the scanty soil with his wooden plough and yoke of oxen, his wife or child following with the grain and sowing it in the furrow behind him. Below these valleys there is yet another level containing a vegetation, a climate, a fauna, and a flora as different from those we have mentioned as Siberia is from Ceylon.

Penetrating still farther east, at about eight hundred miles from our starting-point, we reach the last great mountain-chain that forms the eastern rampart of the Cordilleras. Here, thirteen thousand feet above the sea-level, looking towards the setting sun, we see a confused mass of mountains, dotted here and there with a prominent snowy peak, bare, broken, silent, desolate. Again turning to the east, there lies, ten thousand feet below, the last great division of Bolivia, an extent of tropical forest as large as France, intersected by great rivers, abounding in animal life and vegetation, and rich in minerals.

From the borders of the desert to the great waterways of the far interior, minerals abound. Gold is found in many districts, in quartz and in the beds of the streams. There is hardly a river in the great Beni region but will give the 'colour' in suitable places; and in the Chiquitos' district there are known to exist rich washings and mines once worked by those pioneers of

South America, the Jesuits. In the province of Chayanta great areas are gold-bearing; and from the eastern Cordilleras samples are occasionally brought by Indian shepherds and *peones* that would make a company promoter's mouth water. Bolivia is already known as one of the greatest silver producers; and of tin—of low grade, but very easy to work—it appears likely to have a practical monopoly of the world's supply. Coal and petroleum discoveries have also been reported at various times.

As yet the prospecting for any of the metals has been most inadequate and unsystematic, being generally conducted by individuals without resources, and with in many cases a very limited knowledge of the geological conditions. It is well within the probabilities to say that but an infinitesimal part of the accessible mineral wealth of Bolivia is yet known; and there is no reason why many mines as rich as Potosi or Huanchaca should not be discovered. It is the ever-present difficulty of want of proper means of communication and of intelligent foreign immigration that has hitherto prevented development.

Wild animals abound in the forest regions. The jaguar is hunted for its skin, and some hundreds are exported every year; the *cayman* is common in the great rivers; the *anta*, or South American tapir, haunts the cane-brakes on the banks; and fish of many kinds abound in the waters. Probably a careful exploration would also bring to light several hitherto unknown species of insects and butterflies, of which there are vast quantities in the great forests.

The vegetable products range from barley to india-rubber, and include all the intermediates. A few of the principal ones are barley, oats, wheat, beans, potatoes, maize, and all kinds of vegetables and fruits upon the uplands; and oranges, pine-apples, bananas, coffee, rice, cocoa, chocolate, vanilla, sugar-cane, manioc, and rubber in the forest-covered regions. In fact, it is difficult to imagine a tree, grain, fruit, or vegetable that could not be successfully grown in some one of the various climates of this continent in miniature. There are others; as the *quinua*, a grain indigenous to the mountain region; the *oca*, a kind of potato; the *cherimoya*, or custard-apple; the *tembe*, a fruit of a species of palm; the *guayava*; the *granadilla*, the fruit of the passion-flower; and many more. The coffee grown upon the eastern slopes of the Cordilleras is of the finest flavour; the sugar-cane commonly contains 10 per cent. of saccharine matter, and ripens in a year; oranges grow as abundantly as in Florida, and that with no attention. Thus great areas of the country may be designated huge gardens; and there are millions of acres of the finest timber, watered by navigable rivers.

The population of the country numbers only about two millions, from three to four hundred thousands being whites. This is, approximately, one white man to two square miles, or, including Indians and all mixed races, less than four persons per square mile. The reasons why the country is entirely undeveloped and only partially explored may be summed up thus: (1) The general prejudice against South America as a field for emigration, and the opinion that its Governments do not offer sufficient guarantee of security and stability; (2) because of the language and race of the present occupiers; and (3) the geographical position of the country, without a seaboard and shut in on every side by alien nations. As neither the first nor the second reason has prevented a great immigration of Germans into Brazil, nor a much larger number of Italians into the Argentine, it may be fair to assume that the third reason is one of the principal causes of the absolute dearth of foreign immigration into Bolivia. It seems probable that—exclusive of persons from adjoining countries, who are a very doubtful acquisition—not more than a score of foreigners enter Bolivia yearly with the intention of remaining in the country; and the greater number of these are Germans.

There are various routes available for reaching the country, several of them presenting no particular difficulties. As we have stated, from Antofagasta we may travel by railway in three days to Oruro, a mining and distributing centre, with a population of twelve thousand; and from that city other points can be reached by coach; or, disembarking at Mollendo, the traveller can go by rail to Lake Titicaca, cross the lake by steamer, and reach La Paz by coach in a few hours more. In a short time this latter part of the journey will be made by the railway now in course of construction. By another route, with Buenos Ayres as a starting-point, the train can be taken as far as Injuy, and from thence the traveller goes by road to Sucre, the former capital; or from the same city he can go by steamer to Asuncion and on to Corumbá, and from that point journey by land for about three hundred miles to Santa Cruz. The last and most undesirable route, *viâ* Pará and up the Amazon by steamer, is chiefly used for the exportation of india-rubber from the Beni.

Apart from its isolation, the country presents no other objectionable features save those which are common to other South American republics. Intolerance of any form of worship except the State religion, in its present form, exists merely because no Protestant missionary society has thought it worth while to claim toleration; in fact, foreigners are not, even now, in any way molested on the rare occasions when some passing Bible-reader conducts some simple form of service.

The currency compares favourably with that of surrounding countries. The basis is silver, coined in half-bolivianos and subsidiary coins, and there is no inconvertible note issue. In the rubber districts the pound sterling is largely used.

For rough calculations, twelve bolivianos may be taken to equal one pound. There are still in circulation coins of Fernando VII. of Spain, and the stock of these is now and again renewed by the discovery of some hidden hoard secreted at the time of the war of independence.

Native labour is not difficult to procure, but is not reliable; and wages vary from five shillings a day in the interior to eightpence a day among the farmers of the *alta-planicie*. Although the country has greatly improved in this respect of late years, there are still far too many Church *fiestas* and consequent drunkenness.

It is difficult to fix the cost of living in a country so varied in its characteristics; it is lowest in the agricultural districts, and highest in those remote and isolated regions from which the finest india-rubber is brought. Apart from those districts where the price of everything is enormously increased by the great difficulties of transport, living may be said to be cheap. Meat at fourpence a pound, potatoes at eighteenpence a bushel, *vin ordinaire* at sixpence a bottle, beer at fivepence, and a tweed suit to measure at two pounds five shillings cannot be called dear.

Land is, of course, cheap and plentiful. In the sugar and coffee districts the price fixed by the Government is a little less than seven pounds sterling (eighty bolivianos) per square league, or about five thousand acres. On the great table-lands and in the intersecting valleys there is now no public land, as it is all held by individual owners, usually under some old Spanish grant; its value is from a few shillings per square mile to very high figures where the land is near a town and plentifully supplied with water for irrigation. When any of these larger properties are transferred, the buyer acquires the right to the services of the settlers or *colonos*. These are domiciled upon the land, and are bound to do a certain amount of work for the proprietor, and hand over to him a certain proportion of the crops and herds they raise upon their little holdings.

For persons without capital, except mechanics, carpenters, and allied trades, it may be said at once that the country is entirely unsuitable. Mechanics are in moderate demand, both for the mines and also for the little fleet of river steamers that navigate the great waterways. Their wages run from fifteen to twenty-five pounds per month, with their keep. Mining prospectors would doubtless do well if backed by some capital. The foreign trade is almost entirely in German hands; it is, besides, extremely limited. Clerks are brought from Hamburg. For persons with capital, who would be willing to work and live hard for the first few years, Bolivia would appear to be a field offering a fair prospect of success. Apart from mining, plantations of sugar-cane, coffee, and vanilla, freighting on the rivers, and growing barley for the use of the breweries all offer reasonable returns at the present time; and doubtless there are other openings available to young and capable men.

The new Government appears to be earnestly endeavouring to develop and improve the country, and it seems probable that its efforts will be crowned with some measure of success. Nowhere is life more secure, the people not being antagonistic to foreigners; and with the additional advantages of a perfect climate—or rather the choice of many climates—enormous natural riches, very light taxation, and an urgent demand for development, it would seem that a few of the emigrants who every year leave their homes in Europe in large numbers to seek their fortunes in all the corners of the earth might advantageously turn their attention to that remote region that lies between the Andes and the Amazon.

MIDDLE AGE.

The thoughts of middle age will cling like tendrils to the past,
And we murmur that the early days had not been made to last,
When our children still were children, and their darling, baby ways
Had chased, we think, all dullness from those half-remembered days.

Our boys have grown to man's estate, our girl is twenty-one,
Our nursery is a bedroom now, and all the things have gone
Which recalled the merry riot and the soon-forgotten tears
Which the nursery walls had witnessed in those half-remembered years.

All the past is silver-spangled to the eyes of fifty-one,
Like the distant Alpine snowfields as they glitter in the sun,
When the valleys lie in silver mist, when silver mists enfold
What we choose not to remember in the distant days of old.

There's a golden-gleaming future, but so far away it seems
That we dread the nearer darkness and distrust the distant gleams;
But the distant gold is better than the distant silver past,
For the gold is God's own sunshine which shall through the ages last.

C. J. Boden.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE RUSSIANS ON THE CASPIAN SEA.

THOUGH known to Europeans ever since the time of Herodotus at least, the Caspian Sea is only in our own time becoming of great importance to the civilised world. Although the 'Father of History' gives us a very fair idea of its size, it was not until the time of Peter the Great that we learnt the fact that its greatest length was from north to south and not from east to west. At the present time it is rapidly becoming—if it has not already become—a Russian lake. Its southern shores still nominally belong to Persia; but as that country is to a great extent under Russian control, and has no vessels of any importance on the Caspian, the whole of the trade all around the Caspian Sea is in the hands of the Russians; even the Armenian shipowners whose vessels sail the sea being Russian subjects. The Caspian affords to Russia a means of conveying her troops and munitions of war from Baku and the mouth of the Volga to the northern terminus of the Central Asiatic Railway, which is now sufficiently advanced to enable a hostile expedition within a week to advance from the hither shores of the Caspian to the frontiers of Afghanistan. When the long-threatened attack on India comes, the Caspian will play an important part in the events that must ensue.

In crossing this sea from Enzelli to Baku recently, the writer was much interested in observing the extent to which the fishing industry has advanced under Russian direction. It is well known that four varieties of sturgeon abound in the Caspian. At the towns of Astarah and Lankoran especially, great quantities of this fish and of herring and salmon were shipped in our vessel to Baku. The roe of the sturgeon forms the far-famed caviare of which Russians (and all others who have acquired the taste for it) are so fond. The swimming-bladder of the fish, cut into thin strips, supplies the world with its isinglass. Our vessel, the *Imperator Nikolai Vtoroi*, a fine Russian steamer of over one thousand tons burden, was provided with all the most modern improvements, including the electric light in every cabin. Yet it was intended for the mercantile service rather than for the passenger trade, and was laden almost exclusively with barrels of fish prepared for exportation. On the voyage we had a good opportunity of observing the contrast between the past and the present, as represented by the Persian and the Russian portions of the coast, and not least by the two towns—one Persian, the other now Russian—each of which bears the name of Astarah. In the former all was Oriental, backward, primitive in the extreme; in the latter, the neat churches (Armenian and Russian), the barracks, the well-laid-out streets, all bore evidence to the progress which ever accompanies the advent of European influence in the East. We met many officers of the garrison of Lankoran, who accompanied us to Pirvar and back (for the vessel had to complete her cargo at Lankoran before continuing her voyage to Baku). Fine, strong, soldierly men they seemed to be, men accustomed to command, and well calculated to impress the Eastern mind with the conviction of the irresistible might of the Great White Czar.

The city of Baku is thoroughly European in every respect. Its port is a good one, as it would need to be, for the very name of the place (in Persian Bad-kuba, or 'wind-smitten') bears testimony to the furious gales that so often sweep over the Caspian. In this respect the sea almost deserves to share the ancient name of the Black Sea, or *Axeinos* ('inhospitable')—afterwards, for the sake of averting the ill-omen, changed into *Euxeinos*, or 'hospitable.' From October to March the winds are generally from the south-east, and are then less violent; but when the north and north-west winds prevail (from July to September) terrific storms rage for days. So strong is the wind at times that it produces a rise in the water near the coasts towards which it blows to the extent of from four to eight feet. This might almost be mistaken for the rise of the

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tide, except that it is irregular, and that the Caspian is a tideless sea. On a recent occasion a vessel from Baku, carrying passengers to Enzelli, was unable to land them at the latter port, the storm being too violent to permit the steam-launch to approach the vessel; and she was obliged to go back to Baku twice, and again and again to return, before the unhappy travellers could reach the Persian port in safety.

It is well known that the whole of the Apsheron promontory upon which Baku stands abounds in naphtha and petroleum. Almost incredible quantities of petroleum are obtained from a single well, or rather spring; for the oil, when once tapped, rushes forth with a force which carries its jet high into the air. Tens of thousands of gallons are thus easily collected into enormous reservoirs, and a very simple process of purification fits the oil for use. Much of it is conveyed by rail to the highest point crossed by the railway which connects Baku on the Caspian with the much smaller city of Batoum on the Black Sea, and it is thence conveyed in tubes downhill to the latter city. The residuum which is left after the petroleum of commerce has been purified forms a most valuable fuel, and will probably, when better known, largely take the place of coal for use in the furnaces of steamers on the Black and Mediterranean Seas.

However, it is not merely because of its importance from a commercial and military point of view that the Caspian Sea is worthy of notice. It is remarkable as representing what may be called the relics of a great ocean. Careful investigations have proved that the statements made by Hecatæus, Strabo, and other ancient writers, to the effect that the Caspian was at no very distant period connected with the Black Sea and even with the Arctic Ocean, are by no means devoid of foundation. Enormous tracts of country all around the sea show by their saline deposits that the extent of the Caspian, especially towards the north, was once far greater than at present. Its waters are now eighty-four feet lower than the surface of the Black Sea. This is due to the gradual drying up which seems still to be going on, though very slowly, in that region. The land between the Caspian and the Sea of Azov is so low that a comparatively slight rise of level would unite these seas again. Were the Caspian only two hundred and twenty feet above its present level, its waters would be connected with the basin of the Obi, and would thus unite with the Arctic Ocean. Before the Bosporus was formed, the Black Sea, the Sea of Azov, the Caspian, and Lake Aral (one hundred and fifty-eight feet above the level of the latter sea) were one great central ocean. The very presence of seals in the Caspian suffices to prove this. There must in the Cretaceous Period have been a steady current running from this great inland sea into the Arctic Ocean, across the low ridge that now forms the watershed between the lands drained by the Obi and those which are drained by the Volga. The latter river has had a vast effect upon the Caspian. Until possibly the fifth century of our own era it seems to have formed a tributary of the Don, the ancient *Tanaïs*, flowing into the Sea of Azov. Cut off from the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov possibly at the same time that the Bosporus was formed, the Caspian must have shrunk to a size much smaller than that which it has at present—an area of about one hundred and eighty thousand square miles. When Alexander the Great founded Darband, the Caspian evidently stood at a far lower level than it does now, for the foundations of ancient buildings there stand fifty feet below the present level of that sea. When we remember, too, that the southern portion of the Caspian is separated from its central portion by a ridge, between the Apsheron promontory and the Balkan Peninsula on the opposite coast, the water covering which is only about thirty fathoms in depth, it may well be that the offer made by the people of Khvarasm (Khiva) to lead Alexander's army across to Colchis was due to the fact that the ridge was then dry land. When the Volga—a river which drains a tract of land some five hundred and twenty-seven thousand five hundred square miles in area, and pours hardly less water into the Caspian than the Danube and the Don together do into the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov—was deflected into its present course, the result must have been to increase the size of the Caspian once more. This increase was ultimately checked by the augmented evaporation, so that at the present time the sea is only very gradually (if at all) diminishing in size. Such diminution may be due to the fact that the Amū Daryā, which formerly flowed into the Balkan Bay, now pours its waters into the Sea of Aral.

Contrary to what one might imagine, the water of the Caspian, instead of being salter, is much less salt than the ocean. In the shallow northern part of this sea, where the depth is not much more than fifty feet, the water is drinkable for a long distance from the shore, owing to the immense volume of water poured into it by the Volga. But even in the central and southern portions of the sea, which are divided from one another by the ridge already mentioned, the salt contained in the water is only about one-third of that to be found in the same volume of the water of the ocean. This curious fact is accounted for by the evaporation that is continually going on in the numerous shallow lagoons, which receive a current of water from the Caspian and deposit the salt at the bottom. There is a current flowing from the Caspian into the Kara Boghaz at a rate which varies between one and a half and three miles an hour. This, it has been computed, takes no less than three hundred and fifty thousand tons

of salt daily from that sea. The lagoon in question is therefore growing salter year by year. Its bottom is devoid of vegetation, and seals no longer visit it. Layers of salt are already being deposited, and there can be no doubt that this great inlet will in process of time become one solid mass of salt. The same process may be observed near Novoi-Petrovsk, where in some places are to be found lagoons below the level of the Caspian. In these the water is found only in pools which are enclosed below and around with solid deposits of salt. In other places the water has entirely evaporated, and the saline deposit is now hidden beneath the sand which the wind has caused to drift over it. Other pools have a pavement of rose-coloured saline crystals; while those which still receive an influx of water from the sea itself have formed layers of salt all along the shore. From the salt lakes in the Apsheron peninsula over ten thousand tons of salt are exported yearly.

The greatest breadth of the Caspian is four hundred and thirty miles. This is in the north-east, where the sea is shallowest. Its southern portion is about three hundred miles wide in its widest part, where a depth of between three hundred and five hundred fathoms has been found. The greatest depth of the central portion of this sea is only four hundred fathoms.

The southern shores of the sea are not very healthy, as, owing to their low level and the marshiness of the country, there is a good deal of fever prevalent, especially during the spring. The traveller who lands at Resht at that season of the year is recommended to take a small dose of quinine daily, until, on his journey towards Teheran, he reaches the higher land some fifty miles inland. This tract in spring, with its grass-covered hills and wooded vales, forms a striking contrast to the arid plateaus which make up almost all the rest of Persia. The olive-trees which grow abundantly without cultivation on this Caspian slope are already being utilised by a European company, and the Russians will doubtless find that part of Persia very suitable for colonisation, if they can secure immunity from fever.

The temperature of the coast-lands of the Caspian varies very much at different seasons of the year. In summer a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees in the shade has been registered on the banks of the Oxus, while in winter the thermometer sinks to thirty degrees below zero on the elevated plain between the Caspian and the Sea of Aral. The northern portion of the Caspian Sea is generally frozen over in winter, while this never happens in the southern.

The Caspian is a veritable mine of wealth to the Russians, and promises to increase in value year by year. From many different points of view its possession will assist them very materially in furthering their designs upon our Indian Empire.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER IX.—(*continued*).

CHIVALRY is not yet dead, though in modern days it frequently crops up in men of unheroic exterior. The silent man of science, Mr Thomas James Muter, whose seat at table was opposite Lucie, but whose intercourse with her had never advanced beyond a constrained 'Good-morning,' was taking his usual evening constitutional. Twice a day, after breakfast and after dinner, Mr Muter was in the habit of solemnly pacing thirteen times round the deck. On this occasion, one side of the promenade being occupied by the dancers, his walk was perforce confined to that side bearing the line of deserted chairs. The monotonous sound of his footsteps advancing, retiring, increasing, diminishing, began to oppress Lucie's perturbed soul like the tread of some inexorable fate.

'If only he would walk faster or slower! If he would stumble, or stop to light a cigarette, or do anything but walk, walk, walk!' she was thinking irritably, when, as though in reply to her unspoken wish, his tread faltered, and, as he neared her chair, stopped.

'It is—very pleasant on deck to-night,' he said hesitatingly.

'Very pleasant,' Lucie acknowledged.

'The water is so still. I never saw it so calm before—did you?'

'Never,' Lucie agreed curtly.

Mr Muter moved uneasily from one foot to the other. 'Who could endure a man who wears his coat-sleeves down to his knuckles, and a short waistcoat?' Lucie was thinking, with the carping intolerance of youth; but her face did not reveal her thoughts. It looked pale and wistful in the dim light, and in a spasm of sympathy Mr Muter, who had an intuitive suspicion of her misery, sought to comfort her.

'You are not dancing to-night. Would you care to take a turn with me? A walk, I mean, of course. I do not dance. Or would you like to go downstairs to have some claret-cup, or lemonade? I believe iced beverages are ready in the saloon.'

'No, thank you,' Lucie answered, with unnecessary sharpness. 'I'm not well. I've got a headache. All I want is quiet.'

Effectually repulsed, and with the warm sympathy frozen in his diffident heart, Mr Muter muttered an incoherent apology and resumed his walk. His steps sounded a little heavier, less assured; and Lucie, ashamed of herself, and yet longing to fight the wind, determined to hide her wretchedness in the seclusion of her cabin.

Passing down the broad staircase, she could see into the saloon, where the merrymakers were refreshing themselves with ices and innocuous beverages. Mrs Willie Delphin was there, the centre of half-a-dozen men. Challoner, who was standing behind her chair, chancing to glance up, caught a glimpse of Lucie as she descended. A pang of contrition smote him at sight of her woe-begone face, and darting after, he overtook her in the corridor.

'You're surely never going to turn in? Why, I haven't had a moment to speak to you. And I must explain.' Standing in the tiny passage leading off the corridor to her cabin, he had slipped an arm round her shoulders, and was deep in voluble excuses. 'I know you'll understand my difficulty and forgive me, dear. You're always so sympathetic. I must have seemed to neglect you to-night; but really it wasn't my fault. I was obliged to dance with Mrs Delphin. Lady Gunn implored me. She said if I didn't monopolise Lena, she was so fond of dancing that she would dance with anybody who asked her. And most of these men are such rank outsiders; it wouldn't have done, you know.'

'You asked me for another dance, and I waited in my chair till everybody saw that I was neglected, and came pityingly round me.' Lucie spoke with a little catch in her voice, but already she was beginning to soften towards her recalcitrant lover. When a woman loves, she is only too ready to accept any excuses, however improbable.

'Go up again, dear, and wait in your chair, and I'll come to you in a minute or two—as soon as I can get free.'

And with her fears again allayed, Lucie reascended. On her way to the deck she passed the crestfallen Muter. As he drew aside to allow her to pass, Lucie, acting upon a conciliatory impulse, paused and spoke to him.

'You didn't mind my being cross just now, I hope? My head was aching. I really didn't mean to be rude.'

Muttering something unintelligible, Mr Muter went down happy, and Lucie passed on to her seat to await the coming of Challoner.

Time slipped by. The quarterdeck-man appeared and began moving the chairs to pile them in a heap, where, tarpaulin-covered, they would remain till morning. The promenade was deserted. One by one the lights in the flimsy Chinese lanterns flickered out; but still, huddled in her red cloak, Lucie waited on alone.

At length a thought, tormenting, maddening, smote her: could Challoner and Mrs Delphin be flirting under the shadow of her own special boat where, on nights that now seemed long past, Challoner and she had been so happy? At first she resolutely thrust aside the thought as disloyal. Then, as the impulse to look and satisfy herself strengthened, she put it away in cowardly fear of finding her conjecture right.

When she believed the idea conquered it returned, and drove her, trembling with apprehension, along the empty deck towards the boat. For a moment the stillness impressed Lucie with the idea that her dread had been without foundation. Then the sound of a light laugh held her ear. She was almost near enough to catch their words, but the beat of the engines and the clamour of her outraged heart deafened her.

Creeping closer to make assurance doubly sure, she looked round the end of the overhanging boat. Challoner's back was towards her. Lucie could see the crisp waves of his hair as he bent towards his companion. She saw the glittering tail of the black bird sparkle in the half-light. She heard Challoner's voice filled with the tremor of facile passion, and the murmured half-jesting reply of the practised coquette. Then Lucie fled, her soul burning and confused within her, to the sanctuary of her cabin. Time to enable her to reason with herself, silence wherein to think, peace to formulate her ideas, was all she craved.

As she turned on the electric light, the sight of Miss Santhem, whose very existence, in the perturbation of her thoughts, she had forgotten, came upon her with a fresh jar. Even the cheap consolation of being alone with her grief was denied her. Her mentor, just roused from a doze, was more shrewish than ever.

'Again on deck till this hour! It's perfectly shameless. I'll write from Port Said and tell your father that I had no authority over you, that you flouted me in every possible way, and that you made a fool of yourself about a man who'——

But Miss Santhem's summary of Challoner's characteristics was doomed to remain untold, for Lucie, who at the best was never patient, goaded to utter rebellion by her guardian's taunts, turned upon that lady, and rent her to shreds.

'Never dare speak to me in that way again. Never. Do you hear? I won't endure it. I have enough to bear without your incessant gibes.'

Lucie's voice was husky with half-suppressed wrath; and Miss Santhem, for once thoroughly cowed, shrinking into the back of her berth, mentally decided that in future, however ardently she might denounce her pupil's delinquencies when beyond her hearing, it would certainly be judicious to keep silence regarding them when in her presence.

THE ART OF BREATHING.

By EUSTACE MILES, M.A., Amateur Tennis Champion.

BREATHING is one of the most important acts of life, if only because it is one of the most frequent and one of the most easily regulated. Diet and the way we eat are, indeed, important matters; but, at the very utmost, we do not partake of food oftener than five or six times a day—some eat only twice, and a few only once a day. Moreover, custom imposes certain habits of diet which are hard to resist. But we can control our breathing without difficulty or inconvenience, especially in private. To change the diet may not be impossible, but it will probably be inconvenient; to change the breathing may be quite feasible. Not only in the bedroom but at intervals during the day we may completely change our habits of in-breathing and out-breathing; and thus we may alter a great part of our life: our worry, our ill-health, our hurry, our restlessness, our irritability, and our harsh voices.

The Yogis of India practise breathing as a special exercise, much as we learn to read and write. But they practise it particularly as a preliminary to prayer; and just before beginning the breathing exercises they calm themselves by a benediction, which Vivekânanda expressed as follows: 'Sit in a straight posture, and send a current of holy thought to all creation. Mentally repeat, "Let all beings be happy; let all beings be peaceful; let all beings be blissful." So do to the east, south, north, and west.' Then follow the breathing exercises. Such is the care that the Yogis take before they begin their daily work.

Among the Anglo-Saxons and others there is absolutely no popular education on the right ways of breathing. Pneumonia is terribly prevalent. In the *Saturday Evening Post* for 13th July 1901, it was stated that one out of every four New Yorkers between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five dies of consumption. Now, whatever may be the sources of the bacilli of consumption, it must be clear that the bacilli can get no hold upon the body unless they find a soil ready for them to live upon; and a great deal of this soil comes in with the breath. If we can and do constantly take in large quantities of pure air with the full extent of our breathing apparatus, then the bacilli will find no foothold there. If the nasal passages of all the people in New York were examined, it would be found that the persons having both nasal passages freely open were most rare exceptions. The left nostril is especially liable to be closed, partly because of the habit of holding the handkerchief in the right hand in wiping the nose; that method should, therefore, be reversed. A celebrated doctor in New York told me that, in spite of my regular exercise up to that time, my left nostril would soon be obstructed if I led a sedentary life in a city.

The result of this closing of the nasal passage is that people breathe through the mouth. Why is this objectionable? It is easy to exaggerate the effects, but the chief of these is that the cold air is not warmed as it would be if it passed through the nasal passage; and, further, the air inhaled by the mouth is impure, whereas the nasal passage would stop the impurities on the way. These impurities include particles of dust, which irritate the lungs and become the soil for the bacilli. The nasal passage would seize and hold these, very much as mucilage left exposed to the air seizes and holds particles of dust. The breath inhaled through the mouth may likewise bring with it disease-bacilli for this soil.

Various physical exercises, especially games and athletics, besides their other virtues, are useful as breathing exercises; but they are of little use unless continued almost up to the last moment of life. Let us take the case of the rower. He develops his breathing organs while he is at school or at the university. Then he goes into business, and breathes with only a portion of his lungs, leaving other portions to atrophy in idleness. Athletics are beneficial, however, if some exercise be continued throughout life; and special exercises can take the place of athletics. A few of these exercises help deep breathing—for example, to raise the shoulders when in-breathing, and to let down the shoulders when out-breathing. When deep breathing has become a fixed habit, the shoulder exercises can be reversed; and those who can breathe-in deeply while the shoulders are let down, and can breathe-out slowly while raising them, will be little likely to breathe wrongly under any conditions. The object of this article is to suggest a few hints which deal with breathing in particular, rather than with exercise in general.

It is possible that there should be different rules for those who have to live in bad air; there the superficial breathing may be preferable. Anyhow, in all kinds of atmosphere the breath should only be inhaled through the nose. An occasional breath of extra-pure air through the mouth may be good; but in cars and in most offices and rooms nose-breathing is essential. A second rule is: since so much time is spent in cars and offices and rooms, in earning a livelihood, and since these places are overheated and underventilated—the heating and ventilation being out of the control of most of us—we must take in fresh air whenever possible, in order that we

may restore the balance. The best times to do this will be early in the morning, when the air is freshest, and late at night, when deep breathing will help us to get sleep. We may breathe correctly while we are waiting in a street, and especially where streets meet. We can soon form an automatic habit of breathing properly on such occasions.

In addition to the two rules laid down (that we must breathe through the nose, and that we must avail ourselves of every opportunity for breathing pure air), there is a third rule which is too often neglected by those who do practise breathing exercises—namely, that it is wrong for most of us to take many deep breaths in succession. It is better to take a few such inhalations many times during the day. So, with regard to running, it is better for most of us to run a little and then walk a little, and repeat the process, than to run a long distance without stopping. Three times the amount of ground can be covered by the former process without any unpleasantness.

A fourth rule is to exercise all parts of the breathing apparatus, and not one part only. A well-known authority would have us exercise only the top of the chest. Of course this part should be exercised; but Delsarte was far wiser when he recommended that the top part of the chest, the bulk of the chest, and the abdomen should all be exercised. In order that each part may be developed properly, it is a great help to put the palms of the hands upon the parts in turn, so as to feel their expansion and contraction. Delsarte was of opinion that the different places for breathing were connected with different modes of thought and emotion; thus the idealistic person would breathe with a higher part of his apparatus than the practical person. However, we need to be both idealistic and practical.

Nearly all the authorities are more concerned with the inhalation than with the exhalation; but the latter seems to me of equal importance, since it can be made to produce a feeling of calmness. Many have said that repose is the highest expression of beauty, and others have said it is the highest expression of power. Repose does not mean slackness and want of energy. Muscular repose means that the muscles are relaxed and the nerve-channels free; energy is thus economised, since unnecessary energy is not used. Our power is concentrated into those channels of body or mind which we particularly wish to employ. Even in purely physical matters, it is a great mistake for a person to clench his left hand while using his right hand, and the extreme is seen when we wish to fasten the reluctant collar of a shirt: we use almost every muscle in our body, whereas we need only use a few; and this is waste of vitality. When brain-work alone is to be done, there is need for scarcely any physical energy at all. I suppose this was why Rousseau had to lie down in the morning if he wished to think deeply; otherwise his energy was dissipated by physical movements.

This is not mere theory; it is a practical fact. Business-men, before important interviews or correspondence, should certainly relax and repose their muscles. They may sit down and let their arms hang limp, and let the wrinkles go out of their faces. Then they should take in a deep breath through their nose. After this inhalation they should contract the abdomen, and then gently expand it, letting the breath out slowly, and meanwhile relaxing every muscle as much as possible. Their head will slowly fall forward, and their spine will bend forward too. This is just one exercise out of many. I only mention it because it is short and refreshing, and because it also clears the head for calm thought and sound judgment. It thus has its financial value. Miss A. P. Call has a series of exercises which are especially valuable late at night, but should also be used during the day, particularly when one is inclined to be hurried or worried or angry; we know that then a man always breathes superficially and hastily. When a man is angry we speak of him as losing control of himself; we say that he is no longer himself while he is in a passion, and while he breathes superficially and shortly. We might conclude that with deep and long breathing a man would be more likely to keep control of himself—to be his true self.

Relaxation and repose are helped by the breathing more than by any other means; and they in their turn are the best means of promoting sleep, though in addition we may for this purpose practise such exercises as the alternate opening and shutting of the eyes, together with in-breathing and out-breathing.

The Indian sages, however, do not practise their breathing exercises simply for the sake of repose and sleep. During the in-breathing energy is increased. These Indians are not the only people who believe that with the in-breathing of pure air there comes something still more vital than oxygen; but the Indians have developed the art of breathing more than any other people. One of their favourite exercises is to inhale through the left nostril, to hold the breath for a time, and then exhale through the right nostril. Another of their exercises is to drink water through the nostrils, and after it has been retained for a short time it is expelled through the nostrils and the mouth. This is said to cool the head.

So far, I have advised people to use their will in order to direct the purely physical movements, which eventually will become automatic, or rather subconscious. He who practises the above exercises at intervals during the day, whenever the air is fresh, will find that after a short while he has lessened his number of breaths in a single minute by one-half or more. Each breath will be deeper. He will find that he has more physical and mental endurance, and no less

energy than before. There will be about him less of that noisy *puff-puff* as of the engine before it starts. With the changed breathing also will come changed thoughts. However, others start with the changed thoughts. Among the most prominent of this second school are the Mental Scientists. With changed thoughts, they say, comes the changed breathing. They have ennobling thoughts, for example, about the greatest of their fellow-countrymen, about the divine potentialities of man. The following assertions will serve as examples of the Mental Science 'suggestions.' With them, when they are made with concentration and expectant faith, as it were, the breathing is bound to become deeper. 'I am full of life and energy.' 'I am not so cowardly as to do anything mean. I stand for truth and fair-play.' Meanwhile the thoughts may be concentrated, either at the top of the brain—the Indians often concentrate them just above the brain, where the halo of saints is sometimes found—or in the chest, not far from the heart. It is far better to combine the two—that is to say, to make the will control certain physical movements and also control certain thoughts; to use the breathing exercises together with the thoughts which help the breathing exercises. However, the golden rule is to begin to practise where there is least apparent need, when one is healthy and fresh and happy, and under easy conditions—for example, in a well-ventilated bedroom.

A word may be said, in conclusion, as to ventilation. As we have seen, it is seldom possible or feasible for the ordinary person to ventilate his place of work during the daytime. The chief care should therefore be to ventilate the bedroom during the night. Keep the feet quite warm, either by dipping them in cold water, or by dipping them alternately in hot and cold water before going to bed, or else by warm bed-clothing. The body should be clothed as lightly as can be borne, and the head should be free. The windows should be open at top and bottom, however cold the weather may be. Then, so much of our life is spent in trains that very soon it will be necessary to have in every railway carriage a tube connected with the open air, the outer end covered with fine gauze to keep out the dust, &c. This should have a mouth-piece or nose-piece which can be fixed or held near the mouth by any individual wanting fresh air, who thus supplies himself without having to open the windows and thus draw down upon himself the wrath of other passengers. There is no reason why an adjustable air-tube should not be a partial solution of the ventilation problem, which at present is certainly one of the most serious which America has to face. The necessity is more urgent in America than in Britain, since it is impossible to get separate railway compartments in America, and the individual there has to submit to the conditions which some forty fellow-passengers choose; and these are mostly so unhealthy that they prefer and insist that there shall be no ventilation at all. I am sure that this would also have its commercial value; for the man who can breathe fresh air will be able to conduct business better than the man who breathes foul air. Therefore it might be advantageous to try such an appliance in offices during the winter.

THE KING EXPLORES.

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III.—THE KING DRINKS.

THE two young men mounted the small shaggy horses that had been provided for them by the forethought of their future host, Macleod of Dunvegan. Apparently the King had forgotten all about his crushing defeat in the poetical contest of the day before, for he was blithe and gay, the most cheerful of those assembled to see him off, adventuring now and then the scraps of Gaelic he had picked up, which contributed much to the hilarity of the occasion.

Macdonald, on the other hand, was gloomy and taciturn, as if already some premonition of the fate that awaited him at Dunvegan cast its shadow before. The news of the great condescension of the laird in inviting two strangers to his castle had spread through all the land; and, early as was the hour, the whole population of the district had gathered to give the travellers a cordial farewell. The escort, as the King called the score of men who were to convey them from one post to another, or the guard, as Macdonald termed them, sat on their horses in silence, awaiting the word of command to set forth.

At last this word was given, and the procession began its march amidst the cheers of the people and a skirling of the pipes. The distance was little more than seven leagues over a wild, uninviting country. Macdonald sat his horse dejected and silent, for the prospect confronting him was far from alluring. The King was incognito, he was not; and he had begun to doubt the wisdom of having given his actual designation to the people of Skye, for the relations between this island and the mainland were at that time not of the most cordial description.

Dunvegan Castle was a grim stronghold, in

which the Macleods sat so secure that all the efforts of all the Macdonalds, even if they were for once united, could not dislodge them. It was one of the most remote inhabited places in all Scotland, its next neighbour to the west being that new land of America discovered not yet fifty years. For the son of one Highland chieftain to come so completely into the power of another, his own people knowing practically nothing of his whereabouts, was a situation that did not commend itself to the young man. Allaster Crottach was celebrated more for craft than for violence. He had extended and consolidated his possessions with the skill of a diplomatist rather than by the arms of his soldiers, and Macdonald thought it quite likely that a slice of Sleat might be the ransom for his release. If through any incautious remark of his comrade the Crottach became aware that he held not only Macdonald of Sleat but also the King of Scotland, the fates only knew what might happen. The King, however, appeared to have no forebodings, but trotted along with great complacency, commenting now and then on the barrenness of the landscape.

The party had accomplished little more than half the distance when, as they fronted a slight elevation, there came to them over the hills wild pipe-music, louder than anything in that line the King had ever heard.

'The Macleod is evidently going to welcome us in state,' said His Majesty to Macdonald. 'He must have the very monarch of pipers in his train.'

'The Macrimmons,' admitted Macdonald, 'are acknowledged to be the best pipers in all the Highlands, and they are hereditary musicians to the Macleod. The sounds we hear indicate that a number of pipers are playing in unison.'

On reaching the brow of the hill they found this was indeed the case. There were from thirty to fifty pipers; but this was evidently no greeting to the travellers, for the musical party was marching in the same direction as themselves, playing vigorously as they swung along. At the instance of the King, Macdonald made inquiries regarding this extraordinary spectacle. The taciturn commander of the guard answered briefly that it was the College of Pipers. The students were marching back to Bocraig, on the other side of Loch Follart, where instruction in piping was bestowed by the Macrimmons, this excursion over the hills giving them training in piping and in tramping at the same time. The musical regiment took its way straight across the moors, and was very soon lost sight of by the two travellers, who kept to a track which was more or less of a road.

In due time the cavalcade reached Dunvegan Castle, and even a man accustomed to so stout a fortress as that of Stirling could not but be struck by the size, the strength, and the situation of this frowning stronghold; but, extensive as it was, its proprietor evidently found it inadequate for his ambitions, as he was now building a massive tower which added a further dignity to the structure.

The King and his companion were received at the front entrance by an old man, who each at once knew could not be their host, for his back had originally been straight enough, though now slightly stooped through age. He led them within, and up a stair direct to the apartments reserved for them. Their aged conductor spoke no English, so the burden of conversation fell on Macdonald. As soon as the latter perceived that he and his friend were to be separated, one lodged in one end of the Castle and the other at the other, he protested against this arrangement, and insisted on two rooms not so far apart. The old man replied that he was following instructions given, and if the rooms assigned were not satisfactory, his master would doubtless change them on the morrow.

'But, my good man,' said Macdonald, 'we expect to be leaving the castle to-morrow.'

'In that case,' replied the cicerone, with a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders, 'it makes but little difference for one night.'

The King, inquiring into the purport of the discussion, quite agreed with the elderly person that the matter was of small moment.

'If our genial innkeeper intends to murder us,' he said, 'we shall be quite as helpless together as separate, for he has irresistible force at his command. If one gets into a trap there is little use in snarling at the bars. By all accounts, Dunvegan is a shrewd man, and I can see no object that he can attain by doing harm to either of us. If he had a son who was next heir to the position I hold, I confess I might sleep uneasily to-night; but as he must know the King's fleet is hovering about his coast, and that his castle would make a most excellent target for it, as he cannot transport his house to the hills if the ships sail up the loch, I don't see what he expects to gain by maltreating two men whom he must suspect of having some connection with the advent of the fleet.'

'Oh, I have no thought,' replied Macdonald, 'that the Eagle of Dunvegan will fly so high as you suggest; but there are lowlier perches on which he may like to fix his talons. He has long cast covetous eyes across the Sound of Sleat to the mainland; and, whatever he knows or suspects, he is sure of one thing, which is, that he has the son of the Laird of Sleat safely landed in his own house.'

'How distrustful you Highlanders are of each other!' cried the young monarch, laughing. 'Bless me, Jamie, no bargain made in durance will hold; then you must remember you have me behind you, and I have all the power in Scotland behind me.'

'That is very true; but the power of nothing is behind each of us if we cannot get word to the outside world. Last night, on learning we were

invited to this place, I searched for my gillies, but without success. My boat and its crew have been taken elsewhere. So you see there is at least a design to cut our communications. I'm thinking we'll see more of Loch Follart from this window for a while than of the field of Bannockburn from Stirling towers.'

'I quite agree with you, Jamie, that we're fairly nabbed; but the old gentleman who has us in thrall can make nothing by ill-using us. Sooner or later he must divulge his plan, whatever it is, before he can benefit from it; and when he does that it will be time enough to consider what course we are to pursue.' Then turning suddenly towards their guide, who had been standing motionless during this conversation, the King said sharply in English:

'Is your master at home?'

The old man made no reply, but looked at Macdonald as if for translation. The latter repeated the question in Gaelic, and received an affirmative answer.

'He says the laird is at home. He has no English.'

'I wasn't just sure of that, so I tested it by an abrupt question, thus locking the door after the horse was stolen, for we have spoken rather plainly before him, and so have proved ourselves in the beginning very poor conspirators. However, I care little what the next move is so long as it brings us something to eat. Clear your gloomy brow, Jamie, and tell them in the most culinary Gaelic that this is not a fast day with us, and the ride across the moors was most appetising.'

Macdonald followed his custodian down the long corridor, and the King entered the apartment assigned to him.

After sufficient time had elapsed to allow the travellers to remove the traces of travel from their persons, they were summoned to a small room where they found a most welcome and substantial meal set out for them. A generous flagon of wine stood by each trencher; it was the first the King had had an opportunity of tasting since he left his capital, and he seized upon the measure with some eagerness.

'Here's to the Macleod!' he cried.

'I drink to the King, and good luck to him!' said Macdonald.

'I drink to anything, so long as it's good wine,' rejoined His Majesty, enjoying a deep draught. 'Egad, Jamie!' he cried, setting the flagon down again, 'that's better claret than we have in Stirling.'

'There is no reason why it shouldn't be excellent,' replied Macdonald, 'for the laird's own ships bring it direct from the coast of France to the coast of Skye, and there's little chance of adulteration between the two.'

When the repast was finished the aged man who had received them at the door entered and announced that Macleod of Macleod was ready to greet them in his study. They followed him, and were ushered into an oblong room somewhat larger than the one they had left. The King was astonished to find the walls lined with numerous volumes, some of the tomes massive in heavy binding. As books were not over-plentiful even in the realms of civilisation, he had not expected to find them in a corner of the world so remote.

Allaster the Hunchback sat by the side of a huge oaken table, and he did not rise from his chair when his visitors were presented to him, either because he wished the better to conceal the deformity which gave him his nickname or because he did not consider his guests of such importance as to deserve a more courteous reception. He addressed them in excellent English, and the King constituted himself spokesman for the occasion, Macdonald standing by taciturn, in spite of the excellence of the wine, which, indeed, he had consumed somewhat sparingly.

'I understand,' began Macleod, 'that you have honoured my poor rugged island of Skye with your presence for some days.'

'The honour, sir, has been ours,' replied the King, with an inclination of his head. 'I was visiting my friend Macdonald in Sleat, and heard of the King's barge, so we came over to see it.'

'This is your friend Macdonald of Sleat, then?'

'Yes. May I have the pleasure of presenting Mr James Macdonald to the Macleod?'

The two Highlanders, one sitting, one standing, bowed somewhat distantly to each other as the King, with a flourish of his hand, made the introduction.

'Perhaps,' continued Macleod suavely, 'your friend from Sleat will do a like obligement for yourself?'

'I shall not put him to that trouble,' said the King airily. 'I am of such small account that it would be a pity to put upon a Highland chieftain the task of pronouncing my name. I am called the Goodman of Ballengeich, very much at your service, sir.'

'Goodman—meaning farmer, of course?' asked Dunvegan.

'Meaning small farmer,' said the King, with a graceful inclination of his head.

The tones of the Macleod had not been too cordial from the first, but they became less so at this confession of low quality on the part of his visitor.

'You will forgive my ignorance; but where is Ballengeich?'

'It is a little steading near Stirling, but of more value than its size would indicate, for I am fortunate in possessing the custom of the Court.'

'You cater for the Castle, then?' asked Macleod frigidly.

'Yes, in various ways.'

Macleod turned from his loquacious guest as if he desired to hold no further converse with him; and thus, however crafty he might be, he convinced the King that the Castle had no suspicion whom it held. Macleod said abruptly to his other visitor, fastening his piercing eyes upon him:

'I heard you were a prisoner at Stirling?'

'Prisoner, sir!' cried Macdonald angrily, the red colour mounting to the roots of his hair. But before he could say further his garrulous companion struck in:

'What an absurd rumour! Macdonald a prisoner! I assure you he was no more a prisoner at Stirling Castle than he is at this moment in Dunvegan Castle.'

'Ah!' said Macleod, turning again to the farmer, his eyes partially closing, and examining the other with more severe scrutiny than had previously been the case. 'He was at liberty to come and go as he pleased, then?'

'As free as air, sir; otherwise how could he have visited my slight holding and thus become acquainted with me?'

'I thought perhaps he had met you in the courtyard of Stirling with a sack of corn on your shoulder.'

The King laughed heartily at this.

'I said a *small* farmer, certainly, but I am not quite so unimportant as you seem to imply. I have a better horse to carry my corn than the one that to-day carried me to Dunvegan.'

The laird ignored this disparagement of his cattle.

'You came to Skye, then, to see the King's boat, of which you had heard favourable report? The news of her seems to have travelled very quickly.'

'Indeed and that's true,' said the King complacently. 'Information spreads rapidly in the Highlands.'

'It seems to spread to the Lowlands as well. You heard the King's proclamation perhaps?'

'Yes, we heard the pronouncement.'

'It's possible you came from the fleet?'

'No. We came overland.'

'Had you heard of the fame of Malcolm's boat before you left Stirling?'

'I did not say we left Stirling. As a matter of fact we left the small village of Doune, some miles to the north of it, and at that time had heard nothing either of Malcolm or his boat.'

'Hum!' ejaculated the laird, rummaging among his papers on the table. The King, glancing in the direction of Macleod's hands, saw spread out the charter which he himself had signed, giving Macleod tenure of his land; and beside it, as if this island magnate had been comparing the signatures, was the recent draft of the proclamation commending Malcolm Macleod's boat. This document Dunvegan passed to the Goodman of Ballengeich.

'You know the King's writing perhaps? Will you tell me that this is, as I suspect, a forgery?'

James wrinkled his brows and examined the signature with minute care.

'I have seen the writing of His Majesty,' he said at last; 'but Macdonald here knows it better than I. What do you think of it, Jamie?' he continued, passing on the parchment to his friend. 'Is this the real Mackay, or is it not?'

'It is,' said Macdonald shortly and definitely.

'You say that is the actual signature of the King?' inquired Macleod.

'I could swear it is as genuine as the one on your charter,' replied Macdonald.

'Well, now,' said Macleod, leaning back in his chair, 'will you resolve a mystery for me? How is it likely that James Fifth ever heard of Malcolm Macleod's boat; and if he did, do you consider it probable that an august monarch would compliment a Highland cateran's skill with the axe?'

'James is a wise body,' said the King, 'and knows more of what is going on in his realm than folk who think themselves wiser might imagine.'

'You think, then,' said Macleod, drawing down his black brows, 'that His Majesty may have spies in Skye?'

'Truth to tell, Laird of Dunvegan, it is more than likely,' admitted the King, with an air of great candour.

The frown on Macleod's countenance deepened, and he said harshly:

'You two gentlemen probably know the fate of spies when they are captured. Their fate is a short shrift and a long rope.'

'And quite properly so,' rejoined the King.

'I am glad that you are so well informed, and need no instruction from me,' commented the Crottach, with menace in his tone.

Suddenly the King's manner changed, and the air of authority which was natural to him asserted itself.

'Macleod of Skye,' he cried, 'this discussion and beating about the bush is interesting, but nothing at all to the purpose. You are hinting that we two are spies, and I tell you there are no spies, and can be no spies, on this island.'

'I have only your word to set against my own doubts,' said the Macleod.

'My word and your doubts are both aside from the purpose. Your mind has become confused. Unless you are at war with James of Scotland, there can be spies neither in the domain you hold under his hand nor in the kingdom over which he rules. Are you a rebel against your king, Macleod of Skye?'

'That I am not,' answered Allaster hastily, and with evident discomposure.

'Very well, then. You see the absurdity of an argument on espionage. Macdonald and I have as much right on the island of Skye as you

have, because it is part of the kingdom of Scotland, and we are loyal, if humble, subjects of His Majesty.'

'You are not come here, then, to report on the condition of Skye?'

'We came here of our own free will, the messenger of no man, and we are to report to no man. If the King should ask me any question regarding my visit to Skye, I would answer him that I had met with the utmost courtesy, except from its chief. I would say that Macleod of Macleod was so ignorant regarding the usages of good society that he received us sitting down, and never asked us to be seated, an error in politeness which I was myself forced to amend. —Macdonald, plant yourself on that chair beside you. I will take this one.'

Macdonald promptly obeyed the command, and the King seated himself, throwing one leg over the other and leaning back in comfort.

'Now, my Lord of Skye,' he said, 'have you any further questions to ask, or any additional hints to bestow upon your guests, at present in your sullen presence upon your own invitation?'

The chieftain regarded the King in silence for a few moments, then said without change of countenance:

'By God! you may be a small farmer, but you are a brave man. You are the first who has questioned the authority of the Macleod on his own ground. So, the case being without precedent, one has to be made, and that will require some thought. Consequently we will postpone the question till later. I trust you will both honour me with your presence at dinner this evening; but, if you prefer it, you may sup alone in your own apartments.'

'We are sociable travellers,' said the King, rising, for the laird's words had in them an inflection of dismissal, 'and we shall have great pleasure in accepting a seat at your table.'

Then, with a bow to the man who still remained in his chair, the King and his comrade withdrew. They consulted together for a time in the room of the former, but reached no definite decision. Macdonald urged that they should come to an understanding with their host at once, and learn whether they were prisoners or free men; but the King held that Allaster should have the time for thinking over the situation which had been practically agreed on.

'There is no hurry,' he said. 'Both of us are younger than Allaster, and so there is time to bide.'

QUEER ACCIDENTS.

INSURANCE companies transacting 'accident' business have calculated that one out of every ten persons insured meets with an accident of some kind, and receives compensation therefor, each year. Were the uninsured accidents tabulated it is quite possible that the percentage would be much magnified. The same authorities estimate that one accident out of every hundred terminates fatally.

With these facts before us, it may perhaps be of interest to recall some of the more extraordinary accidents of recent years, and allow them to point their own moral.

Not so very long ago a discussion took place in one of the daily papers as to whether ladies when cycling should assume the traditional skirt or the more advanced 'rationals.' The writer has not, and does not wish to have, any opinion on the subject; but the newspaper controversy brings back to his memory a curious cycle accident which occurred to a lady about four years ago. Whether the lady in question was in skirts or rationals at the time did not transpire; but the fact remains that she survived an accident to which many a knickerbockered male would have succumbed. The lady was riding in County Donegal, and having arrived somewhat late for a steamer that was about to cross Lough Swilly, she, in her anxiety, lost control of her machine, with the result that she rode over the pier-head, falling a distance of over twenty feet into the water. The lady was rescued practically unhurt; the bicycle was smashed!

An almost equally miraculous escape was that of a cyclist who was riding in the suburbs of London. A stone threw him off his machine; and, as ill-luck would have it, a sharp point entered his mouth and came out under his eye. Thanks to the healthy condition of his blood, he was well again in three months. Now, this is a point that deserves notice: cyclists, who naturally run greater risks than pedestrians, are usually in good condition; and it is because their physique is so robust that quick recovery of cyclists from accidents is the rule rather than the exception.

What the more recent experience of insurance offices is, now that women cyclists are as numerous as men, the writer has no means of ascertaining. Some years ago, however, lady insurers —they were not cyclists then—were not encouraged to take out accident policies. The manager of one of the largest offices said at the time, 'Women are not very profitable customers. They are less exposed to danger than men; but they make claims for very small injuries; and it is a matter of extreme difficulty to test the genuineness of a woman's claim.'

More tragic than the cycling accidents already alluded to was that which befell a motor-man in America. One morning his motor burned out. Trying to remedy matters, the man, in his confusion, managed to get the controller charged with electricity; and as he unfortunately happened to be wearing a celluloid collar, and the apparatus came in contact with it, a blaze round the poor fellow's neck was the result. He was carried off to the hospital in an unconscious condition.

Artificial teeth have been the cause of many an accident; but perhaps the most extraordinary fatality of the kind was the lot of a gentleman at Southsea some time ago. He was undressing before bathing, and as there was a cold wind blowing, it is believed that the consequent shivering sent his artificial teeth down his throat, with fatal results. About the same time an old lady living at Battersea swallowed a set of seven artificial teeth during sleep. Death, of course, was the natural consequence. These instances are sufficiently startling to induce wearers of artificial teeth—and who does not nowadays?—to be much more careful with them than they usually are, however accurately the teeth may be fitted. Many fatalities might be quoted which emphasise the advice that, appearances notwithstanding, artificial teeth should be discarded at bedtime.

Balloon accidents are common occurrences; but an aeronaut's adventure at Vincennes a year ago was sufficiently startling to merit notice. Owing to the state of the weather the balloonist was unwilling to ascend; but, as is usual in such cases, the uproar made by the disappointed and unthinking crowd overcame his better judgment and made him take the risk. The experience was, one would think, sufficient to last a lifetime. After being knocked about among the houses, the balloon collided with the telegraph-wires and took fire. The howling crowd which a few minutes before had forced the aeronaut to risk an almost certain death now stampeded, many being trampled under foot. Ultimately the balloon exploded; but the car had got fixed in the wires, and before long the aeronaut was rescued unhurt.

About two years ago a very singular accident—singular on account of its complications—happened to the coachman of Mr H. E. Kearley, M.P. for Devonport. The coachman, in making preparations for a drive, attempted to fill the carriage lamps with oil while they were still alight and hot, when an explosion occurred, and the unfortunate coachman was badly burned. Two fellow-servants at once drove off for a doctor; but, the night being dark, they ran their trap up a bank, and a smash was the result. On recovering consciousness they cut the harness in order to free the horse, when the animal immediately dashed away. Such a concatenation of disasters would, we imagine, puzzle the most expert calculator of accident risks.

A most extraordinary batch of curious accidents was collected and published by *The Traveller's Record* in 1899; but as the *Traveller's Record* hails from Hartford, U.S.A., readers must use their own discretion as to the credibility of the list. Personally, the writer has every faith in its genuineness. It is the juxtaposition of the incidents which encourages scepticism. Here are a few samples: 'It was the doctor who smashed his hand with a hammer while hanging a calendar, and the carpenter who was thrown from his wagon while in search of the doctor.' 'The electrician ran from the bull, and broke his leg in a too hasty jump over the fence, which landed him in the ditch; but the farmer worked with the electric wire and burned his hand.' 'The clergyman burned his hand kindling a fire; and the plumber fell up the church steps and sprained his wrist and barked his knee.' 'The hunter is wounded by a charge from another man's gun; and the lawyer aimed his foot at another man's dog and hit his own front door-step.'

It is not at all incredible that such incidents as the above may have happened; yet the way in which they are contrasted could only have originated in the land of Mark Twain and Artemus Ward.

In an American court not very long ago the presiding judge gave what most people will acknowledge to be a rather novel decision in an accident insurance case. The deceased, it appears, was wearing a tight boot, and this caused an abrasion of the skin of the big-toe, which was followed by blood-poisoning and death. The judge held that death was occasioned by 'external violent and accidental means, within the meaning of the policy.' The insurance company had to pay.

The present writer had, on one occasion, a disagreeable experience in connection with a blood-poisoning case. He had insured a gentleman for a large amount—about four thousand pounds. Within three months the gentleman was dead; his death, it was stated, having been caused by carelessness in cutting a corn.

While speaking of 'feet' accidents, mention may be made of a fatality which occurred to a resident in Steyning, Sussex, a year or two since. Coming downstairs one morning, he trod on his bootlace. A fall was the result. It was thought that he had sustained only trifling injuries; but such was not the case. Within a week he was buried, and the insurance company paid the claim of five hundred pounds.

The hat, as well as its opposite neighbour the boot, has often been the cause of accidents of various descriptions, but usually of a minor character. Not so that which befell a leather merchant of Northampton. Going into his house one day, his hat struck the lintel of the doorway, with the result that it was forced farther down on the wearer's head. The consequence was compression of the skull, followed by death.

An extraordinary accident, and one that has a pathos all its own, happened to a gentleman in Cardiff some years ago. He took into bed with him his little three-year-old son, who was suffering from earache. The child, in his restlessness, kicked his father in the groin. Death from phlegmonous erysipelas followed; this, as the medical evidence proved, being the direct result of the kick. The deceased gentleman had, fortunately, taken out an accident policy a few months before, and the claim for one thousand pounds was at once paid by the insurance company.

Fire, rather than water, would, one would think, be more dangerous to life at what the reporter dearly loves to call 'a conflagration.' This is not always the case, for a fireman in New Jersey, while holding the nozzle of a hose-pipe, directing a stream of water on a burning building, lost control of the pipe, and the rushing water, which struck him on the cheek, completely crushed in one side of his face.

Flowers, again, would hardly be suspected as one of the probable causes of accident; yet at the 'lying in state' of the late M. Gambetta the odour of the flowers surrounding the coffin was so powerful that one of the watchers was asphyxiated, and was only restored to consciousness with considerable difficulty.

In the autumn of 1900 a good deal of public commotion was caused by the disappearance of a Brecon boy among the Welsh mountains. The poor little lad was afterwards found—a corpse. The hilly nature of the Principality has, unfortunately, been the cause of many a death. Not the least singular fatality recorded in this connection was that of a couple of lads who, one Christmas-time, went carol-singing on the mountains. They were both frozen to death.

Somnambulism, smoking in bed, football, lightning, dynamite, and the incautious handling of firearms—not to mention the now happily discarded crinoline—have all been active agents on the accident list; but (so easily does frequent occurrence accustom us to tragedy!) they are too well known to require special comment.

However, the familiarity which breeds contempt is sometimes rudely encroached upon by the occurrence of some hitherto unheard-of accident, which acts as a spontaneous detonator to speculation. Some years ago, for example, while a gentleman was walking from St James's Park to Pall Mall on a bright afternoon in summer, he suddenly received a blow on the shoulder which caused him to stumble, and at the same time he heard a loud, crackling noise. On recovering he looked round for his assailant; but there was nobody visible except a policeman, who was many yards away. When the gentleman reached home his shoulder was examined, but no injury could be found to account for the pain in it. Soon afterwards the servant, who had taken away his master's outdoor coat to brush it, brought back the garment and pointed out that the nap on the shoulder was pressed flat as if a hot wire had been drawn across it. Everything, in fact, pointed to the probability that the wearer had been struck by a meteor. The incident might well be used as a blackboard-lesson for children—ay, and for some grown-up children too—who imagine that 'shooting stars' only shoot in the dark.

Flies are generally supposed to be more dirty than deadly; but sometimes their bite is not quite so innocuous as people imagine. A girl in Canterbury found that the sting of a fly had caused a pimple to form on her face. Inflammation spread to the neck; and, in spite of every medical attention, the poor girl succumbed to blood-poisoning. On another occasion a leading insurance company had to pay a thousand pounds for the sting of a fly. The insured, a staid, middle-aged man, had, it appears, become interested in the vagaries of a bluebottle on the window-pane. Then the boyish instincts returned, and he tried to catch the fly. The insect, which had just concluded a sumptuous repast of tainted meat, retaliated with a vicious little sting, and a death-claim was the result. It was the same company, I think, that was obliged to pay a thousand pounds to the heirs of a farmer at Reigate who ran a thorn under his nail while examining a sample of oats; and that company's books also show a payment for damages resulting from the bite of a spider.

A dog's bite is—or was before Mr Long's régime—more to be dreaded than that of a spider; but it is not often that the faithful animal's sprinting powers bring about a fatal mishap. However, on one occasion, in the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge, a collie dog ran full tilt between a gentleman's legs, causing him to fall heavily on the pavement. The injured man was taken to St George's Hospital, and there succumbed to a fractured skull.

One of the most mysterious accidents—if, indeed, it was an accident at all—occurred in Indianapolis about ten or twelve years ago. A man named Bateman went to a livery stable and hired a horse and conveyance. In the small hours of the following morning the horse returned to the stable minus the driver. Forty minutes *after* the arrival of the horse, a railway train ran over and decapitated a man who lay on the rails at a spot a couple of miles distant. On the person of the deceased were found an insurance policy for one thousand pounds, together with a note instructing the finder, in case of an accident, to send a notification to a certain person, and also a letter signed by the missing man, Bateman. Mr Bateman's brother-in-law, who, curiously enough, was the engine-driver of the train that went over the man, was called upon to view the remains, and he at once said that they were not those of Bateman. Mrs Bateman, the wife or

widow, while identifying the insurance policy and letter as her husband's, denied absolutely that the body was his; and the ostler at the livery stables swore that the dead man was not the man who hired the horse and conveyance. There the inquiry ended, and so far as we know the mystery has never been solved.

The 'Port Erin Mystery,' as it was called, is not yet forgotten, but is, perhaps, of too debatable a character to warrant reference here. An almost equally remarkable case occurred not long before. The present writer had obtained an insurance proposal from a gentleman for a small amount —either one hundred or two hundred pounds. Shortly after the insurance was completed the gentleman and his wife went to a popular seaside resort for a holiday. One day, while his wife and he were standing at the door of their boarding-house before going for a drive, the lady, discovering that she had forgotten her gloves, went upstairs to get them. She was absent only a few minutes, but when she returned her husband was not to be seen, nor has he been seen since. Some weeks after a headless and legless trunk was picked up in the bay; but as there were no means of identification, 'Found drowned—person unknown,' was the only verdict possible.

One of the strangest claims ever made was that which came to light in an American law-court in 1896. A man took out an accident policy, payable to his wife, for two thousand pounds. Having borrowed money from his partner in business, the policy-holder transferred the policy to the said partner as a sort of collateral security. The partner thereupon employed a negro, who, for a fee of three hundred dollars, murdered the person insured. The negro was sentenced to imprisonment for life, the instigator of the crime committed suicide in jail, and the widow of the murdered man sued the company for the amount of the policy!

As a set-off against the horrible grimness of the above case, this article may be concluded by the quotation of the details of a couple of accident claims which were humorously narrated by Mr R. K. Munkittrick in the columns of a New York paper: 'A certain company recently paid sixty dollars to a merchant who had sprained his knee in kicking a dog. The same company paid seventy-five dollars to a man who had missed a dog he attempted to kick and in so doing injured his great-toe upon the sofa. It will thus be seen by the lynx-eyed student of affairs that it is more profitable to miss the dog and kick the sofa than to miss the sofa and kick the dog. It cannot be expected that a man can reach two objects at the same time with one kick; and yet, if we realise fifteen dollars more by missing the dog and kicking the lounge than by kicking the dog direct, it opens up a new vista of usefulness for the sofa which must endear it to all people who are frugal, as well as to those who are tainted with the unseemly lust of gold so prevalent at the present writing. Besides, it must be much more satisfactory to a sensitive dog to feel that he has been missed by his owner's foot when he realises that the miss has yielded the said owner, his heirs, administrators, and assigns for ever, fifteen dollars of the shekels of the realm.'

THE RESOURCES OF THE AUSTRALIAN INTERIOR.

By a Bicycling Prospector.

THE goldfields of Australia are already famous throughout the civilised world; but the resources of the vast interior are still unknown to all but the few daring prospectors who have penetrated its waterless solitudes. It was long supposed that a great wealth of gold and gems existed in the great desert beyond the Darling; but though no tempestuous seas rolled between, nor hostile tribes worthy of the name beset the path, the awful monotony of the blistered, gem-shot sand-stretches proved too much for human endurance, and the country remained unexplored. Many intrepid explorers made an attempt, however, to pierce the heart of this 'land of mystery,' and the bleaching bones on the banks of the far Cooper — the great inland sea of the early pioneers—bear eloquent testimony to their noble endeavours.

The history of how the prospector, and then the squatter, by degrees rolled back the boundaries of the settled parts needs little mention here. Far-seeing Governments sent out large and well-equipped expeditions, and they constructed water-tanks as they progressed. A bonus given to finders of new mineral-bearing districts caused the hardy prospector again to add his individual effort; and it is to such indomitable spirits that we owe our present knowledge of the interior of our island continent. The knowledge itself affords but poor satisfaction; for although it is now known that, imprisoned in this land on which Nature never smiles, there exists a wealth of treasure that fascinates the fortune-seeker, it seems to be destined to remain there until some ingenious mortal solves the problem of how to wrest it from its iron-bound environment.

The mineral wealth of Queensland is indeed very great, comprising gold, silver, copper, and tin, which are found under various conditions almost everywhere. The entire western division

is of an opal formation, which extends westward from the Paroo River into the heart of the desert farther than man has ever been, and in the central district emeralds, turquoises, and other gems abound in great profusion.

The mineral wealth of New South Wales is similar to that of Queensland; but her goldfields, being older and nearer the coast, are already worked out to a great extent. Gems of all kinds are found in the gullies of the Blue Mountains, Moss Vale on the Southern Railway being an especially rich spot; and at Inverell in the New England district, on the headwaters of the Gwyder River, diamonds are mined as a regular industry. In the 'back blocks' of New South Wales opal is abundant, and 'gouging'—the term given to opal-mining—is the chief pursuit of every man on the western side of the Darling River; and the possibilities of the country round the famous Silver City of Broken Hill are as yet only matters for speculation.

Victoria, beyond her goldfields, does not offer much inducement to the fortune-seeker. It is perhaps the most fertile state, and consequently is already settled and cultivated by the farmer and fruit-grower. The timber of the magnificent Gippsland forests and the chances for honest development of the land are well worthy of some consideration.

South Australia has been termed the 'land of promise;' but the prospector says 'unfulfilled promise.' There have been many 'finds' in this state, and there are at present many indications of others. They will probably remain only indications, however, for lack of suitable means of transport. The rubies of the Macdonald Ranges have been and are yet a powerful attraction, although when the writer visited those isolated 'iron mounds' he could only find garnets. Rubies of fine quality have been found there nevertheless, but the garnets can be picked up in bucketfuls!

Of the million square miles of West Australian territory, only the south-west corner—from Albany on King George's Sound north to Geraldton—is settled; but the migrating population of the goldfield towns of Coolgardie, Kalgoorlie, Menzies, and Cue comprise at least three-quarters of the entire population of the colony. The immense forests of jarrah in the south, the sandalwood of the near interior, the enormous undeveloped coalfields, and, of course, the vast gold deposits will probably be the attractions of the future; but eastward from the one hundred and twentieth degree of longitude little is known of the country.

The writer has had prospecting experiences in all the states, and believes that Queensland offers most inducement to the adventurous one. This is not because most minerals have already been found there—they probably exist to the same extent all over Australia—but because development in the other states is rendered practically impossible for want of water, while in the Queensland interior artesian water is now running in some of the ancient river-channels, and frequent thundershowers also give the prospector an opportunity to refill his water-bags.

In the writer's opinion the bicycle has done more for systematic prospecting than all the camel-equipped expeditions combined; for only by means of the bicycle can the long 'dry stages' of the desert be traversed. Thus it is now a common though somewhat incongruous sight to see a half-naked, leather-skinned bushman careering madly over the plains on the latest model of the bicycle-builder's art, with tools, blanket, and cooking utensils strapped on all round him. 'It doesn't need no water,' he will tell you with some picturesque embellishments, 'an' it kin go a durned sight quicker 'n a camel.' Fifteen miles per day is a loaded camel's average journey.

The writer has crossed from the Gulf of Carpentaria in the north to Spencer's Gulf in the south, and also penetrated from the coast into the central ranges of South Australia, on a bicycle, and he is quite convinced that by no other method of locomotion would it be possible to accomplish the journey. In the region of Cooper's Creek, while on the latter journey, the writer and his three companions saw literally tons of opal lying on the surface. It shone through every boulder and scintillated in the quivering sunshine from the many fissures in the cleft volcanic ground; but, alas! it only served to illustrate forcibly the old proverb as to the numerous slips liable to occur between the cup and the lip. The blow which shattered the ironstone formation around the opal also crushed into fragments the more brittle gem within. Truly Nature was sarcastic in her strange lavishness; the boulders were too heavy to be removed on our machines, and the opal could only be extracted in the form of powder! There was no use wasting time in looking at it, nor in calculating its enormous value were it a few hundred miles nearer to Cunna-Mulla, the western terminus of the railway; our stores were very limited, and we had of necessity to move on either across to some South Australian settlement or back to the townships of Noccundra or Thargomindah. That opal is still there, and will remain for some time to come.

It was popularly supposed among Australians that no gold existed west of the mountain-ranges, unless at considerable depth, as the plains which are now drained by the Warrego, Paroo, Bulloo, and Cooper Rivers were, at a comparatively recent date, the bed of a sea that connected the Gulf with the Great Australian Bight. Be this as it may, the writer's party frequently found fine gold on the surface hundreds of miles from the ranges, and generally, when camped for a day or so, could find traces of gold anywhere with very little effort. Want of water, of course,

prevented systematic working; but sometimes the sand just beneath the surface-layer was so rich in 'flour' gold that several ounces could easily be extracted by 'dry-blowing.' This process consists of passing the sand through an arrangement of inclined sieves, which, by reason of 'ripples' or bars of wood fastened transversely across their surfaces, discard all light material that cannot pass the various meshes. The fine sand that passes through the last sieve is gathered and then carefully blown away, generally with the mouth, until nothing but gold is left, because of its greater specific gravity. Usually, however, the prospector carries only a gold-pan with him. This he fills with the likely sand, then, holding it as high as possible, carefully drops its contents in a fine shower into his indispensable 'billy.' The gold drops straight, but much of the sand is blown away by the wind; so, repeating the process with the smaller quantity, he continues until only the gold and heavier ironstones are left. These he then separates by hand.

A somewhat curious fact is, that a band or belt of copper extends between the twenty-eighth and thirtieth parallels from coast to coast, and anywhere near these latitudes large masses of the green sulphide may be seen outcropping through the sand.

It ought to be mentioned, perhaps, that the great Australian desert is not really an irredeemable sandy waste, although most people, even in Australia, think it so. Its surface is certainly covered with fine drift-sand and ironstone pebbles —the deposit of tornadoes or 'willy-willys' that are perpetually sweeping across that blasted space; but underneath is a soil that would gladden the heart of any farmer. According to the aborigines, the desert was once a smiling land, with hills and valleys, lakes and flowing rivers; but the great *ghingi* suddenly caused their rivers to dry up; their own sea disappeared, and other seas in which lived many *ghingis* divided their people. Soon the sand filled all the valleys to the level of the mountain-tops, except the water-holes in which the *bunyip* (monster) dwelt; and now the land is fit only for the snake, the crow, the deadly centipede, and the white gold-seeker. This is a free translation from the words of an intelligent chief. He said much more, which might be of interest to members of the Royal Geographical Society and those who love sensationalism; but, in the opinion of the writer, his statements were much too legendary and picturesque for reproduction in this record of facts.

There is a prospect that the desert may yet be reclaimed; the fact that the rainfall in West Australia is steadily increasing gives hopes that some climatic change is at hand which, in the words of a famous explorer and statesman, will, with the help of railways, 'transform the desert into a paradise, and cause its hidden wealth to be disclosed to Cook's tourist as well as to the prospector.' Perhaps he was sarcastic in his reference to the name of excursion fame; but he voiced the prospector's fears exactly. That gentleman readily takes advantage of the Government conserving-tanks now marking all well-defined routes; but further Government work drives him away in disgust. 'The new chum kin bring his bed an' fossick here,' he'll say. 'I reckon I is goin' out farther west.'

In Queensland the people naturally believe in artesian water as the possible reclaiming influence, and at the present time the immense Darling Downs stretching from the Paroo to the Bulloo are irrigated and cultivated to a marvellous extent by water from several bores. In the same district the township of Thargomindah is lit with electric light derived from power obtained direct from a bore, the boiling waters of which shoot several hundreds of feet into the air with irresistible force.

Slowly but surely the railways of the various states of the Commonwealth are being pushed out on to the desert; and when the transcontinental line from Kanowna in West Australia to Port Augusta in South Australia is in working order, unlimited possibilities may be opened up to the hardy sons of our overcrowded cities. Another proposed line, which is to be one of the first considerations of the Federal Parliament, is to connect the eastern system with Port Darwin on the north; and when this is completed the once mysterious 'Land of the Never-never,' with all its tantalising treasure of gold and gems, will be brought within twenty-four days of London.

Meanwhile, on that iron-bound, sulphury expanse on the borders of Queensland and South Australia, on the twenty-seventh south parallel, lies a wealth of iridescent splendour awaiting only the advent of him who can take it away.

JOY IN ABSENCE.

Her name is like a song to me,
Her memory like flowers,
A tune as sweet as birds repeat
In early summer bow'rs.
A garden doth belong to me
For ev'n my lonely hours.

Because my heart can sing to me,
Because my mind can show
The perfect grace of soul and face
Of her whose faith I know—
Oh, I can bring the Spring to me
Ere crocuses can blow.

For joy is ever clear to me
Who see with more than sight;
Not like a star that shines afar,
But like the morning bright
She sends her charm and cheer to me,
And drowns me in delight!

J. J. Bell.

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THE NEW LADYSMITH.

By a Natal Journalist.

LADYSMITH, bathed in the reflected glories of the siege, is to-day a different place from the quiet little village which formerly graced the banks of the Klip River. The erstwhile modest citizen is now a South African Tartarin, albeit he cleverly dissimulates his pride. Enter into conversation with a resident, and he will hand you a card printed as follows:

'Yes, I was through the siege.

'No, I was not injured by a shell.

'Yes, I did eat horse-flesh.

'Yes, of course I was glad when relief came.

'Yes, you are right. I was a mere shadow towards the end, and I shall pine away again if I am asked any more silly questions.

'Good-bye.'

This, however, is more or less bluff. You laugh and again press your plea. Then comes the story — the long-drawn-out story — of how for many weeks the guns from Umbulwana and other Boer health-resorts sent a deadly hail into the town. Your informant himself was nearly struck; but, thanks to Providence, the shell burst three yards away. You are shown a piece of the identical missile as proof, carefully labelled with name and date. The drain on Ladysmith shells is tremendous. Every visitor feels in duty bound to carry away a specimen; some leave with a hundredweight. The porters groan under the weight of boxed curios; the stationmaster sardonically charges excess. A large stock of shells are on view in the shops: 'Long Toms,' pom-poms, howitzers, Creusots; also photographs: 'Ladysmith before the Siege,' 'Ladysmith Besieged,' 'Ladysmith after the Siege,' together with all sorts and sizes of gallant defenders in trenches repelling Boer attacks, with an eye to effect and the camera.

The siege has been the making of Ladysmith. The broken tower of the Town Hall is such a valuable asset that no attempt has been made to replace the piece taken out of its side, and houses perforated during the siege are carefully preserved in that condition. It is sacrilege to remove a single sand-bag from the trenches. To judge by present indications, Ladysmith speculators will soon be charging a shilling to see Gun Hill, sixpence for Lombard's Kop, and so on. Everything is ready for the second invasion—the invasion of Cook's 'personally conducted parties.' Up to the present Lord Kitchener's ukase has rather spoilt enterprise in this direction; but after the war it is expected the flood will set in in full swing, and tourists in *char-à-bancs* will do the battlefields as they now do Waterloo.

Leaving Durban by the night mail at six o'clock, Colenso is reached at five o'clock the next morning; and here tourists generally make their first stop. On the platform is Cook's guide, a picturesque figure, who took part in the relief, and now tells of his battles over again. It is only a few minutes' walk, in the misty morning, to Edwards' Hotel, now enlarged specially for visitors yet to come. Beyond a few coolie shops, this constitutes the village, which in itself is peculiarly uninteresting. The veldt around the hotel for a distance of two miles looks like a widespread cemetery; monuments are dotted everywhere, the one erected on the spot where Lieutenant Roberts fell occupying a conspicuous position. The field would appear to be a favourite picnic resort, to judge by the number of empty whisky-bottles and sardine-tins to be seen. Descending towards the river through knee-deep grass, now brightened with innumerable flowers, through thickets of mimosa, and across deep dongas, one reaches the Tugela, flowing sullenly along as broad as the Seine at the Trocadero. The diligent searcher may still discover such relics of the fight as empty cartridge-cases; but these will soon have vanished.

Ladysmith is reached *viâ* Pieters. Four miles from the town the railway line passes through a narrow gorge, notable as being the spot where

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the Boers attempted to construct the dam which was to flood the inhabitants out of house and home. The remains of the sand-bags can still be seen within twenty yards of the train.

Ladysmith is somewhat disappointing at the first glance. It appears to be given over to the Hindu and Arab traders. Every street contains numerous coolie shops, the turbaned and white-robed proprietors standing at the doorways engaged in cajoling natives to purchase. Even the natives keep up the character of the town. Clad in every conceivable article of military attire, from great-coats to forage-caps, from parade-jackets to puttees, they present an appearance more comic than awe-inspiring. The hotels are a credit to the town, particularly the 'Crown' and the 'Royal.' The 'Crown' is the proud possessor of a real dug-out, bombproof shelter, in which the correspondents took refuge when the shell-firing became too fierce; while the 'Royal's' attraction is a big collection of shells, which were shown to Lord Milner on his recent visit.

Four days are required to inspect the sights round Ladysmith, including Spion Kop. An interesting feature of present-day Ladysmith is Tintown, the Natal clearing-house for Boer prisoners, and the junction for Ceylon, India, Burma, and for Bermuda and the West Indies generally. The surrendered and the captured prisoners are divided into two camps to avoid mutual recrimination, and there the men spend their time in games or with the endless trifling stories so beloved of the Boer.

In the matter of amusement Ladysmith is fortunate for a South African town. Since the place changed its local for an international importance, theatrical companies have found it worth their while to visit it; and it had the advantage of seeing *The Chinese Honeymoon* two months before London had that privilege.

It is also to be hoped that its libraries contain the stirring *Autobiography of Sir Harry Smith*, edited by G. C. Moore Smith, after whose wife the town is named.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER X.—LONDON.

MURKY haze—an atmosphere distinctly foreign to the Colonial travellers—filled their nostrils and lungs as, in an early April gloaming, the *Omega* slowly threaded her way up the Thames.

The smoke-tinctured air, the vast array of shipping, the boundless expanse of town that already encircled them, brought to Lucie Lorimer a sense of oppression. She who had been accustomed to consider herself a somebody, to have her trivial comings and goings paragraphed in the 'Society' columns of the Auckland newspapers, already felt less than a unit—a mere nothing—in this strange land that teemed with humanity.

Many of the passengers had left the steamer at Plymouth; the remainder clustered on deck, silent or garrulous as was their wont under the influence of strong excitement.

To an interested group of Colonials the Cockney wool-buyer was expatiating loudly, taking the incredible immensity of his native city as his text.

'Well, if you don't believe me, perhaps one of you gentlemen will kindly say what was the entire population of New Zealand at the last census. Under seven hundred thousand, wasn't it? Why, sir, in London—in the town alone, sir—at the '91 census there were over four million inhabitants. *Millions*, mind. You could people half-a-dozen New Zealands—North Island, Middle Island, *and* Stewart Island—out of London alone, and yet have enough folks over to stock a province!' he concluded triumphantly, happy in having achieved the satisfaction of rendering his hearers painfully conscious of their insignificance.

The *Omega*, moving ponderously like a careful seafaring bull anxious to avoid crushing the china of the river, was slowly nearing her berth.

Knots of people were waiting expectant round the gangways that lay in readiness on the edge of the wharf. Over a seemingly limitless expanse of sheds hung the heavy smoke of railway engines. All was so grimy, so painfully unfamiliar, that Lucie's heart sank; and in her first spasm of loneliness her mind busied itself with dismal conjecture. Suppose Honoria or Uncle Andrew were not among those waiting the arrival of the *Omega!* Suppose something had happened: that they had forgotten she was on the way! It was nearly two months since she had left Auckland; much might have occurred since then.

In her mental distress, Lucie longed for some link with home to cling to. Even the presence of the exasperating Miss Santhem would have been better than nothing; but that lady had left the ship at Plymouth, and would doubtless by this time be in Shropshire, secure in the bosom of her family. With a spasm of dreary humour, Lucie hoped that the bosom of Miss Santhem's family might not find that virgin prickly!

Challoner had gone too. Since the night that had served plainly to reveal the change in his evanescent affections Lucie had seen little of him. Several days she spent in her berth, her sense of suffering dulled, half-comatose, as though in a dream. 'A touch of fever, probably contracted

during the visit to the Cinghalese village,' conjectured the ship's doctor, whom Miss Santhem hastily summoned. The only remedies he could suggest were rest and soothing drugs; and through the long, hot hours Lucie lay languorous, vaguely conscious of the sounds of the ship and wondering if the holiday from which she had anticipated so much enjoyment was fated to prove but a series of disappointments.

Lucie was a proud girl, and pride it was that, coming to her aid, cured her of her foolish fancy. It was without regret that she found Challoner had left the *Omega* at Marseilles in company with the Delphins and the Dickon Gunns, who were returning home by Paris. He had not told her of his intention; and as they disembarked early, his visiting-card brought by a stewardess was her first intimation that he had gone. 'P. P. C.' was scribbled in the corner of the card—'To take leave'—nothing more. Remembering Tresscott's prophecy that Challoner's love-affairs never lasted longer than two months, she laughed a little bitterly at the thought that, after all, she had broken the record, for the volatile lieutenant's attentions to her had endured nearly three! Tearing up the card, she threw the pieces from the open port-hole. What the future might hold she knew not; but that interlude at least had ended.

Mr Muter, attired in his go-ashore garb, which was, if possible, worse fitting than his travelling vesture, hovered diffidently near. Interrupting a casual glance from Lucie, he took courage and advanced.

'I—I—only wished to say that'—he spoke with the flurried impetuosity of the timid man who dreads a snub—'that is, of course, you won't require it; but if you should need any assistance, I shall—I shall be only too glad'——

Lucie's confidence, which had threatened to desert her, speedily reasserted itself, for nothing is so restorative to one's self-reliance as to witness the embarrassment of another; and the fact that Mr Muter should suggest the possibility of her requiring aid from him wounded her pride.

'Thank you very much,' she replied coldly. 'But I have come home to visit friends—relatives. They will look after me.'

The *Omega* cautiously sidled her huge bulk against the wharf. Ropes were thrown, gangways quickly bridged the narrow dividing space, and the assembled crowd hastened to welcome their arriving friends, with whom they had been exchanging signals ever since the *Omega* got within hailing distance.

'Don't know your folks, Miss Lorimer?' said the purser cheerfully as he took his stand at the top of the first-cabin gangway. 'Well, just keep close to me here, and we'll soon spot them.'

So Lucie, looking especially pretty, with a flush born of the quick beating of her apprehensive heart rose-tinging her cheeks, stood beside him eagerly scanning each strange face. Honoria she looked particularly for. She was certain Honoria would come, and her uncle also.

She had just picked out a handsome girl, who, accompanied by an aristocratic-looking old gentleman, was approaching the foot of the gangway, as her relative, when the familiar sound of her own name caught her ear.

A clean-shaven man, his hair touched at the temples with gray, but alert in figure, had reached the gangway and called up to the purser:

'Miss Lorimer is on board, I think—Miss Lucie Lorimer, from New Zealand?'

At the mention of her name Lucie hastened to join him. This, then, was her kinsman. By the time that the perfunctory kiss of relationship had been received and the first greetings exchanged, Lucie had decided that her uncle Andrew was totally unlike what she had pictured him—so unlike, indeed, as to give her a momentary shock. His appearance did not bear even the faintest resemblance to that of her father; and though Mr Peter Lorimer was by no means a model of manly beauty, somehow Lucie felt disappointed. Nor had his speech any trace of that Scotch accent which, in spite of many years of antipodean life, still clung to her father's; and that too impressed Lucie as disconcertingly unfamiliar.

While in New Zealand, Lucie's fastidious taste had been offended by certain little idiosyncrasies in her father's appearance and manner. Now even the merest suggestion in his brother of any of those peculiarities would have been welcomed by Peter Lorimer's wayfaring daughter as owning a delightful homeliness.

The very alacrity of Mr Andrew Lorimer's manner seemed in direct contrast to the leisurely ways of the colonial men with whom his niece had associated. Scarcely giving her time to reply to the affectionate farewells that, in their joy at the prospect of landing, even fellow-passengers who have been on the most distant of terms throughout a long voyage will exchange on parting, he hurried her off to identify her luggage; and Lucie could not help admiring the business-like way in which he saw her three trunks through the Customs and secured places in the special train to the City before certain of the travellers had succeeded in discovering their belongings.

'Honoria? Oh yes! Your cousin meant to come with me to-day; but she had a slight cold, and I advised her to remain at home, as she might have caught a chill waiting on the wharf. She sent her love.'

Their conversational topics were early exhausted. Mr Lorimer, securing the latest edition of an evening paper, began reading whenever the train started; and Lucie, who had declined a magazine on the plea of preferring to look out of the window, gazed with disillusioned eyes upon a dreary chaos of smoke-blackened chimney-pots, a melancholy waste of soot-encrusted, squalid dwellings.

The sight of a London so unlike her expectations soon discouraged her; and, turning to her uncle, Lucie found herself trying to read his face.

Mr Andrew Lorimer was clean-shaven and pale. He seemed careworn, as though oppressed by business worries.

'He is better-looking than father,' she thought. 'His features are more regular; but somehow I don't like his face so well.'

While she tried to analyse her opinion, Lucie encountered her uncle's eyes. 'I suppose he is as anxious to study me as I am to study him,' she told herself. 'But if I'd known how strange I should find him I would certainly not have come.'

On arrival at the Liverpool Street terminus, Mr Lorimer's smartness in securing the services of a porter and a cab again compelled his niece's admiration. Lucie was already seated in a four-wheeler, and Mr Lorimer was superintending the bestowal of her three boxes on the roof, while many of her former fellow-passengers, luggage-ridden, were still hurrying hither and thither in distracted search for their property.

Lucie was watching them with an unconscious feeling of superiority when her name, murmured at the farther window of the cab, startled her. Glancing quickly round, she saw Mr Muter, encumbered with a hold-all and a pot containing some decaying vegetation, trying to attract her attention.

'Miss Lorimer—I hope you won't be offended—but I could not let you go without this address; it will always find me, if you should require'—— Breaking off abruptly, he drew back, leaving a tiny slip of paper in her hand as Mr Lorimer, eyeing the intruder suspiciously, appeared at the opposite door.

'Good-bye,' Lucie responded indifferently, 'and thank you.' The thanks were purely perfunctory; but Mr Muter departed satisfied, to join in the scrimmage that was waging around the luggage-vans.

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM SYMINGTON AND THE CENTENARY OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

THE world smiles on its successful men, to whom it rears monuments and memorials; but the unsuccessful benefactor who does not do so well by himself not infrequently loses credit for what he has really done. This has been the fate of William Symington, the pioneer of steam navigation, whose successful experiments were made just one hundred years ago; but circumstances were against him, and the times were scarcely ripe to take up his invention. Fulton in America and Henry Bell on the Clyde reaped where he had sown. Along with Symington must be mentioned the names of his patrons: Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, a retired Edinburgh banker, who spent about thirty thousand pounds in various experiments in ordnance and naval architecture, including steam navigation; and Lord Dundas, of the Forth and Clyde Canal Company. Patrick Miller made experiments on the Firth of Forth, on the 2nd of June 1787, with his favourite design of a twin-hulled vessel, the paddles being worked by manual labour by means of a capstan and five bars. After a spurt or two the men became tired of their laborious task. Miller, who had seen William Symington's model of his steam road-engine in 1786, was therefore quite prepared to listen to the query, 'Why do you not use the steam-engine?' J. Scott Russell gives James Taylor, tutor in Miller's family, the credit of suggesting the use of the steam-engine. It was in succeeding successful experiments that Symington, in March 1802, solved the problem of practical steam navigation.

There is a granite column with an inscription to William Symington, engineer, erected at his native Leadhills, Lanarkshire, where he was born in 1763. On this monument he is termed the 'inventor of steam navigation.' Beneath his bust, by D. W. Stevenson (1890), in the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, there is this inscription:

WILLIAM SYMINGTON,
ENGINEER,
BORN AT LEADHILLS, LANARKSHIRE, 1764;
DIED AT LONDON, 1831.

In June 1788 he constructed for Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton, the first successful experimental steamboat; and in 1801-2 designed and built at Grangemouth, for Lord Dundas, the first practical steam-vessel, the *Charlotte Dundas*.

On the right of the pedestal of the bust is a representation of the *Charlotte Dundas;* on the left, one of the road-carriages invented by Symington. It is worth noting that both the *Dictionary of National Biography* and the Leadhills monument give the date of Symington's birth as 1763, not 1764, as under the bust. In the *Engineer* and the local newspapers in Falkirk attention has recently been directed to Symington's inventions. His father was a miller who took charge of the machinery at Wanlockhead colliery. Young Symington was educated at the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow with a view to the ministry, but adopted the profession of civil engineer. He constructed a working model of a steam road-engine in 1786, and an improved steam-engine in the following year. Patrick Miller next engaged him to design a steam-

engine for a twin-hulled pleasure-boat on Dalswinton Loch. The engine had cylinders of 4-inch diameter, and was made by a brassfounder named Wall, in Edinburgh, and tried in 1788. Experiments were made with Miller's pleasure-boat and a larger set of engines constructed by the Carron Company, and tried on the Forth and Clyde Canal in November and December 1789, when a speed of seven miles an hour was attained. The clumsiness of the chain-and-ratchet-wheel system was against it, however.

The turning-point came on October 14, 1801, when Symington took out a second patent for an engine, which was fitted to the *Charlotte Dundas*, at the instance of Lord Dundas, governor of the Forth and Clyde Canal Company, and all her trials in March 1802 were successful. The piston-rod and crank attachment to the paddle-wheel shaft were an immense advance on anything hitherto attempted, and have been used ever since; and although Jonathan Hulls is said to have constructed a working model before 1737, to Symington belongs the credit of the first steamboat fitted for practical use. Unfortunately for Symington, his patrons connected with the Forth and Clyde Canal believed the banks would be destroyed by the wash of a steamer; and the Duke of Bridgewater, who had ordered eight steamers after the pattern of the *Charlotte Dundas*, passed away in 1803, and the order was cancelled. So Symington, after a period spent in the service of the Callendar Coal Company, Falkirk, retired to London a disappointed man, where he died in 1831, and was buried at St Botolph, in Aldgate.

Robert Fulton and Henry Bell both profited by Symington's experiments; Fulton, who was on board the *Charlotte Dundas* in 1801, launched his *Clermont* on the Hudson in 1807; and Henry Bell's *Comet* was plying on the Clyde in 1812. Thus, as not infrequently happens, the pioneer never received the credit and profit he deserved. The hull of the *Charlotte Dundas* lay for many years in a creek of the Forth and Clyde Canal between Locks Nos. 8 and 9; and when broken up, curios and mementoes were made of her timbers. She was built in 1801 by Alexander Hart of Grangemouth, and her engine was fitted by the Carron Company. She was fifty-six feet long, eighteen feet beam, and eight feet deep. There was a cavity in the stern and in the middle of the broadest part of the boat, open behind and below, measuring four feet wide and twelve feet long, for the paddle-wheel. She was steered by two rudders connected by iron rods, worked in the prow by the steering-wheel. The engine was ten horse-power condensing. The cylinder lay horizontal on deck, with connecting-rod from piston-rod to crank on paddle-wheel shaft. The air-pump was vertical, worked by a bell-crank. Symington took an affidavit before a justice of the peace at Woodburn, Stirlingshire, that he alone wrought out the principle of propulsion for the *Charlotte Dundas*, and the then manager of the Carron Ironworks bore like testimony. The engine was built by the Carron Company at a cost of three hundred and sixty-three pounds ten shillings and tenpence. A chair was made from the wood of the stern-post of the steamboat built under Symington's direction in 1789, and is now in the possession of Robert Barr, Esq., Arnotdale, Falkirk.

It is difficult at this time of day to allocate the amount of credit due to each of the pioneers of steam navigation. We only suggest what is warranted by the facts of the case: that Patrick Miller of Dalswinton paid for the early experiments; that James Taylor, tutor in his family, may have suggested to Miller the use of the steam-engine; but that Symington was the practical man who adapted the engine to a steamboat, and carried the application to a successful issue. Through the courtesy of Mr John Wight, Glasgow, son of Mr Robert Wight, Symington's friend and adviser in Edinburgh, we have been enabled to peruse a sheaf of old letters dealing with the subject. The most interesting document in this connection, as it clearly sets forth what share Symington himself considered he had in the matter, is a memorial drawn up for him by Mr Wight, and sent to the trustees for the improving of the communication by the ferries of Kinghorn and Leith. The first half sets forth Symington's claims, and the second half is a description, illustrated by drawings, of a proposed vessel in which the oars, worked by a steam-engine, would propel the boat from behind. There are also letters to and from Mr Ferguson of Raith, Fifeshire, in this connection. The valuable points in the memorial, which is dated 26th December 1814, are that Symington gives Patrick Miller of Dalswinton the credit for the invention of the 'wheels' or paddles (1787), and that he tells us a publication describing the invention was lodged with the University Library and the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; copies were also sent to 'Mr Washington,' then President of the United States, and to Benjamin Franklin. But Symington is probably wrong in saying that this accounts for the steamboat being first used in America. The memorial further states that Miller applied to Symington to adapt the steam-engine to his boats. The Dalswinton experiment is hinted at, and the more successful one, under Lord Dundas, on the Forth and Clyde Canal is described. Like a true engineer, Symington points out how he had changed the engine to a diagonal position, coupled the piston-rod to it by means of a crank, and 'reproduced a rotary motion without the intervention of a lever or beam, or the other apparatus connected therewith.' This was Symington's great achievement, and there is some bitterness in the after-statement that although he took out a patent at the request of Lord Dundas, at a cost of five hundred pounds, it was not comprehensive enough, and 'so a set of

tradesmen in Glasgow have copied his boat, and by making a little variation in the steam-engine are at this moment drawing amongst them upwards of ten thousand pounds a year of clear profits, by plying between Glasgow and Greenock, while the memorialist has not wherewithal to supply his large family with the necessaries of life:' a repetition of the old story that all men will praise you if you do well by yourself!

Justice is done to this pioneer in a brief *Biography of William Symington, Civil Engineer, Inventor of Steam Locomotion by Sea and Land*, by J. and W. N. Rankine (Falkirk: A. Johnston, 1862). This little book gives a drawing of Symington's steam-carriage model of 1786, the original steamboat of 1788, and of the *Charlotte Dundas*, built in 1801. Dr John Bowie, London, Symington's son-in law, published a pamphlet on his claims in 1833. The inventor is also fully dealt with in John Scott Russell's *Nature, Properties, and Applications of Steam, and on Steam Navigation* (1841). Full justice is also done to Symington by Professor T. H. Beare in the *Dictionary of National Biography;* but it is hardly a fair way of stating the matter, under Henry Bell of the *Comet* in the same book, to say that Bell was 'the introducer of practical steam navigation in England.' It is now pretty evident that without Miller and Lord Dundas, who took the initiative, and Symington as the practical genius, neither Bell nor Fulton would have come so early to either fame or success.

THE KING EXPLORES.

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III.—THE KING DRINKS (*Concluded*).

ON being summoned to the great dining-hall that night they found a company awaiting dinner numbering perhaps a score, all men. A piper was marching up and down the room making the timbers ring with his martial music. The Macleod stood at the head of his table, a stalwart man whose massive head seemed sunk rather deep between his broad shoulders; but otherwise, perhaps because his costume was cunningly arranged, there was slight indication of the deformity with which he was afflicted. He greeted his guests with no great show of affability, and indicated the bench at his right hand as the seat of Macdonald. The young Highlander hesitated to take the place of preference, and glanced uneasily at his comrade.

'I am slightly deaf in my right ear,' said the King good-naturedly, 'and as I should be grieved to miss any observations you may make, I will, with your permission, occupy the place you would bestow upon my friend.'

Macleod looked sternly at the speaker for a moment; but, seeing that Macdonald without protest moved speedily round to the left, he said:

'Settle it as pleases you; but I should have thought a Highland chieftain took precedence of a Lowland huckster.'

'Not a huckster exactly,' explained the King, with a smile. 'My patrimony of Ballengeich may be small; but, such as it is, I am the undisputed laird of it, while at best Macdonald is but the son of a laird; so, because of my deaf ear, and according to your own rules of precedence, I think I may claim the place of honour at your right.'

Then, as the Macleod, with an angry growl, sat down, the King and Macdonald followed his example. The others took their places in some haste, and with more or less of disorder. It was plain that Macleod preferred the silent Highlander to the more loquacious farmer of Ballengeich, for during the meal he addressed most of his remarks to the man on his left, although his advances were not so cordially received as perhaps they might have been. The King showed no resentment at this neglect, but concentrated his attention to the business at hand.

When the eating was done with, the servants placed three large flagons before their master and the two who sat on either hand of him. These they filled to the brim with wine.

'Gentlemen,' said Macleod, 'it is a custom in this castle that our guests, to show they are good men and true, each empty one of these flagons at a draught, and without drawing breath. Will you, then, accompany me to any toast you may care to name?'

'The wine I have already consumed at your hospitable board,' said the King, 'is the best that ever ran down a thirsty man's throat; but if I supplement it with so generous and instant an addition I fear my legs will refuse their service, even if my head retain sense enough to give the command.'

'That need not trouble you,' said Macleod, 'for in the last hundred years no man has insulted this vintage by leaving the hall on his own feet. There stand your legs against the wall, Goodman of Ballengeich.'

The King, glancing over his shoulder, saw standing against the wall a row of brawny gillies, each two supporting a stretcher. The use for these attendants was at once apparent.

'Very well,' cried the King to his host; 'give

you a suitable toast, Macleod, and I will enter with you the rosy realms of the red wine.'

Macleod then stood up.

'I give you,' he said, 'the King of Scotland. May he be blest with more wisdom than were some of his ancestors.' This he repeated in Gaelic, and the sentiment was received uproariously, for the wine was already making itself felt in the great hall.

If Macleod had any design in giving this toast, it did not appear on the surface; and if he expected a hesitancy on the part of his guests to do honour to it he was disappointed, for each young man rose with the rest.

'Here's to the King!' cried the one on his right, 'and may he imbibe wisdom as I imbibe wine.' Raising the flagon to his lips, he drained it and set it with a crash on the table again.

Macleod and Macdonald drank more slowly, but they ultimately achieved the same end. Then all seated themselves once more, and the drinking continued without the useless intervention of further talk. One by one the revellers sank under the table unnoticed by their noisy comrades, to be quickly pounced upon by the watchful stretcher-bearers, who, with a deftness evidently the result of much practice, placed the helpless individual on the carrier and marched off with him. This continuous disappearance of the fallen rapidly thinned the ranks of the combatants struggling with the giant Bacchus.

The King had been reluctant to enter this contest, fearing the red wine would loosen his tongue; but as the evening wore on he found all his resolution concentrated in a determination to walk to his bed. Macdonald proved no protection. Early in the bout his unaccustomed head descended gently upon the table, and he was promptly carried off to rest.

At last Macleod and the King sat alone in the hall, which looked larger now it was so nearly empty. James, as a test of what sense remained to him, set himself to count the torches burning more and more dimly in the haze of their own smoke; but he gave up the attempt when he saw that they had increased by hundreds and thousands, and were engaged in a wild pyrotechnic dance to the rhythm of the last march that had been played on the pipes. He swayed over toward his host and smote him uncertainly on the shoulder.

'Macleod,' he cried, 'I challenge you to stand; and if you can, I'll wager you I'll walk farther down the corridor with fewer collisions against either wall than any man in Skye.'

Then with difficulty the King rose to his feet, and as he did so the stool on which he sat, because of a lurch against it, fell clattering to the floor.

'The very benches are drunk, Macleod, and the table sways like a ship at sea. That stool is as insecure as a throne. Rise up if you can and see if yours is any better.'

But the Macleod sat helpless, glaring at him from under his shaggy eyebrows. Seeing him stationary, the King laughed so heartily that he nearly unbalanced himself, and was forced to cling for support to the edge of the table. Then, straightening himself to excessive rigidity, he muttered:

'Good-night, Macleod. Sit there and see the rule of your house broken by your'—— If the next word were 'monarch' or 'king' it was never uttered, for as James made his uncertain way towards the door, the expert gillies, who knew their business, came up behind him, swooped the stretcher against his unreliant legs, and they failing instantly, he fell backward on the stoutly woven web between the two poles. There was a guttural laugh from Macleod, and the prone man, helplessly waving his hands, shouted:

'Unfair, by Saint Andrew; unfair! Confound the foe who attacks a man from the rear.'

[The next story will be 'The King Sails.']

STRANGE AILMENTS IN ODD CORNERS.

By C. L. McCluer Stevens.

EVERY one of the many travellers who of late years have penetrated the Pamirs—that wild, wind-swept region of Central Asia which has been appropriately named 'The Roof of the World'—has something to say concerning the 'Penjdeh date-mark.' This curiously shaped scar is a legacy left by a peculiar disease which attacks people who live in Penjdeh, and they alone of all the millions of the earth's inhabitants. At first a tiny but malignant sore appears on the face and neck; and this often increases and multiplies until the whole body is affected, and not the surface only, but the deeper tissues, and then recovery is, of course, hopeless; but even in comparatively mild cases it takes months and sometimes years to effect a cure.

'Biskra bouton' is endemic only in the filthy Algerian city from which it derives its name. It commences as a small elevated 'button' of flesh. After a week or so this sloughs off, leaving a gangrenous ulcer, very malignant and difficult to heal. It is said that among the seven or eight thousand inhabitants of which Biskra boasts, very few indeed are not disfigured by the curious pitlike scars which this loathsome ailment invariably leaves behind it.

There are two remarkable diseases, either or

both of which may attack you if you elect to reside within the Congo basin; but you need have no dread of them if you live in any other part of the world. One is the sleeping-sickness, a terrible, mysterious, and invariably fatal malady. The patient is at first only drowsy, but ends by sleeping almost continually, waking only for meals or when forcibly roused; finally the torpor becomes complete; he cannot be roused even to take food, and dies of starvation. The other disease alluded to is even more curious, although fortunately not nearly so deadly, and is known to specialists in tropical diseases as *ainhum*, from a negro word meaning a saw—a very apposite name, for the typical feature of the ailment consists in the slow amputation of one or more of the victim's toes by means of a serrated bony ligature which grows round the joint of the affected member just where it joins the foot. As soon as the ligature is completely formed it begins to contract, and off comes the toe as effectually, if not quite so quickly, as if it had been severed by the surgeon's knife.

So familiar has the world become now with the terrible Asiatic cholera that people are apt to forget that there is one place on earth, and strictly speaking only one, where it is endemic. This cholera-country is a low, marshy district situated in the delta of the Ganges, immediately below the city of Calcutta, and known locally as the Sunderbunds, a region which is practically inaccessible to Europeans, not only because of the floods and the numerous tigers, but on account of a deadly fever which attacks everybody who remains there for even a short time. One can easily imagine how dense must be the animal and vegetable matter which is given up to decomposition in these terrible solitudes; and when to the natural noisomeness of the place is added the refuse brought down and deposited by the Húglí River from an unusually thickly populated city, it is not difficult for even the layman to understand that a quite distinct flora and fauna of micro-organisms will have been developed, and amongst them the terrible cholera bacillus.

When, in 1874, numbers of English navvies and engineers consented to go out to Cerro de Pasco in Peru, to help in building the Trans-Andean Railway, they little dreamt that many of them were consigning themselves to a lingering death from a strange malady, of which even the name was at that time practically unknown in Europe. The ailment in question is termed *verrugas* (Spanish, a wart), and it occurs only in certain deep valleys in the highlands of that province. There, however, it is endemic and frightfully fatal, especially to the unacclimatised white man. The whole surface of the body, in bad cases, becomes entirely covered with spongy wart-like excrescences, varying from the size of a raspberry to that of a pigeon's egg, and from every one of these the patient's life-blood oozes out continually until he perishes of inanition.

Lombardy is the one place where *pellagra* is always prevalent—that mysterious modern ailment, due to eating damaged maize, which since 1833, when it was first noticed, is computed to have been responsible for the death of more than five hundred thousand peasants. Mandalay ringworm, again, is known and dreaded throughout Burma; but even the most ignorant Burmese is aware that it cannot be contracted outside the ancient capital. Similarly, 'Rock' fever is confined to Gibraltar; although it is probable that the ailment known as Maltese fever, which can be contracted only in Malta, and there only in the spring and autumn, is closely allied to it. Aleppo evil, too, is unknown in any of the other cities of Asia Minor; just as the Delhi boil, so dreaded of our soldiery, is confined to Delhi.

Even in England, diseases that are strictly endemic to particular localities are not unknown; as witness Derbyshire neck, Devonshire colic, and Sheffield stomach-ache. The first, a form of goitre, is generally attributed to drinking water impregnated with salts of lime and magnesia; the second is due to lead-contaminated cider; and the third is also in all probability a lead-induced disease, it having been conclusively proved that the water of the town, owing to its deficiency in carbonates, is capable of absorbing the poisonous metal from the pipes to an altogether unusual extent.

A HERO IN DINGO SCRUBS.

AN AUSTRALIAN SKETCH.

By Henry Lawson.

THIS is a story—about the only one—of Job Falconer, boss of the Talbragar sheep-station up-country in New South Wales in the early eighties, when there were still runs in the Dingo Scrubs out of the hands of the banks, and yet squatters who lived on their stations.

Job would never tell the story himself, at least not complete; and as his family grew up he would become as angry as it was in his easy-going nature to become if reference were made to the incident in his presence. But his wife—little, plump, bright-eyed Gerty Falconer—often told the story with brightening eyes to women-friends over tea, and always to a new woman-

friend, but in the mysterious voice which women use in speaking of private matters amongst themselves. On such occasions she would be particularly tender towards unconscious Job, and ruffle his thin, sandy hair in a way that embarrassed him in company—made him look as sheepish as an old big-horned ram that has just been shorn and turned amongst the ewes. Then, on parting, the woman-friend would give Job's hand a squeeze that would surprise him mildly, and look at him as if she could love him.

According to a theory of mine, Job, to fit the story, should have been tall and dark and stern, or gloomy and quick-tempered; but he wasn't. He was fairly tall, but he was fresh-complexioned and sandy — his skin was pink to scarlet in some weathers, with blotches of umber—and his eyes were pale-gray; his big forehead loomed babyishly, his arms were short, and his legs bowed to the saddle. Altogether, he was an awkward, unlovely bush-bird — on foot; in the saddle it was different.

The incident was brought about by Job's recollection, still strong and vivid, of a certain occurrence many years before. Job was a boy of fourteen when he saw his father's horse come home riderless, circling and snorting up by the stockyard, head jerked down whenever the hoof trod on one of the snapped ends of the bridle-reins; the saddle twisted over the side, with bruised pommel and knee-pad broken off. Job's father wasn't hurt much; but Job's mother, an emotional woman, and then in a delicate state of health, survived the shock for only three months. 'She wasn't quite right in her head,' they said, 'from the day the horse came home till the last hour before she died.' Strange to say, Job's father, from whom Job inherited his seemingly placid nature, died three months after his wife. The doctor from the town was of the opinion that Job's father must have 'sustained internal injuries' when the horse threw him. Doc. Wild (eccentric bush-doctor) reckoned that Job's father was hurt inside when his wife died, and hurt so badly that he couldn't pull round; but doctors differ all over the world.

Well, it came about in this way. Job Falconer had been married a year, and had lately started wool-raising on a pastoral lease he had taken up at Talbragar. It was a new run, with new slab-and-bark huts on the creek for a homestead, new shearing-shed, yards — wife and everything new, and he was expecting a baby. Job felt brand-new himself at the time, so he said. It was a lonely place for a young woman; but Gerty was a settler's daughter. The newness took away some of the loneliness, she said, and there was truth in that. A bush-home in the scrubs looks lonelier the older it gets, and ghostlier in the twilight, as the bark and slabs whiten, or rather grow gray, in fierce summers; and there's nothing under God's sky so weird, so aggressively lonely, as a deserted old home in the bush.

Job's wife had a half-caste 'gin' for company when Job was away on the run, and the nearest white woman—a hard but honest Lancashire woman from within the kicking radius in Lancashire, wife of a selector—was only seven miles away. She promised to be at hand, and came over two or three times a week; but Job grew restless as Gerty's time grew near, and wished that he had insisted on sending her to the nearest town, thirty miles off, as originally proposed. Gerty's mother, who lived in town, was coming to see her over her trouble; Job had made arrangements with the town doctor; but prompt attendance could hardly be expected of a doctor who was very busy, who was too fat to ride, and who lived thirty miles away.

Job, in common with most bushmen and their families round there, had more faith in Doc. Wild, a weird American, who made medicine in a saucepan, and worked more cures on bushmen than the other three doctors of the district—maybe because the bushmen had faith in him, or he knew the bush and bush constitutions, or perhaps because he'd do things which no 'respectable practitioner' dared do. I've described him in another story. Some said he was a quack, and some said he wasn't. There are scores of wrecks and mysteries like him in the bush. He drank fearfully, and 'on his own,' but was seldom incapable of prescribing or performing an operation. Experienced bushmen preferred him three-quarters drunk; when perfectly sober he was apt to be a bit shaky. He was tall and gaunt, and had a pointed black moustache, bushy eyebrows, and piercing black eyes. The worst of him was that his movements were eccentric. He lived where he happened to be: in a town hotel, in the best room of a homestead, in the skillion of a sly-grog-shanty, in a shearer's or digger's or shepherd's or boundary-rider's hut, in a surveyor's camp, in a black fellow's camp, or by a log in the lonely bush when the horrors were on him. It seemed all one to him. He lost all his things sometimes, even his clothes; but he never lost a pig-skin bag which contained his surgical instruments and papers—except once; then he gave the blacks five pounds to find it for him.

His patients included all, from the big squatter to Black Jimmy; and he rode as far and fast to a squatter's home as to a swagman's camp. When nothing was to be expected from a poor selector or a station-hand, and the doctor was hard up, he went to the squatter for a few pounds. He had occasionally been offered cheques of fifty and a hundred pounds by squatters for 'pulling round' their wives or children; but such offers always angered him. When he asked for five pounds he resented being offered a ten-pound cheque. He once, under the influence of his demon, sued a doctor for alleging that he held

no diploma; but the magistrates, on reading certain papers, suggested a settlement out of court, which both doctors agreed to, the other doctor apologising briefly in the local paper. It was noticed thereafter that the magistrate and town doctors treated Doc. Wild with great respect—even at his worst. The thing was never explained, and the case deepened the mystery which surrounded Doc. Wild.

As Job Falconer's crisis approached Doc. Wild was located at a shanty on the main road, about half-way between Job's station and the town: township of Come-by-Chance—expressive name; and the shanty was the Dead Dingo Hotel, kept by James Myles, who was known as Poisonous Jimmy, either as a compliment to or a libel on the liquor he sold. Job's brother Mac was stationed at the Dead Dingo Hotel, with instructions to hang around on some pretence, and see that the doctor didn't either drink himself into *delirium tremens* or get sober enough to become restless; to prevent his going away, or to follow him if he did; and to bring him to the station in about a week's time. Mac — rather more careless, brighter, and more energetic than his brother—was carrying out these instructions while pretending, with rather great success, to be himself on the spree at the shanty.

One morning early in the specified week Job's uneasiness was suddenly increased by certain symptoms; so he sent the black-boy for the neighbour's wife, and decided to ride to Come-by-Chance to hurry out Gerty's mother, and see, by the way, how Doc. Wild and Mac were getting on. On the arrival of the neighbour's wife, who drove over in a spring-cart, Job mounted his horse, a freshly broken filly, and started.

'Don't be anxious, Job,' said Gerty as he bent down to kiss her. 'We'll be all right. Wait! you'd better take the gun—you might see those dingoes again. I'll get it for you.'

The dingoes (native dogs) were very bad amongst the sheep, and Job and Gerty had started three together close to the track the last time they were out in company—without the gun of course. Gerty took the loaded gun carefully down from its straps on the bedroom wall, carried it out, and handed it up to Job, who bent and kissed her again; she brought the powder and shot flasks, got another kiss, and then he rode off.

It was a hot day—the beginning of a long drought, as Job found to his bitter cost. He followed the track for five or six miles through the thick, monotonous scrub, and then turned off to make a short-cut to the main road across a big ring-barked flat. The tall gum-trees had been ring-barked (a ring of bark taken out round the butts), or rather 'sapped'—that is, a ring cut in through the sap—in order to kill them, so that the little strength in the poor soil should not be drawn out by the living roots, and the natural grass on which the Australian's stock depends should have a better show. For three or four miles the hard dead trees raised their barkless and whitened trunks and leafless branches, and the gray-and-brown grass stood tall between, dying in the first breath of the coming drought. All was becoming gray and ashen here, the heat blazing and dancing across objects, and the pale brassy dome of the sky cloudless over all, the sun a glaring white disc with its edges almost melting into the sky. Job held his gun carelessly ready—it was a double-barrelled muzzle-loader, one barrel smooth-bore for shot, and the other rifled—and he kept a lookout for dingoes. He was saving his horse for a long ride, jogging along in a careless bush-fashion, hitched a little to one side; and I'm not sure that he didn't have a leg thrown up and across in front of the pommel of his saddle. He was riding along, and thinking fatherly thoughts in advance perhaps, when suddenly a great, black, greasy-looking iguana scuttled off from the side of the track, amongst the dry tufts of grass and shreds of dead bark, and started up a sapling. 'It was a whopper,' Job said afterwards. 'Must have been over six feet, and a foot across the body. It scared me nearly as much as the filly.'

The filly shied off like a rocket. Job kept his seat instinctively, as was natural to him; but, before he could more than grab at the rein lying loosely on the pommel, the filly 'fetched up' against a dead box-tree, hard as cast-iron; and Job's left leg was jammed from stirrup to pocket. 'I felt the blood flare up,' he said, 'and I knowed that that'—Job swore now and then in an easy-going way—'I knowed that that blanky leg was broken all right. I threw the gun from me and freed the left foot from the stirrup with my hand, and managed to fall to the right, as the filly started off again.'

What follows comes from the statements of Doc. Wild and Mac Falconer, and Job's own 'wanderings in his mind,' as he called them. 'They took a blanky mean advantage of me,' he said, 'when they had me down and I couldn't talk sense.'

The filly circled off a bit, and then stood staring—as a mob of *brumbies* (wild horses—shot to save grass, for horse-hair, and because of the scrub stallions getting amongst station stock) when fired at will sometimes stand watching the smoke. Job's leg was smashed badly, and the pain must have been terrible; but he thought then instantaneously, as men do in a fix. No doubt the scene at the lonely bush-house of his boyhood flashed before him: his father's horse appeared riderless, and he saw the look in his mother's eyes——

Now, a bushman's first, best, and quickest chance in a fix like Job's is that his horse goes home riderless, the alarm is raised, and the horse's tracks are followed back to him; otherwise he might lie for days or weeks, till the growing grass buried his

mouldering bones. The place where Job lay was an old sheep-track across a flat where few might have occasion to come for months; but he did not consider this. He crawled to his gun, then to a log, dragging gun and smashed leg after him. How he did it he doesn't know. Half-lying on one side, he rested the barrel on the log, took aim at the filly, pulled both triggers, and then fell over and lay with his head against the log; and the gun-barrel, sliding down, rested on his neck. He had fainted. The crows were interested, and the ants would come by-and-by.

Doc. Wild had inspirations; anyway he did things which seemed, after they were done, to have been suggested by inspiration, and in no other possible way. He often turned up where and when he was wanted above all men, and at no other time. He had gypsy blood, they said; but anyway, being the mystery he was, and having the face he had, and living the life he lived, and doing the things he did, it was quite probable that he was more nearly in touch than we with that awful, invisible world all round and between us, of which we only see distorted faces and hear disjointed utterances when we are 'suffering a recovery' or going mad.

On the morning of Job's accident, and after a long brooding silence, Doc. Wild suddenly said to Mac Falconer:

'Get the hosses, Mac. We'll go to the station.'

Mac, used to the doctor's eccentricities, went to see about the horses.

Then who should drive up but Mrs Spencer, Job's mother-in-law, on her way from the town to the station. She stayed to have a cup of tea and give her horses a feed. She was square-faced, and was considered a rather hard and practical woman; but she had plenty of solid flesh, good sympathetic common-sense, and deep-set and humorous blue eyes. She lived in the town comfortably on the interest of some money which her husband had left in the bank, and drove an American wagonette with a good width and length of 'tray' behind; and on this occasion she had a pole and two horses. In the trap was a new mattress and pillows, a generous pair of new white blankets, and boxes containing necessaries, delicacies, and luxuries. All round, she was an excellent mother-in-law for a man to have on hand at a critical time.

Speaking of the mother-in-law, I would like to put in a word for her right here. She is universally considered a nuisance in times of peace and comfort; but when illness or serious trouble comes home, then it's 'Write to mother!' 'Wire for mother!' 'Send some one to fetch mother!' 'I'll go and bring mother!' If she is not near: 'Oh, I wish mother was here!' 'If mother were only near.' When she is on the spot, hear the anxious son-in-law: 'Don't *you* go, mother! You'll stay — won't you, mother — till we're all right? I'll get some one to look after your house, mother, while you're here.' But Job Falconer was fond of his mother-in-law at all times.

Mac had some trouble in finding and catching one of the horses. Mrs Spencer drove on, and Mac and the doctor caught up to her about a mile before she reached the homestead track, which turned in through the scrubs at the corner of the big ring-barked flat.

Doc. Wild and Mac followed the cart-road, and as they jogged along on the edge of the scrub the doctor glanced once or twice across the flat through the dead, naked branches. Mac looked that way. The crows were hopping about the branches of a tree away out in the middle of the flat, flopping down from branch to branch to the grass, then rising hurriedly and circling.

'Dead beast there!' said Mac, out of his bush-craft.

'No, dying,' said Doc. Wild, with less bush experience but more intellect.

'There's some steers of Job's out there somewhere,' muttered Mac. Then, suddenly, 'It ain't drought—it's the ploorer at last, or I'm blanked!'

Mac feared the advent of that cattle-plague pleuro-pneumonia, which was raging on some stations, but had hitherto kept clear of Job's run.

'We'll go and see if you like,' suggested Doc. Wild.

They turned out across the flat, the horses picking their way amongst the dried tufts and fallen branches.

'There ain't no sign o' cattle theer,' said the doctor. 'More likely a ewe in trouble about her lamb.'

'Or the blanky dingoes at a sheep,' said Mac. 'I wish we had a gun; might get a shot at them.'

Doc. Wild hitched the skirts of a long China silk coat he wore free of a hip-pocket. He always carried a revolver.

'In case I feel obliged to shoot a first person singular one of these hot days,' he explained once—whereat bushmen scratched the backs of their heads and thought feebly, without result. 'We'd never git near enough for a shot,' the doctor said; then he commenced to hum fragments from a bush-song about the finding of a lost bushman in the last stages of death from thirst:

> 'The crows kept flyin' up, boys!
> The crows kept flyin' up!
> The dog, he seen and whimpered, boys,
> Though he was but a pup.'

'It must be somethin' or other,' muttered Mac. 'Look at them blanky crows!'

> 'The lost was found, we brought him round,
> And took him from the place,
> While the ants was swarmin' on the ground,
> An' the crows was sayin' grace.'

'Hilloa! what's that?' cried Mac, who was a little in advance, and rode a tall horse.

It was Job's filly lying saddled and bridled, with a rifle-bullet through shoulder and chest, as they found on subsequent examination, and her head full of kangaroo-shot. She was feebly rocking her head against the ground, and marking the dust with her hoof, as if trying to write the reason there.

The doctor drew his revolver, took a cartridge from his waistcoat-pocket, and put the filly out of her misery in a very scientific manner; then something—professional instinct or the something supernatural about the doctor—led him straight to the log, hidden in the grass, where Job lay as we left him, and about fifty yards from the dead filly, which must have staggered a few yards off after being shot.

Mac followed, shaking violently. 'Oh, my God!' he cried, with the woman in his voice and his face so pale that his freckles stood out like buttons, as the doctor said afterwards. 'Oh, my God! he's shot hisself!'

'No, he hasn't,' said the doctor, deftly turning Job into a healthier position, with his head from under the log and his mouth to the air. He ran his eyes and hands over him, and Job moaned. 'He's got a broken leg,' said the doctor. Even then he couldn't resist making a characteristic remark, half to himself: 'A man doesn't shoot himself when he's going to be made a lawful father for the first time—unless he can see a long way into the future.' Then he took out his whisky-flask and said briskly to Mac, 'Leave me your water-bag'—Mac carried a canvas water-bag slung under his horse's neck—'and ride back to the track, stop Mrs Spencer, and bring the wagonette here. Tell her it's only a broken leg.'

Mac mounted and rode off at a breakneck pace.

As he worked, the doctor muttered, 'He shot his horse. That's what gits me. The fool might have lain here for a week. I'd never have suspected spite in that carcass—and I ought to know men.'

But as Job came round a little Doc. Wild was enlightened.

'Where's the filly?' cried Job suddenly, between groans.

'She's all right,' said the doctor in a tone that might have been resentfully envious.

'Stop her!' cried Job struggling to rise. 'Stop her!—O God! my leg.'

'Keep quiet, you fool!'

'Stop her!' yelled Job.

'Why stop her?' asked the doctor. 'She won't go fur,' he added.

'She'll go home to Gerty,' shouted Job. 'Stop her! stop her!'

'Oh—ho!' drawled the doctor to himself. 'I might have guessed that; and I ought to know men.'

'Don't take me home!' demanded Job in a semi-sensible interval. 'Take me to Poisonous Jimmy's, and tell Gerty I'm on the spree.'

When Mac and Mrs Spencer returned with the wagonette, Doc. Wild was in his shirt-sleeves, his Chinese silk coat having gone for bandages. The lower half of Job's trouser-leg and his elastic-side boot lay on the ground, neatly cut off, and his bandaged leg was sandwiched between two strips of bark, with grass stuffed in the hollows, and bound by saddle-straps.

'That's all I can do for him for the present.'

Mrs Spencer was a strong woman mentally, but she arrived rather pale and a little shaky; nevertheless she called out as soon as she got within earshot of the doctor:

'What's Job been doing now?' Job, by the way, had never been remarkable for doing anything.

'He's got his leg broke, and shot his horse,' replied the doctor. 'But,' he added, 'whether he's been a hero or a fool I dunno. Anyway, it's a mess all round.'

They unrolled the bed, blankets, and pillows in the bottom of the trap, backed it against the log to have a step, and got Job in. It was a ticklish job, but they had to manage it; Job, maddened by pain and heat, and only kept from fainting by whisky, groaning and raving and yelling to them to stop his horse.

'Lucky we got him before the ants did,' muttered the doctor. Then he had an inspiration. 'You bring him on to the shepherd's hut this side the station. We must leave him there. Drive carefully, and pour brandy into him now and then; when the brandy's done pour whisky, then gin; keep the rum till the last.' The doctor had put a supply of spirits in the wagonette at Poisonous Jimmy's. 'I'll take Mac's horse and ride on and send Peter, the station-hand, back to the hut to meet you. I'll be back myself if I can. This business will hurry up things at the station.'

Which last was one of those apparently insane remarks of the doctor's which no sane and sober man could fathom or see a reason for—except in Doc. Wild's madness.

The doctor rode off at a gallop. The burden of Job's raving, all the way, was of the dead filly:

'Stop her! She must not go home to Gerty! God, help me shoot!—Whoa! Whoa, there! Cope — cope — cope! Steady, Jessie, old girl.' Jessie was the filly's name. 'Aim straight — aim straight! Ah! I've missed!—Stop her!'

'I never met a character like that inside a man that looked like Job on the outside,' commented the doctor afterwards. 'I've met men behind revolvers and big moustaches in California; but I've met a derned sight more men behind nothing but a good-natured grin here

in Australia. These lanky, sawny bushmen will do things in an easy-going way some day that'll make the Old World sit up and think hard.'

He reached the station in time, and twenty minutes or half-an-hour later he left the case in the hands of the Lancashire woman, whom he saw reason to admire, and rode back to the hut to help Job, whom they soon fixed up as comfortably as possible.

They humbugged Mrs Falconer first with a yarn of Job's alleged phenomenal shyness, and gradually as she grew stronger and the truth less important they told it to her; and so, instead of Job being pushed, scarlet-faced, into the bedroom to see his first-born, Gerty Falconer herself took the child down to the hut, and so presented Uncle Job with my first and favourite cousin and bush-chum.

Doc. Wild stayed round until he saw Job comfortably moved to the homestead; then he prepared to depart.

'I'm sorry,' said Job, who was still weak—'I'm sorry for that there filly. I was breaking her in to side-saddle for Gerty when she should get about. I wouldn't have lost her for twenty quid.'

'Never mind, Job,' said the doctor. 'I, too, once shot an animal I was fond of—and for the sake of a woman; but that animal walked on two legs and wore trousers. Good-bye, Job.'

And he left for Poisonous Jimmy's.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

LIQUID FUEL FOR STEAMERS.

SINCE the first steamship made her laborious voyage across the Atlantic, about eighty years ago, no advance in the history of steam navigation has been of greater importance than that which has recently been recorded—namely, the successful crossing of the same ocean by a vessel burning liquid fuel in lieu of coal. The substitution of one kind of fuel for another may not, to the casual reader, seem to imply anything extraordinary; but to the engineer it will signify a revolution in the method of generating steam which has far-reaching possibilities. It is not only a question of cheaper fuel, and it is certain that on several trading routes oil will be cheaper than coal; there is also a great saving of bunker space. More important than all, there will be an immense reduction in the staff of stokers, and the labour in the important matter of coaling a vessel will be saved; instead of the familiar army of men laden with sacks, the fuel will be conveyed to a vessel's tanks by means of piping.

SUBMARINE FOG-SIGNALS.

In some of the old text-books of physics may be found an account of certain experiments which took place half a century ago on the Lake of Geneva, the object being to ascertain the rate at which sound travelled through water. Two boats were employed, separated by about one mile, and a submerged bell depending from one was clearly heard by a simple form of resonator sunk by the other boat. We are reminded of these old experiments by some trials of submarine fog-signals which took place in Boston harbour last year, and which are about to be repeated on a more extended scale on the English coast. Preparations are now being made off the Egg Rock, Lynn, to suspend from a buoy in fifty feet of water a powerful bell, capable of being struck by an electrically worked hammer from a station on shore. It is expected that the sound of this bell will be audible to any one on board ship from three to five miles distant, provided that he places an ear against a rod held in contact with the vessel's hull. It is evident that, if this theory be correct, a valuable method of guarding a ship from too near an approach to dangerous shores has been hit upon. The system also offers a method of communication between passing ships and between ship and shore; for, in connection with a signal code, the submerged bell would offer a ready means of spelling out any messages desired.

THE STROH VIOLIN.

The prototype of the modern violin can be seen in any good collection of the musical instruments of savage nations. It consists generally of a straight branch of hardwood for the support of the string or strings, and a hollow gourd beneath to act as a resonator. In the modern violin the resonator is of the well-known 'fiddle pattern,' and there is no separate support for the four strings. Mr Stroh has made a new departure in the violin which he has recently produced, while at the same time it seems, in a measure, to hark back to the prototype. The familiar wooden body, upon the exact curves and size of which the old makers elaborated so much loving care, is absent, a strong but solid piece of wood supporting the strings, bridge, &c.; but the bridge is connected by a kind of rocking lever with a metal diaphragm which closes the end of a trumpet-shaped resonator made of aluminium. The tone is excellent, and has nothing metallic about it; indeed, no expert, unless the performer were visible, would guess that he was not listening to a violin of the old construction. The

chief advantage claimed for the new instrument is, that every one made according to the pattern now perfected can be relied upon to equal it in efficiency and tone.

THE NEW POSTAGE-STAMPS.

The new postage and revenue stamps, bearing, for the first time in English history, the presentment of a king, were issued on the 1st of January, and His Majesty's lieges were all anxious to secure some of these tokens of a new reign. The postage-stamp-collecting hobby has attained such huge proportions that the demand for a new stamp is enormous. For this reason certain minor and impecunious states have found it convenient to frequently alter the pattern of their stamps. It is stated that a single London philatelic dealer presented himself at one of the City post-offices with a demand for one hundred thousand of the new stamps of various values. These stamps were intended to meet foreign orders, and will in course of time drift as specimens into stamp albums all over the world; they will certainly never get into postal circulation. Other large dealers have had to be satisfied in the same way. So it will be seen that the Post-Office will unintentionally net a large sum without the necessity of making any outlay beyond the mere cost of printing and paper.

WATERWORKS AT JERUSALEM.

An annual water-famine has for many centuries been the condition of things at Jerusalem, for the inhabitants have been dependent upon such rain-water as they could catch and store in open cisterns. The filthy condition of these receptacles led to the constant outbreak of fever among those who could not afford to pay for the spring-water brought to the city by rail. It was determined last spring, when the water-famine reached an acute stage, to establish an aqueduct to remedy this deplorable evil; and operations have since been pushed forward with such energy that an aqueduct three miles long, with an addition of six miles of iron piping, is now complete, and has been opened with a brilliant inaugural ceremony. By this means the city of Jerusalem is supplied from ancient sources with seventy-five thousand gallons of pure spring-water daily. The water is free to all, and will prove an inestimable boon.

HELMHOLTZ.

Professor Fleming, in the course of his Christmas Lectures at the Royal Institution, told his youthful hearers a pretty story concerning the great German scientist Helmholtz. An astronomer had three boy-pupils, and upon one occasion he sent them severally to ascertain the time by the observatory clock at the bottom of his garden. The first two noted the time, and gave the hour and minutes in the ordinary way. The third boy took the trouble to ascertain the exact number of seconds which he occupied in walking along the garden, and added these to the observation. This boy was Helmholtz, who afterwards won such a name as an accurate observer of natural phenomena. Of the two other boys it is merely recorded that one became a professional man and the other a Berlin bookseller.

THE SPEED OF STEAMSHIPS.

The descriptive term 'Atlantic greyhound' has long since been applied to those huge floating palaces which have made transit to and from America so luxurious and so quick. But these fast ships have spoilt the modern traveller, who now requires that he shall be wafted across other seas at the same speed. He is apt to overlook the difficulties which surround this question. At the last half-yearly meeting of the Peninsular and Oriental Company it was stated that the coal-bill for six months had exceeded in amount the whole of their current expenses, including salaries of officials and the cost of feeding their passengers. A first-class ship like the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* will, it is true, travel at the rate of twenty-three knots per hour; but in order to do this she requires food in the shape of six hundred tons of coal per day. There are few coaling-stations on the way, say, to the Cape; so that a ship steaming there must carry an enormous weight of fuel, and sacrifice much space to its accommodation. Transatlantic passengers are content to pay well for a quick passage; and if proportionate payments could be secured from voyagers travelling in other directions, vessels would be quickly built to meet the demand. Possibly the difficulties will in the future be partly met by the employment of liquid fuel in turbine-driven ships.

TUBE-RAILWAY DIFFICULTIES.

The engineering difficulties connected with driving tunnels beneath our city thoroughfares are very great, but are trivial when compared with those which have to be surmounted in the case of the tube-railways of Paris. The French capital opened its first tube about eighteen months ago, and it has proved to be so successful that others are in course of construction. Now, it is well known that the ground upon which Paris stands is honeycombed with artificial caverns, some being disused subterranean cemeteries, and some ancient stone-quarries. These chasms in the ground are great obstacles to the progress of the work, and it is often found necessary to drive a preliminary tunnel thirty feet below the level at which the tube will ultimately be placed. Masses of masonry have to be built up on the floor of some of these catacombs to support the weight of the tube above. In some cases it is found that the soil is so loose that shafts have to be sunk before a good founda-

tion can be obtained for the supporting pillars. It might seem at first sight that these ancient underground workings would aid the modern engineer in his labours; but, as will be seen from the foregoing, this is not the case.

THE DEADLY MOSQUITO.

The discovery that malaria, yellow fever, and possibly other deadly maladies are propagated among human beings by the sting of the mosquito is certainly one of the greatest achievements of which the science of medicine can boast. The successful crusade against the insect, which was regarded up to recent times only in the light of a tiresome pest, has already met with marked results. In Cuba both yellow fever and malaria are fast disappearing under the rigorous measures which are being taken to destroy the mosquitoes. Seventy-four deaths from yellow fever were recorded there in October 1900. In the following year there were no deaths; indeed, there were no cases. The plan of extirpation adopted is to attack the mosquitoes supposed to be infected with the disease at the infected spot. Thus, a house where a case of fever had occurred would be fumigated with burning pyrethrum, contiguous dwellings being treated in the same manner. Dr Grogas, of the United States army, writes: 'Sanitation is being carried out energetically in Cuba all round, and in a few years the invasion of the American army into Cuba will have saved more lives than it cost.'

SWEDISH MILK-FLOUR.

According to a recent consular report, Dr Ekenberg of Gothenburg has worked out a method of reducing milk to the form of powder, which will be of far-reaching importance to the business of dairy-farming. The apparatus by which this result is brought about is not described; but it is said that the product possesses all the qualities of milk in concentrated form, except that moisture is absent, and that it will not get sour or ferment. The milk-flour is completely soluble in water, and can easily be transported in tins, barrels, or bags. The cost of production is stated to be about one halfpenny per gallon; and as the flour can be made from skimmed milk, which is often wasted, it ought to be possible to put it upon the market at a very moderate price. At a meeting of the Academy of Agriculture a sample of the desiccated milk was shown by Dr Ekenberg, and elicited favourable opinions. It is stated that it is superior to certain casein products, manufactured by the aid of chemicals, which have already appeared. Our readers need hardly be reminded that Plasmon, described in last year's *Journal*, is also desiccated milk.

THE CLAMOND GAS RADIATOR.

The chief novelty at the Gas Exhibition recently held at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, was the gas-stove for domestic purposes which, under the above title, was shown by the Kern Burner Company, Southwark, London. The radiator differs from all the patterns of gas-stoves which have preceded it in that the atmospheric burners are crowned with perforated clay cylinders, which stand vertically, like a row of organ-pipes, and are brought to a cherry-red heat soon after the gas is lighted. A splendid radiant heat is thus projected from the stove without any appearance of flame. The Clamond radiator is the nearest approach, both in appearance and efficiency, to an open coal-grate which we have yet seen. In the larger sizes the connections are so arranged that only one-half of the tubes need be lighted when the full capacity of the stove is not required. The gas consumption of these radiators is stated to be from ten to forty feet per hour, according to the size of the apparatus used.

HEATING RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

On certain lines of railway it has long been the practice to fill the foot-warmers, not with water, as is commonly supposed, but with a saturated solution of sodic acetate, a compound which retains its heat for a longer period. The same principle is retained now that the foot-warmers are superseded by radiators placed beneath the seats of the carriages and heated by a steam-pipe from the engine. Each radiator consists of a double iron cylinder, the inner one being filled with the acetate, the annular space between the two being in connection with the steam-supply. In order that the passengers may have some control over the amount of heat given out, the radiators are enclosed in boxes lined with asbestos, a bad conductor of heat; and these boxes can be opened or closed by operating a handle within convenient reach of the travellers.

THE NILE BARRAGES.

The Khedive, the Sirdar, and many European and Egyptian notabilities, including Mr Rhodes, have inspected the great Nile dam at Assouan. The Khedive repeatedly emphasised to the Government engineers and to Sir John Aird, the contractor, his appreciation of the magnitude of the work, and also of the ability and foresight which have been shown in its completion in so short a time. The Assouan dam will store up the Nile water after the flood has passed, and increase the supply of the river in the summer; that at Assiout will raise the level of the river, and thus enable an extra water-supply to be passed into the Ibrahimeh Canal. Irrigation works, Lord Cromer says, have already raised Egypt from a condition of bankruptcy and poverty to one of unexampled prosperity. This new supply will still further enrich Egypt. The dam at Assouan is one and a quarter miles long, with a width at the top of twenty-three feet and at the bottom of eighty feet. The reservoir extends for one hundred and forty miles above the dam, and

will have immense storage capacity. The dam is pierced with one hundred and eighty openings, all fitted with sluices. During the high Nile, beginning in July, the sluices will be opened; about December the water will be impounded, and released as wanted up till April, May, or June. The barrage, which owes its conception to a French engineer, was taken up in 1886 by Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, and carried to a successful issue. Another scheme has been proposed—that of damming up the exits from Albert Nyanza or Lake Tsana, when the surplus could be devoted to the Soudan. Lord Cromer and Sir W. Garstin think that no great material progress in the Soudan is possible until the Nile valley and Red Sea coast are connected by rail, the shortest route being from Suakin to Berber. Port Said is also to be connected with the Egyptian railway system. Mr Rhodes says that within two years telegrams may be sent overland from Cairo to the Cape.

THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

The completion of the Uganda Railway from Mombasa to the terminus at Port Florence, on the head of a landlocked gulf on Victoria Nyanza, a distance of five hundred and seventy-two miles, is a great achievement, fraught with vast possibilities for that protectorate, as well as for the whole Nile regions. The Victoria Nyanza has been found to be studded with a large number of islands, densely populated. Preparations for the development of the lake traffic are in progress; passengers leaving the train at Port Florence will step on board twin-screw steamers, which will call at the various stations. The government centre of Uganda is at Entebbe, one hundred and forty-eight miles from Port Florence. The railway was surveyed in 1892, and work was begun in 1895. Although the difficulties have been considerable where the road had to be cut through forests or hewn out of rock, and although it at one point reaches a height of eight thousand three hundred feet above sea-level, the work has been accomplished in four years and a half, at a cost of about five millions sterling. The trade of Uganda, which is increasing, is mainly in ivory, cattle, coffee, and rubber. The slave-trade is now doomed in the Nile regions, and security given to a population of about four millions. The announcement that the long-talked-of railway for the Shiré valley is to go on must also be good news to the missionaries of the interior and the coffee-planters of Blantyre.

SANDOW'S ADVICE TO BUSINESS MEN.

There is a saying that at forty a man is either a fool or a physician. For the sake of those who are neither the one nor the other, this practical advice by Sandow may be commended. 'I would recommend,' he says, 'every one to walk at least a part of the way to business, during which walk most of the problems of the day can be solved, thus leaving the mind free for detail work. The lunch should, in my opinion, be light and nourishing: the ordinary business lunch is heavy and unwholesome. In the evening, when the day's labour is over, the day's worries should be completely forgotten. "Easy to say," you reply. Yes, and easy to do, if you stick to a healthy habit of life and regular business habits. Part of the way home, at least, should be walked. Dinner should consist of at most three courses. The greatest mistake of the day lies in the heavy dinner in vogue. After sitting a while a walk should be taken, and so to bed.' But how many, in these days of hurry and bustle, ever achieve this ideal state of life?

PEAT AS FUEL FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

The American consul at Gothenburg reports to his Government that the directors of the Vislanda-Bolmen Railway in Sweden recently made an experiment with pressed and dried peat as fuel, with an extra train consisting of locomotive, fifteen loaded freight-cars, and one passenger-car. The distance was about twenty-two miles, and the time-table was set for lower speed, than the ordinary; but this extra train arrived in due time at the respective stations, and at the final station fifteen minutes ahead of time. Considering the fact that the locomotive in use was built for using coal only, the result of the trial is regarded as very satisfactory.

SONG-LIGHT.

Is it the night that sends these shadows gray,
Or do my own thoughts thus bedim the day?
Howe'er it be, your lips, dear heart, can wake
The bliss that slumbers at the core of pain:
Ah, let your voice—a happier morning—break
Upon my night again!

If you but sing, the night will not be long,
For I shall lose my sadness in your song.
I shall forget my life is poor and bare,
And rise beyond the present and the past,
Till, lifted with your voice, without a care,
I am in heaven at last.

Sing! and I shall forget that it is night.
Into the gloom your voice will bring the light,
Or I shall know, if still the listening skies
Be clouded, and no stars look glimmering through,
That heaven but turns away awhile its eyes
To bend an ear to you.

A. St John Adcock.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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THE END OF THE CHASE.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

PERHAPS John Stagg's sense of rectitude had got a little blurred as one consequence of four years' residence in the mountains of Sardinia. He was accustomed to associate with men who would rob him one day and grovel comfortably at the feet of their priests the next. They seemed little the worse for their peccadilloes, and the good fathers kept the secrets of the confessional. Besides, now and then there were livelier goings on: slit throats and that sort of thing. The 'judge' of the little village was always so distressed about these graver occurrences that he tried his best, generally with gratifying success, to hush them up. Why should he make reports which would bring the district into bad odour with the authorities in Cagliari? In all probability, too, every man who thus died a violent death among the cork-woods and wild oleanders of the country of the rushing Flumendosa deserved thus to die. For in the highlands of Sardinia the law of 'eye for eye' and 'tooth for tooth' may be confidently left to execute itself.

John Stagg did not think at all about these things as he rode carefully down the mountain-side. He smoked a cigar, and was agreeably vacuous, as became a man who had just done for sixteen hours with the twoscore rascals in his employ—that is to say, in the employ of Messrs Perkins, Levett, & Company, whose agent he was—and this made all the difference. For if John Stagg lived at his ease in England, and Messrs Perkins & Levett (not to mention the Company) superintended the getting of antimony in Sardinia, he would have frowned at all evil-doing, like his neighbours in that happy land.

John Stagg reached the valley and the meadow by the ford, where the orchids purpled the grass. The river was good to see. So, too, was the fine trout, full four pounds in weight, which a man with the face of a Moor—only with more black hair, well greased, than a Moor usually wears on his head—held up to him.

'Do you desire it, *padrone?*' the man asked, with a furtive smile that showed his splendid teeth.

There was a rush through its gills. It was ready for hanging by the wine-gourd of the saddle.

John Stagg gave the man a *lira* and took the trout.

'You must be careful, Piccelli,' he said.

'Surely,' replied the man.

After which, with the added weight of the trout, John Stagg forded the river, brushed through the pale pink of the oleanders, and so again on to the mountain-side. The sky was intensely blue overhead, and an eagle could be seen soaring above the gray pinnacle of the mountain-top. He knew that the fish had been poached with dynamite from his own stores, by one of his own men, too, and in spite of his repeated orders; but then he was used to being disobeyed. It seemed to him that life among these mountain Sardes required a certain amount of demoralisation. Mary would enjoy the trout after the macaroni, and no one would really be a *centesimo* the worse for this condonation of wrong. He even doubted if life in Sardinia was possible without much loosening of principles.

The nightingales sang to him when he got farther down towards the valley of San Vito. They were in the orange and lemon orchards, and so full of spirits that, night or day, it was all one to their melodies. And so on amid flowers and sweet perfumes and tall reeds by little brooks, with the white houses of the village momentarily peeping more clearly through this glorious tangle of greenery. The scarlet

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gowns of barefooted damsels, with water-pots on their heads and eyes like coals, and their pleasant greetings of 'Good-evening, signor,' told him at length that he was near his home in exile. He expected to see Mary on the balcony to welcome him as usual; but she was not there; nor did even his familiar clatter outside draw her to the window.

Then John Stagg jumped from his horse, and, leaving it in the yard, ran upstairs. He was thirsty. First of all a glass or two of the famous wine of Ogliastro; then he would stretch himself on the bamboo settee and doze until his wife returned.

'Hallo!' he exclaimed, though, for he now heard voices; 'they are in after all.'

The door opened.

'A visitor, John; an English gentleman—only think of it!' cried Mrs Stagg, with bright eyes for her husband.

'American,' corrected the visitor himself, coming forward. 'Not that it makes much difference, I suppose.'

A pleasant-looking young fellow, thought John Stagg; but why does he seem so confoundedly harassed?

'Very glad to see you, sir,' he said. 'If it were not for my wife, I should forget how to talk my native tongue. You have had a warm ride, wherever you have come from.'

'I left Cagliari at ten. There were special reasons why I should hurry. I—I was telling Mrs Stagg about them.'

John Stagg was convinced that something was wrong with this man; and yet he seemed too young to be an embezzler with detectives at his heels.

'Oh yes, John,' added Mrs Stagg. 'I'll go round and fetch Margery. She is with the notary's children; and that will give you the best of opportunities, Mr Dallow, to open your heart to my husband. We shall expect you to dine with us, of course.'

Mr Mackenzie Dallow glanced at John Stagg, who echoed the 'of course.'

Mrs Stagg disappeared with the sunny smile that even Sardinia could not spoil, and the visitor said he should be delighted.

'Excuse me one moment,' murmured John Stagg.

He left the room, and returned with a large earthenware jar of wine.

'If you've anything to ask my advice about, Mr Dallow,' he said gaily, 'you'll do it none the worse for a drop of this. I can help you in the matter of roads, and perhaps recommendations. As for game, the law of "help yourself" is good enough for any sportsman, I expect.'

The young man looked steadily at his host, and sighed as if with relief.

'You've no idea, Mr Stagg,' he declared, 'what a comfort it is for me to meet a man like you here. That guide of mine is well enough; but I can't talk to him.'

'What's his name?'

The other referred to his pocket-book, and replied, 'Antonio Massa.'

'As bad a lot as you could have had,' said John Stagg, with a whistle. 'He's proscribed twice over, and it beats me how he dared to show his face in Cagliari, much more get recommended by the hotel-people or any one else.'

'I heard of him from a man I met in the train. He said I couldn't do better, and did all the engaging for me himself.'

'Well,' said John Stagg, 'no harm's done so far, at any rate. Taste that wine, sir. Good—isn't it?'

'Nectar—perfect nectar,' was Mackenzie Dallow's reply as he set his glass down empty.

'And now take a weed, and make yourself quite at home, if you can. I can't here, though I try mighty hard.'

'And I can't do it anywhere—anywhere.'

'Indeed! I'm sorry you should have to say that.'

'It's the solemn truth, sir. I must throw myself on your mercy, Mr Stagg. Somehow, once I find myself with a lady, I'm always done out of any reserve I may happen to be practising. It was your wife's sympathy that made me say something about my secret. She asked me if I was not in trouble, and I couldn't say "No;" and then it began to come out. Men are different. We shun other fellows who don't look jolly and self-satisfied. It would be a cursed uncomfortable world without women.'

'Yet some of them do their little to make it a cursedly uncomfortable world for us. Not that I speak from experience, thank God!'

The young American had dropped his head between his hands after speaking. He now looked up with a smile that was plainly not from the heart.

'My nerves have got upset,' he proceeded. 'I did not use to be reckoned a coward or a whimperer either. Let me have my quarrels out openly, and I'll enjoy them; but I'm in the wrong in this, and that lowers a man all round. It's lasted pretty nigh a year now. I left New York in July, and it's May now; and, if you'll believe me, Mr Stagg, I've had not an hour's peace of mind since. They'd have laughed at home if you had told them a year ago that Mackenzie Dallow would get down so soon to the fainting-point; but in Cagliari, eight hours back, I all but swooned in my tracks in the Ladder Hotel. I'd just signed my name in the register, and it was the closest shave that I didn't turn away without another look. I happened, however, to notice that the name before was still pale, as if it hadn't long been written. Then I saw whose it was. "When did *he* come?" I asked the instant I was over the first sick-

faint feeling. "This very morning, by boat from Malta," was the answer. Then I knew that he had heard from some one—the Roman police probably. I scratched my name out so that not a stroke of it was left, and gave the man some notes, pretending that I was obliged to be off back to Rome immediately. The hotel-people sent my portmanteaus to the station, and there they are at this moment. As for me, I found out this fellow Antonio Massa, and persuaded him, in the usual way, that I had to start for the mountains in half-an-hour; and here I am—a shivering dastard, if ever there was one.'

John Stagg did not know what to make of this rigmarole. He stared at the young American, who on his part seemed only concerned to disburthen his mind.

'I really don't understand,' said John Stagg, as the other leaned back in his chair with his hands in his trouser-pockets and his brows so depressed that they almost hid his eyes.

Mackenzie Dallow pulled himself together, and again smiled that pitiable, awkward smile.

'I beg your pardon, Mr Stagg,' he said. 'It's too bad to bore you like this. But the mischief's out now, and I'd better finish. Else perhaps you'll be thinking worse of me even than I deserve.'

'My wife's a fair judge of character at sight,' remarked John Stagg.

'Thanks for that, anyway. You must know, Mr Stagg, that in Stanton, Illinois, where I was raised, the Carter-Johnsons are the big bugs. They, my father, and two or three more, run the city; but the Carter-Johnsons hold their heads a foot higher than the rest. The old man is as straight as they are made; but his two sons, Fred and Ernest, were just the other way. Well, about eighteen months ago Fred began to be uncommonly attentive to my sister Laura, who was then nearly seventeen, and as pretty a girl—— But it's no sort of use talking of it. Every one supposed it might turn out a good thing. Laura told me and others that he had promised to reform. It was easy seeing they were both about equally in love with each other. Old Carter-Johnson talked of it to my father, almost with tears in his eyes; he was so anxious, he said, to have the good influence of a girl like Laura brought to bear upon his youngest son. And the governor and my mother, for all they had their doubts about him, weren't so unwilling in the matter. We're not all Sunday-school teachers in Stanton, and Fred had at any rate lots of dollars and land.

'This went on for some weeks, until a man told me that Master Fred had married the daughter of a half-breed at a place some thirty miles off. I didn't believe it, though he was positive enough. I thought he'd never have had the devilry in him for that; but, to make sure, I went round at once to old Carter-Johnson's to find Fred. He wasn't there, they said: had gone to Graceville about some beasts. That rather staggered me, for Graceville was where this wife of his was supposed to live. Then what must I do but start off there on my nag straight away, arriving late in the evening, and catching my man forgathering with the girl in her father's house. His face, when he saw me, betrayed him in a minute. "There's an explanation I'd like to have with you," I said to him when I'd got him alone outside. "That woman's your wife. What do you mean by insulting my sister with your attentions?"

'As you may guess, he was ready to be desperate; for the matter of that, so was I. He said something implying that, whatever he was, he reckoned himself good enough for Laura. His first marriage didn't count, he said. It was plain some shooting had to be done; and done it was. I'll do him the credit to say he didn't try to raise Graceville on me. We both drew a mile or two out of the township, I with my horse ready in case I wanted it. Then we fired a shot apiece at ten paces, and he dropped. My shoulder was grazed, but that was nothing. He was stone-dead.

'I rode through that night as best I could, and got home at dawn. There was a bad scene with them during the five hours I thought I might spare them; but my father agreed with me that I must make myself scarce. So I left by the morning train for the East, and have been wandering ever since.

'The man whose name I told you about in that Cagliari hotel book is Ernest Carter-Johnson, Fred's brother. He managed to get a letter forwarded to me from home, and in it he swore to run me down and kill me like a dog for what I had done to his brother. I've heard of him in two or three places that I've cleared out of only a day or two before; but never till now has he got so close on to my heels.

'There, Mr Stagg, you know my situation now as well as I know it. What's to happen God only knows; but I ask you if I deserve to be hunted through life in this way for standing up in fair fight as I did?'

'You do not,' said John Stagg. 'By Jove! he must be a determined sort of fellow—that other Carter-Johnson.'

'It's only giving him his due to say that he'll never stop until one of us is dead.'

'Well, Mr Dallow,' said John Stagg cheerfully, 'that gives you a chance.'

'No, it does not. It's bad enough to remember that I'm responsible for the death of one man. If we meet, I know the result. Not that I should care a big deal for my own sake; but I have others to think of. It would about break my mother's heart, and I'm engaged to a girl—or was. It's a bad coil; but I must buck up. What had I better do, Mr Stagg?'

John Stagg thought a while, then he replied, 'Do you think he'd follow you here?'

'I don't think: I expect to hear his wheels every instant that I'm sitting like this with you.'

'Good heavens! Still, you may be wrong. A boat's no good, I'm afraid. Before you could get across to Calabria he'd be after you in a steam-launch or something from Cagliari. Really, Mr Dallow, you can't do better, I believe, than get off into the mountains. I'll see Massa and talk to him. You might hurry through to Moro, and then train it to the north, and slip back into Rome. If I were you I'd make for England afterwards, and obtain police protection.'

'I'd never do that. But thank you very much. I should be quite satisfied if you would make my man understand that speed's the thing.'

Hardly had they thus settled matters when Mrs Stagg and her seven-year-old daughter appeared.

Dinner was ready, and they all sat down to it. The young American did his best to forget his own troubles in making himself agreeable. He succeeded very well in this; so much so, indeed, that little Margery Stagg shed copious tears when she was not allowed to stay up afterwards to see more of the 'gentilman Americano,' as she called him.

Then Mrs Stagg played to them on her zither while they smoked their cigars at the open window. It was a bright starlight night, with a soft air; and in the intervals of the music they could hear the far-away trilling of the nightingales.

For all young Dallow's endeavours to be absorbed in the present, that name in the book of the 'Iron Ladder' again and again recurred to him; and he heard every movement in the narrow street, and showed that he did so.

At ten o'clock John Stagg crossed with him to the humble hotel of the place.

'You might almost have pushed on a few miles to-night,' he said, struck by the brilliancy of the stars.

'I could wish that I had; only it would have deprived me of the very great pleasure—and more—of meeting you and Mrs Stagg, as I have,' said the American.

'Oh, as for that, a visitor like you is a true godsend to us both. Look here, Mr Dallow; I'm going to arrange with Massa for your start at four. If you would send us a line to let us know what luck befalls you, I should be uncommonly pleased.'

'Mr Stagg,' replied the American, holding John Stagg's hand, 'I can't say more than that I'm grateful. There's this, though: if anything—you know what—happens to me, break it to them at home. "Stanton, Illinois," will find them. Tell them they were never out of my mind—all of them, including *her*—my mother will know whom I mean.'

'I'd do much to save that poor fellow,' John Stagg said to himself when he had seen young Dallow up the uncarpeted stair.

His interview with the ear-ringed and muscular Antonio Massa followed. That worthy was drinking deeply in the kitchen with some others, including two comely damsels of San Vito with white silk kerchiefs and gleaming teeth; he did not care to be disturbed in his cups.

'Massa,' said John Stagg, 'I'll give you fifty *lire* out of my own pocket if you get the American gentleman to Moro in three days.'

'Three days, *per Dio!* That is what you call moving. He is rich, the American?'

'I know nothing about that, and I advise you not to trouble your mind with thoughts of it either. He wishes to make haste; that is all.'

'I have understood that he is very rich, signor; but it is, as you say, no affair of mine. If he is rich enough to pay for such devil's-hurrying, it suffices. It is not good for horses or guide to break the wind.'

When he had settled everything with Massa, John Stagg strolled on up the street a little. Such nights as this were too common in Sardinia for him to be particularly impressed by their beauty.

He was returning when he saw a man in a *mastruca* glide from a garden behind one of the houses and make for the back of the inn. The man was unusually broad, and slightly bowed in the legs.

'Capo Vanin, by all that's mischievous!' ejaculated John Stagg.

He made for his own house, and there sat in the dark in a lower room, the window of which commanded the exit from the inn premises. He waited full twenty minutes ere the form in the *mastruca* reappeared and vanished into the village as stealthily as it had come. Then he crossed once more to the inn, called for Massa, took him outside, and whispered in his ear, 'I have seen the Capo here. Take care, Antonio Massa; with your own life you shall assuredly answer for the life of the American gentleman.'

The man began eagerly to swear by his saints that the Capo had not come to see him; also that he, Antonio, was entirely to be trusted.

But John Stagg went to bed feeling very uneasy, for Capo Vanin was the most daring outlaw in the Barbargia district, and had about twice as much brigandage and twice as many murders on his soul as any other proscribed wanderer in the cork-woods and rocky defiles of the highlands.

HAPPY OLD AGE.

WE live in sceptical times. The microscope, the X-rays, and the many mercilessly prying instruments under the hands of unbelieving scientists have drawn aside the magic mantle from the shoulders of many of our most comely traditions; and, lo! beneath the mantle, nothing.

Amid this modern onslaught upon old beliefs, it is not surprising that longevity—the power of human beings to reach an extreme old age—should be called before an inquisitive tribunal. And they have their merits, these self-constituted judges. It will not do to tell them that such-and-such an one has verily survived to the ripe age of one hundred and fifty years, and then merely support your statement by the unanimous word of his entire native village. 'Where is his certificate of birth?' say the judges; and if it be not forthcoming, 'Ah!' they add with a tired sigh, 'we thought so.'

Threescore years and ten by common consent has been accepted as the natural term of man's life. Those who lay claim to the possession of fivescore years must produce their legal documents. It is not for the judges to disprove it; it is for the claimant to long life to prove his claim. If he cannot place his evidence open in black and white for all eyes to see; if the utmost he can do is to stiffen his quavering testimony by the trembling words of a few old men of the village, who would declare that they were boys when he, their patriarch, was already gray-headed, well—can we blame the judges if they remain sceptical?

A real difficulty, however, stands in the way. The people who on attaining to advanced age would be easily able to produce satisfactory evidence thereof are the very people who die comparatively young. Emperors, kings, princes, nobles, do not live to see the snows of a hundred winters. It is the baby who was born in a barn who may become a living wonder in the eyes of the local lord's great-great-grandchildren. Claimants to the crown of a remarkable old age ever step forward from the ranks of humble life. This is what makes it so difficult for them to substantiate their claim. They were born in obscurity; they have never been famous. Extreme old age is the one single thing that has made them in any way remarkable. For the first fifty or sixty years of their lives they passed among their fellow-men unnoticed, and now—what have they to say for themselves?

Therefore, able inquirers have gone into this matter with laborious minuteness; and the result has been that many learned authorities do not believe in any single instance of a man having reached an extraordinary age. Sir G. Cornewall-Lewis contends that since the Christian era not one person of royal or noble descent, whose birth was authentically recorded, has reached the age of one hundred years. Walford—a great man in his line—in his *Encyclopædia of Insurance*, says that in England the Royal Exchange Insurance Company for a period of one hundred and thirty-five years had insured no life which survived ninety-six. The London Insurance and the Equitable show a similar record. However, personages of royal descent and insured lives have this vital objection common to them both: they do not belong to the middle and lower classes. The middle and lower classes until very recently did not insure their lives. Now it is in these two classes, if anywhere, that centenarians are to be found. It is a pity that the reliable parish register was too often monopolised by the gentry to the exclusion of their more humble, but in this relation more important, fellow-countrymen. So the case for those who do not believe in the possibility of long human life, though supported by eminent authorities, is not proven.

On the other hand, the evidence in support of a belief in the possibility of reaching extreme old age is much more satisfactory. Many of the greatest scientists allow that the natural term of the life of any given animal is five times the period required for its development. If twenty-one years is the time of maturity in man, then the natural term of life would be one hundred and five years. The late Sir Richard Owen, the famous anatomist, fixed it at a little over one hundred and three.

As we go more deeply into the question, the scepticism of some experts seems well-nigh unaccountable. Let us leave out of the question percentages and estimates, and deal only with facts which are capable of absolute proof. In the *British Medical Journal* for 1886 there is an exhaustive analysis of fifty-two cases of centenarians; a reader of the report could hardly be left with a doubting mind. From 1886 to 1896 the *St James's Gazette* kept in touch with 378 centenarians, of whom 143 were men and 235 were women. In 1897 there were 508 people in Iowa, U.S.A., all over ninety years of age. It is stated that Harry Jenkins, the famous old man of Yorkshire, actually did live over one hundred and forty years. He was born in 1501 and died in 1670, at the great age of one hundred and sixty-nine. It is not certain that this can be authenticated; but existing registers of the Court of Chancery show beyond the possibility of contradiction that he appeared to give evidence one hundred and forty years before his death, and had the oath administered to him.

Heller, who has collected the greatest number of instances of extreme long life, found—

1000	persons	who	lived	from 100	to 110
60	"	"	"	110	" 120
29	"	"	"	120	" 130
15	"	"	"	130	" 140
6	"	"	"	140	" 150
1	person	"	to	169	

French writes that from 1881 to 1890, in Massachusetts, there were 203 deaths of persons past the age of one hundred. Of these 153 were women and 50 were men.

It is a striking thing this preponderance of females over males in the matter of long life. It is also constant. All authorities agree in this, that many more women than men live to be very old. The more fragile pitcher is not so soon broken at the fountain. But why? One would hardly expect woman, with all the dangers and worries attending motherhood, to last longer than her lord and master. Yet undoubtedly she does. It is quite clear that the average expectation of life is better for women than for men.

The reason is not far to seek. Women lead more sheltered lives. It is the man who has to fight daily with the world; and how hard and trying the fight often is none but the fighter himself can tell. Again, it is the man who is called upon to undermine his natural bodily vigour by persistent daily bread-winning at unhealthy occupations. It is the man who takes his life in his hand down the deeps of the mine, abroad on the fickle waters of the sea, or into the desperate, delightful chances of the field of battle. There is another simple reason for the greater length of life in women which, in spite of the laugh one sees at the back of it, probably has something in it. A thoughtful observer of the ways of woman has said that her capacity and love for continually talking about nothing has helped her materially toward length of days. He believes that perpetual prattle is highly conducive to an active circulation of the blood, while the brain and the body remain unfatigued. It sounds like a sly hit; but the writer believes the suggestion to be scientifically good.

It has been shown by the already-quoted reliable statistics that many men have in sober truth attained to great age; and though the following instances cannot be so conclusively proved to be true to the letter, yet they are interesting.

This inscription is in a churchyard near Cardiff: 'Here lieth the body of William Edwards, of Carcreg, who departed this life 24th February Anno Domini 1668, anno ætatis suæ one hundred and sixty-eight.'

James Warren of Baldoyle died in 1787, aged one hundred and sixty-seven. He was called 'the father of fishermen.' He had followed the trade for ninety-five years.

The *London Chronicle* for 5th October 1780 records the case of Louisa Truxo, a South American negress, who died at the age of one hundred and seventy-five.

Joseph Surrington died near Bergen, Norway, at the age of one hundred and sixty. He had one living son one hundred and three, and another only nine years of age. It is not on record how many times he married.

There was a Polish peasant who reached one hundred and fifty-seven, and who constantly laboured up to his one hundred and forty-fifth year, always lightly clad, even in cold weather.

In 1848 there was a woman living in Moscow said to be one hundred and sixty-eight. She had married five times, and was one hundred and twenty-one at her last wedding.

In the chancel of Honington Church, Wiltshire, is a black marble monument to the memory of G. Stanley, gent., who died in 1719, aged one hundred and fifty-one. This is a particularly interesting and almost unique instance of a gentleman living to a very advanced age. With extremely few exceptions old persons come from the humblest ranks of life. The great people of the earth pay for their exalted position by corresponding responsibility, with its attendant strain and worry. It is not surprising, therefore, that of all the world's rulers, from the most ancient to the most modern times, very few have reached the age of eighty. Among all the Roman and German emperors, reckoning from Augustus to William I., only six reached eighty years. And this age has been attained by five Popes out of a total of three hundred.

It is worthy of note that just those very principles which were laid down by the Founder of the Christian religion as best for the eternal welfare of the soul have been proved by the passing years to be best for the body also. It is not those who are clad in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day who are strong enough to climb to the clear heights of a great age. Neither titles nor wealth keep the feet from wearying of the uphill path of life. Those great ones into whose ears are distilled the subtle flatteries of their envious followers find the Angel of Death not one whit abashed in their august presence.

They who would have their days long in the land must honour their great mother Nature. They must walk in her ways. Nature rejoices not in sluggards; therefore they must work. Nature abhors gluttons and wine-bibbers; therefore they must be temperate. Nature shows a stern face to those who indulge evil passions; therefore they must live at charity with all men.

We shrink from even the appearance of preaching a sermon. We simply state well-proven facts. The instances of longevity already quoted—only a few from a long list—have been those of simple, humble people who worked with their hands for their daily bread. They are those who toiled daily in the open under the changeful face of the kindly skies. But there are others: mighty men of science, great statesmen, poets, warriors, have all lived to a great age. Be it

observed, however, that these also, though great as men reckon greatness, were simple, natural people. Nature gave them great powers, and they used them greatly. They were intellectual giants, and they did giants' work. They kept a healthy mind in a healthy body; and if at the last they could not escape a sparkling order or two upon their simple breasts, their hearts ever beat true to the traditions of their childhood.

A person striving after wealth, position, or fame seems to wear out comparatively quickly; but one who does his daily task, not looking to the end, even though he finds greatness thrust upon him, comes to no hurt.

Men of thought have always been distinguished for their age. Solon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon, and Xenophon were octogenarians. Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontenelle, and Newton were over eighty. Michelangelo and Titian were eighty-nine and ninety-nine respectively. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lived to be eighty.

Many men have done excellent work after they have passed eighty years. Landor wrote his *Imaginary Conversations* when eighty-five. Izaak Walton wielded a ready pen at ninety. Hahnemann married at eighty and was working at ninety-one. Michelangelo was still painting his giant canvases at ninety-eight, and Titian at ninety worked with the vigour of his early years. Fontenelle was as light-hearted at ninety-eight as at forty, and Newton at eighty-three worked as hard as he did in middle life. Cornaro was in far better health at ninety-five than at thirty, and as happy as a sandboy.

At Hanover Dr Du Boisy was still practising as a physician in 1897, going his daily rounds at the age of one hundred and three. William Reynold Salmon, M.R.C.S., of Conbridge, Glamorganshire, died on 11th March 1897, at the age of one hundred and six. At the time of his death he was the oldest known individual of indisputably authenticated age, the oldest physician, the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and the oldest Freemason in the world. His age is absolutely proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. He was the son of a practising physician of Wickham Market, Suffolk. There is in the possession of his two surviving relatives his mother's diary containing under the date Tuesday, March 16, 1790, a prayer of thankfulness to God that she had passed her 'tryall,' and that a son was born, who, she hoped, 'would prosper, be a support to his parents, and make virtue his chief pursuit.' This record has been verified by both the authorities of the Freemasons and by the College of Surgeons.

The following quotation is from the *National Popular Review:* 'These cases all tend to show the value and benefits to be derived from an actively cultivated brain in making a long life one of comfort and usefulness to its owner. The brain and spirits need never grow old, even if our bodies will insist on getting rickety and in falling by the wayside. But an abstemious life will drag even the old body along to centenarian limits in a tolerable state of preservation and usefulness. The foregoing list can be lengthened out with an indefinite number of names; but it is sufficiently long to show what good spirits and an active brain will do to lighten up the weight of old age. When we contemplate the Doge Dandolo at eighty-three animating his troops from the deck of his galley, and the brave old blind King of Bohemia falling in the thickest of the fray at Crécy, it would seem as if there was no excuse for either physical, mental, or moral decrepitude short of the age of fourscore and ten.'

To those who would wish to emulate these illustrious examples, and live to a useful and happy old age, we venture to offer a word of advice: Live regularly, think kindly, work honestly, play whole-heartedly like children; and —who knows?—it may be your lot to add one other name to the long roll of worthies who have proved by their lives the truth of Longfellow's words, written when he was an old man:

> It is not too late
> Till the tired heart has ceased to palpitate.

CLIPPED WINGS.

By Mary Stuart Boyd.

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CHAPTER X.—(*concluded*).

THROUGHOUT the long drive homewards Lucie was intensely interested in all she saw and heard. The fierce inarticulate roar of the streets, the never-ceasing succession of passers-by, the endless procession of omnibuses and cabs, all seemed to the novice like something that could not possibly continue and must stop suddenly. All was new and odd to her: the height of the buildings, the manner of the shops; even the policemen at the crossings impressed her as huge monuments of dignity. Perhaps the omnipresent grime was, to eyes accustomed to a newer, cleaner land, the strangest thing of all.

Part of the way led through shabby streets where people clustered around costers' barrows marketing by the light of flaring paraffin-lamps.

Judging from her first glimpse, Lucie was disposed to find London disappointing. In common with most new-comers, she was inclined to sum up from what she saw during her first half-hour, and, like them, to believe that her hasty estimate reached the sum total. She did not know that even a long lifetime spent in the giant city leaves one with but a vague appreciation of its vastness and of its ever-increasing magnitude.

Leaving the busy streets, the cab turned abruptly to the left, and for what seemed a considerable distance their route skirted the side of a park. From her observation-post at the window, Lucie was astonished to notice that the many pairs of lovers who were strolling along the quiet road were indulging in innocent but open love-making. Arms encircled waists, heads rested on shoulders, in full view of the public, with an absolute freedom from self-consciousness that amazed this visitor from a land where sweethearts were ever within reach of seclusion wherein to do their courting.

The cab turned a corner, then followed a road leading off to the right—a road so quiet as almost to seem rural after the bustle of town. Lucie, watching eagerly for every unfamiliar appearance, noticed that high brick walls overhung with clustering ivy and topped with high trees encircled the houses, which stood apart, each among a thicket of leafage.

'Why, I never thought Queen's Gate would be so retired as this!' Lucie exclaimed involuntarily. Her uncle, whose conversation had dwindled away with the stir of the streets, awoke with a start from the reverie into which he had fallen, and replied hastily:

'Oh, this isn't South Kensington. We've moved from there. It was too—too relaxing. This is St John's Wood.'

'St John's Wood!' cried Lucie delightedly. 'How very nice! Do you know, I always wished to live there. Why, half the interesting people in novels live in St John's Wood. How delighted Kitty will be when she knows where I am staying!'

But Mr Lorimer had little to say regarding the romantic interest attached to the locality. He did not reply, and into his silence Lucie read a regret that he had quitted Queen's Gate. The cab lurched suddenly across to the other side of the road, and drew up in front of a door in a high wall that was overshadowed by a drooping ilex-tree.

'Well, here we are: home at last,' said Mr Lorimer, jumping out and pulling the upper of two bell-handles.

Just as Lucie was wondering how the decrepit cab-driver would ever manage to convey her big trunks into the house, there appeared from nowhere a vagrant being, the absolute squalor and dilapidation of whose raiment was a revelation to the girl who had never before seen poverty. It would have added to her wonder had Lucie but known that the man had run behind the cab a great part of the way from the station on the chance of earning a meal by helping to carry in her luggage.

Beyond the now open garden door Lucie caught a glimpse of a misty arbour, the white silhouette of a statue, and the vague outlines of a house through whose drawn blinds light was shining.

Leaving her uncle to superintend the transportation of her luggage, Lucie stepped up the gravelled path, and approached the front entrance, where against the light from the hall-lamp Honoria stood revealed.

To Lucie's surprise, this cousin whom she had always, though without any conscious reason for so doing, regarded as a creature of dignified beauty and statuesque deportment, was, even at first sight—Lucie felt compelled to acknowledge it—common-looking. Vulgar would have been the more correct description, but in loyalty to her relative Lucie rejected it.

Honoria's figure was good, but she laced to a degree that to Lucie's fastidious taste was bad form. Her features did not lack beauty; but her colour was too vivid for nature, her eyebrows were artificially darkened, and her unnaturally golden hair elaborately dressed.

Honoria's costume also was more elaborate than tasteful, and totally unsuitable for a quiet dinner in her own house. She wore a pink satin gown lavishly festooned with imitation lace. An aigrette and a variety of diamond combs decorated her hair, and a plethora of bracelets and rings and a long chain with jingling baubles further adorned her person.

Even the first glance brought Lucie a keen sense of disappointment, which she tried hard to conceal. As for Honoria, she appeared to regard the advent of her Colonial cousin as a joke, and repressed a giggle as she advanced to welcome her.

'My gracious! what a time you've been getting here! If I've looked out once I've looked out a hundred times. And what the dinner is like after waiting all these hours I can't think. Did you get your luggage all right? Didn't lose any of your boxes? But I suppose you'll be tired and hungry. You'd better come up to your room and take your things off.'

As they passed the stairs leading to the basement kitchen, Lucie caught a glimpse of a pale face peering out, and started at its expression of mingled curiosity and cunning. The events of the past few weeks had unstrung her usually steady nerves, and involuntarily she uttered an exclamation of alarm.

'What is it?' asked Honoria, who preceded Lucie, carrying the small bag and wraps of which she had good-naturedly insisted on relieving her cousin. 'Somebody frightened you looking out of the darkness? Oh, that would be Martha, our

old cook. She just wanted to see what you were like, I expect. Yes, she does look a bit queer; but she's not a bad old sort.—Martha,' she added, pausing in the ascent of the stairs and calling down, 'serve up dinner now.'

The bedroom set apart for Lucie's use was large, and well furnished with good old-fashioned articles. Yet it had a bare, unused air, which Lucie decided came from its total lack of the garniture usually found in guest-chambers. The large duchesse-table held nothing beyond a set of toilet articles in Bohemian glass. There were no hand-mirrors, no lace-covered pin-cushions, no dainty articles in silver and crystal such as those wherewith a girl loves to deck the chamber of an expected friend.

Before Honoria had finished hanging Lucie's cloak in the wardrobe and put away her hat, Lucie was already convinced that her cousin was kindly-intentioned though sadly lacking in taste and refinement. In one way it was a comfortable idea, and relieved Lucie from the fear of Honoria's possible criticism that had haunted her. But in another sense it was decidedly disappointing, for Lucie, coming from free-and-easy Colonial surroundings, had looked forward with intense interest to witnessing what she imagined were the exclusive manners of English society.

Dinner proved an odd meal. Lucie, going downstairs after making a slight change in her dress, found Honoria and her father awaiting her in the dining-room. A hanging lamp cast a circle of vivid light over the handsome table appointments. The daffodils and narcissus that filled the tall flower-glasses reminded Lucie that at home they would have autumn leaves, and that the guava berries on the lawn bushes would be ripe.

Mr Andrew Lorimer, having got his niece safely under his roof, had lost his restraint, and was smiling and suave, evidently anxious to please Lucie and make her feel at home. He chatted about the sights of London, all of which, he said, Lucie must set about seeing at once. Just at present, he explained, things were quiet in a social way, as it was Easter. So for a week or so before the rush of the season they could fill up with sights. St John's Wood, he added, was a capital centre, as it was near the Zoo, Lord's Cricket Ground, and Hampstead Heath.

'*And* Madame Tussaud's,' his daughter broke in. 'I'll take you, Lucie; it's quite near here. Just down by Baker Street Station. You won't see anything like it in New Zealand, I can tell you,' she added, as Lucie's expression failed to denote enthusiasm.

The old cook, whose sudden appearance had so startled Lucie, was waiting at table.

'We've just lost our housemaid,' Honoria remarked apologetically.

'*And* our parlourmaid,' seconded Uncle Andrew, casting a sharp look at his daughter and speaking quickly. 'Most unfortunate thing. One got leave for a week to go to a sister's wedding, and yesterday the other received a telegram telling of her mother's illness, and we could hardly refuse to let her go. But if you will put up with our being a little out of order for a day or two, Lucie, I promise that by the end of the week matters will be back to their usual,' he added kindly.

During her father's explanation Honoria giggled in that meaningless fashion which was evidently a habit of hers. While assuring her uncle that under the circumstances he could not possibly have acted otherwise, Lucie chanced to glance at the large mirror over the sideboard. In accordance with her duty as waitress, the old cook was standing there cutting bread, and, catching a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror, Lucie felt convinced that she was laughing in a silent, toothless way that made her noiseless mirth the more unpleasant. A moment later, however, the sight of her stolid face as she resumed her service assured Lucie that she had been mistaken.

Dinner over, the trio adjourned to the drawing-room, a handsomely furnished apartment, but to Lucie's mind lacking in that profusion of knick-knacks, that medley of pretty nothings, which so add to the charm of a woman's sitting-room.

'I'm sure you must be ready for bed; you've had such a tiring day,' Mr Lorimer remarked kindly.

'Oh dear, no! It's all so interesting. I want to hear about everything.—How do you spend the evening when you are alone? I suppose you play a great deal?'

'Play?' Honoria echoed interrogatively, with a stare of incomprehension.

'Yes. Play the piano.'

'Play the piano! Not I,' cried Honoria, with another of her disconcerting giggles.

'But I thought—I understood'—— Lucie began, remembering her mother's account of how Honoria as a child had performed creditably on that instrument.

'Honoria!' said her father in a quiet tone of warning, but one that for the moment took all the giggle out of his flippant daughter.—'You'll get to understand your cousin soon, Lucie,' he added pleasantly. 'She is too modest about her accomplishments. I assure you, if you heard her play you'd be surprised; but she's absurdly nervous about performing before visitors.'

'Really, Honoria is too silly,' Lucie thought. 'And how unlike she is to all that I imagined her! One good thing, she isn't at all stand-offish.'

Alone in her room, which seemed so unnecessarily spacious in contrast with the steamer accommodation, Lucie lay long awake, her mind full of conjectures regarding the future. Already a leaven of disappointment seasoned her thoughts.

Was her visit to England to prove entirely a failure? Honoria was certainly unlike any one she had met before. She did not think she would ever do more than tolerate her cousin. Then the fact of her uncle's kindness, and of his desire to make her feel at home, and his readiness to plan for her future amusement, came to her recollection; and, comforted thereby, she fell asleep, wondering why her first impression of him had been antipathetic.

BONES AND THEIR BY-PRODUCTS.

TO the majority of the dwellers in our cities the peculiarly intoned call of the collector of rags, bones, and other 'unconsidered trifles' is familiar. Few people, however, give a thought to the ultimate destination of some of the articles collected with such perseverance; but that they all have some marketable value is certain. Everybody knows what becomes of the bottles collected, and what is the destiny of the rags; but only a small minority have more than a very vague idea of the many and varied purposes for which the bones are utilised.

Besides their value in the manufacture of knife-handles and similar articles, bones are indispensable in the great industry of gluemaking; and as the manufacture of glue is an industry with which the general reader can have, at most, but a very slight acquaintance, a brief description of the process as carried on in an English factory will probably be of some interest.

It was only after I had availed myself of the kind offer of a friend employed as analytical chemist in a glue and chemical manufactory to conduct me over the works that I knew much more of the materials or the process than we learned at school—namely, that glue is made of horses' hoofs; and, being only an average boy, I had then accepted the information as complete and accurate, and, later, felt no desire to investigate further for myself.

England up till now has not attained a great reputation for gluemaking, Scottish glue—that made from parings of hides, &c., by Messrs Cox of Edinburgh—ranking first in the market. Much of the best glue has also come from Russia; but it is cheering to know that the finest qualities the British workman can desire are made in his own country.

It was a delightful summer evening when we set forth across the fields to the works, which are situated at some little distance from a Midland town. A pleasant walk through the pretty undulating country brought us into the vicinity of the high factory chimney, which looked very much out of place amongst the tall elms standing out against the clear sky. Notwithstanding the interest of a visit to such works, I must say that the pleasure was not without alloy. As we neared the entrance to the yard I became aware of an unpleasant odour, which grew stronger as we approached, until it was quite overpowering. A few steps farther, and the reason for this appalling, almost tangible, smell was apparent, for before us, under an immense shed, was an enormous heap of bones. There were over five hundred tons, and the heap included bones of almost every kind, from the tiny mutton-bone which is the last of our chop to the thigh-bones and skulls of horses and cattle. These bones were not by any means divested of their covering, but were 'wrapped in fly-blown flesh on which the maggot feeds,' to use one of Cowper's lines. I felt no regret on leaving 'these hatched and these resuscitated worms' and entering the room where the bones undergo their preliminary treatment.

The first process is that of sorting for the purpose of removing any pieces of rag, iron, or other foreign matter. This is done by men who, each armed with an iron hook, rake over the heap, raising crowds of flies at every movement. These men may, perhaps, have some sense of smell; but the nonchalant manner in which they go about their task, and their contented and even cheerful appearance, would certainly induce one to think their olfactory nerves must be absolutely non-existent.

The bones having been carefully sorted, they are taken to the crusher. This machine in its internal mechanism somewhat resembles a giant mincing-machine. Large steel teeth revolve in opposite directions, and smash the bones until they are reduced to a uniform size; the larger bones are broken into several pieces, the smaller being merely cracked. This uniformity of size is important, as it enables the whole of the valuable contents of the bones to be easily extracted.

From the crusher the bones are taken to the soaking-tanks, where any dirt or fleshy matter is removed. These tanks are in some cases built of wood; but they are oftener square pits lined with brick, measuring about ten feet in length by seven feet in width, with a depth of several feet. Into these the bones are thrown, and when the tanks are full a quantity of well-diluted sulphuric acid is poured in until the bones are well covered. They remain in these tanks for a period varying from two to four days, according to the amount of flesh to be removed. The acid does its work very rapidly, and softens all matter adhering to the bones to such an extent that when they are removed to the washer they are cleansed without

difficulty, and emerge in a somewhat nicer condition. These washers are large iron drums or cylinders with perforated sides and ends. Each washer is loaded with about half a ton of the cracked and soaked bones; then the cylinder revolves and shakes the bones together. Whilst the cylinder is in motion, water is admitted through the shaft on which it turns, and finds its way through the holes in the sides of the cylinder, taking with it all the dirt and flesh. The liquid both from the soaking-tanks and washers, which resembles a thin sludge, is run off into large pits for treatment. It is imperative that the bones should be thoroughly cleansed, as the smallest amount of dirt or grease would cause the glue to ferment and prevent it from becoming set. Washing lasts some twenty minutes, after which the cylinders cease to revolve, and the contents are tumbled down long shutes into the digester-house.

The bones are now beautifully clean; indeed, they are so bare that one wonders where the glue is to come from. However, they have retained one characteristic—that is, their pungent odour—which still clings to them with the utmost tenacity.

The digester-house requires a little description. Down one side is a row of what appear to be enormous vertical engine-boilers. These are the digesters. Each has a steam-gauge and a bewildering profusion of pipes, most of which lead to the boiler of the great steam-engine which stands at one end of the building. Each digester has a manhole at the top and another at the bottom. Perhaps the reader will have a clearer idea of the nature of these digesters when it is explained that they are practically large steamers, similar in principle to the utensil in which the housewife steams her potatoes. The manhole at the top is opened and each digester is filled with the bones by means of an elevator, which somewhat resembles in its action an ordinary river-dredger, and consists of a number of wooden buckets affixed to an endless band; and when this is set in motion the bones are scooped up, carried to the upper manhole of the digester, and dropped through. Each digester holds from eight to ten tons of bones; and when full, the manhole is screwed down. The contents rest on a perforated iron plate a short distance from the base, to prevent the steam and other pipes which lead into the bottom from becoming choked. When all is ready the steam-cock is opened, and steam rushes into and amongst the bones at a pressure varying from ten to twenty-five pounds to the square inch. At the same time a liquor-pipe at the base of the digester is opened, and in about ten minutes a liquid flows away. This liquor is at first a very weak solution of gelatine or glue, which is run into a series of wooden tanks, to be returned to the digester and strengthened at a later period. After this comes the really valuable liquor—a strong solution of glue, which is, of course, run into separate tanks. Some time having elapsed, the liquor-cock is closed for a space of three hours, when it is again opened, and another strong solution of glue run off. This is repeated every three or four hours until every particle of grease and glue has been extracted from the bones, the process occupying about thirty hours. The grease, being much lighter than the glue, runs out last, and is diverted to a separate tank.

When the bones will yield nothing more, steam is shut off, the manholes are opened, and the bones are taken out and removed to another house. The change which has taken place in the bones is now apparent; they are no longer hard, and, except for their shape, do not in any way resemble bones, but look rather like pieces of chalk.

The glue liquor in the tanks is now evaporated to a strength of about 45 per cent. of gelatine. This is accomplished by means of an ingenious machine, the action of which is to drive the water out of the gelatine by means of heat accelerated by a high vacuum. Briefly, the liquid is sprayed through long, straight tubes from which the air has been exhausted, surrounded by steam. In this way there is no possibility of the glue or gelatine becoming burnt.

The glue is next conveyed to the casting-room, where it is run on to glass-bottomed, wood-rimmed frames to the thickness of cake required. These frames are then placed in racks, with an air-space between each, in order that the glue may solidify. The air in the room is kept circulating by means of electrically driven fans. Another process of casting the glue is to run the liquid into moulds until it solidifies into large blocks of about the consistency of table-jelly, when it is placed in a machine which slices it into cakes of any required thickness. The disadvantage of this process is that it cannot be used with equal facility in all weathers.

When the glue in the glass frames has become hard enough to handle, it is cut out and placed in frames having wire netting at the bottom instead of glass. These are stacked on trolleys and conveyed over miniature railways into the drying-rooms. These rooms are heated to varying temperatures according to the stage of hardness the glue has reached. The first drying-room has an atmosphere heated to a temperature of about 50 degrees Fahrenheit. After remaining in this chamber for a considerable time the cakes are removed to other chambers, the air in which registers from 80 to 120 degrees. It is, of course, necessary, above all things, to keep the air in the rooms dry; and as the English atmosphere, except in midsummer, is more or less humid, all moisture is withdrawn by a very ingenious chemical contrivance. The apertures through which the air is drawn are packed with fine coke saturated with 100 per cent. sulphuric acid. The acid

has a strong natural affinity for water, and in passing through the coke the moisture of the air is effectually extracted before it reaches the drying-chambers.

In about a month the glue is thoroughly dry and hard, and it is then removed from the netting and packed ready for the market. A proportion of the best glue is refined and converted into gelatine for cooking and other purposes.

The grease which permeated the bones before they went to the digester is now all extracted and run into cooling-tanks and stored for soap-making. It is used in various ways. In its crude state it retains some of its unpleasant odour, and is only fit to be converted into scouring soaps; but by a process of refining and admixture with finer fats and oils it is made into toilet soaps. Whatever kind of soap it is intended to be ultimately, the grease is first conveyed to the boiling-pan and there acted upon with caustic soda or potash, the former converting it into hard and the latter into soft soap. When boiled sufficiently, the spent liquors, which have accumulated on the top as the mixture cools, are run off, and the soap is dug out of the vat and placed in moulds until cold, when it is cut into blocks. This primitive process is, of course, only gone through in the making of the commonest scouring soaps. The better qualities are carefully refined and mixed with vegetable fats and oils. When quite hard, this fine soap is milled, or cut into very small shreds, after which it is pressed in moulds into fancy shapes.

The spent liquors which were run off the boiling soap are now turned to account. Few looking at the very dirty mixture would imagine that anything of value could be obtained from it; but, as many people know, this liquor contains a large proportion of that exceedingly useful chemical product known as glycerine. The spent liquors are technically known as 'nigers,' and contain, in addition to the glycerine, dirt, salt, and any excess of caustic there may be. By means of evaporation, the dirt, salt, and caustic are extracted. The remaining fluid is then distilled, which brings away what is termed aqueous solution of glycerine. This again is evaporated in vacuum-pans, which draws off the water, and nothing now remains but glycerine. All glycerine is obtained in this manner, and there are few people who, on receiving the neat little flask of pure, bright liquid from the chemist, with its quaint little leather cap over the stopper, know that it is indirectly the product of the bones so heedlessly thrown away.

However, the bones are not yet finished with. After all the grease and gelatine have been extracted in the digester, they are soft and easily crumbled, slightly resembling a white charcoal. They are dug out of the digester and conveyed to another building, where they remain until they are thoroughly dry. They now consist of tricalcium phosphate and about 2 per cent. of nitrogen, so that they possess a distinct manurial value. At one time farmers were in the habit of throwing coarsely broken bones on their land; but it is obvious that in such a state bones can have little value as manure. The bones are now ground into bone-meal and small pieces. To accomplish this they are placed in a machine which carries out the work very effectively, and sorts the different sizes by means of an ingenious mechanism. The bone-meal is readily disposed of for manure; but its value in this respect is largely increased by rendering it soluble in water, which is accomplished by subjecting it to the action of strong sulphuric acid and heat, which converts it into what is known as superphosphate.

At these works nothing is wasted, nothing thrown away, and therefore even the fluid from the soaking-tanks and washing-machines is treated. This fluid, which resembles sludge or mud, is run into large brick tanks where all solid matter is precipitated by means of chemicals, and the clear effluent run off to be used over again. The remaining mud is largely composed of tricalcium-phosphate, nitrogen up to 4 per cent., and dirt, &c., so that it is of great value as manure. It is dug out of the tanks and blended with other chemicals according to the different crops for which it is to be used or the nature of the soil in the district to which it is to be sent.

Now we have come to the end of the bones, and have gone through the whole of these interesting works; but we must not forget a very important part of the concern — the analytical chemist's laboratory. It is here, in the comfortable, well-appointed room—surrounded by the shelves with their burden of jars of chemicals bearing mystic names, the glittering flasks, the test-tubes filled with coloured liquids, and the apparatus incidental to his profession—that the chemist tests the quality of the different products of the works and experiments with the various substances to discover possible improvements. I entered this sanctum with the more pleasure as for the first time since my visit to the works I was enabled to remove my handkerchief from my nose, and enjoy the inhalation of a deep breath of untainted air. As I looked round the laboratory and sat puffing a contemplative pipe with my friend, I wondered how many people imagined they were indebted to bones for the glue which holds together their furniture, helps to bind their books, and veneers their sideboard and piano; for the gelatine with which the cook imparts a greater consistency to her jellies; for the soap with which the busy kitchenmaid scours the sink; for the glycerine which the invalid finds invaluable; and for the manures which go to enrich the broad acres of 'Merrie England.' I could not help a feeling of admiration for the industry, patience, and skill which had evolved so many indispensable articles from a heap of

refuse. At one end of the building was a pile of festering bones; at the other a store of life's necessaries. Here was the real dignity of labour; here the reward of well-directed industry. The deeds of the fighting sons of the Empire must excite our admiration and inflame our patriotism; but let us not forget that it is mainly owing to the enterprise and industry of the workers in our towns and villages that we owe much of the greatness and splendour of Old England. A visit to such works as we have attempted to describe is, to an intelligent person, an object-lesson in ingenuity, a study in industry, and a sermon against waste.

THE KING EXPLORES.

By ROBERT BARR.

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IV.—THE KING SAILS.

THE young men awoke somewhat late next day with heads reasonably clear, a very practical testimonial to the soundness of their previous night's vintage.

'Well, what's to be done?' asked the King.

Macdonald proposed that they should repair instantly to Macleod and demand of him conveyance and safe-conduct to the mainland.

'We can scarcely do that,' demurred the King, 'until we are sure that detention is intended. Let us put the matter at once to a practical test, and see if we are prevented from leaving the castle. If we are, then is the time for protest.'

Acting on this suggestion, the two went outside and took the road by which they had come. They found an agile young gillie at their heels before they were out of sight of Dunvegan.

'Why are you following us?' asked Macdonald in Gaelic.

'I was told to wait on your lordships,' returned the man.

'We need no waiting on. Turn back.'

But the gillie shook his shaggy, uncovered head, and patiently trod in their footsteps.

'Let us see how far he will follow,' said the King as he strode on.

The gillie followed for half-an-hour or more without making any protest; but at last he said to Macdonald that he thought it was time to return.

'We are going through to the coast we came from,' replied Macdonald, 'and do not intend to return.'

At this the gillie drew from his belt a short black tube that looked like a practising chanter, which indeed it was, and on this he blew a few shrill notes. Up to that moment the way had been clear; but now there appeared over the hill in front of them a dozen armed men, who approached carelessly as if they had merely happened to be in the neighbourhood, or were journeying together towards the castle.

'I think it is time to go back,' suggested the gillie in a dull, uninterested voice.

'I think it is myself,' replied Macdonald.

So the futile excursion came to an end.

Once more in the castle they were confronted again by the question, What next?

'I am certain,' said the King, 'that if Macleod is trying to hold us there is no use in appealing to him, and we have small chance of getting word to the fleet. I propose, then, to coerce him. He was alone in his study yesterday, and he may be alone there now. A sword's point at a man's throat is an irresistible argument.'

'But will he keep his word if he gives it under distress?' objected Macdonald.

'I think he will; but it is better not to put too strong a temptation on him. If we come on him alone we will make him sign a pass for us. We will gag and tie him securely, and convey him, when the way is clear, to this room, where he will be less likely to be looked for. We will then give him the consolation that if his pass proves useless we will return and finish the business by sending him into a less troublesome world.'

This advice was no sooner promulgated than it was acted upon. The pair traversed the corridors unseen; then, slipping out their swords, they quickly entered the study. The sight which confronted them was so unexpected that each stood there with drawn sword in hand as if stricken into stone.

Macleod was not in the room, but in his stead, beside the wall of books, her hand upraised, taking down a small vellum-covered volume, was the most beautiful young girl, of perhaps nineteen or twenty, that either of them had ever looked upon. She seemed surprised at their abrupt entrance, and remained statuesquely in her position, as motionless as they. The young woman was the first of the three to recover her composure. Relinquishing the book to the shelf, the hand came down to her side, and she said in most charming, liquid tones, but in broken English:

'You are looking for my father perhaps?'

The King, ever gallant, swept his hat from his head and bowed low, his alertness of mind saving the situation, for he answered quickly:

'Indeed no, my lady. We thought the room was empty, so I implore you to pardon our intrusion.

We were here yesterday, and my friend and I have just had a dispute regarding the size of these gigantic tomes on the lower shelf; my friend insisting that they exceeded our sword-blades in length. Pardon me, madam!' and the King stepped briskly to the largest book, laying his sword down its back as if in measurement. 'There, Jamie,' he cried, 'I have won the wager. I knew it was not more than three-quarters the length of my blade.'

The glance of fear which the young woman had turned on them departed from her face, and she smiled slightly at the young man's eagerness.

'I gather from your remark,' he said, 'that you are Miss Macleod of Dunvegan. May I introduce my friend, James Macdonald of Sleat? My own name is James Stuart, and for a time we are your father's guests at Dunvegan.'

The young lady with inimitable grace bowed her queenly head to each of them in turn. The men slipped their swords quietly back into their scabbards.

'I give you good welcome to Dunvegan,' said the girl. 'I regret that I do not speak fair the English.'

'Indeed, my lady,' said the susceptible King, 'it is the most charming English I ever heard.'

The fair stranger laughed in low and most melodious cadence, like a distant cathedral's chime falling on the evening air.

'I am thinking you will be flattering me,' she said; 'but I know my English is not good, for there are few in these parts that I can speak to in it.'

'I shall be delighted to be your teacher,' replied the King in his most courteous intonation. He knew from experience that any offer of tutorship from him had always proved exceedingly acceptable to the more dainty sex, and the knowledge gave him unbounded confidence, while it augmented his natural self-esteem.

'It is perhaps that you already speak the Gaelic?' suggested the young woman.

'Alas! no, madam; but I should be overjoyed to learn, and in that it may be you will accept me in the part of pupil. You will find me a devoted and most obedient scholar. I am in a way what you might call a poet, and I am told on every hand that Gaelic is the proper medium for that art.'

A puzzled expression troubled the face of the girl as she endeavoured to follow the communication addressed to her; but Macdonald sprang somewhat eagerly to the rescue, and delivered a long harangue in her native language. Her delight was instant, the cloud on her brow disappearing as if by magic under the genial influence of the accustomed converse. The King's physiognomy also underwent a change; but the transformation was not so pleasing as that which had illumined the countenance of the girl. His Majesty distinctly scowled at the intrepid subject who had so impetuously intervened; but the pair paid slight attention to him, conversing amicably together, much to their mutual pleasure.

Now, it is nowhere considered polite to use a language not understood by some one person in the party. This fact Macdonald knew perfectly well, and he doubtless would have acted differently if he had taken time to think; but he had become so engrossed by the beauty of the lady that, for the moment, every other consideration seemed to have fled from his mind. Miss Macleod is to be excused, because she probably supposed a Stuart to be more or less acquainted with the language, in spite of his former disclaimer, which it is not likely she fully comprehended. So she talked fluently and laughed lightly, while one of her auditors was consumed by an anger he dared not show.

The tension of the situation was changed rather than relieved by the silent opening of the door, and the pause of Macleod himself on the threshold, gazing dubiously at the group before him. The animation of the girl fell from her the moment she beheld her father, and the young men, turning, were confronted by the gloomy countenance of the chieftain. The Macleod closed the door softly, and, without a word, walked to his chair beside the table. The girl, bowing slightly, with visible restraint, quitted the room, and as she did so Macdonald's alertness again proved his friend, for he tip-toed quickly to the door before the King—accustomed to be waited upon rather than waiting—recollected himself, and held the door open for the lady, making a gallant sweep with his bonnet as she passed out.

When the supple young man returned to his place beside the King he said in a whisper:

'No sword's-point play with the father of such a beauty—eh?'

To this remark His Majesty made no reply; but he said rather gruffly and abruptly to his host:

'Do you hold us prisoners in this castle, sir?'

'That will depend on the answers I get from you,' replied the Macleod slowly. 'Are you two, or either of you, emissaries of the King?'

'We are not.'

'Does the King know you are here?'

'Regarding the King, his knowledge or his doings, you had better address your inquiries to him personally. We have no authority to speak for His Majesty.'

'You are merely two private gentlemen, then, come all this distance to satisfy a love of travel and a taste for scenery?'

'You have stated the case with great accuracy, sir.'

'Yesterday you spoke of my lack of manners in failing to ask you to be seated; I shall now refer to a breach of politeness on your own part. It is customary when strangers visit a province under an acknowledged ruler, that they should make a formal call upon the ruler before betaking themselves to other portions of his territory.

You remained for several days in Skye without taking the trouble to inform me of your arrival.'

'Sir,' said James haughtily, 'I dispute your contention entirely. You are not the ruler of Skye.'

'Who is, then?'

'The King of Scotland, of course.'

The Macleod laughed in a fashion that somewhat resembled the snarl of an angry dog.

'Of course, as you say. No one disputes that James is King of all Scotland, and I would be the last to question his right, because I hold my lands under charter bearing his signature, carrying the Great Seal of the kingdom; nevertheless the Macleods held Skye long before the present Royal Family of Scotland were heard of, and I would have been Macleod of Macleod although James had never put his hand to this parchment. Meanwhile I take the risk of detaining you until I learn more about you; and if the King makes objection, I shall apologise.'

'You *will* apologise,' said James sternly.

'Oh, it is easily done, and fair words smooth many a difficulty. I shall write to him, if he complain, that I asked especially if you were his men; that you denied it, and so, both for his safety and my own, I considered it well to discover whether or not you were enemies of the realm. If the father of Macdonald is offended, I shall be pleased to meet him either on sea or land, in anger or in friendship; and as for you, who talk so glibly of the King, I would warn you that many things happen in Skye that the King knows nothing of besides the making of strong drink.'

The King made him a courtier-like bow for this long speech, and answered lightly:

'The cock crows blithely on his own midden. Your midden is here, while mine is far away; therefore the contest in crowing is somewhat uneven. Nevertheless I indulge in a final flapping of my wings and an effort of the throat when I say that you will apologise, not by writing at your ease in Dunvegan Castle, but on your bended knees at Stirling.'

'That's as may be,' said the Macleod indifferently, and it was quite obvious that he remained unmoved by the threat.

'Gentlemen, I have the honour to wish you good-morning.'

'One moment. Are we, then, to consider ourselves prisoners?'

'You may consider yourselves whatever best pleases you. If you make another attempt like the one you indulged in this morning, I shall clap you both in the deepest dungeons I possess. Some would even go so far as to call that imprisonment; but if each gives me his word of honour that he will make no attempt at escape, and also that he will not communicate with Stirling, then you are as free of my house and my grounds as if you were the most welcome of guests. But I warn you that if, after you pass your words, you attempt to tamper with any of my men, I shall know of it very soon after, and then comes the dungeon.'

The King hesitated and looked at his friend; but Macdonald, who had taken no part in this conversation, seemed in an absent dream, his eyes gazing on vacancy, or perhaps beholding a vision that entranced him.

'What do you say, Macdonald?' asked the King sharply.

Macdonald recovered himself with a start.

'To what?' he asked.

'To the terms proposed by our jailer.'

'I did not hear them. What are they?'

'Will you give your word not to escape?'

'Oh, willingly.'

'And not to communicate with Stirling?'

'I don't care if I never see Stirling again.'

The King turned to the chief.

'There is little difficulty, you see,' he said, 'with your fellow Highlander. I, however, am supposed to be a Lowlander, and, therefore, cautious. I give you my word not to communicate with Stirling. As for the other proviso, I amend it as follows: I shall not leave this island without your knowledge and your company. If that is satisfactory, I pledge my faith.'

'Perfectly satisfactory,' answered the Macleod; and with that the two young men took their departure.

Once more in the King's room, from which, earlier in the day, they had set out so confidently, Macdonald flung himself upon a bench; but the King paced up and down the apartment. The former thought the latter was ruminating on the conditions that had been wrung from him, but the first words of the King proved his mistake.

'Jamie, you hardly gave me fair-play, you and your Gaelic, with that dainty offspring of so grim a sire.'

'Master of Ballengeich,' replied the Highlander, 'a man plays for his own hand. You should have learned the Gaelic long ago.'

The King stopped abruptly in his walk.

'Why do you call me by that name?'

'Merely to show that in this ploy the royal prerogative is not brought into play; it already settled that when I meet the King I am defeated. It remains to be seen what luck plain James Macdonald has in a contest with plain James Stuart.'

'Oh, it's to be a contest, then?'

'Not unless you wish it so. I am content to exchange all the fair damsels of Stirling for this one Highland lassie.'

'You'll exchange!' cried the King. 'I make bold to say she is not yours to exchange.'

'I intend to make her mine.'

'Ah, we'll see about that, Jamie.'

'We will, Ballengeich,' said Macdonald, with confident precision.

So the contest began.

(To be continued.)

A CARD-GAME FOR THREE.

By Professor HOFFMANN, Editor of *The Book of Card and Table Games*, &c.

OF card-games there is no lack; but of games for three players there are singularly few. Our readers may, therefore, be glad to make the acquaintance of a really excellent game, of recent invention, which comes under this category.

The name of the new game is Ombre. A game similarly entitled was played in the days of Queen Anne, and has been celebrated by Pope in the *Rape of the Lock;* but, save in the fact that both are for three players, the modern game has no resemblance to its predecessor. It belongs to what Foster terms 'the whist family, though it finds as yet no place in his *Complete Hoyle.*

The full pack of fifty-two cards is used. The players cut for deal as at whist, the lowest dealing. The cards are dealt one by one, each player receiving seventeen. The last card is turned up by way of trump, but belongs to neither hand. Each player then disposes his cards as follows: The eight uppermost he arranges face downwards, without looking at them, in a double row before him. The ninth card he places, face upwards, to the right of the double row, and the remaining eight cards, also face upwards, one on each turned-down card.

Each player has thus nine exposed cards; and these alone, at the outset, are playable. The player to the left of the dealer leads any card he pleases, and the other two play to it, as at whist. Each must follow suit, if he can; if not, he may trump if he is able, but is not obliged to do so. The three cards constitute a trick. Unless the trick is trumped, the highest card of the suit led wins; the winner leading to the next trick, and so on.

As the game proceeds the exposed cards will gradually be worked off, leaving turned-down cards visible in their places. So soon as a card is thus uncovered it is at the option of the owner to turn it up, when it becomes available for play. He is not, however, bound to do so while he has any faced card left; and much of the science of the game consists in deciding whether, at a given stage, to turn up a card or not.

An example will make this clearer. Midway in the game, A. has led, say, a small spade, upon which B. has played the ten. C. has among his faced cards no spade, and only one trump, a high one, say an ace or king. Of course he can secure the trick by playing this trump; but he would prefer to win it more cheaply. Turning up a card or cards may possibly enable him to do this. If he is lucky, the very first card he turns up may be a winning spade or a small trump, either of which will suit his purpose. On the other hand, he may turn up a small spade (thereby losing the opportunity of trumping), or he may turn up in succession two or three cards of other suits, exposing his hand without gaining any compensating advantage.

In such a case the skilled player will derive a good deal of guidance from the previous fall of the cards; but the safest policy, as a rule, is to delay turning up concealed cards as long as reasonably practicable. On the other hand, it is well to free covered cards, by getting rid of those above them, as soon as possible, so as to have a larger number of cards available for play if needed.

Each hand is a game in itself. At the close each player pays one counter (of any agreed value) for each trick of which he comes short, and receives one counter for each by which he exceeds the number made by either of the other players. Thus, suppose A. to have made nine tricks, B. five, and C. three only; A. will in such case receive from B. four counters, and from C. six; while C. will also pay two counters to B. If both A. and B. have made six tricks, C., having five only, pays one counter to each of them. If C. has ten tricks, B. five, and A. two, B. will pay five counters to C. and receive three from A., while A. will pay C. eight counters.

Ombre, though a less scientific game than whist, affords much more scope for play than would at first sight appear; while the element of surprise, as fresh cards are turned up, keeps the interest constantly alive, and makes the game, in a mild way, genuinely exciting.

A PRIMROSE.

BEFORE the earliest cuckoo calls,
Or swallows build beneath the eaves,
Or children dream of cowslip-balls,
You shine among your crinkled leaves
As if, from yon bright heaven afar,
Some angel hand had dropt a star.

How faint and yet how sweet your breath,
God's little messenger of hope!
That tells how life has vanquished death
In budful wood, on verdant slope:
Your glistening salver seems to hold
The year's first gift of sunlight-gold.

A beauteous flower! to all hearts dear,
Because all hearts with gladness thrill
To know that lovelier days are near;
For, though gray Winter lingers still,
His wrath is spent, his storms are few,
And Spring begins her reign with you.

E. MATHESON.

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SIXTH SERIES.

EMPIRE-BUILDING: ITS PLEASURES AND PAINS.

By A. HOFMEYER, B.A., Author of *The Story of my Captivity during the Transvaal War*, &c.

IT is only since the outbreak of the South African war that I have fully understood and appreciated the actions of that great South African statesman, Mr Cecil Rhodes, to whose foresight and indomitable spirit the British Empire owes a tremendous debt of gratitude.

Any one looking at the map of South Africa will see the vast tract of country called Damaraland, lying to the north-west of the Cape Colony. Some years ago that territory was to be had for a mere nothing; but there was no Cape politician at that time shrewd enough to perceive the value of such an acquisition except Mr Rhodes, and as a member of the Cape Ministry he tried hard to paint Damaraland red. His colleagues, however, did not rise to the occasion, and the German Empire obtained possession. Fortunately Mr Rhodes put his foot down on a spot which is the only harbour on that western shore—Walvisch Bay. He was determined to retain that port for England; and he succeeded. A look at the map will show the value of the acquisition: how easy it would have been, during the present war, for mercenaries, ammunition, &c. to have been landed there and sent on to the Transvaal!

However, Mr Rhodes did more than that. Between the eastern boundary of Damaraland and the western boundary of Bechuanaland (a British protectorate) there lay another practically unknown region, known as 'Ngamiland, stretching southwards from Lake 'Ngami, and including the Chanzis country. To men of foresight like Mr Rhodes it became evident that German territory would be extended eastwards to include this region if British territory were not first extended westwards. Already German influence was beginning to make itself felt there when Mr Rhodes obtained for the Chartered Company a concession from the chief Segkomi of the whole of 'Ngamiland. It is interesting to contemplate the developments that might have arisen during the present war had this territory been painted yellow instead of red. In fact, I must say here that to my mind Britons all over the world do not value as highly as they deserve the inestimable services rendered to the Empire by the great Empire-builder, Cecil Rhodes. I will never forget the occasions, now almost ten years ago, when I heard Mr Rhodes, standing before a large map of Africa, dilate upon the necessity of land acquisition here and there and everywhere over the vast continent. He spoke as only a prophet and philanthropist and a loyal subject can speak; and to me it is a deeply fascinating study to notice how his prophecies are being verified. To have been associated with him for several years, though in a very small way, in this wonderful work of Empire-building, I will always deem an honour; it has given me intense pleasure and instruction, and made me the loyal subject I am not ashamed to say I am to-day. I have been through the Kalahari in connection with this work at the time when the 'Ngamiland concession was granted, and thus obtained much useful and interesting information. Let me relate here something about the chief of that country, Segkomi.

This chief lived in his big town called Moremi, close to Lake 'Ngami. He was known to be a cruel, degraded, and deceitful man. While on my way to Chanzis to plant a colony there, consisting of farmers from the Cape, Free State, and Transvaal, I was greatly interested in a letter I received from a missionary living north of the lake, saying amongst other things: 'Dear Mr H., for God's sake bring up your men as soon as possible, so that an end may be put to the wickedness and cruelty of Segkomi.' This message seemed all the more important when I remembered what another man, whom I happened to meet at Mafeking, had said to me. I will not give this gentleman's name; it may, however, be mentioned that to-day he poses as a red-hot loyalist at the Cape; but at that time—

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because he was financially interested—he opposed every attempt to create British protectorates in native states. Seeing me before I left Mafeking, that man called Mr Rhodes a murderer and a freebooter, and the Chartered Company a fraud and a filibustering company; and to me he said, 'You ought to be ashamed of identifying yourself with such men, and of accompanying a band of murderers'—referring to the gentlemen-farmers who were with me. I took no particular notice of these words. I knew my detractor's weakness. With him it was his pocket first and the British Empire afterwards. Such are the men who minimise the efforts of loyal Empire-builders, and I could not help comparing the missionary's Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us,' with this man's selfish meanness. 'If you go you are a marauder and a filibuster.' Forsooth! he was afraid that we would start trading where he alone had been monopolising trade, to his own advantage solely. He could not understand that men could have higher aims in life than mere moneymaking. He is to-day a rich man, and I am poor; but I have one possession he has not: I have served my King and flag faithfully, through good and evil report; he is loyal now that loyalty pays better.

To proceed with the story. In consequence of my friend the missionary's letter, I tried to gain as much information as I could regarding Segkomi; and when, later, I met the missionary I obtained some startling intelligence from him. Let me relate one episode.

Segkomi was the most powerful chief in the country, and used periodically to raid the villages of petty chiefs, especially those to the north of the lake. What the Matabele did to the Mashonas on a larger scale this miniature Lobengula attempted to do on a smaller. Wherever he overpowered a village, he killed the elderly warriors, captured the women, and made slaves of the younger men. He set out northwards one day accompanied by eight hundred warriors with the intention of overpowering some chiefs who were waxing too powerful for his liking. Arrived at a village on the southern banks of the Botletli River, he pretended to be a friend of the chief, and promised that he would spare the village if the chief would lend him some canoes and help his men to cross the river on their way to the north. This was agreed to, and Segkomi and his men marched northwards towards another village which he intended to raid, after hiding the canoes in the forest on the river-bank till their return. The expedition was a thorough success, and the victorious Segkomi marched back with numerous herds of cattle and slaves in his train, leaving behind him devastated homes and bleeding corpses. An eye-witness told me that his warriors used to seize troublesome babes and little children by the legs, whirl them round and round, and dash out their brains against a tree or rock; then the march was resumed, the dead bodies being left to vultures and wolves, notwithstanding the agonised shrieks of heart-broken mothers.

Arrived at the river, Segkomi crossed over in the friendly chief's canoes and marched up to his village. 'I am going to reward you,' said he, 'for the assistance you rendered me. I am a great king and a great witch-doctor, and I am going to give you a great medicine which will protect you from your enemies and make you invincible. For you may be sure that other chiefs from the north will come down to attack me, and you will be the first to suffer because you assisted me.' The chief was delighted to hear this, and readily consented to be 'doctored' by this mighty potentate. There was eating and drinking and rejoicing that night, and the next morning arrangements were made for administering the great Segkomi's medicine. This was what took place: Segkomi's men were all formed up in a semicircle some distance outside the village, whilst half-way between them and the village Segkomi himself and his chief *induna* took up their position. They stood face to face, holding in their hands a long, stout thong of hide, formed into a slip-noose at the one end. The chief then called upon the warriors of the village to approach one by one, and as they approached each one laid down his arms beside Segkomi, passed through the open noose, whilst the chief mumbled some magic phrase and sprinkled on each man as he went through a few drops of medicine-water from a big horn. Thus one by one the warriors passed by, taking up their position in the hollow of the semicircle of warriors—the latter well armed, of course; the former unarmed. When all the men had gone through, the village chief came last. To him Segkomi said, 'I have special medicine for you, my brother; come, step into this magic noose and listen.' The chief did as he was bid. When he had put his head into the noose, quick as lightning the two men treacherously drew it tight round the victim's neck, strangling him on the spot. This was the signal for the armed warriors to fall upon their poor victims standing defenceless within the circle, and slay them all in cold blood. Segkomi thereupon set fire to the village, took possession of everything worth having, made captives of all the younger women and children, and marched homewards, highly delighted with the success of his cruel treachery. Again, as an eye-witness told me, the road was strewn with the dead bodies of women and children, whom the warriors had slain on the least provocation. On their arrival at Moremi there was feasting and rejoicing, the captured women were allotted as slaves and wives amongst the men, and for many a day the praises of this mighty conqueror were sung to the accompaniment of the anguished wail of the childless mother, the fatherless daughter, and the heart-

broken captive! But what cared Segkomi? His black heart knew only treachery. Such was the native whom my above-mentioned friend would protect against us white people—marauders and filibusters! Ay, such were the practices which my friend the missionary would have us suppress in God's name, and the black-hearted villain he would subject to the flag whose very shadow, as it quivers on the ground, spells Liberty and Freedom—the flag of the British Empire!

This was done. Now the widow's wail, the orphan's heart-broken cry, or the shriek of murdered children is heard no more; nor does the blood of butchered warriors soak into the earth. Segkomi dares not—the Union-jack waves over his head. Yes, Empire-building has its pleasures, but it has also its tragedies!

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XI.—THE HOUSE OF SURPRISES.

AWAKENING with a start, Lucie lay for a moment trying to collect her senses before she could remember where she was. The large room after the cramped cabin, the stillness after the muffled thunder and vibration of the engines to which weeks on shipboard had accustomed her, for a space confused her drowsy brain. It was the sight of her cousin standing before the mirror in the act of trying on Lucie's toque of gray velvet and purple pansies that, with a rush, brought recollection of her present whereabouts.

Honoria, unaware that her guest was awake, stood complacently simpering to her reflection in the looking-glass, and turning her head from side to side in her efforts to obtain a more comprehensive view of the effect.

'Well, I only hope it didn't look like *that* on me,' thought Lucie scornfully, as she witnessed her smart hat perched upon Honoria's stack of hay-coloured locks. 'But, if this is a specimen of London manners, give me Colonial ones!'

'What o'clock is it?' she asked abruptly as Honoria, having taken off the hat, showed signs of turning her attention to a gray feather-boa that lay near.

At the sound of her cousin's voice Honoria dropped the boa as though it burnt her.

'Good gracious me, Lucie! I didn't know you were awake. I've been waiting ages for you to open your eyes. And I was trying on your hat just to pass the time. I hope you aren't angry?'

'I'm afraid I've slept too late. What o'clock is it?' Lucie answered, evading the question.

'Nearly ten.'

'Oh, how lazy uncle must think me! I wish somebody had roused me in time for breakfast.'

'Father said you were to have breakfast in bed whenever you awoke. He's gone in to business. We're to amuse ourselves as we like this morning, and he'll come back about two and take you into the City. Suppose we go to Madame Tussaud's? It's quite near.'

'That would be nice; but I think I ought to unpack first,' Lucie—for whom a visit to a wax-work held little attraction—replied diplomatically. 'I won't feel that I've settled down properly till my things are in order; and my frocks that were in the hold must be so crushed'——

'Frocks? Oh, I dote on frocks!' cried Honoria with enthusiasm. 'Tell you what—I'll bring you up some breakfast, and then we'll have a look at your things.'

Every girl likes to have her taste appreciated, and Honoria's interest in and raptures at the beauty of Lucie's belongings soothed that maiden's ruffled feelings; though she would have been better pleased had Honoria taken fewer liberties with the garments. Even before Lucie had finished breakfasting, her cousin was prancing about the room arrayed in the neat light-gray travelling-suit which Lucie had reserved for her arrival. To induce the gown to meet over Honoria's more exuberant curves had entailed considerable straining of the seams. It was a trying situation for the owner; but, as best she could, Lucie concealed her annoyance and the anxiety she felt lest some of the overtaxed fastenings should give way.

'I do believe your frocks would fit me perfectly. We're just the same height. I suppose our figures are alike because we're such near relatives,' Honoria declared as she paraded the room, with her usual giggle—a giggle that seemed to find an echo in the adjoining dressing-room, the door of which stood open.

'What is that? Is any one in there?' Lucie asked nervously, startled by the sound.

Honoria stepped hurriedly into the dressing-room, and held a whispered but fierce colloquy with an invisible somebody within. Then returning, she shut the dividing door with a bang.

'It was just Martha the cook. She was dusting the room. She's not a bad old creature; but, as I was telling her, she's inclined to be too familiar. I'll have to teach her to keep her place.'

Lucie's two large boxes were still downstairs, but her cabin-trunk and hat-box were in the dressing-room; and, securing the keys under pretext of helping to unpack, Honoria rummaged among their contents to her heart's delight. To

Lucie's surprise, her curiosity seemed to end there, for she combated Lucie's desire to have the large trunks brought upstairs and opened.

'Let them wait till to-morrow. Your uncle will be cross when he comes back if he finds you haven't had an outing.'

And Lucie was nothing loath, for outside the ivy-covered brick walls lay a new and intensely interesting world.

Honoria's appearance when attired for the excursion was a little staggering. Her curious choice in indoor dress Lucie, even after making all possible allowance for differences in country and in personal taste, had been forced to consider a trifle exaggerated. Honoria's outdoor garb, she was bound to admit, was simply atrocious.

Somewhat to Lucie's relief, a long drab coat adorned with a lace collar and large pearl buttons served to conceal the light-blue velvet blouse lavishly decorated with gilt braid which Honoria had thought suitable for morning wear; but her elaborately betucked fawn skirt was out of tone with the coat, and she had donned a large picture-hat laden with faded artificial flowers and feathers, whose discouraged-looking plumes bespoke past showers.

'These things were all new at the January sales; but, what with the rain and the dust, things do get messed about in London in spring. Don't last any time. I'm needing a new outfit,' Honoria announced, surveying her figure in the long mirror, and Lucie had not the hardihood to contradict her.

Concluding that Honoria's eccentricity in matters pertaining to costume must be due to the early death of her mother, Lucie followed her cousin downstairs, wondering as she went whether on such short acquaintance she could venture to call Honoria's attention to the fact that a portion of her skirt-braid was trailing untidily behind her.

'I'm afraid you'll trip, Honoria,' she hinted diffidently. 'A bit of your braid has got loose.'

'Oh, bother it!' ejaculated Honoria, squatting down on the step. 'That braid's a nuisance. It's always among my feet. Stop a minute and I'll pin it up.'

Waiting on the stair while the slovenly Honoria temporised with the refractory binding, Lucie's attention was caught by a large portrait in a heavy gilt frame that decorated the landing. It was that of a rubicund old gentleman in a uniform which, though familiar, Lucie could not class. A large brass helmet rested on a table beside him.

'Whose portrait is this?' she asked.

Honoria glanced up from her labour of pinning the braid. 'Oh, that! He's an uncle of pa's, a colonel or something in the army.'

'Really?' exclaimed Lucie, gratified at the notion of being able to claim so reputable an addition to her relatives. 'Then he must be a relation of mine too.'

'Did I say pa's? I meant ma's. I always muddle these old people up,' said Honoria, hastily correcting her slip. 'He's dead long ago, at any rate.'

'What regiment was he in?'

'He was in the dragoons, or the marines, or something like that,' Honoria answered impartially. 'Ask pa. I always muddle them up.'

Honoria having called down the kitchen-stairs the information that they would return at half-past one to luncheon, the cousins set off, and Lucie breathed a freer air on the outer side of the high ivy-clad garden wall.

'Who lives on either side of you?' Lucie asked, getting a glimpse through an open gate of a pretty house with scarlet tulips flowering in the plots. 'The lady sitting at the window looks nice.'

'You'd better ask me another,' Honoria retorted crisply. 'I don't know the woman from Adam. Nobody knows who their neighbours are in London.'

An 'Atlas' 'bus quickly deposited them at Baker Street Station, whence a few steps taken eastwards brought them to the door of the famous establishment, whose flag-crowned domes were glittering alluringly in the sunshine.

Honoria had forgotten to bring a purse, so it was Lucie's pence that paid their 'bus fares, and her shillings that gained them admission to the great entrance-hall, whose magnitude and lavish ornamentation filled Lucie with amazement that such expenditure should be devoted to the embellishment of a mere waxwork.

'Huge? I should say so. We do things on a large scale in London,' said Honoria complacently.

'If Kitty saw us now,' Lucie thought in serio-comic pity for herself, 'she would assuredly say we were "K," and she'd be right, too.' To refer to any one as 'K' was Miss Kitty Lorimer's phonetic way of hinting that they were common.

Frustrating Lucie's wish to remain downstairs to inspect the historical tableaux, Honoria, whose sole desire was to revisit the room dedicated to the memory of crimes, hurried her up the wide staircase and through the first hall, where a band in fancy uniform was performing to inattentive ears. In the adjoining gallery the figures standing about the floor seemed unpleasantly lifelike, and Lucie, to whom an exhibition of the kind was a novelty, shrank from their proximity. She was looking with comparative pleasure at an elaborate group representing a Presentation at Court when Honoria, who was eager to reach what for her was the only point of interest in the building, dragged her to the turnstile, where a further payment of two of Lucie's sixpences made them free to feast upon the gruesome.

Lucie would gladly have lingered in the hall devoted to the authentic relics of the great Napoleon; but Honoria, hungry for sensation, urged her to descend the dismal stair leading

to the Chamber of Horrors, which a skilful deficiency of light, a lavish use of iron gratings, and an amazing collection of revolting detail rendered worthy its designation.

Lucie's courage failed as, in the wake of her voluble cousin, she descended into the noisome corridor. The path was narrow. Nightmarish figures in fusty raiment lurked in unexpected corners. Staring waxen faces peered from the gloom. On the dungeon-like walls hung instruments of the Inquisition and pictures of tortures undepictable in wax. Beyond was a large room crowded with effigies of criminals that, seen in the dim light, owned a terrifying actuality. Close by the guillotine an official was giving a group of lady-sightseers from the midland counties a minute account—to a running commentary of stifled shrieks from his auditors—of the terrible fiasco attendant upon the first attempt at execution by electricity.

'Here's luck,' whispered Honoria. 'We'll follow that man. He'll tell us all about everybody.'

But Lucie had fled. Haunted by a clammy fear that one of these long-dead malefactors would put forth a flaccid hand to grasp her as she passed, she had flown up the dark staircase, and only breathed freely when she found herself once more among the faded mementoes of the fallen Napoleon. And there Honoria, when she discovered her visitor's absence, at length found her.

'What made you run away like that? Missing the best of it! You are a silly!' was Honoria's comment upon Lucie's squeamishness.

Cold sirloin and cheese were on the dining-room table when, half-an-hour late for luncheon, they got home; and Uncle Andrew, impatient at the delay, awaited their return.

'Had you forgotten that your cousin wished her bank-draft cashed to-day?' he asked his daughter sharply. 'You forget that money matters are important, and that time is valuable.'

At Mr Lorimer's rebuke Honoria flushed hotly beneath her rouge, but she kept silence. Lucie's conciliatory remark that she didn't really need the money, but that if he was in a hurry she was ready to start at once, as she was not hungry, soothed her uncle; and after a curtailed meal they set off City-wards in a hansom.

When Lucie had cashed her draft and given the proceeds into her uncle's keeping, as her father had arranged, she rejoiced at being quit of the burden of its custody.

'I feel it quite a relief to get rid of the responsibility of that money,' she said, turning confidentially to her uncle as, the business concluded, they were driving back to St John's Wood. 'It's really awfully good of you to take care of it for me.'

'Oh, that's all right,' Mr Lorimer answered shortly.

'It's just like uncle, not to care for being thanked for his kindness,' Lucie thought with gratitude, and tactfully led the conversation to impersonal subjects.

'I was looking at that portrait on the landing to-day. How brave the old gentleman must have been to gain all these medals!' she said.

'Oh, the old Chief of the Fire-Brigade? Yes, fine old fellow he was'——

'Fire Brigade? Oh! of course, that explains the brass helmet. But I thought—surely Honoria told me he was a colonel in the dragoons'—— She stopped, a little confused.

Mr Lorimer turned towards her, his manner changed to one of extreme gravity. 'My dear Lucie, I ought to have confided in you that poor Honoria lacks the stability of character that I would wish her to possess. You may have noticed that her memory is defective. As a child she could not remember anything beyond the simplest lessons; dates, arithmetic, were impossible to her. We consulted many physicians, and were led to believe that as she advanced in years she would grow completely out of it. But'—— He broke off the sentence with a hopeless sigh, and Lucie resolved that never again would she pay the slightest attention to any discrepancy, however glaring, in Honoria's treatment of facts.

Honoria, already dressed for dinner in a yellow chiffon evening-blouse, with a cluster of pink artificial roses perched on one shoulder, awaited their return. Her golden fringe was more obtrusive than ever; and Lucie mentally shuddered to see that her evening-dress ended at the waist, for with the gorgeous bodice she wore the tweed skirt of the morning, the ragged piece of braid broken loose from the confining pins, and again trailing.

Dinner passed off pleasantly. The disagreeable old woman was a fair cook, and Mr Lorimer exerted himself to be attentive to his guest. When they adjourned to the drawing-room he produced a chess-board and men, and, challenging Lucie to a game, played with such skill that she felt as a child in his hands.

Honoria, after yawning over a novelette for half-an-hour, left the room and evidently descended to the basement to enter into argument with the cook, for the sound of wrangling voices became unpleasantly audible. At the hint of internal disturbance, Mr Lorimer fidgeted uneasily in his chair.

'Excuse me,' he said, rising, after a moment of indecision, and following his daughter. Apparently he too had descended to the nether regions, for with his departure, though the altercation did not cease, the tones became lower, the voices muffled.

To while away the time till her uncle's return, Lucie took a voyage of discovery round the room in quest of something to read. Like the rest of the house, the drawing-room was well, even tastefully, furnished; the few ornaments were of some

value; but here also was the same lack of those trifling knick-knacks whose presence goes so far towards the humanising of a dwelling. The total absence of books had dismayed Lucie, for at Ingarangi they were all voracious novel-readers, and the only literature she had seen since her arrival on the previous day had been Mr Lorimer's newspaper and Honoria's novelette.

The discovery of a tall old-fashioned bookcase half-hidden in an alcove at the farther end of the room promised relief. Through the glass doors she could see that it was filled with ponderous tomes. In Lucie Lorimer's opinion even serious reading was better than none; but to her surprise, when she tried to get a volume, she found that the door was locked and the key absent.

'How funny! Uncle must be very proud of his books if he keeps them locked up,' she thought, turning away empty-handed.

A glass case containing the stuffed remains of a spaniel that bore a distinct resemblance to the Angel as seen through the wrong end of a telescope brought a vague reminiscence of home. The close scrutiny of a tiny plate of tarnished brass gave her the information that the occupant's name had been Flossy, and that she had died in 1897, aged nine years and three months.

Lucie had returned to her inspection of the books, and was wondering which of all the dull volumes she would select, when Mr Lorimer appeared, apologising for his absence.

'Can you give me the key of the bookcase, uncle?' Lucie asked. 'I would like something to read.'

With her words a fresh shadow fell upon his careworn face. 'I'm afraid I scarcely know where the key is to-night. Will to-morrow do?' he replied hesitatingly.

'Of course. To-morrow or any time will do perfectly,' Lucie hastened to assure him. 'What a dear little dog this must have been! I'm sure he was a great favourite with you all.'

'Ah, yes! Carlo was my poor wife's dog—her constant companion. She was so grieved when he died that she would never have another pet.'

For a puzzled instant Lucie regarded her uncle inquiringly, wondering if she had heard aright. According to the tablet the dog was alive till 1897, while Mrs Lorimer, she knew, had been dead for many years. How, then, could Flossy have been a pet of hers? And he had called it Carlo, too. Distrust awoke in Lucie for a brief moment; but the memory of her uncle's kindness kept her loyal even in thought. He looked jaded and tired, too—years older than he had done on the previous day; and she sincerely pitied him for having the soulless Honoria as mistress of his house. Deciding that her uncle had confused the two dogs, Lucie set her mind at rest.

'We won't finish the game,' she said, beginning to put away the chess-men. 'You have had a busy day. You are tired.'

'And you must be tired too,' he answered. 'You can't have got over the fatigue of the voyage yet. If you ring your bedroom bell when you're in bed, Honoria will bring you up some hot sherry. No. I insist upon your taking it. It will do you good.'

Lucie had brushed out her hair before she discovered that she had left her purse downstairs. Slipping on a dressing-gown, she decided to go in search of it. Somehow she felt an unreasonable distrust of the cook, and thought it safer to secure her property before going to sleep. Honoria, she knew, was a feather-brained creature; but in her uncle, who, after all, was the most important member of the household, she had complete confidence.

She was almost certain she had left the purse on the dining-room mantelpiece; so, lighting a taper, she descended noiselessly to avoid disturbing the family, and opened the door of that room. To her amazement, the dining-room, which she had expected to find dark and vacant, was brightly lit, and by the fire, in communion with Mr Lorimer and Miss Lorimer, sat the old cook. At the unexpected appearance of their guest clad in a white cambric dressing-gown, the father and daughter looked up in blank astonishment, and the cook, quitting her chair, slunk back into the shadows.

'Come in, my dear,' Mr Lorimer said pleasantly. His surprise quickly vanished. 'Poor Martha has been distracted with toothache all day—I'm afraid the basement is rather damp at this season—so I've just been giving her a note to take to our dentist to-morrow.—There, cook; go as early as possible to-morrow, and Mr Saunders will soon put you all right.' Muttering something that sounded like thanks, the old woman slipped out of the room.

'I left my purse here—I think it was on the mantelpiece. I only came down to get it,' Lucie explained.

'Yes, we found it. Honoria was going to bring it up with the sherry when you rang. I'm afraid you didn't sleep well last night, and I wish you to sleep specially soundly to-night.'

At her father's words Honoria laughed again that meaningless giggle which always provoked Lucie to wrath.

'Here is your purse, Lucie,' continued Mr Lorimer. 'If you live in London long you will learn to be more careful of your money. All places are not so honest as the Antipodes, remember.'

Lucie was leaving the room with her recovered purse when her uncle, who had quite regained his spirits, launched the half-playful warning; and as the door closed behind her, Lucie, unless she was greatly mistaken, heard Honoria laugh again in the same foolish fashion.

THE RESOURCES OF NEW GUINEA.

By a Pioneer.

THIS world has now but few spots where the foot of the intrepid Briton has not trod; for, fired with the spirit of adventure, he has forced his way into all the waste and almost inaccessible parts of the habitable globe.

Of recent years the famous goldfields of Queensland and Victoria attracted daring men from all lands, and were the lodestones of humanity until the riches of the parched desert of Western Australia were disclosed. The extraordinary wealth of the Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie fields held the world spell-bound for a season, and then strange rumours began to circulate of an ice-bound El Dorado in the Northern Hemisphere. Soon the gold-craze caught on; and when reports came from the frozen Yukon Valley of fortunes made by novices in so many minutes, there were but few indeed who were not affected with the fortune-seeking fascination.

At present, however, New Guinea bids fair to be the magnet. Of late the mainland and the surrounding isles have been receiving much attention from the Queensland Government, and many sons of our great Austral land have already gone to pioneer and prospect in its dense tropical forests and on its fire-tossing mountain-peaks. For some time past gold and other minerals have been found and worked systematically on the various islands of the Louisiade, Woodlark, and adjacent groups; but only lately has the *terra incognita* of the vast mainland shown samples of its golden wealth to the dauntless Anglo-Saxon. There are several recognised fields in the north-east of British New Guinea; but the precious metal can be found in more or less paying quantities in every river valley in the interior. The chief workings at present are on the head-waters of the Mambari, Giri, and Kumusi Rivers; the township (?) of Tamata being the Dawson City of the whole. Rich 'strikes' have been made in the settlement and within two days' journey round about; but, owing to the treachery of the natives, only well-armed parties of at least six men should prospect farther out.

The mountain-ranges are very inaccessible; but they are believed to contain lodes which, when discovered, will prove to be the richest in the world. That there is good reason for this belief is evident from the large size of the grains of gold found in the sands of the rivers; and if suitable means of working their tremendous area were adopted, these sources should themselves increase the world's supply of gold to a considerable extent. One party of four on the Kumusi River made an average of five ounces per day by simply washing the 'dirt' in ordinary pans. This amount, the writer was told, might have been doubled had it not been that half their number had to be continually on the watch to prevent surprise by the natives, to say nothing of the extremities the party were often reduced to for want of the necessaries of life. The writer's own experiences on the Giri and Mambari sands bear out the foregoing; and, from personal knowledge of both Klondyke and New Guinea, he believes that the grimly guarded and fever-infested tropical island will ultimately eclipse, as a gold-producing country, the great frozen region within the Arctic Circle.

The discovery of the Yodda Valley find—one of the most famous 'strikes'—happened in a rather peculiar manner. A party of twenty prospectors started to cross overland from the coast at Dyke Bay to the sources of the rivers Mambari and Kumusi, their intention being to open up a track which would avoid the deadly fever-belt in the lower reaches of these rivers. The natives, however, seemed determined to prevent them from succeeding, and by attacking them openly in the day and stealing their stores during the night they generally contrived to give the adventurers a hard time. Many of the pioneers gave up the attempt, and returned to the coast; while others fell victims to disease and the treachery of the natives. At length only three were left: Walker, an Australian Scot; Crowe, an Irishman; and Stein, a German. They trusted entirely to a small compass for guidance, and carried all their stores upon their backs. Day by day they cut their way through luxuriant creeping foliage until at length they crossed the last range and began descending its densely wooded slopes.

'Bhoys,' said Crowe, 'if this ain't the Kumusi at the fut, shure an' our woives are as good as widows.'

His companions agreed; but while Stein was expressing his belief that it was the river Kumusi, he tripped, and, falling forward, disappeared among the creepers.

'Git up, Kaiser,' said Walker. Receiving no reply, he began cutting the undergrowth from his feet; but he suddenly fell through the brilliantly hued roof of a small gully which was completely covered by an interlacement of foliage. About twenty feet below he landed on another dense bed of creeping vegetation that formed an impenetrable network about two feet above the ground, but apparently unconnected with the earth. Myriads of disturbed birds of paradise and gaudy-plumaged parrots flitted about in the semi-darkness, filling the air with their noisy chatterings.

Here Walker could see no sign of his companion; and, while he still endeavoured to gain a firm footing on the springy network, the Irishman came tumbling down beside him. Crowe, with the usual Irishman's luck, alighted safely, and at once added his stentorian shout to that of Walker, in the hope that Stein would hear and respond; but the shrill cries of the birds almost drowned their united efforts. At length they heard a faint answering hallo, and after much trouble, found their companion fastened among some coiling creepers. In a manner characteristic of most of his nationality, he had fallen head-first, and, having broken through the wild-vine entanglements, was resting on the sand below. His feet were tightly entwined, however, and his struggles only served to bind him faster.

'Here, me bhoy, catch hould ov me hand,' said Crowe as they cut him out. 'Wan would think yez had shtruck gold by the way yez are houldin' that.'

'Vell, vat vas it you call dat?' said Stein, opening his hand and disclosing a two-ounce water-worn nugget.

Walker and Crowe were both speechless with amazement, and Stein continued: 'I sees it ven I fell, und could have got away den, but did not vant to lose de place.'

Quickly recovering themselves, the men energetically began cutting down the undergrowth, and were rewarded by finding several promising specimens lying on the surface. Next day, after taking their bearings as carefully as the circumstances would permit, they continued their journey, but made their route the bed of the delightfully cool, covered waterway. Eventually the small stream discharged itself into a larger river; and, believing that its waters might connect with the Kumusi, they cut a path through the arbour and made a course down the valley. Two days later the writer and another party who had crossed overland from the Mambari met them, and after hearing their story, decided to go back with them.

The sands of that little stream were literally golden, and life might have been pleasant under that flowery roof but for the tortures inflicted by numerous insects and other varieties of pests.

Soon the 'rush' set in. How the news was carried outside no man knows; but there was plenty for all. Many nuggets were found, and each man made his five ounces daily. At present the Yodda is one of the best-known centres in New Guinea, and every miner in the 'Administration' knows that there he can at least find sufficient gold to provide him with 'tucker,' even although the prices are extraordinary.

Stores are brought to the various fields from Samarai, the chief port, by coasting-steamer to the mouths of the rivers, thence by oil-launches as far as possible, and native carriers complete the journey. The prices of all commodities at the recognised centres are the same, ranging, according to quantities on hand, from one-and-sixpence to three shillings per pound. If they have to be transported farther inland, however, the wages of the native carriers must be added to the prices given; the Warden of the District seeing that each man employed is paid one pound per month, with food. The Government have now begun the construction of an overland track from the coast; and when that is finished the carriage of stores will be greatly facilitated.

At present the miner reaches the fields in the same manner as the stores—if he is lucky; but as the launches do not necessarily meet the coasting-steamer, he is sometimes landed on the beach, and, in preference to camping there, on the chance of a launch arriving soon, generally prefers to make his own track.

All old miners in New Guinea are impregnated with quinine, that being the only safeguard against the many fevers, &c., that attack all, more or less. Australians, especially Queenslanders, suffer less from the malarial climate than others; but even Colonials only stay in the country for a short time, and then go back to their native state for a holiday.

Occasional steamers for Port Moresby and Samarai connect with the British India Queensland fleet at Thursday Island, and a regular line runs from Cooktown, in Queensland, direct to the two ports. The 'possession' is thus comparatively easy of access.

The natives of New Guinea, unlike the Australian aborigines, are fierce as well as treacherous, and in some parts of the island head-hunting is still carried on as a pastime! There is an excellent police force, which somewhat controls the natives, who have very good reason to fear and respect the power of the authorities. However, a party must always be on guard against surprise and attack; but it is only when the natives appear very friendly that great danger impends. Some men who have studied the Papuan character get on well with the natives. One of these men, a miner, remarked to the writer recently, 'The "Paps" are fairly intelligent, and they never forget anything. That is why they kill, I suppose; for they have many grievances against the white man in general.'

'But how do you get along with them?' the miner was asked.

'Oh, I act square with them, and they do the same with me.'

Acting 'on the square' is advisable at all times; nevertheless the writer's experience was that a good rifle was a more reliable passport.

Gold is the chief attraction in New Guinea; but other minerals abound, which may under improved conditions of transport in the interior prove lucrative to work. Diamonds and rubies have been found in the mountains, and specimens of every known gem have been picked up

throughout the island by wandering prospectors, who generally thought so little of their find that they did not even carry the stones away. The German portion of the island has not yet been prospected to any extent, and its resources are therefore practically unknown. At least one party crossed from the British into the German territory, despite all efforts of the Queensland police magistrate to stop them. Nothing more was heard of them at Tamata; but some time ago the writer, to his intense surprise, met the leader of the party in Sydney. In recounting the experiences of the party, he told a strange tale of ironstone-capped lodes in the heart of the mountains, and of irregular masses of gold found in the lava deposits of the volcanic interior. The party were then preparing for a second expedition, but, for obvious reasons, had to keep the matter secret. They are probably in Kaiser Wilhelm's Land now!

Germans are numerous in British New Guinea, preferring its free mining-laws to those pertaining to prospectors' rights in their own great district. The Germans are a fine class of men, and make excellent comrades. Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen, of course, are everywhere; but a strange fact is, that almost all the wardens and police magistrates in the 'possession' speak with an accent that instantly suggests the bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

THE END OF THE CHASE.

PART II.

JOHN STAGG could not sleep that night. Though commonly a phlegmatic man—forced to be so by circumstances, he would have said—the narrative of the young American had moved him strongly. He lay and re-pieced the story, balancing the probabilities in favour of Mr Dallow's escape and against it.

Then little Margery—who always slept in her parents' room—must needs have a fit of restlessness, which ended in sobs.

'It's no use, Mary,' said John Stagg at length. 'I'm not in the humour for sleep. I expect the child has caught it from me. I'll see what a cigar will do.'

He was not to be dissuaded, but went into the lower room and lit the lamp. The stillness everywhere was intense. Wrapped in his dressing-gown, he gave himself up to tobacco. Under the combined influences of this quietude, nicotine, and his change of position, John Stagg was fast succumbing to drowsiness when something made him rouse himself. He undid the window and opened it. Then he was sure. He could distinctly hear the tread of horses' feet.

'It seems to me,' he thought, 'that I'm meant to be the pivot of some drama.' He looked up and down the street. Of course no one was to be seen; the riders were still outside the village. A cat slunk along between the white houses. The stars still domed the land.

The sound drew nearer. John Stagg took up a newspaper and lit a fresh cigar. He could not fail thus to catch the eye of the travellers, whoever they might be. The thought came to him that perhaps young Dallow also might be awake and listening to the footfalls. His window was visible, and John Stagg felt quite excited as he glanced towards it now and again. However, no light showed in it, and very soon voices proclaimed that the new-comers were in the street. One of them was on a white horse; it looked like a phantom in the gloom of the narrow thoroughfare. Then he heard the word 'Inglese' uttered very eagerly, and the other man exclaim, 'Ah!' even more eagerly.

It occurred to John Stagg that he ought to make his individuality more evident. As it was, he might be shot at sight under a misconception. They were almost beneath his window now.

'Who are you, at such an hour?' he inquired in Italian, bending over the sill.

'Are you Mr Stagg?' came back the rejoinder.

'Oh,' said John Stagg, 'you talk English—do you? Who in the world are you?'

The guide broke in: 'The signor is mad to find a compatriot who has preceded him only to-day.'

'Be so kind as to tell the beggar to hold his tongue, Mr Stagg,' exclaimed the other, with considerable peremptoriness.

'What can I do for you?' asked John Stagg, paying no heed to these words. The half-expected had already happened. A match had just been struck in the young American's room, the window of which was open.

'Pray God he does not show his face!' thought John Stagg.

But the new-comer was now explaining matters.

'My business is most important,' he said. 'A Mr Mackenzie Dallow is supposed to have passed through this place some time to-day—yesterday, I mean.'

'Ah!' thought John; 'that simplifies the situation.'

'And,' proceeded the other, 'it is an affair of life and death that I catch him up. Do you happen to have seen him?'

'Oh yes. A slight, dark fellow, looking as if he were a bit worried?'

'That's the man. Which way has he gone?'

'Ballao, I believe his guide said. Who are you, if I may ask?'

'A relative of his with the same name,' was the reply, without hesitation.

'Lie for lie!' thought John Stagg.

'I'm afraid,' he said, 'I can't offer to put you up for the night, and I know for a fact they can't do it at the inn either. There's a *festa* to-morrow, and a great crowd will be here.'

'I'm going to push on at once. It will be daybreak in a couple of hours. Much obliged all the same.'

'Horses good?'

'The best in Cagliari. They said they would do sixty miles on end. My cousin has only one man with him—hasn't he?'

'Only one, and a queer one at that. You're going into a rough country. Here; I expect you're thirsty. Take this along with you.'

John Stagg had actually distinguished the lineaments of young Dallow at the window. Only for a moment; but then a man's life may be taken in even less than a moment. For the American's sake he slung his wine-gourd, ready filled, through the window to the traveller; said a brisk word or two to the disconsolate guide, whom the prospect of farther journeying that night did not please; and prepared to shut his window.

'Must be off to bed,' he said. 'Hope you won't break your neck.'

'Good-night, sir, and many thanks.'

'Good-night and good luck,' said John Stagg.

The horsemen gathered up their reins, and clattered slowly up the street towards the Flumendosa and the mountains.

John Stagg did not move until the sound they made was lost in the distance. Then he descended the stairs just as he was, and went out into the street. That the American awaited him he knew from the light still burning in his room. Save these two, all San Vito continued asleep.

'Come down,' said John Stagg to young Dallow, whose face responded to a low call; 'we must talk this over.'

Young Dallow gripped his friend's hand when they met.

'I heard everything,' he whispered. 'How can I thank you?'

'By not thanking me at all. We're only half-way in the plot yet. You've got to stay here with me a bit, Mr Dallow. It's any odds those two fools won't get to Ballao a minute sooner than you would even though you did not start until four.'

'Mr Stagg, do you know what I did just now? The temptation was so almighty. I covered Master Ernest with my revolver for the best part of the time you were talking. And yet I never intended to shoot.'

'So I should hope. That would have been destruction indeed.'

The two men stayed in John Stagg's parlour until half-past three. By then the American had an inkling of what he too had escaped. His spirits had revived wonderfully under the knowledge that his enemy had overshot his mark, and that he might once again glide free of him.

At half-past three John Stagg made his guest lie down and sleep if he could. He himself went out and knocked up the inn-folks. These latter were delighted to be told that the American gentleman would not, after all, want coffee at four o'clock. But to Antonio Massa John Stagg had much to say.

These two strolled up the road in the dawn-light, with the river-mist thick over the middle of the valley and the grass and prickly-pear needles all diamonded with dew. Finally they returned to the village, meeting the early field-labourers, in blue cottons, with their implements on their shoulders. Blackbirds were now carolling gaily, and the red rim of the sun was just lifting itself from the clouded crimson of the skyline over the sea.

Five minutes afterwards Massa reappeared with his horse. He was in so much of a hurry that he did not even trouble to make a cigarette. He set his spurs to the horse and fairly galloped into the country.

Only when he had seen the man thus ride out of the village did John Stagg seem satisfied. Then he stole upstairs to bed, and was not long in falling asleep. Mackenzie Dallow he left slumbering on the sofa in the parlour.

The day that followed was an anxious one for Mackenzie Dallow; also for Mr and Mrs Stagg. But not so for little Margery, who was delighted to find that the visitor had not run away in the night, as she had been told he would, and who had in the afternoon the solemn pleasure of watching the Sardes dance by the church door in all their bravery of coloured silks and tinkling jewellery.

The young American had hard work to keep himself from speeding back to Cagliari. He trusted John Stagg, however, who assured him that there was not one chance in ten of his enemy's sudden return to San Vito.

'Wait a couple of days and let us see what happens,' said John Stagg, with a dry smile. 'One has to become something of a conspirator in this dismal country.'

To Mackenzie Dallow, under the spell of new hope that had come to him, Sardinia just then did not appear at all dismal. San Vito was like a tulip-bed as the peasants flocked into it. The sky was cloudless, and the river sparkled merrily in its broad meadowy bed between the village and the sea. The mountains inland looked lovely, and the old castle of Chirra to the north, on its rocky peak, gave yet another touch of romance to the scene.

'Ay,' said John Stagg when the American said a word or two on this score; 'the more romance the less comfort. That's what I find. But it's no use growling.'

John Stagg carried his guest off with him to the mine at ten o'clock.

'There are,' he said on the way, 'about a hundred of these mysterious saints and saintesses in the Sarde calendar outside Sundays, and the fellows decline to work on any of such holy days. I shall be lucky to catch my half-dozen Italians there. They believe in nothing, and would, if they dared, make a mock of the local religion; but they're sadly outnumbered.'

Mackenzie Dallow enjoyed the ride greatly. Yet he could not help now and again glancing up the valley of the Flumendosa in the direction of Ballao. Ernest Carter-Johnson's voice of the past night inquiring for him still rang in his ears. Also, he was not quite sure that John Stagg was right in keeping him where he was.

They spent the whole of the day at the mine until an hour before sunset. Little was doing in the galleries; but the scenery of the savage ravine of sheer red rocks, tufted with scrub and flowers wherever there was a square yard of grass, with a roaring stream in the hollow, and the blue sky drawn over the recess like a ceiling, was worth beholding. Down by the water were three conical huts of tall sticks interwoven with branches. In one of these they rested at noon, when the heat was blistering, and ate collops of wild-boar, bread, hard eggs, and fruit. Of wine they had plenty, cooled in the stream. Afterwards they lay on freshly-picked fern, and smoked and talked, listening to the occasional crash of a pick on the iron surface of the hornblende. Once there was a rustle among the sticks for fuel in front of the hut, and a radiant snake moved thence majestically towards a little thicket of asphodels.

'They'd call this idleness in England, I suppose,' said John Stagg at one time. 'But working a concern that doesn't pay leaves no gaps for such fun as that.'

'Then why do you not drop it, Mr Stagg?'

'Because my firm requires antimony, and must have it. I'm the backwater-man of the concern—the necessary evil,' was the rather bitter reply.

'If all goes well with me, and you ever come to try your luck in Illinois,' said young Dallow, 'I'll reckon it a real happiness to be of service to you. It's a duty besides, but that don't count when it's a pleasure.'

'Thank you. One never knows what's going to happen.'

The chief event that John Stagg waited for that day in the Brekken, as the chasm was called, did not happen at any rate. Antonio Massa's face came not into the ravine. The young American, however, knew nothing in detail of his friend's plans, and he was quite glad when the time came to ride back to San Vito.

This devout little village was now happy over its cups, roasted lambs, and what not. Laughter echoed in its streets, and swarthy young men in mournful black velvet (a remarkable contrast to their resplendent sweethearts and sisters and mothers) went to and fro twanging mandolines and singing gaily of the torments of the love-stricken heart.

Margery Stagg had had a great time. She was full of prattle about what she had seen in company with Celestina, the notary's daughter, and her mamma.

'Why did you not come with us, Signor Americano?' she asked Mackenzie Dallow, in her pretty half-foreign way.

'Because he had other fish to fry, my child,' answered her father.

'But we, as well, have had fish—is it not so, mamma?' responded little Margery.

The American removed the child's perplexity with a kiss.

The night that followed passed quietly enough for the Staggs and their guest, but not for San Vito. Until two o'clock the worthy villagers and their friends brawled in honour of San Efisio. The next day the street was littered with bones, which the village dogs gnawed and fought over with great unction.

The Staggs were at breakfast when in came Antonio Massa with a troubled face. He did not, however, forget to pay his compliments to Mrs Stagg. Then he set to and rattled off a narrative that soon engrossed the attention of both John Stagg and his wife. Little Margery, too, showed acute interest until she was sent away and the door shut upon her. Mackenzie Dallow knew too little Italian to follow the story; but Mr and Mrs Stagg's ejaculations gradually excited him to fever-point.

Then at length Massa paused, and with a 'Many thanks!' accepted John Stagg's invitation to help himself to the wine-flask on the table.

'This terrible, terrible country!' lamented Mrs Stagg, with uplifted hands.

John Stagg, however, seemed less concerned.

'I'll tell you about it when he has cleared out,' he said to young Dallow, nodding at the guide. 'How soon would you like to set out for Cagliari? In an hour?'

'What do you advise?'

'The sooner the better, most certainly.'

'Well, then, Mr Stagg, let it be so, if you please.'

With a few words, Massa was despatched to the inn stables to get the horses ready. Then John Stagg held out his hand to the American.

'My dear boy, I think you may be congratulated. I assure you I had no idea it would end like this; but as you are chief gainer—in fact, I suppose the only one—I shall shed no tears.'

'But what is it all about?' asked the other quite impatiently.

'He is dead—that fellow who was after you.'

'Dead!'

'Ay, and buried. They don't hurry over many things here, but when a man dies they inter him

without loss of time. But you'll like the whole story, and there's no time to waste.

'As I suspected from the first when I saw in what hands you were, there was a plot to kidnap you up in the mountains, and hold you to ransom. What do you think I did? After your story, I actually egged Massa on to it. It seemed to me you couldn't possibly better escape that fellow than under the care of Vanin and his rascals. And so they were to seize you a little short of Armungia, between six and seven o'clock yesterday morning. Now you see what has happened. Mr Carter-Johnson stole a march on you, and fell with perfect neatness into the snare that was laid for you. The Capo didn't mind about the other guide who was not Massa. He had four fellows with him, and they were all to close round the two riders simultaneously. As it happened, though—it being, as you see, merely a put-up job—Vanin just stepped out by himself, with his gun, which he levelled as a mere matter of form when he cried "*Arrestate!*" Your countryman, Mr Dallow, was plainly a spirited fellow. He whipped out his revolver and covered Vanin. The next moment the other rascals came forward; two shots were heard—no one knows who fired first, but of course it was Mr Carter-Johnson—and Vanin and the stranger both licked the dust.

'That's the tale Massa heard when he came across the rest of the gang, who had taken smartly to their heels after burying their dead. With them, too, went Carter-Johnson's guide, afraid of the consequences of confessing such a tale in Cagliari, I suppose. But our friend Massa, it seems, was not sure; and so he followed their directions and made his way to the spot where the killing took place. The bodies were there, sure enough, put in a rock cleft and hidden by slabs and lumps of stone. That's the lot. I repeat, I congratulate you. No *carabinieri* were about; the eagles and larks were the only witnesses of the meeting, and neither his guide nor those rascals will breathe a word about it. Mr Carter-Johnson has disappeared, and that's all about him that can be said.'

'Poor chap!' said young Dallow.

'One thing I can do,' proceeded John Stagg, 'and if you like I will do it. I'll write to his father at Stanton, and tell him the rumour I have heard, strongly advising him, however, about the uselessness of making inquiries.'

'For my sake, I reckon, Mr Stagg?'

'Well, yes.'

'I'm indebted to you for life, and there's no question about it,' exclaimed young Dallow. 'But I feel like getting home and telling poor old Carter-Johnson the whole story from beginning to end. He's a man with a square mind; and there's this in it—he and Ernest were always quarrelling. Anyway, that's what I'll do, for I do so long to get home. I'll take my chance. I shall feel the easier for it, too.'

John Stagg reflected a little, and then said, 'Perhaps you are right. I'm a reference, you know, and can serve you as such. By Jove! here's Massa already.'

'The horses are outside, signor,' said the guide.

Five minutes later Mackenzie Dallow gripped John Stagg's hand again as he sat in the saddle.

'I shall never forget you, sir,' he said, almost tremulously.

'Oh,' replied John Stagg, 'that's all right. One gets so confoundedly roughened in exile like this. Wish we could have given you a better time. Good-bye, and a pleasant journey home to the States!'

DR FINSEN'S RED-ROOM CURE.

IT is the fashion just now on the Continent to accuse us, as a nation, of falling behind in the race. Neither with our heads nor yet with our hands do we work so well as we used to do, we are roundly told on all occasions. We are all more or less in a state of decadence, if our foreign critics are to be relied on; but none of us have fallen quite so low, it seems, as those of us who are doctors. Rightly or wrongly, the opinion certainly prevails abroad that English medical men are not now, as they were in former days, the first in the world; that they are in many respects inferior not only to the Frenchman and the German, but even to the Austrian and the Dane. The English doctors are openly scoffed at in France and Germany for their unscientific methods and antediluvian ways; they are taunted with having gone to sleep some twenty or more years ago, and with having never learnt anything since. And as a proof that this is the case—one proof among a legion—foreign medical men point to the fact that, although more than ten years have now elapsed since Dr Finsen made the discovery on which his new treatment for smallpox is founded, that treatment has never yet had a trial in England. It is even asserted that the cure for lupus, which Dr Finsen also discovered, would not have been tried in Britain for many years to come had not Queen Alexandra taken the initiative by providing the London Hospital with the necessary apparatus.

That the new treatment for smallpox should not yet have been tried in this country is certainly remarkable, the more so seeing that it has already been tested in almost every other country in Europe—including Ireland—and always with success. Moreover, the experiment would involve an expenditure of only a few shillings, and no risk whatever; for even those who have least faith in

Dr Finsen's system of treatment admit that, if it does no good to the patients to whom it is applied, it cannot possibly do them any harm. They admit, too—and for women, at any rate, this is a matter of paramount importance—that it may and probably does prevent disfigurement. Then the treatment has another great recommendation: it is so simple that even the 'man in the street' can understand its why and wherefore; and it can be carried out by any fairly intelligent person, even though quite untrained in nursing, providing he or she be willing to take a certain amount of trouble and do exactly as ordered. It can be adopted in any little cottage home just as well as in a great hospital, in the wilds of Cumberland just as easily as in London. Thus any country practitioner may, if he chooses, give the red-room cure a trial, and judge for himself as to its merits or its defects.

If, in a rural district beyond the reach of a hospital, a doctor should find himself called upon to cope with a case of smallpox, the first thing to be done, if he wishes to try the effect of the Finsen treatment on his patient, would be to become temporarily an upholsterer. The sick-room must, without a moment's delay, be draped entirely with red. Red curtains must be hung before the windows, before the doors, before every little crevice through which a ray of light could possibly penetrate; even the doors and windows of the passage or corridor into which the door of the sickroom opens must all have their red curtains; and any lamp or candle brought within range of the patient must also be covered with a thick red shade. In fact, the place must be transformed into a 'red room;' and when once it is red, and the nurse has been made to realise the importance of keeping it red, the doctor's chief work is done so far as the experiment is concerned. All that remains for him to do is to watch his patient, and, as the necessity arises, to give the remedies usually prescribed in such cases.

Dr Finsen holds that no ray of light should ever be allowed to fall on a smallpox patient unless it has passed through something red; and his 'cure' consists in confining sufferers from this disease in rooms from which all light, excepting red light, is carefully excluded. This is the beginning and end of the treatment he recommends; and it certainly would be difficult to conceive of anything more simple. Its very simplicity, indeed, is probably one of the reasons why it has not yet found acceptance among us; for we are all more or less Naamans. Still, simple though it be, its efficacy can no longer be doubted; for in no single case where it has been tried—and it has been tried in hundreds of cases—has the patient died; in no single case has the patient had the disease severely, nor has it disfigured him. This is a point on which Continental doctors are practically all agreed.

Dr Finsen has scientific reasons for his cure: it was after years of ceaseless work—hard study, minute investigations, experiments without end—that he made the discovery on which it is founded. Before he turned his attention to the subject it was already well known that light is injurious to smallpox patients. Again and again the fact had been established that in cases of smallpox light acts as an irritant; that it increases the inflammation of the skin and causes suppuration, thus adding, of course, to the fever attendant on the disease. The experiment had also been tried repeatedly of keeping smallpox patients in dark rooms; but this had always proved a failure, as the depression entailed by being forced to pass their days in darkness did more harm to the patients mentally than their security from the irritating effects of light did them good physically. What Dr Finsen set himself to do, therefore, was to devise some means of guarding persons having smallpox from the injurious action of light without entirely depriving them of light. In the course of his investigations he discovered—and an all-important discovery it has proved—that the harm done in such cases is done not by light, but by certain of the rays that go to make up light; that it is not light itself that acts as an irritant, in fact, but only the chemical rays in light—that is, the blue, violet, and ultra-violet rays. By a series of experiments, he obtained proof that if the chemical rays of light are intercepted, the remaining rays are innocuous, and that a smallpox patient may be exposed to them the whole day long without evil consequences. Thus, instead of excluding all light from the room in which the patient is lying, it is the chemical rays alone that need to be excluded. If this be done the sufferer is practically secure from all danger of having the disease severely. Dr Finsen lost no time in demonstrating that this can be accomplished quite easily; for, as blue, violet, and ultra-violet rays of light cannot pass through anything red, they cannot, of course, enter a red room. Once in a red room, therefore, the patient is safe from their pernicious influence.

It is interesting to note that already in England in the fourteenth century the merits of the red cure—as we call it—for smallpox were known. John Gaddesden, a physician, born about 1280, attended a son of Edward I. in the smallpox, wrapped him in scarlet cloth, in a bed and room with scarlet hangings. The mother of Lady Pleasance Smith (1773–1877) was treated for smallpox by being wrapped in scarlet flannel and kept in a heated room without fresh air. Certain Italian doctors used to prescribe for their patients precisely the same treatment as Dr Finsen prescribes for his—the red-room treatment. This is the more curious as it is extremely improbable that these doctors were acquainted with the scientific facts on which

it is based. So far as is known, indeed, they gave no reason whatever, although no doubt they had one, for insisting that their patients should at the first sign of the fell disease betake themselves to red rooms. The consequence was, they were accused of being in league with the devil, and of working their cures—that they did work cures was not denied—by his aid. Even the Church entered the lists against these triers of unholy experiments; and at length they saw themselves forced, under pain of losing their patients, to close their red rooms.

THE KING EXPLORES.

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IV.—THE KING SAILS—(*Concluded*).

THE girl, who saw few in her father's castle to be compared with those whom she supposed to be mere visitors at Dunvegan, was at first equally charming to each. A younger sister was her almost constant companion, which was very well at first, but latterly became irksome to both the suitors. Occasionally, however, one James or the other saw her alone, and made the most of the opportunity presented; but the King soon found himself tremendously handicapped in the matter of language. The young lady possessed a keen sense of humour, and this, with the ever-present knowledge that her English was not that of the schools, made her loath to adventure in that tongue before one accustomed to its polished use. This same sense of humour was equally embarrassing when the King madly plunged into the intricacies and ambushes of the Gaelic. His Majesty was brave enough for anything, and did not hesitate, as a forlorn hope, to call his scant knowledge of the Gaelic to his aid; but even he could see that the result was invariably unhappy, for although the girl used every endeavour to retain her composure, there were times when some unfortunate phrase made her slight frame quiver with suppressed merriment, and no one knew better than the baffled King that laughter banishes sentiment. The serious Highlander, not less manly and handsome than his competitor, was gifted with an immeasurable advantage in his familiarity with every phase and inflection of his native vernacular. In his despair the King struck up a close friendship with Donald, the second son of the Macleod, the elder son being absent on some foray or expedition; and His Majesty put forth a frantic effort to learn the only speech with which his new comrade was equipped. But this race against time gave Macdonald long and uninterrupted conferences with his inamorata, and the King saw, too late, the futility of his endeavour. It might have been wiser if he had taken his lessons from the girl herself instead of from her brother; but His Majesty was more proficient in teaching than in learning from the fair sex. He had come to the conclusion that his uninteresting rambles with Donald were not likely to further his quest, and was sitting in his room cogitating upon some new method of attack, when Macdonald burst into the apartment with radiant face. The King looked up at his visitor with no great good-nature, and said sharply:

'Well, what is it?'

'Your Majesty,' cried Macdonald jubilantly, 'I think I have found a method of escape, and that without in any way impugning our pledges.'

'Oh, is that all?' said the King, with the air of snubbing too enthusiastic a courtier. 'I thought the house was on fire.'

'And I thought, your Majesty,' returned Macdonald, 'that this subject was ever uppermost in your mind.'

The King rested his closed fist on his hip, leant his head a little to one side, and examined his rival critically.

'Why have you returned so unexpectedly to the phrase "your Majesty"?'

'Because, your Majesty,' answered Macdonald, laughing, 'the phrase "Goodman of Ballengeich" no longer matters.'

'I do not understand you.'

'It is to make myself understood that I have come so hurriedly. I beg, then, to inform your Majesty that Miss Macleod has consented to become my wife. I have spoken to her father, who has somewhat grudgingly and conditionally given his consent. It occurred to me that if I wedded the daughter of your jailer I might have enough influence with the family to secure your Majesty's release.'

'I have no doubt,' said the King, 'that this was your object from the beginning. And so you have exchanged a temporary jailer for one that will last you all your life?'

The Highlander knit his brow and compressed his lips, as if to hold back some retort which later he might regret. There was a moment's constrained silence; then the King flung off his ill-humour as if it were a cloak.

'Forgive me, Jamie,' he cried, springing to his feet. 'Forgive the wounded vanity of the vanquished.'

He extended his hand impetuously, which the other grasped with eager cordiality.

'Jamie, my lad, you were right. The Crown weighs heavy when it is thrown into the scales;

but with this lassie I well believe it would have made not an ounce of difference. Let the best man win, say I; and you're the victor, so you have my warmest congratulation. Still, Jamie, you must admit that the Gaelic is the cursedest lingo ever a poor Lowland-bred man tried to get his tongue round. So now, you see, Jamie, we are even again. You think the Crown defeated you at Stirling, and I hold the language defeated me in Skye; thus we are both able to retain a good opinion of ourselves, which is the splendid privilege of every Scotchman to hold. Your bravery deserves success, for it requires some courage to face your future father-in-law. What did the old curmudgeon say?'

'He gave little indication of pleasure or the reverse. He offered me my liberty, now that I had pledged it in another direction; but he refused to release you, so I declined to accept his clemency.'

'Then my proposed rescue must await the marriage ceremony?'

'Not so. I have a more immediate and practical remedy. You have not forgotten the twenty-six-oared barge which the Macleod was to keep for the King, and which Malcolm Macleod built for him?'

'It is not very likely, when I issued a proclamation commending Malcolm as the greatest shipbuilder in the world.'

'Well, Malcolm has arrived at Dunvegan to receive into his own hands once more that same proclamation. I asked him, in the Macleod's own presence, if the fleet still lingered in Torridon Bay, and he answered that it did. Macleod pricked up his ears at this, and thinking he was to get some information, now that I proposed myself as a member of his family, inquired if I knew why it lingered so long. I said I had a suspicion of the cause. If Malcolm had not replied to the King's proclamation it was natural that the fleet would wait until he did. Old Alexander and Malcolm seemed surprised that a response was expected, Malcolm being but a simple yeoman. However, we wrote out a courteous reply to the King in Gaelic, and Malcolm is to send it to the fleet as soon as he returns to the northern coast.'

'I don't see how that is to help us,' demurred His Majesty.

'Here is my proposal. If you will now write out an order to the admiral to come for you with the whole fleet to Dunvegan Castle, I will ride part of the way home with Malcolm. I will suggest to him at parting that perhaps none of the officers of the fleet understand Gaelic, or at least that none can read it, so I will fasten your letter to the other document, and tell Malcolm it is a translation of his Gaelic effusion. Neither Malcolm nor any of his friends at the port can read English; and, as he is a simple-minded man, it is not likely that he will return and allow the laird a perusal. So in that way we may get word to the fleet. Even if the letter is discovered, you will not have broken your word, for you promised only not to communicate with Stirling.'

The King pronounced the device a feasible one, and set at once to the writing of the letter.

Macdonald succeeded in getting the unsuspicious Malcolm to take charge of the supposed English version of his note, and the King was left to await the result with whatever patience was vouchsafed him. The island had suddenly lost all interest for him, and he fervently wished himself safely in Stirling once more. He complimented the girl on the excellent choice she had made, and she returned his compliment laughingly in Gaelic, glancing timidly at Macdonald as she asked him to be her interpreter.

Two or three days later there was a commotion in the castle. The guards on the western headlands reported the approach of numerous ships, and by-and-by from the castle walls itself the fleet could be seen sailing slowly up Loch Follart. For the first time since they had known him, lines of deep anxiety marked the frowning brow of Macleod as he stood gazing at the approaching vessels. Here were visitors whom, if they proved not to his liking, he could not threaten with the dungeons of Dunvegan.

'What do you make of this, Macdonald?' said the chieftain, turning to his future son-in-law, as if already he looked to him for support and counsel.

Macdonald shook his head, in spite of the fact that his wife who was to be stood very close to him.

'All negotiations have been carried on by my friend here, and so to him I must refer you. He is the leader of our expedition of two.'

During his brief acquaintance Macleod had but thinly veiled his dislike of the Lowlander, who had always ventured to speak with him in a free-and-easy manner to which he was unaccustomed. Instead, then, of addressing his question to the other, he returned to his occupation of watching the ships manœuvring in the loch before him. His air of expectancy seemed to indicate that he thought the usual glibness exhibited by the man at his right would bring forth some sort of explanation; but the King stood as silent as himself, his eyes fixed on the fleet. One by one the ships came to anchor, and even an amateur in the art of naval warfare could see by the protruding guns that they were prepared for action.

Macleod could restrain his impatience no longer; so, without glancing at his visitor, he said:

'Perhaps you, sir, can tell me the purport of all this display?'

'Assuredly,' answered the King, with a trace of sternness in his tone that had hitherto been absent in his converse with his jailer. 'The fleet comes at the command of the King to take

away your prisoners if unharmed, or to batter down your castle if they have been molested.'

'I suppose, then, I should be thankful they are unharmed?'

'You have reason,' said the King shortly.

'His Majesty must set great value on your heads if he sends his whole fleet to succour you.'

'He does.'

'How did he know you were here if you did not break your parole and communicate with Stirling?'

'The King knows there is more going on in Skye than the making of strong drink. I did not break my parole; neither did Macdonald.'

'In spite of what you said to me, you must have told the King before you left Stirling where you were going.'

'I did not.'

'Then word must have been brought to him from Skye?'

'It was not.'

'In that case, the only conclusion I can come to is that the King is unaware of your presence here.'

'He is well aware of it.'

'You speak in riddles, my friend. However, I had no real wish to detain you, and you might have gone where you pleased any time this fortnight or more.'

'So you say now.'

'It's true enough; and if you wish to go to the fleet, one of my boats will be ready to carry you the moment you give the order. I told you the first day that if you were a friend of the King's, or an emissary of his, you could go on your way unchecked.—Did I not, Macdonald?'

'You said something of that sort, sir.'

'You denied being a friend of the King's,' persisted Macleod, 'and said you were but a small farmer near Stirling.'

'I deny yet that I am a friend of the King's. On the contrary, I don't mind confessing to you that I am the greatest enemy he has in the world, and it's well he knows it.'

'You amaze me. Then you do not wish to go to the fleet?'

'On the contrary, I do; and I ask you to order a suitable boat for me.'

'You shall have the best boat in my possession,' said Macleod, leaving them for a moment to give his orders.

In a short time a large boat with ten oarsmen was waiting at the landing.

'They are ready for you,' said Macleod, with an effort at geniality which gave a most sinister effect to his face. 'I am sorry to bid you good-bye; but I hope you bear away with you no ill-will against Dunvegan.'

'Sir,' said the King, ignoring his compliments, 'that boat will not do for me.'

'It is the best I have,' said Macleod, looking at his truculent guest with new anxiety.

'The boat you must bring to the landing is the twenty-six-oared barge which Malcolm Macleod built so well.'

The Macleod stepped back two paces.

'That boat is for the King,' he said in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

'Yes, it is for the King; therefore the King demands it. Give the order instantly that it be brought to the landing, well manned with twenty-six rowers.'

All colour left Macleod's face. His next words were to Macdonald.

'Is this true?' he said.

'Yes,' answered Macdonald; 'it is true.'

The girl, with eyes distended with fear, clutched the arm of her lover; even she knew this was a case for the headsman. But Macleod, with not a quiver in his voice, called down to his followers:

'Bring round the King's barge, and see it is well manned. I myself will take the rudder.'

The stern face of the King relaxed as he saw this chieftain stand straighter than ever, ready to take on his head whatever might befall.

The girl impetuously flung herself at the King's feet, and in her excitement forgetting the limitations of his learning, she poured forth a plea for her father in Gaelic. The King smiled as he stooped and raised the suppliant.

'My dear,' he said, 'I shall never hear that language without thinking of you and of my own discomfiture. If it were not that Macdonald stands there with a dour Highland look on his face, it is I would kneel at your feet. Your father is to come with me to Stirling, for I have said he should, and I must keep my word with myself as well as I have kept it with him. Do not draw away your hand in spite of Macdonald's scowls, for I have this to promise you. If you and he will accompany us to Stirling I pledge to you the King's word that I shall grant you whatever you ask. So you see you need have no fear for your father's safety.'

So saying, the King, with that courtly manner which so well became him, gave the hand of the girl into that of Macdonald.

Thus it came about that the Macleod took a voyage he had not intended, and came so unscathed from it that he long outlived the man who was the cause of his journey.

THE DEAD ROSE.

Within a book of old-time ballads laid:
  This dead rose of a summer long gone by
  Once glowed its red heart to the morning sky;
Amid its happy leaves the zephyrs played.

Still in its withered heart it doth enclose
  Long dreams of summer in a silence deep,
  As in the souls of lovers long asleep
Lie golden thoughts undimmed by Death's repose.

And here it marks a little song of tears
  That some poor lover wept o'er, long ago,
  Where lies Love's tender fantasy and woe,
Wrapt in the music of departed years.

Marion W. Simpson.

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THE OIL-RIVERS IN WEST AFRICA.

By RICHARD THIRSK.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

A RECENT writer has designated Africa 'The Magnetic Continent.' Africa—even the unhealthy regions—it may truly be said, more completely captivates the imagination of the traveller and trader than any other continent; and the attraction cannot be explained away. Even in later years a longing is frequently and quite unexpectedly experienced to revisit the scenes of youthful sojourn in these vast territories.

If the reader will take his map of Africa and glance down the western seaboard of that pear-shaped continent, with its suggestion of top-heaviness, to where the coast-line, suddenly dipping eastward, forms the Gulf of Guinea, he may be able to follow this article with deeper interest. Within the gulf lie our West African possessions, universally, though inaccurately, designated the Gold Coast. Recent troubles and other influences which have kept this region prominently before the public may account for the mistake. As a matter of fact, German and French territory separate the Gold Coast from our more important possession, Nigeria, with its seaboard partly in the Bight of Benin and partly in the Bight of Biafra. It is with the latter, east of the Niger, that we will deal; but by way of introduction we now briefly refer to

THE GOLD COAST.

This possession is not the El Dorado its name might imply. Though gold is found in considerable quantities, the Gold Coast cannot be compared to the more auriferous lands of the south. The natives usually proceed to the favourite gold-hunting districts soon after the rainy season. Though occasionally a goodly sized nugget gladdens the heart of the dusky enthusiasts, they have for the most part to be content with the dust which they recover from the beds of the rivers and creeks with the old-fashioned cradle and basket. Europeans have from time to time made attempts to extract the gold by mining and crushing; but the unhealthy climate prevents any great success attending their efforts. A recently formed company has European workmen now on the ground. Let it be hoped they will not share the fate of some Cornish miners who went to work a mine at Axim: of some sixteen or twenty men, only a few returned after six months' residence in the place, the remainder having succumbed to the ravages of the deadly malarial-fever. Beautiful stones, called by the natives 'moonstones,' which sell for their weight in gold, are found in the Mountains of the Moon on the hinterland of Ashanti; but as yet there is little or no trade done in these. The export of mahogany and rubber is considerable, and the collecting and preparing of it for the traders forms the staple industry. In the larger towns, such as Cape Coast Castle and Accra, the native goldsmith may be seen at work chasing signs of the zodiac on rings, bracelets, and necklaces, and working designs in filigree in gold which will compare with most European products. From this coast traders on the Oil-Rivers and on the south-west coast get their coopers and carpenters.

The Gold Coast, though a British colony, is not quite 'Anglicised completely.' Polygamy is common, and the Government officials, though quite cognisant of the practice, seldom trouble themselves.

In Accra, when a girl arrives at a marriageable age she has to submit herself to a somewhat curious ceremony. A gaudily dressed retinue of old and young women parade her through the principal streets, then down to the beach. Arrived there, the girl is undressed and wades some little distance into the water. Her attendants pelt her with wet sand until she is literally covered, and then one of the older women dips her into the sea until all the sand has disappeared. After

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she has been baptised and her clothing readjusted, the processionists march her home again; and they, in return for their services, are entertained at her house.

A JOURNEY UP THE OIL-RIVERS.

The consolidation and opening up of Nigeria is a triumph of private enterprise—a triumph shared in common by the promoters who have successfully exploited the Oil-Rivers, which in reality form the south-east corner of Nigeria. Formerly the outlets of these rivers were the strongholds of Portuguese and other slavers; hence the reason why it is sometimes spoken of as the Slave Coast. Now, however, the only remaining traces of these adventurers are to be found in a few of the place-names.

As their collective name implies, these rivers—the Bonny, the Calabar, the Opobo, &c.—are the natural highways of the palm-oil trade. So far they have not been explored to their sources, and there is doubt as to whether some of them should be designated as rivers or merely as outlets forming the Niger delta. Their waters are of a dark, muddy colour, due no doubt to the constant traffic, and to the decayed vegetable matter continually carried down, which exhales an unbearable effluvium as it lies on the mud-banks which the tides leave high and dry, where the natives, old and young, delight to disport themselves. The lower reaches of the rivers are very unhealthy in consequence of the mangrove swamps and impenetrable bush; but as the traveller proceeds higher up, the prospect becomes more and more fascinating: vegetation becomes more luxuriant; wild-dates, pine-apples, oranges, ground-nuts, and the like grow wild on the sandy soil; feathery-leaved palms and trees of various descriptions line the banks. From the fact that in many places these trees are grouped together in rows, some travellers have expressed an opinion that they have at one time or other been planted by design; but the native footpaths more than anything else may account for the regularity, since on the approaches to market-places these lines of trees gradually widen out into natural domed avenues.

After one has endured the languor of an African sun, few things are more refreshing than a night-journey by canoe up one of the numerous tributaries or creeks. There is a sense of stately, lonely grandeur that cannot fail to impress even the most stolid nature. The weird song of the canoe-'boys' echoing from bank to bank until it is lost among the trees overhead, and the cool land-breeze rustling among the leaves and wafting the perfume of the sweet-smelling wood-fires, over which perchance the natives cook their supper, come like a balm to the sun-scorched traveller. A chattering monkey's protest at being disturbed in his slumber, a quacking bull-frog, or perhaps the flutter of a frightened bird that sends the fireflies dancing from the boughs—these alone disturb the calm, silent repose of the night. It is the night that voices the poetry of Africa. With the morning come glimpses of fragrant orchids, among which rainbow-hued moths palpitate; troops of monkeys betake themselves to the water's edge, and from their safe retreat grin at you in passing; and flocks of noisy parrots fly overhead. The native, singing, paddles his canoe for the night's vintage of *tumbo* (palm-wine), or, making for the nearest market-place with a calabash balanced on his head, greets you with '*A che ro!*' ('Good-morning!'). The workaday world is alive again.

OPOBO.

Within the limits of an article it is impossible to do more than generalise; therefore, in order that the reader may be enabled to follow the details intelligently, we shall deal only with the habits, customs, and manners of the peoples inhabiting the banks of Opobo River, as it may be taken for granted that they are in the main characteristic of the others in the district.

'Well, what have you done?' is the salutation extended to each new-comer on landing at the town of Opobo. The expectant smile vanishes on his countenance, and he stares. If he has not already done 'something' he begins to wish that he had, in order the better to qualify for the new society; but on recalling the old order of things he sees the joke, and the smile returns. Long ago, when the nineteenth century was young, and when trading was conducted on entirely different lines, very few 'plaster of Paris saints' found their way to that coast. The natives, who have a genius for seizing on any little weakness in the European, have preserved the following record of these early traders: 'What kind of bottom?' asked a ship's officer who was taking soundings preparatory to running in his ship. 'All same bottom here, sir,' interrupted a Krooboy at the oars; 'soda-water-bottle bottom, sir!'

The town of Opobo, now one of the most important centres in the Oil-Rivers district, is of quite recent origin. Its inhabitants formerly dwelt at Bonny, a town forty miles distant, where, at the time of their leaving, lived several chiefs almost as powerful as the king. Constant friction resulted, and this was brought to a head when King George of Bonny and the chief Ja-Ja fell out. The house was divided against itself, and hot fighting ensued. Meanwhile Ja-Ja, who had a keen eye on the main chance, had prospected the ground on which Opobo stands. Thither he intended to remove, accompanied by a few chiefs and their domestic slaves. The intention was discovered; but, not to be beaten, they fled during the night, taking with them such goods and ammunition as in their hurry they could lay hands on.

Then began in real earnest the Bonny war, which lasted, with intervals, for years, until King

George of Bonny was compelled to come to terms with Ja-Ja, who now styled himself King of Opobo. The agreement settled the distribution of trading markets, which the astute Ja-Ja took pains to see were mostly in his own favour. His wealth and influence began to increase rapidly, and in a very short time his authority was respected and feared by the inhabitants for more than a hundred miles round. A despot on a small scale, he compelled the neighbouring towns to submit to his prices, paying out those who demurred by stopping the sale and starving them of the article of trade in dispute until they were only too glad to accept any price.

As may be gathered from the above, a tribal system is everywhere in vogue. Each town is complete in itself, acknowledging no king or headman save its own. Even the languages are different, so that in many cases, unless they have trade intercourse, men belonging to different tribes or houses, and living only a few miles apart, cannot converse with each other. Possibly this system will never be superseded by a united people. The African is shrewd in looking after his own interest, and has simply to be taken on trust, just as we are apt to take most of the continent. Even in those districts where British rule—or, more correctly, British might—has to be winked at, the natives have not changed one jot.

JA-JA.

As the story of Ja-Ja is, in miniature, the story of Opobo, and even of the recent history of his country, a brief summary of his career will be of interest. He was undoubtedly one of the most interesting characters who crossed the stage in that theatre of the world; and when it is borne in mind that Ja-Ja was originally a slave, and had carved his way to the front by sheer force of character and business instinct, the narrative is all the more interesting.

When once the war with Bonny was over, Opobo prospered, and Ja-Ja very soon realised his ambition, which was to become richer than any other king in gold, wives, slaves, and power. Yet he was no miser. Money was freely distributed among deserving slaves who served him, those who gave evidence of business capacity getting every encouragement, and as they proved themselves fit, being made chiefs or kings. Many who rose from slavery owe their rank and wealth to Ja-Ja, and thus their benefactor gathered round his person an admiring court, thereby strengthening his position. With all his aggrandisement, however, the king never forsook his native instincts. To him the mud-hut was a more suitable habitation than the palatial corrugated-iron house he erected expressly for the benefit of such Europeans as might visit him, and where, as their host, he regaled them on the fat of the land, returning to his mud-hut and his *tumbo* immediately they left him.

A shrewd diplomat, of indomitable will, whose maxim seemed to be, 'He who does not bend must break,' it was his custom to dole out justice according to his humour; and woe to any who wilfully offended him. According as the humour suited, he could be kindness or cruelty personified. The following are some examples of his methods of maintaining Opoboan dignity:

During a scuffle that arose out of a trade dispute between the people of Qua-Eboe and Ja-Ja's trade 'boys,' a few of the latter were killed. The Quas knew that punishment would be meted out to them, and appealed to a trader for protection. Hoping to gain a monopoly of the Qua-Eboe trade, the trader supplied several 6-pounder and 12-pounder guns. Thus armed, the Quas felt strong enough to stand on their dignity in spite of Ja-Ja, and to treat his messengers with contempt; so, when an explanation was demanded, they replied by declaring war. Ja-Ja found the passage of the creek at a certain point too difficult for his canoes, and had to send five hundred men to clear it for a distance of nearly three miles. Naturally this occupied some considerable time, and the Quas began to congratulate themselves on a bloodless victory. Imagine their consternation when suddenly a whole fleet of canoes, to the accompaniment of war-whoop and song, came splashing up to Qua-Eboe. The guns were turned against them; but, being badly manned, they boomed to no purpose, not even serving to check the wild rush that was made from the bank. In a very short time the defenders were at the mercy of the invaders, and—the rest were better left untold. Ja-Ja prevailed. A friend of the writer who some time later visited Opobo had literally to pick his steps among human skulls and bones, the relics of the Qua-Eboe fight.

A trading 'boy' belonging to Ja-Ja's house, who had been successful on a small scale, and who was therefore, in all probability, destined to become a chief, was entrusted by his master with cargo enabling him to trade on a much larger scale. For a time all went well; but, alas for the 'boy'! the old Adam is more or less only dormant in most of us: too susceptible to woman's wiles, he fell a victim. He was made a prisoner and brought down to Opobo, where his failings were hissed at him by the omnipotent Ja-Ja. When the 'boy' was brought out for punishment, Ja-Ja turned to the assemblage, and, addressing himself to the younger men present, said, 'Let this be a warning to you.' With this he dropped his hand as a signal, whereupon the culprit was hoisted to the top of a flagstaff seventy feet high. On a second signal being given the rope was loosened and the victim fell with a crash. '*Nama shubri*' ('Food for the dogs'), muttered Ja-Ja as he kicked the corpse.

When in 1873 war broke out in Ashanti, Ja-Ja took advantage of the occasion to prove his loyalty

to the Crown. A band of his experienced bush-skirmishers accompanied the troops throughout the campaign, winning much praise for their pluck and daring; but in the sequel there is just a note of warning to officers who may at some not very far distant date be tempted to employ such aid again. No doubt the skirmishers proved somewhat troublesome to the officers when there was nothing more for them to do; and, in order to get quit of them, some waggish official promised them each a new hat when they got home. Though they have now given up hopes of ever seeing it, they neither forget nor forgive. I mentioned the subject one day long after to the leader of the band—the man who was executioner of the Qua-Eboe chief—and he turned angrily away, remarking, 'Never again trust I white man on him word!' Ja-Ja, on the contrary, fared better; he was made the object of one of the few Colonial Office jokes, an admiral's full-dress uniform being sent to him. The present pleased him so well that he sported it on special occasions, to the evident delight of his subjects; but—tell it only in whispers—he wore no boots with the gorgeous suit!

The redoubtable king is now no more; and, sad to relate, short-sighted official policy, backed up by supposed trading interests, helped to hasten his end. His trade was chiefly with the producers, bringing their goods down to the exporters. The latter thought to supersede him and deal direct; but as Ja-Ja had opened these markets, he vigorously opposed the scheme, with the result that he was banished. These supposed interests have proved miserable failures, and quite recently the traders were glad to dispose of them to Bonny and Opobo men for palm-oil to the value of seven thousand pounds. When Ja-Ja first settled in Opobo, his *ju-ju*, or fetich priest, made known to him by oracle that if ever he crossed the river-bar he would not return alive. Therefore, it was with grave misgivings that he would never again see his native shores that Ja-Ja sailed away into exile; and in confirmation of the prophecy it is to be recorded that he gave up the ghost at Madeira some years later, after being permitted to return home in answer to many petitions. Native rumour had it that only a counterfeit Ja-Ja was being sent home, and there was much grumbling among his people until the chiefs were permitted to view the body and report. When the steamer bringing his body arrived, Opobo and the river presented an animated appearance. Hundreds of canoes shot out to follow in the wake of the canoe bearing the dead king. He lies buried in a sunk vault covered with gold, jewellery, coral, and *manillas* to the value of several thousand pounds. Lest his slumber — or the treasure — should be disturbed, vigil is kept over the grave night and day. Each morning and evening the fetich priests pour palm-wine into a cavity in the sand at the head of the tomb, in order that when their dead king awakens on the eventful morning he may not rise thirsty!

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XII.—A STRAW BEFORE THE WIND.

FROM his perch among the tall trees of the adjoining garden a benedict blackbird discoursed on the joys of matrimony, and a flippant bachelor sparrow chirped derision. Somewhere a door banged, and Lucie Lorimer awoke to find a warm April sun shining through the drawn blinds of her bedroom window.

Indoors there was no sign of life, and in the belief that the household was not yet astir, Lucie remained languidly resting. Her head felt heavy, and for a space she lay in drowsy listlessness, more than half-asleep. Then the wild whoop of a London milkman, sounding from the road, effectually aroused her. The cry was so foreign to Lucie's unaccustomed ears as to be almost startling.

Stretching out her hand for the watch that she had placed on the little table beside her bed before retiring, Lucie was surprised to find that it was not there. Concluding that she might have slipped it under her pillow, she felt there fruitlessly. Jumping up to ascertain if by any chance she had left the watch on the toilet-table, Lucie, to her amazement, discovered that not only was the watch not visible, but that her lace-pin and the rings she had, when undressing, hung upon the branches of the little coral-tree, had vanished. Gone also were her monogrammed hair-brushes, the glove-box, the embroidered handkerchief-sachet, and her silver button-hook. The crocodile-leather purse stamped with her initials—Kitty's parting gift—lay on the dressing-table; but a rough attempt to open it had broken the catch, and a glance revealed the only contents to be three shillings, a scrap or two of paper, and the used 'bus tickets of the previous day's excursion.

A vague suspicion of burglars crossed her thoughts—she had heard so many tales of the cleverness and daring of London thieves. Perhaps one had entered her room while she slept.

Trying to combat a slight feeling of giddiness,

she pulled up the blind, threw open the casement, and bathed in the glorious sunshine that flooded the room. With the song of happy, careless birds resounding in her ears, Lucie found even the possibility of crime difficult of belief. The notion seemed so unfeasible that she sought for a more probable explanation of the mystery, and soon found one which reassured her, in the thought that Honoria, entering her room after she was asleep, and seeing her jewellery lying where she had carelessly left it, had naturally removed it to a place of safety.

Hastily pulling out the drawers of the duchesse-table, she found no trace of her property. Then, determining to lose no time in consulting her cousin, Lucie flew to the wardrobe to get a wrapper; but, to her utter amazement, Lucie found the wardrobe as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard! The pretty evening-frock that she had worn on the previous night, the smart travelling-costume Honoria had admired so much, the pansy toque, the ostrich-feather boa—it was as though all had evaporated into thin air. Now, even in the perplexity of the moment, Lucie rejoiced to think that at least her four hundred pounds were secure in her uncle's keeping, and that, but for his promptitude in relieving her of their charge, they also might have disappeared.

Running across the corridor, she knocked peremptorily at Honoria's door, which stood ajar. There was no response to her summons. Concluding that Honoria was still asleep, and conscious that no time should be lost if the thieves were to be tracked, Lucie entered the room, only to find it empty. A little puzzled, but reassuring herself that in all likelihood Honoria was breakfasting downstairs, Lucie knocked at Mr Lorimer's door. Again silence was the only reply.

Hurrying back to her own room, she rang the bell. Its tinkle sounded encouragingly from the lower regions; but there was no answer to its appeal. Dressing quickly, and concealing the lack of a gown as best she could with the aid of a bath-towel, Lucie ran downstairs to surprise her relatives with her startling revelations. Words tripping over her tongue, she burst into the dining-room, to find it in darkness. The light streaming in from the hall revealed the heavy plush curtains close-drawn as on the night before. The dead ashes of yesterday's fire still filled the grate. The little marble timepiece, cheerfully ticking away the hours on the mantelshelf, revealed the astounding fact that it was nearly eleven o'clock.

Rushing into the hall, battling with a wild confusion of thoughts, Lucie saw that her uncle's coat and hat were not on the rack, and that her two trunks, which had been left standing in the hall, had vanished bodily. An oppressive silence as of a deserted dwelling seemed to her sharpening senses to pervade the house.

The double drawing-room bore its customary orderly, unused air. Honoria's novelette lying on a couch was the only visible token of its late occupants. Nerving herself for the effort, Lucie descended the back-stairs leading to the basement. There she found traces of more recent habitation. The stove had been kindled, for it was yet warm. The heel of a loaf, part of a pat of butter, the bone of a sirloin, and a half-empty pot of shrimp-paste, the residue of a hurried meal, littered the kitchen-table. Three tea-cups had been used. Lucie noticed that instantly; and then it was that a suspicion—vague, intangible, but persistently recurring—began to lurk in her mind. But she resolutely refused it encouragement and eagerly cudgelled her brains to invent plausible reasons for the absence of her relatives.

'They must have discovered the robbery, and, not wishing to alarm me, left me asleep while they went to warn the police.'

The conjecture that the strange old cook had been an accomplice of the thieves found instant acceptance. She had distrusted the woman from the moment of arrival when she had seen her pale face peering from the gloom of the kitchen stair. Fired with indignation at the ingratitude shown by a servant to a master who had treated her with so much consideration, Lucie went upstairs to complete her toilet. It was only when she entered the dressing-room and found that the cabin-trunk and hat-box left therein had shared the fate of her other property that the notion of her new-found relatives having deliberately deserted her took definite shape.

Having dressed her hair as best she could in the absence of brushes, Lucie, impelled thereto by the imperative law of necessity, put on all that remained of her carefully chosen outfit—a blue delaine frock that, having been worn on shipboard in the tropics, was faded with sun and sea-air; her long red cloak; and a white yachting-cap—which garments she found thrown over a chair in the dressing-room, as though deemed unworthy of the thieves' appropriation.

She felt oppressed, helpless, a straw before the wind. All the brilliant expectations she had formed before coming to England had proved but illusive will-o'-the-wisps. Challoner had jilted her. Now, within two days of landing, she was stranded, penniless, ill-clad, in a strange country twelve thousand miles from home.

'What can I do? What can I do?' she kept asking herself, but received no coherent answer. Her head ached with a dull, heavy throb; she felt confused and helpless. The sight of the empty tumbler suggested that some drug might have been put into the hot sherry, and the idea brought a simple explanation of her leaden sleep and lethargic awakening.

A mad intention of cabling instantly to her father was promptly frustrated by the recollection of her almost moneyless condition.

As her brain cleared, the meaning of many trifling discrepancies fostered the seemingly absurd opinion that the people who had thus mysteriously disappeared might actually have been impostors masquerading as her relatives; that somehow they had gained information of her expected arrival, and for the sake of the four hundred pounds had impersonated her friends.

But even while she tried to fathom the mystery, its depths seemed yet deeper. How could they have heard of her expected arrival? Only her uncle had known, and he had cabled a welcome; and yet if this man were not her real uncle, how did he know to be in readiness to welcome her on the arrival of the *Omega?*

Sitting in her sunny room, with a brain yet dazed, Lucie found it impossible to fit the pieces of the puzzle together. The very fact of the people who had received her having a really nice house was the most disconcerting fact of all. Had they taken her to some squalid dwelling in an unsavoury part of the town she would instantly have suspected them; but the dwelling in which she found them attested their complete respectability.

Lucie's head throbbed in dull bewilderment. 'I must think! I must think!' she found herself repeating helplessly. The only solution that offered itself—that her friends had wilfully abandoned her—was the one she was unwilling to accept.

Looking from the window across the trim lawn where an almond-tree held a sheaf of pinky-heliotrope blossom against the blue April sky, she could see the farther side of the road beyond the high brick wall. Stray people were passing up and down, message-boys with baskets, tradesmen's vans, infrequent hansoms. Before the gate of the opposite house a doctor's brougham was standing. A sudden impulse to run out and ask the physician's advice had just crossed her mind when the owner, appearing, re-entered the carriage and it drove swiftly away.

Somehow the brightness of the spring sunshine, the sight of passers-by going unconcernedly about their everyday avocations, lent Lucie confidence, and she was able with some degree of clearness to understand her situation. Suppose these were impostors—then her real relatives must still exist, and her first task must be to seek them out.

Summoning her wits, she resolved to eat; then, after having made herself look as respectable as was possible with the materials at her disposal, she decided to go into the City in quest of her real uncle. His office, she knew, was in Chancery Lane.

This plan of action resolved upon, Lucie's courage rose. Descending to the kitchen, she ate some bread and butter in order to fortify herself for the expedition that lay before her. For a moment she thought of making herself a cup of tea; but the fire in the stove had gone out, and, eager not to waste more time, she contented herself with a glass of water from the tap in the scullery.

Looking again at the three tea-cups which had been used at the meal secretly eaten before the despoilers fled, Lucie felt her doubts as to their guilt weaken. Honoria and the cook she considered capable of any deceit; but she found it difficult, even in her thoughts, to label the man a rogue. He had seemed careworn, sad, oppressed as with some hidden trouble, at those moments when she caught a glimpse of the real man beneath the surface cordiality of his manner. Yet Lucie could not help understanding that it would take a better-balanced mind than Honoria's to plan and carry out this sudden exodus. Besides, was it not he who had the custody of the four hundred pounds?

There was some satisfaction in putting on her own boots, even though she was obliged to button them with a hairpin. 'They wouldn't fit Honoria, or they'd have gone too,' Lucie thought, with a comforting throb of that attribute which survives when fate has vanquished all else. But the necessity of donning garments which, however suitable for hot weather at sea, were flagrantly inappropriate for an April day in London was not the least of Lucie's trials.

Hurriedly pulling out the drawers of the dressing-table before starting, in the hope of finding she knew not what, Lucie discovered, right at the back, where they had escaped the marauding eyes of even Honoria and the cook, the pair of gray kid-gloves that she had worn on the evening of her arrival.

'I do wish the silly people who say that a woman is well dressed if she is nicely gloved and booted could only see me now!' Lucie thought, glancing at her reflection in a mirror which gave undue prominence to the white yachting-cap and faded blue skirt, and complacently ignored the refining influence of the neat boots and gloves.

In her mental confusion, Lucie had thought only of the house of surprises as a place to flee from. But when she had crossed the lawn, passed through the door under the overhanging ilex-tree, and found herself in the road wondering in which direction to turn, while a playful zephyr in a fit of boisterous mirth slammed the garden door behind her, and she discovered that without a key it could not be opened, Lucie's heart sank with an added sense of desolation.

Suppose she failed to find her real uncle; suppose he were dead, or had left London—so many things happen in a few weeks—what could she do without a roof to cover her when night came? If the garden door had been left open she might have slept in the mouldy little summer-house. It would have been at least a shelter. With the knowledge that even that poor

haven was closed against her, Lucie set forth resolutely on her search.

Instinct told her that somewhere southwards lay the heart of the City. Across the end of the road lounged the tall figure of a policeman, and an impulse towards telling him her story drove Lucie a step quicker in his direction; but her courage faltered before the ordeal of confiding her plight, in the public street, to one whose experience, she feared, would lead him to ridicule her tale as incredible. Trying to look upon matters with the cool understanding of an outsider, the utter improbability of her own story was borne in upon her.

'Of course people are certain to judge by appearances. How can I expect them to believe that I'm a lady when I look like a tawdry guy?' she asked herself bitterly, remembering how, when in her far-off home she had showed annoyance at any trifling misadventure, Kitty used laughingly to remind her of Hans Andersen's tale of the Princess and the Pea. 'You must be a real princess, Lucie,' Kitty would say. 'That wouldn't have troubled an ordinary person like me the least bit.'

Passing one after another of the smart, well-cared for houses, Lucie felt constrained to act as did the fairy-tale princess, and crave admission. Surely behind those prettily dressed casements dwelt some kind hearts. Once she approached a gate leading to a villa in whose drawing-room window was a large cage of canaries; but even with her hand on the bell her courage failed and she hastened onwards.

Painfully conscious of her incongruous raiment, she shrank close in the shadow of the wall, grateful that the roads were retired, the passers-by infrequent.

The words 'Saint Angel's Vicarage' emblazoned above a hospitable-looking portal brought so vivid a ray of hope that Lucie marvelled so simple a way out of her dilemma had not earlier suggested itself. The resolve to see the clergyman and to confide her difficulties in him was the matter of an instant. She felt assured he would certainly help to extricate her from her web of troubles.

MORE RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Editor has been favoured with the following communications, suggested by the paper 'Last Links with Scott' in the *Journal* for October 1901. Mr Hamilton Russell, author of the first contribution, the son of an architect in Edinburgh, was born in 1801, and educated for the legal profession. In 1834 he was admitted a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet. He married in 1839 Miss Blackburn, the daughter of an English clergyman, and practised his profession in Edinburgh until 1849, when he removed to Wick on being appointed Sheriff-Substitute of Caithness. Although in his later years much handicapped by ill-health, he was an efficient sheriff, well versed in those Acts of Sederunt in which he found Scott so deficient. He resigned his office in 1880, and died in 1881.

SCOTT AS CLERK OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

BY THE LATE HAMILTON RUSSELL.

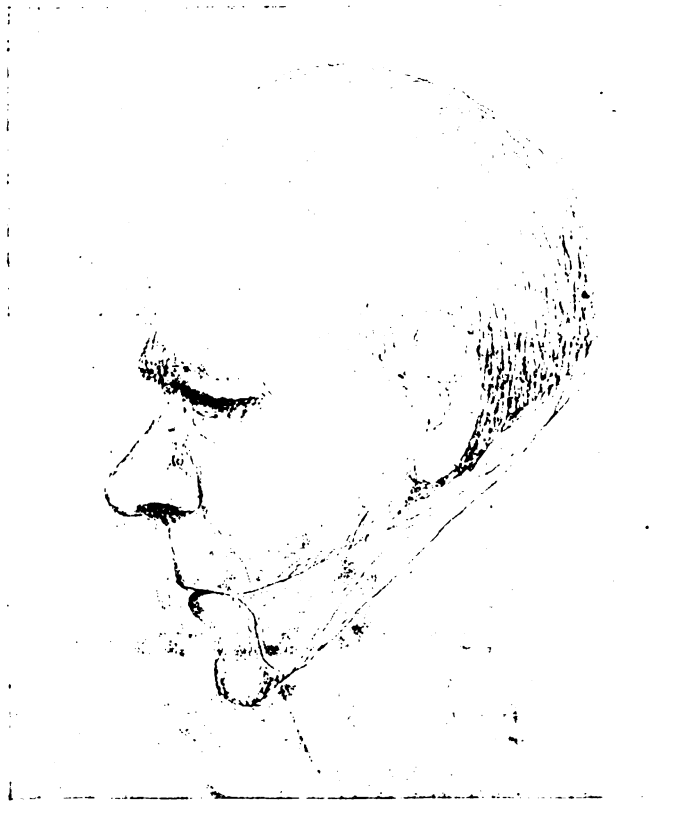
AN UNPUBLISHED NARRATIVE.

The earliest emotion I can recollect being excited in me by poetry was from hearing in a school class the delicious Introduction to the *Lay:* 'Sweet Teviot,' &c. I must at the time have been between my eighth and ninth year. After nearly half a century it is still music to my ears. About a year afterwards I was charmed beyond anything I had known by the mysterious, beautiful picture of the Lady of the Lake: 'And ne'er did Grecian chisel,' &c. In both instances the melody of the words, with the fascinating description, produced sensations of inexpressible delight; and I can conceive no more precious, or purer, chambers of imagery to which the mind of a boy can be introduced. I derived these pleasures from a similar source to that from which Scott acquired his first and cherished acquaintance with the genius of Crabbe: the good old-fashioned school 'Collections.'

I heard nothing of Walter Scott or his works, of which these were my beginnings, till I left school and was at college, when I got from the old Edinburgh University Library, in the form of a bulky quarto, *The Lady of the Lake.* The reading of that book was an era in my life. I shall never forget the enchaining interest and delight of the strange music of the verse, and the enchanting descriptions of the wondrous scenery, so rich in its antique air, and of men and manners of an age unknown to me; and, above all, the throbbing interest, amounting to positive alarm, with which, at the first reading, I was startled by the revelation to Fitz-James, that 'Saxon, *I* am Roderick Dhu!' The reading (or devouring) and the constant and intense dwelling among these magic pictures introduced and detained in me a new world, to which my mind reverted for many years.

After the glamour thus cast over me, I was necessarily anxious to see the Magician Bard who had wielded the spell; and I was taken to The House to see him. He was seated below the concave green-cloth-covered bench of the First Division, at the large leathered table of the Clerks, and I was exceedingly disappointed by

what I saw of his appearance. I had a profile or side-view of him. A high head of whitish hair, a fleshy fair cheek nearly covering the space for the eye, the black stuff-gown covering in a clumsy manner the upper part of the figure as he stooped down to the paper on which he wrote, presented altogether a figure so homely and farmer-like that it was with a painful effort I could believe *that* could be Walter Scott, and exceedingly disappointed that it was so. A very accurate likeness of Scott in this attitude was drawn and etched by a dumb artist of the name of Ainsworth. I remember it many years ago in Steele's in Princes Street; but I understand that the plate and impression were bought up and certainly withdrawn.



I had years afterwards daily to see him, and to mark in several instances the peculiar majesty of his demeanour when his tall, manly figure was seen at its full height; but as seen at the Clerks' table he did not appear to advantage; and thousands of strangers who only saw him as a dogged, diligent Clerk, who never took his eyes off the paper (though what paper no one ever ventured to guess), must have gone sullen away, as I did at first, chagrined with his appearance.

He affected to his unprofessional correspondents to speak [slightingly?] of his official labours and duties as a Clerk of the Session. It was a lucrative office, nearly a sinecure, reserved for advocates and writers possessing the best unpolitical interest, and consisted merely of writing out the judgments of the Court. . . . He certainly knew next to nothing about the principles and practices of his office, and was in that respect a great contrast to Professor (afterwards Lord Baron) Hume, the father of Scotch Law, and Sir Ro. Davidson, an astute and experienced practitioner, who sat at the opposite side of the old black table. I recollect, on coming to Court one day, seeing Sir Walter terribly posed and betraying his ignorance in a very embarrassing manner. In 1825 the judicial procedure in Scotland was almost entirely changed by an Act of Parliament, the Judicature Act, and an Act of Sederunt intended to carry the enactments of the statute into practice. All parties connected with the profession had the long vacation during which to study the very precise rules which had been promulgated by Parliament and the Court for their guidance. Scott had obviously never looked at them. He seems on that occasion to have been engaged on [one of his books]. Some question occurred in a case as to the rule applicable to stealing notes, and I heard Lord President Hope say, 'Sir Walter, see what the Act says.' Sir Walter rose up with the little statute in his hand, turned over the leaves backward and forward, fumbled with them, and looked as much puzzled as any schoolboy to find out the whereabouts of a book which he had lost.

I recollect being in the First Division of the Court on the Saturday on which Scott was to sail for London [to the Coronation of George IV.]. He was dressed in the unusual costume of a blue coat below his black gown, with a long silver chain hanging from his neck. What it had attached I cannot say. It appears in Raeburn's last portrait of him. His appearance at this time was very striking—tall, stalwart, with a countenance of freshness and health. A young friend of mine, David Rennie, proceeded to London by the same smack. He described it as an exceedingly pleasant trip. Scott made the passengers sit on deck on the fine summer afternoon, sing songs, and tell stories, and made the time pass very agreeably.

Lady Scott was a little, made-up sort of

personage in my time. Luxuriant, dark, and I should say not natural curls, shading a yellow face, blushing under a real or artificial bloom of crimson, a very little figure, and a *bustling* demeanour exhibited both a physical and moral manner in singular contrast to the manly plainness of her illustrious husband.

SIR WALTER ON WAR-CRIES.

From the Introduction to Robert Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh* (new edition, 1869) we learn that Scott not only supplied the author with reminiscences of the Old Town, but during the preparation of a subsequent work, *The Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, he supplied whole sheets of his recollections, with appropriate explanations. After an interval of nearly eighty years one of these sheets has been discovered, which, by the courtesy of the owner, we are enabled to print in full. The manuscript is, with the exception of two footnotes—one by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and the other by Robert Chambers—entirely in the holograph of Sir Walter Scott. This manuscript was lent by the gentleman to whom it belongs to his friend Dr John Brown of Edinburgh, the genial author of *Rab and his Friends;* and along with it we print a short note from Dr Brown thanking the owner for the perusal of it.

THE SLOGANS OR WAR-CRIES OF VARIOUS NAMES OF SCOTLAND.

These were sometimes the cry of the leader's name; usually, however, the gathering-place or rendezvous, and sometimes some word or phrase derived from ancient traditions, of many of which the origin is entirely forgotten:

Glengarry	*Craig na Fittich.*	Place of Rendezvous.
Mackenzie	*Tulloch ard.*	Ditto.
Grant	*Stand fast, Craigellachie.*	Ditto.
MacFarlanes	*Loch Sloy.*	Ditto. A small lake between Loch Lovel and Loch Lomond.
Buchanans	*Clareinch.*	Ditto. An island in Loch Lomond.
Scotts	*Bellenden.*	Ditto. A place on the banks of Aberlour Loch.
Cranstons	*Stenwoodie.*	A place on the Oxnam Water.
Seton	*Set-on.*	A pun on the name.
Clanronald	*Garnyen Coheriger.*	Spelled at random.* Gainsay who dares.
Hepburn	*Bide me fair.*	
Home	*A Home, a Home.*	
Gordon	*Gordon, Gordon, Byde and.*	
Jedburgh	*Jeddart's here.*	
Hawick	*Turie Buss and Turie Odin.*	This is still in use; but what language does it belong to?
Darnley	*Avant.*	Darnly.
Tynedale Men	*Cumberland.*	To it, Tynedale.

Town of Dumfries.....Loreburn.
Family of Mercer.....The grit Pool.

C. K. SHARPE.

* This erroneous orthography proves Sir Walter to be the author of *Waverley*, for he spells the words literally the same way in that novel.—R. C.

DR JOHN BROWN TO JAMES BURNESS, ESQ., W.S.

'23 RUTLAND STREET,
EDINBURGH, 8*th Sept.* 1876.

'MY DEAR MR BURNESS,—My best thanks for this literary curiosity. I have shown it to several men, and last to Professor Jowett—they were all interested in it.—Yours ever, J. BROWN.'

[Sir Walter would be delighted to know that 'Tyribus ye Tyr ye Odin,' still in use as the Hawick watchword and gathering-cry, the refrain of the local patriotic song sung on great occasions, is neither more nor less than a remnant of an old prayer to the heathen gods Thor and Woden. According to Dr J. A. H. Murray, a supreme authority, the words are merely a decayed form of *Tyr hæb us, ye Tyr ye Odin*, in the old Northumbrian dialect from which modern Lowland Scotch is sprung, meaning 'Tyr keep us, both Tyr and Odin.']

SCOTT AT THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

Extract from a LETTER *from* MISS SUTTON *to* MISS NOBLE, *written from* 36 *North Frederick Street, Edinburgh.*

'*July* 11*th*, 1821.

'We called on Miss Hume the other day, and left Mrs O'Beirne's letter, and on Monday she returned the visit. [Mrs O'Beirne was wife of the Bishop of Meath.] She is very pleasing, with easy, unaffected manners; got acquainted with us directly, invited us to dine with her on the following Friday (which we accepted), and fixed the next day for taking us to see the Advocates' Library and the Court of Session, which is in the style of our Four Courts. After a pleasant walk we arrived at the Parliament House, and were met at the door by a friend of the Miss

Humes, Mr Menteith, a young barrister, in his gown and huge wig, who escorted us through a whole regiment of big-wigs, and up a narrow winding stair to a gallery above the Civil Court, whence we could look down unobserved on all the *Lions* below. And now, my dear, prepare to envy me, when I tell you that among these *Lions* was Sir Walter Scott!!! He and Mr Hume, who are both Advocates, sat at a table in the centre of the room before the five Judges who presided. We had a very good view of him. He is very like his picture in [Lockhart's] *Peter's Letters*, his hair of a sandy colour and very thin, and his countenance brightening up wonderfully when he smiles. We were in particular good fortune to get this peep at him, for the very next day he was to set out for London to attend the Coronation [of King George IV.]. But for this we should have had a chance of meeting him at Mr Hume's on Friday, where he was asked to meet us! Think of that, my dear: Sir Walter Scott asked to meet poor little *us!!* Well, after staring at him as much as we were able, we were conducted to another gallery like the former, over the Criminal Court, and here we heard our Lionizer, Mr Menteith, make a short speech with great fluency. We saw a great many of the celebrated men who are mentioned by "Peter," and were introduced to his intimate friend, Sir William Hamilton, reckoned one of the cleverest Advocates at the Scotch Bar. . . . Miss Hume says that no one here has the least doubt of Walter Scott's being the author of all the novels. . . . Oh! dear Maria, how I wish you had been with us at Constable's, the bookseller's most amusing shop, where we saw beautiful prints of almost all Scott's works, poems, novels, and all, and were highly entertained for a long time yesterday!'

A KINDLY INCIDENT.

Mr Robert Thomson, of 45 Fountainhall Road, Edinburgh, writes: 'I was sent to a boarding-school at Selkirk in September 1829, and had the opportunity of frequently seeing Sir Walter Scott. One Wednesday afternoon—we always had a half-holiday on Wednesday—a number of us sallied forth for an afternoon's fishing. We went down towards the junction of the Tweed and Ettrick. When we were getting near that point a carriage-and-pair drove up and suddenly stopped, when I was running without shoes or stockings, these being slung over my shoulders in boy-fashion. The carriage contained Sir W. Scott and his cousin and Depute-Sheriff, Mr Scott of Raeburn, who knew me, and told Sir Walter who I was. He patted me on the head and shook hands with me, and said he hoped I would be a good boy and a credit to my ancestors. I was greatly pleased to be noticed by such grand folks, and when I got home told what had happened. I was told to remember the event, as it would be something to tell when I was an old man. I may mention that many years after, when I was in business in South St Andrew Street, a countryman came in, and after some talk he said, "Whas monument is that?" pointing to the Melville Monument in the Square. I said that was Lord Melville's. His reply was, "Odd, I think that beats the Shirra's." I told him there was no need to ask where he came from. [Scott was Sheriff (Shirra) of Selkirk.] I think it must have been the summer of 1830 that the meeting with Sir Walter took place.'

LETTER ON THE PURCHASE OF ABBOTSFORD.

Messrs Sotheby recently sold an interesting autograph letter written by Sir Walter Scott to Mr Stark the architect, headed 'Ashestiel of Selkirk, 3 Sep., 1811.' It relates to the purchase of Abbotsford; and, after mentioning a little ground-plan of the domain which would assist the architect, he says: 'I have got permission to make all preparations for setting early to work in spring. The present farmhouse and offices are new and substantial, and may, with judicious additions, be converted into excellent offices. Clearing away the modern work from the interior of Melrose Abbey has afforded an excellent pile of building stone (a rare commodity in this country), to the purchase of which I hope to be preferred. I wish to build a small and simple cottage, a labourer's (not a lodge), at the head of the approach.' The letter was bought by Mr W. Brown, Edinburgh, for £3, 11s.

SCOTT AS HE LOOKED IN THE COURT OF SESSION.

It may be news to some to hear that in the Edinburgh Municipal Museum there are preserved several hundreds of portraits of Old Edinburgh characters and eminent personages, sketched by an eccentric artist, John Sheriff, who was nicknamed during his lifetime 'Dr Syntax,' from his apparent likeness to Rowlandson's caricature. Amongst these sketches are ten or a dozen of Sir Walter Scott, from various points of view, as he appeared in the Court of Session. Sheriff haunted the city churches and the medical school at the university: whatever he carried away of sermons or lectures will never be known, but he generally managed to sketch the preacher or lecturer. In sketching Dr Chalmers while preaching, he gives in addition a study of his eye, which was the eye of a man of genius. In the case of Scott, besides the profile and front face, he has a study of his ear and back of the head! We reproduce two of these pen-and-ink sketches, one of which shows Scott as he appeared in Parliament House in June 1825. This was but a few months before he realised that his connection with Ballantyne and Constable involved him in financial ruin, which ennobled, if it darkened, the close of his life by the stupendous labours made to retrieve his position.

THE REVEREND JOHN RUTHERFORD OF YARROW.

AN ANCESTOR OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By Rev. J. SHARPE, Selkirk.

JOHN RUTHERFORD, maternal great-grandfather of Sir Walter Scott, was minister of the parish of Yarrow from 1691 to 1710. He was a lineal descendant of that Rutherford who is known in Border history as the 'Cock of Hunthill,' and was related on his mother's side to the Kers of Fernieherst, the ancestors of the Lothian family. He married Christian, granddaughter of the Rev. John Shaw, minister of the Kirk of Selkirk, by his wife Anne, daughter of Sir John Murray of Philiphaugh. John Shaw succeeded his father in the benefice of Selkirk in 1634; and his father, Patrick Shaw, who was the immediate successor of John Welsh, son-in-law of the Reformer Knox, was a grandson of the laird of Sauchie, in Stirlingshire, a family now represented by that of Shaw Stewart of Greenock.

Before going to Yarrow, Rutherford acted for some time as schoolmaster in the town of Selkirk; and in virtue of his office as 'doctor to the grammar school' he had the right to officiate, either by himself or substitute, as precentor and session-clerk. We gather from the records of the Presbytery that at the time of the Revolution he had passed all his trials as a probationer of the Church. In 1689, 'when the brethren in Selkirk presbytery resolved to keep their meetings by themselves (for several years they had, by reason of the paucity of their number, joined themselves in presbyterial meetings with the brethren in Teviotdale),' Rutherford was appointed Clerk, an office which he held for at least a couple of years. His predecessor in the parish of Yarrow was a man named Wyllie, who was ordained 'at Wheathope' on 5th February 1690, the reason being that the Episcopal incumbent, who had been deposed by the Presbytery but acquitted by the Privy Council, still remained in possession of kirk and manse and stipend. Wyllie stayed but a short time in charge of the meeting-house at Yarrow, having been translated to Ashkirk upon the death of Robert Cunningham, one of the 'outed' ministers of 1662, who returned in 1689. On 30th September 1691 Rutherford was duly ordained and inducted as minister of Yarrow; and amongst the ruling elders who were present as members of the Presbytery were Sir John Riddel of that ilk, and John Scott, laird of Woll and Borthwickshiels. It would appear that there was an unseemly disturbance in the church on the occasion of his admission. 'When the moderator and the presbytery'—we quote from the Presbytery records—'were going about the solemn act of ordination, there presented himself John Murray, brother to the pretendit minister, and declared he had commission to protest against the admission of John Rutherford to be minister of Yarrow. The intruder was gravely rebuked by the moderator for not compearing sooner, although intimation had been made divers times at the doors of the kirk and at the most public entry to the kirkyard. Francis Scott in Gilmanscleuch and James Burnet in Wheathope stood up and audibly in presence of the congregation did in their own name and in name of the parishioners protest against the opposition of Mr Murray, and that he and those who were along with him should be made accountable for the interruption they had given in so insolent and impious a manner unto the presbytery and the congregation.'

'The pretendit minister,' as Murray was called, was most unpopular with the people in Ettrick Forest. He had incurred the hatred of his parishioners by delating several of them to the Circuit and getting them fined 'for disorderly baptisms' and 'for irregularity in keeping the kirk.' But they found it an extremely difficult task to oust him from the living. They craved the assistance of the Presbytery 'as to removing the late incumbent;' but the Presbytery could do nothing more than confirm their previous resolution, by declaring all pastoral relation between him and the Yarrow people to be dissolved. The result was, 'that in order to keep with Mr Rutherford,' who during the interval had received a call from Mertoun, 'they resolved to contribute towards his maintenance till he had access to the legal stipend.' Such, we know, he obtained, together with entry to the manse, by the demission of Mr Murray in 1693.

Rutherford was greatly beloved as a pastor by the people in Yarrow vale. His report of them to the Presbytery was, 'that they were most encouraging to him in his ministry;' and their report of him was, that 'he was diligent in preaching, of exemplary conversation, and in all respects behaved as became a minister of the Gospel.' His one request to his brethren of the Presbytery on the occasion of their visitation of the parish in 1696, was 'that they might commend the elders to visit, exhort, and pray with the sick, in respect that the paroch is so spacious and he cannot overtake all the work of it himself.' It is evident that there was within the bounds of Yarrow parish a considerable population in those days. His roll of Church members was as large as that of Selkirk, and considerably larger than that of Galashiels.

Such was their regard for Mr Rutherford that he was frequently chosen by his brethren as one of their Commissioners to the General Assembly

of the Church; and in 1700 he was elected one of a deputation to interview 'the King's Advocate in Edinburgh' with reference to the uplifting of some vacant stipend in the parish of Selkirk and the application of the same towards the repair of church and manse. Both buildings were in a ruinous condition—so much so that, according to the statement of the minister of Selkirk, 'he was neither able to preach in the one nor live in the other.' In those days there was constant friction between the elders of Selkirk parish and the Town Council of the burgh; and, as the matters in dispute were generally referred by the session to the Presbytery, Rutherford was almost invariably chosen by his brethren to act the part of mediator. In the month of October 1696 complaint was made to the Presbytery that the Council had taken possession of the hand-bell which was used for summoning the inhabitants to attend the funeral of the dead. The right of appointing a man to ring the bell had formerly belonged to the session; but the Council had usurped the right during the period of the vacancy, and would not give it up now that a minister had been elected. Two years later, in consequence of information which had reached the ears of the Presbytery 'anent certain disorders and miscarriages committed in the town of Selkirk, it was remitted to the minister of Yarrow, along with the laird of Buckholm, ruling elder, to speak to the magistrates, 'so that all abuses of a like nature may be prevented in time coming.' The parties implicated were a number of Border Kers, along with a piper in the town of Selkirk and a dragoon of the name of Baptie; and the charge against them was 'dancing about in disordered dress upon the street, drinking healths, tossing about hats and wigs, and pouring brandy down their horses' throats.' Another matter that was referred to the Yarrow minister for investigation and report was a stand-up fight that had taken place in Selkirk church on a Sunday, 'during the singing of the psalm,' between the minister's man and two of Todrig's servants anent the possession of a disputed seat. It is recorded 'that the noise and confusion was so great that Mr M'Vicar, who was to preach that afternoon, had to give a sign from the pulpit in order to silence them.'

Rutherford's worst experience during all the years of his ministry was the treatment he received from the people of Roberton parish when he went in the month of November 1698, by appointment of the Presbytery, to declare their kirk vacant. On that occasion, as he reported to the brethren, 'he was kept from coming at the kirk or near it by a company of women with staffs and clubs threatening violence; but that he preached in another pairt of the paroch, and left a copie of the presbytrie's order.'

Towards the beginning of 1700 there were numerous indications that Mr Rutherford's health was giving way. In July 1699 he is 'excused by the brethren from going to the north by way of mission on account of his valetudinarianism and indisposition of body;' and in March 1703 he resigns his appointment as a Commissioner to the Assembly 'because of the broken state of his health.' He died at Yarrow manse on the 8th of May 1710, in the sixty-ninth year of his age and nineteenth of his ministry: 'a faithful pastor, a beloved brother, a sure friend, a gentle master, a kind husband and father.'

> Thy fated years of life well spent,
> Thrice blest art thou, my marrow;
> Thy soul 's beyond the stars, thy fame
> Yet gilds the banks of Yarrow.

TOGETHER.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of *God's Prisoner*, *Rising Fortunes*, *A Princess of Vascovy*, &c.

AS far as he could make out through his eyelashes—for he did not dare to open his eyes—the Reverend Eustace was walking on clouds, and the clouds were composed of sand. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing but sand, and most of it was on the move.

'What an awful place to live in!' he said to himself as, crushing his felt hat down over his ears, he bent to the wind and strode on.

He was a genial little soul but lately transferred from an East End parish to a curacy at St Michael's and All Angels, Dunecester, which the natives call Dunster: a parish carrying about as many to the square mile as his former one had to the square foot. The Reverend Eustace's views were distinctly High; he rather enjoyed the smell of incense, and would have liked to experiment with the confessional. At times he had strong ideas respecting the celibacy of the clergy; but his views on this matter varied according to circumstances, and both the views and the circumstances were open to improvement. In spite of these drawbacks the curate was an exceedingly good-hearted little fellow. His views of his duty to the people were quite as lofty as his views on other matters, and in the East End slums he had so nearly worked himself into the grave that the Bishop had bestirred himself on his behalf, and found for him a fresh-air curacy as the alternative to reading the burial service over him.

That was how the Reverend Eustace happened to be ploughing through the Dunster sands that wild November afternoon to visit an outlying

parishioner who lay somewhat heavily on the conscience of the rector's wife. If it had been his predecessor, now, he would have looked at the smoking flats for exactly ten seconds, and said, 'Not to-day, Baker!' or something equally to the point; then he would have made a bee-line at once towards one of the many cosy tea-tables where a curate was always at a premium.

The Reverend Eustace was not built that way, so he went on.

'The Bishop said it would be a change from Bethnal Green,' he murmured to himself once more; 'and, to be sure, it is. Never saw anything like it in my life before.'

He stopped now and then to get his bearings and to scoop handfuls of sand out of the pockets formed by his rolled-up trousers. After scooping out twelve handfuls in half as many minutes, he bethought him of his bicycle-clips, which fortunately were in his pocket; and after putting them on he made better time.

A strong north-easter was blowing, and all the sands of Sahara seemed sweeping towards him along the level flats. On his right stretched an interminable line of smoothly rounded, fantastically flung sandhills, white against the gray November sky. Somewhere on his left the sea was crawling unseen among its sandbanks till it should be time to come racing up over the flats again; and, at the call of the north-easter, the loose sand of the hills and the higher shore had stirred and woke, and was sweeping like smoke over the firm tidal sand on which he was walking. The bulk of the drift did not come much higher than his knees, and whenever he stopped the streaming particles turned his clerical black trousers to yellow homespun, and buried his square-toed boots out of sight. The upper part of him walked, as it were, above boiling clouds, while his feet stumbled along on earth, and occasionally, by way of change, soused over boot-tops in a hidden pool. At such times the Reverend Eustace bit short exclamations, the natural humanity of which fully made up for any lack of clerkliness. Nevertheless he pushed on, and at last through his crusted eyelashes he caught sight of the cottage, and, with a devout thanksgiving, tacked up the beach towards it.

Standing in the wooden porch for a minute, he turned down his coat-collar, and rid himself of the trouser-clips and of as much sand as he could get out of his hair and eyes and ears with his handkerchief, which smelt refreshingly sweet after the sandy north-easter. He looked out for a moment over the swirling desolation of the flats, and marvelled greatly that any one should choose to live there; then he tapped on the door and went in. It was a bare little house, but very clean, except for the sand which had blown in under the door and lay about like fine dust. A bright fire of drift-wood burned on the hearth with many-coloured flames, and the atmosphere was thick with sweet-smelling smoke by reason of the short chimney and the driving north-easter. A gentle-faced old woman was propped up in a bed near the seaward window, so that she could just see out of it without raising her head from the pillow.

'Eh, pa'son! I tho't it were my man,' and there was an accent of disappointment in her voice.

'No, it's I, Mrs Godwin. What an awful day it is!'

'Ay, th' sand's movin'. I like to see it fleein'. I used to like to be in it when it were like that;' and the patient eyes glanced longingly out of the little window.

'Well, there's no accounting for tastes. And how are you to-day?'

'Just as ushal,' said the old woman.

'And where's Peter?'

'Out after firin'. We do burn a heap this weather.'

'He oughtn't to be out this weather at all. He'll never get rid of that rheumatism if he doesn't take more care of himself.'

'He wunnot tak' care of hisself, pa'son; an' then, yo' know, he connot. There's no one else.'

This gave the Reverend Eustace the opening he wanted and for which he had come.

'Don't you really think, Mrs Godwin, it would be wise to—to think of—leaving here and going where you would both be properly taken care of? It must be terrible here in the winter, and'——

'Yo' mean th' House, pa'son?'

'You've really no idea how comfortable it is,' he said hastily. 'I was up there the other day, and it seemed to me that one might be very much worse off. You'd have every attention and comfort, you know.'

'An' Peter?'

'Peter would go too, of course. Such nice, big, warm rooms they have, and good fires, and papers and books, and plenty to eat—good wholesome food—and'——

All her life's story of patient toil and endurance was written in the furrows of the wrinkled old face, and across the furrows were stamped later lines of suffering. The faded cheeks were almost as colourless as the white cap which was tied under her chin. A tiny flush stole into the wan cheeks as he spoke, and something like a spark gleamed in her eyes. Through all the superscriptions of time and toil and trouble the Reverend Eustace caught a glimpse of the comeliness that had once been hers.

'An' Peter'd be on one side th' House an' me on th' other,' she said, with a touch of the flush and the spark in her voice.

'I'm afraid that would be so. But you've really no idea'——

'When Peter says he wants to go, pa'son, then I'll be ready to go too. But I'd liever die here than live there.'

'You must think of Peter too, Mrs Godwin. He's getting almost past work, and if that rheumatism gets worse I don't see'——

'Yon stuff you brought him done him a heap o' good, he says;' but there was a curious hopeful challenge in her voice, almost as though she doubted it herself and desired his confirmation.

'It will do him good if he takes care of himself; but nothing will cure him if he's constantly out in the cold and damp.'

'Ay,' she sighed wearily, for how was it possible for a shrimper to keep out of the cold and damp?

'You talk it over quietly with him, Mrs Godwin. We only want to make you both as comfortable as we can.'

'Ay, I know. Yo're very kind. But I dunnot want to leave my man.'

He sat and talked with her for a time, unburdened himself, just a trifle awkwardly, of a small packet of tea and a smaller one of tobacco, and finally took his leave.

As he slipped on his clips and turned his back to the wind and his face towards home, he saw a sturdy, bent figure, cut off apparently at the knees, and with its arms full of ragged pieces of wood, ploughing slowly towards him through the drift.

The oncomer, head down to the gale, did not see him till they met, and so unexpected was the sight of a visitor that some of his spars fell and were lost in the swirling sand.

'Hello, Mr Godwin!' cried the Reverend Eustace, as he came to a stand, pulled his hat down into the nape of his neck, and leaned up against the wind.

'Eh! Why, it's pa'son;' and the old man turned and stood with his back to the wind also.

'You shouldn't be out on a day like this, man. How's the rheumatism?'

'Fair to middlin', sir. Yon stuff you gev me done it a heap o' good. 'Twill be all right soon, I do think.'

'Not unless you take more care of it. I've just been up seeing your wife.'

'Ay? That's main good o' you, sir. She don't have none too many visitors.'

'She's looking very frail, Godwin. I've been advising her—asking her—— Don't you really think, Godwin'—it was not easy—'don't you think it's time you left this place and went where both you and she would be better taken care of?'

'You mean th' House, pa'son?' and the grizzled face, all crusted with sand, turned more towards him.

'You'd have everything'——

'No, pa'son, I don't, an' I'll tell you for why. We've never bin parted, Mary an' me, 'cept yon time she had th' rheumatic fever an' went to th' hospital. It nigh killed her—not th' fever, but th' hospital an' th' bein' away from me—an' it nigh killed me too. If we go to th' House we've got to part. We've lived together all our lives, pa'son, an', please God, we'll die together; an' if it was this night I'd thank Him, so long's we went together.'

'I know, I know,' said the Reverend Eustace; 'but you'd have every care there and very much more comfort.'

''Cept one another, pa'son, an' that's more 'n 'em all put together.'

'Well, well! You're as bad as she is. You must think of what's best for one another, you know.'

'We've bin thinkin' it for fifty years, pa'son, an' we know;' and as he stooped to pick up his fallen timbers, which the sand had thoughtfully covered up out of sight, a spasm of pain twisted the gnarled face, and the Reverend Eustace saw it in spite of the sand-crust. He stooped also, and they unearthed the pieces of wood. He was piling the last one into the old man's arms when the merry north-easter twitched off his wide-awake and whirled it away along the flats. He gave a whoop and started after it, and the old man turned and went on to the cottage.

'I met pa'son,' said the old man as he went in with his load of firing.

'Ay, he were here,' said his wife.

She did look frail—very frail. His old heart gave a kick. For her sake, perhaps, it would be better—— His earnings were very small; their fare was of the scantiest; and they would likely be smaller still and scantier. None but himself knew the agonies he suffered in winning even that small living: the creaking of his rusty joints, the ceaseless achings in the marrow of his bones day and night, but worst of all when he was out with the net pushing through the bitter shallows after the few handfuls of shrimps which frisked between them and starvation. Perhaps—after all—— He looked at the patient white face.

'Lass,' he said gently, 'pa'son were advisin' me to go into th' House. What dost a say? I conno' give thee all I would'——

His voice broke. So very bitter a thing is it for a man to have to confess that he cannot provide as he would for one dearer to him than himself. Though it be not through any fault of his own, though there be no shame in it, the bitterness is there, and all the greater from the fact that a clean and sober life has left him capable of feeling it so keenly, and offers him neither palliatives nor reproaches.

He was by her side looking down on her, and her eyes smiled up at him. He dropped on his knees beside her, heedless of the creaking of the rusty joints, and put his rough, sandy arms round her.

'Lass! lass!' he cried, 'thou'rt all the world to me. I conno' let thee go. I see thee always as thee wast, Mary, bright an' shinin'—shinin' hair

an' shinin' eyes, like the sunshine runnin' ower the sands to meet me. Oh, my lass! my lass!'

The gentle face shone with a great glory as she tried to stroke his hair with her hand—a hand which had become so strangely soft with its five years of undesired idleness. In her sudden exaltation of spirit even the agony of movement was forgotten, and her hand fluttered to and fro over the grizzled head like a benedictory dove.

'Praise the Lord!' she said softly. 'He's kept us till now, my man. He'll keep us to th' end;' and from both their hearts went up the silent prayer, 'May it be soon—soon!'

Peter piled some of his choicest bits of wood on the fire, pieces which his experienced eye told him held prisoners the most variegated flames. He got ready their evening meal—literally meal, for it consisted only of a bowl of porridge for each of them. But Love stirred the pan, and Love fed the helpless one on the bed; and better both for body and soul is such a bowl of porridge than the repletion of a Lord Mayor's banquet.

They talked long together that night, and rambled back into the past, while the one sipped a very small cup of the Reverend Eustace's tea without any milk, and the other smoked a pipe of the Reverend Eustace's tobacco. If his advice was not always to their minds, his little gifts contained elements of consolation, and they thought kindly thoughts of him which would do him no harm. The wild north-easter bellowed at them down the chimney, and puffed the sweet wood-smoke rudely into the room. Outside, the restless sand whirled ceaselessly along the flats and sifted in below the door; the sandhills behind got up and crept about in the dark, and changed places and faces to such an extent that the very rabbits would hardly know their way about in the morning.

Inside, there was peace passing the ordinary understanding. It was so very good to be together, and there was in them a grateful sense of peril passed and danger averted; and when at last the old man drew out from under his wife's bed the six sacks of dried grass and rushes on which he always slept on the floor alongside her, if their stomachs were not overfull their hearts were. If they lacked much, they had one another. If the problematical comforts of the House were awanting, at all events they were together.

Six cunningly stuffed sacks of dried grass and rushes, loose-packed, softly elastic, and abounding in hollows for the accommodation of aching bones, make a bed fit for king or cardinal; but in spite of the softness and adaptability of his couch, Peter Godwin's aching bones found lumps where there were none, and sought in vain the comfort that lay always on his other side. He turned himself painfully to and fro, and sighed deep, silent breaths through his clenched teeth so long as he kept awake; and when he dozed the sighs turned all unconsciously to moans. His wife lay awake, and her heart bled for him, for she knew too well the dull agony that gnawed his marrow like a hungry worm and gave him no peace. She wondered if, after all, the curate were not right, and if it would not be better to give up the struggle and go to the House. Perhaps it would be better—perhaps—— 'Lord, that Thou wouldst take us this night together!'

The north-easter had swept away the clouds and cobwebs, and the next morning broke crisp and clear. The sky was like a steel-blue shield, and the sun was the pale gold boss to it. There was not much warmth in it, but it was a cheerful reminder of bright days past and still brighter ones to come. The flats gleamed and sparkled, and the new pools winked merrily; and away behind its banks the sea lay like a narrow band of blue ribbon.

By midday it was almost warm. It did old Peter's bones more good than all 'pa'son's' embrocation; and in the afternoon, as soon as the brightness waned sufficiently, he must needs go a-shrimping. His face kept a smile as he donned his big thigh-boots: rather a rigid smile, for the hungry worms in his bones were at their work again before his swollen ankles scraped through into their places, and it only half-deceived his wife; but he smiled as he kissed her, and her eyes dwelt lovingly on him as he shouldered the big net and marched manfully away across the flats to the sea, just like his own old self—to look at—at a distance.

He smiled again when he turned to wave his hand to her, but it was a smile to make the angels weep and rejoice—the smile of a martyr; and his face was shut tight as he dragged one leaden clog of pain after the other, furrowing the sand as he went.

Arrived at the sea, he turned first towards Dunster and ploughed the flow in that direction, then turned and came back past the cottage towards Wyverne, which lay gleaming on the other side of the estuary where the Ripple crawls down to the sea. From her tiny window his wife watched the distant figure as it bent and pushed, and stopped and straightened now and again to sift the net and empty the sparse takings into the creel at its back. She could see him very plainly, in spite of the distance, like a little crawling figure cut out of black paper against the reddening western sky.

He was away up towards Wyverne when she saw him stop suddenly. A find of some kind perhaps. She waited for him to rise. But he did not rise. She grew anxious, more anxious, frightened. She struggled up convulsively on to her hands, she who had not been able to turn herself in bed for five years. She could not see him, though her eyes were strained to bursting. Her heart leapt painfully within her, then wrung her with a stab of pain. The red sun

flashed in her eyes and touched her face with sudden fire, and the room behind was filled with golden light. She could not see for the glory that was about her. She bent towards the window—towards——

Peter, ploughing painfully along the shallows, saw the windows in the seaward houses of Wyverne all ablaze with the level red rays of the sun. His feet and legs were numb with pain; his back and arms ached so that he dreaded the thought of straightening up to empty the net lest his back should break in pieces. He would go on and on, and not empty it till he turned. He ground his teeth in his agony, and breathed short and quick through his nose. The pains had never been so bad before. They got into his head and turned him sick and dizzy. But he would go on and on.

Then suddenly the resistance of the net ceased. He stumbled and fell, tried desperately to recover himself, and found he could not. The water was up to his waist. He must have stepped into a hole. The net was floating just beyond him. He must get it. He tried, but his feet were firmly held. He made another desperate effort, and felt himself sinking deeper and deeper.

The water was up to his chest; the clinging sands gripped him tight round the knees. He knew now where he was. For fifty years he had gone warily in the neighbourhood of the boiling sands only to fall into them at last.

He gave a cry like an angry bellow. He thrashed the water into sandy spume with his hands. It was all useless. For fifty years the sands had lain in wait for him. Now they had got him they would never let him go.

The water was up to his neck. The slimy arms below were coiled tight round his waist. Away across the flats the red sun bathed his little cottage in a golden glory. A flash broke from the window behind which his wife sat waiting, and came straight to his eye.

The water was up to his chin.

'Mary! Mary!'

His lips were blue, his eyes wild and bloodshot. A spiteful little wave splashed the sandy water over his head.

'Mary! Mary! Lord have mercy on her!' Not himself; his time was come. His thoughts were only of her, left desolate.

Then—he saw the door of the cottage open quickly. A girl came out and sped swiftly across the wet sands towards him—as swiftly as an April sunbeam sweeps across the flats.

The sandy water was at his lips; his eyes were like marbles, standing out of his head.

The girl came towards him, straight and swift as an arrow, shining as she came.

'Go back! go back!' he shouted; but the girl came on without a pause. She was walking on the water.

'Christ!' he gasped at that strange sight.

The water belled and broke in his ears like thunder.

Her hands were stretched eagerly towards him. Her face was all alight with the joy of their meeting.

'Why, Mary! MARY!' and a low, glad laugh broke through the water in his throat.

The joyful hands reached out towards him to welcome him home, as they had welcomed him a thousand times before. He leapt towards her, and as his sodden fingers curled upon her soft, warm hands the sands sucked him down, and the waters rolled smoothly over the place where he had been.

Peter's net was washed ashore almost opposite his cottage, as though the senseless thing had known its way home.

Those who found Mary Godwin fallen asleep hardly knew her, for it seemed as though time had rolled back for her. Her brow was smooth, and the sorrow and suffering had gone out of her face. There was a smile on her lips, and her hands were extended, palms upward, as though to welcome one she loved.

'If they had taken my advice and gone to the House,' said the Reverend Eustace impetuously when he heard of it, 'they might have'——

But they had done far better, and they were as they had wished to be—*together*.

EDINBURGH.

A CITY wrapt in mantle of tradition,
Ancient beyond the mind of man to tell;
Grim, as with brooding long o'er deeds unlawful,
Gray as the secrets she has hoarded well.

A city set on high beyond all hiding,
Beautiful with the solemn light of age;
A volume, to the traveller's search revealing
Rare gleams of history on every page.

For ever are the fringes of her garment
Washed by the silver waters of the Forth;
For ever her to guard the lion couches,
Turning his kingly head towards the north.

For ever from the chilly eastern ocean
Creep up the silent mists and her enfold,
Veiling her like some Oriental beauty
Shining unseen in amethyst and gold.

O City! so unkind to outward seeming,
So often sombre, colourless, and gray,
And yet so all beloved, so full to weeping,
Of strange alluring charm for those away:

Although our path lie distant from thy border,
And far away thy castled splendour be,
Once to have felt the spell of thine enchantment
Is evermore to be in love with thee!

MARIE BAYNE.

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THE FIGHT WITH LOTTER.

By FRANCIS R. O'NEILL, Late of the Cape Mounted Rifles.

ON the 1st of September last Colonel Scobell left Cradock in pursuit of Lotter's commando. It was only one of many expeditions against those wandering parties of the enemy that are still keeping us busy in the Cape Colony. These roving bodies of men, with three or four columns round them, in nine cases out of ten succeed in evading their pursuers, thus reminding us forcibly of a game called 'Fox and Geese.' In this case, however, the game resulted in favour of the 'geese;' and Lotter, who was playing 'fox,' after nearly a week's hard pursuit was at last cornered, and one hundred and fourteen men out of his commando of one hundred and forty were either killed, wounded, or captured. Our small force consisted of detachments of the 9th Lancers, Cape Mounted Rifles, and Imperial Yeomanry. The Yeomanry were left to guard the transport when the chase across the mountains made it necessary to leave the guns and all heavy baggage.

We had just returned from a wild-goose chase after a commando when we received news at Cradock, where we had camped for the night, that Lotter was again in the water-kloof (a narrow valley in the mountains) some twenty miles west of the town. Wearied though we were by weeks of incessant work in bitter weather and on short rations, orders were at once given to prepare for a fresh start; and at seven o'clock next morning the column moved out after the enemy. We rode till six o'clock that evening along the road to Spitz Kop, passing the water-kloof some ten miles to our left. We then pitched camp for the night.

The next morning orders were given to get as much rest as possible during the day, as there might be some heavy work to do later; so the men were prepared for any sudden move. At three o'clock in the afternoon we again moved on, still in the same direction, and camped after another journey of ten miles. No further orders were given out till ten o'clock that night. The men were then warned to march at half-past eleven, and ordered to pack the mules.

We had had experience of expeditions into the mountains with pack-mules during the operations against Scheepers in the Camdeboo, the mountainous district west of Graaff-Reinet, and knew well what it meant; so it was with no very cheerful feelings that we rolled out of our blankets to commence an hour's hard work loading mules, drawing rations and grain and ammunition, and packing our tents and kit on the wagons. The men were then drawn up in companies, the roll was called, and the sounding of the 'G' on the bugle from Colonel Scobell's quarters gave the signal to mount. The officers commanding different regiments then gave the command, 'Advance in succession by fours from the right of companies on the leading company;' and the column moved off, this time to retrace our steps.

Now we began to see the object of our previous day's march, which was evidently a stratagem to deceive the enemy. This made, we were now to double back and take them by surprise. After an hour's trek the range of mountains on this side of the water-kloof became clearly discernible. The usual orders during a night march, when the enemy are close at hand, were issued: 'No smoking, and make as little noise as possible.' Every hour was now bringing us nearer to the wall of rock which we had to climb. We could already see, by the light of the rising moon, the long line of men ahead leading their horses up the rocky path; in the early twilight it had the appearance of a huge snake winding in and out of the steep gorges on the mountain-side.

After a climb of two hours we reached a narrow pass in the mountains. On the other side was the water-kloof, where the commando we were seeking were supposed to be concealed. 'Now, surely,' we thought, 'they will let us have some indication of their position,' for the faint light in the sky showed that the day was breaking.

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A long halt was now made; the advance-guard had gone on to the ridge overlooking the valley. The wind was bitterly cold, and we were nearly frozen when we received the order to move on.

It was now quite light, and another hour along the mountain-path led us to the edge of the valley. There it was, about fifteen hundred feet below us, with a few farms scattered here and there on the banks of the river; but still no sight of the enemy. The 9th Lancers, with the guns, had blocked the lower entrance to the valley, and the Cape Mounted Rifles were in command of the ridges overlooking the farm which the enemy had used as their headquarters. It was a well-thought-out manœuvre, well timed and beautifully carried out; but, as had happened so often before, the Boers had got wind of our coming, and were now in full retreat some eight hours in front of us. So ended the first move against Lotter and his men.

The pursuit was continued vigorously for the whole of the next day, and it was at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and after a journey of nearly thirty miles, that we again came in touch with the Boers. The road now led us into a narrow cutting in a forest of cactus, prickly-pear, and mimosa-bushes which covered the bottom and sides of the valley and reached to the top of the steep ridges on each side of the road. It was evident that the enemy had fancied themselves secure after putting such a range of mountains as we had traversed between themselves and their pursuers.

At the entrance to the valley lies a small farm on the Vogel River. It was on approaching this farm that we received information that the Boers had taken up positions upon the ridges on each side of the farm and guarding the entrance to the kloof. Almost at the same instant one of our intelligence-men came up with the news that he had been fired at from the hills to our left-front, and Colonel Scobell and his staff came up at a gallop. In an instant we began to make preparations. A detachment of Cape Mounted Rifles and 9th Lancers dismounted, fixed bayonets, and advanced along a donga to the right of the road among the bushes, leading towards a house supposed to be held by the enemy. As I was with this party, I will describe the operations as I saw them.

Charging along the donga, we had to clear away two barriers of prickly mimosa-branches, evidently placed there to hinder our progress; but when we rushed the house no one was to be found. Then we extended into line, advanced up the ridge to the right, and took possession of it; but we found this also clear. From this point we could see our men charging down the road to the farm. They had just reached it and were galloping up to the house when we heard the sharp double report, the *ping-ping* of the Mausers, from the ridges behind it.

We could see our men getting their horses under cover behind the kraal near to the house, and preparing to charge the ridge. The firing then stopped; the main body came up, passed the farmhouse, and went on down the road. Evidently the enemy were in full retreat, with our men close at their heels. The Cape Mounted Rifles held the farm until the Lancers returned two hours later, having chased the enemy till darkness stopped the operations.

This was not, however, as we imagined, the end of the pursuit, for at half-past four the next morning we were turned out to pack up again. It was raining steadily, and we rode on through a thick mountain-mist past the two farms we had visited on the previous day; but this time we struck off in a north-easterly direction. Then began the worst ascent we had yet had in our many mountain expeditions. The fearful condition of the path owing to the heavy rains made the work terribly hard for both men and horses, already exhausted by the work we had been doing. It seemed endless. It was impossible to see more than fifty yards ahead, and our clothes were wet through. Hour after hour we dragged our horses up, and still no sign of the top.

At about twelve o'clock we halted for 'breakfast,' which consisted of 'bully' and damp biscuit. A few of us were lucky enough to find shelter in a Kaffir hut, and fell asleep instantly, in a thick atmosphere of smoke from the cow-dung fire, and regardless of the filthy condition and evident signs of life observable within the anything but solid walls of the hut. Then saddle up again, and more climbing; and it was not till about four o'clock in the afternoon that we reached the *nek* and began to descend towards Pietersberg, which lay almost directly below us.

At seven o'clock in the evening we camped about a mile from the village, utterly worn out; our blankets were dripping wet, and there was no shelter to be found nor dry spot on the now soaking ground. This, however, did not prevent our sleeping soundly for the four hours we were left in peace.

At midnight we were to saddle up again, and at half-past twelve we rode out down the valley on the Graaff-Reinet road. After following it for about eight miles, we made a sudden turn to the left up a mountain-path near Du Toit's farm at Groenkloof; and, after another steep climb lasting nearly two hours, we reached a high, open plateau, the level plain in front leading towards a higher ridge still enveloped in mist. Now was about to be played the final move in the game, the last and most exciting scene.

THE FIGHT ON THE HILL.

It was still dark when we reached the plateau. A narrow kloof, disappearing in the mist on the hillside, showed as a darker blot in the blackness in front.

The whole force, two hundred and eighty men, were drawn up in line, and then wheeled off in squadrons and companies at a gallop, some to the right of the kloof, some to the left, and a squadron of Lancers under Captain Lord Douglas Compton up the centre of the valley.

As the enemy had not been located, a picket might at any moment give the alarm in time for them to take up a position and check the advance; so no time was to be lost. It was a fine sight, these lines of mounted men sweeping off in different directions across the open veldt in the twilight. The Cape Mounted Rifles had gained the ridges overlooking the kloof on the right and the Lancers were charging up the centre when the crack of a Mauser, followed a minute later by a burst of firing from the bottom of the kloof, showed that the fight had begun.

To give an idea of the nature of this engagement, and how our wily antagonist was at last so completely trapped that only the six men on picket upon the ridge got away, we must briefly explain that the narrow valley in which the enemy had made their laager was a small cutting in the side of a smooth sloping ridge, looking exactly as if some gigantic wedge had been driven half-way through the hillside and then withdrawn. Therefore, when we had gained possession of the high land overlooking the valley on three sides there was no possibility of escape for any man inside it. Up the centre was a donga, about four feet deep, leading from a farmhouse at the extremity of the cutting. On the right-hand side, near the entrance, and some three hundred yards from the house, was a cattle-kraal, an enclosure about fifty yards long and some thirty broad, covered for one-third of its length with a corrugated-iron roof supported by stone walls, which were about six feet in height. The kraal was entered by a gate on the side facing the bottom of the kloof; and it was past this gate that Lord Douglas Compton rode with his squadron, and within a few yards of it, never thinking that close upon a hundred of the enemy were lying huddled together inside, under their many-coloured blankets. I was told by one of the Boers afterwards that the first intimation they had of our presence was the sound of our men riding past the gate. It was then that they took the alarm, and shot, point-blank, a signaller of the Lancers riding behind the squadron. This man, with several bullets through his body, and with his horse shot dead, rolled within a few feet of the gate of the kraal. In an instant all was confusion. Some of the Lancers, finding they were fired at from so short a distance, threw themselves against the walls, firing blindly over the top into the kraal; but the muzzles of the enemy's rifles were thrust through the spaces between the stones; and, with six of their number shot dead, the Lancers rushed back to find cover on the ridge opposite. Our men were now occupying the hills all round, and pouring volleys from every side through the iron roof of the enclosure.

When the Boers opened fire, several of them who had been sleeping in the farmhouse made a rush into the donga. There was a shout of 'There they are!' and the firing began in earnest. The Boer picket, who had taken cover some distance away, were firing at the ridge opposite, now swarming with our men. Two of the Cape Mounted Rifles were killed and three wounded by these snipers. They kept up the firing even after their comrades in the laager had surrendered, but eventually made good their escape on foot through the mist.

A perfect hailstorm of bullets was now raining upon the enclosure. Five of the Cape Mounted Rifles crawled to a point within eighty yards of the kraal and directly above it, and were thus able to deliver a point-blank fire into the enemy through the space between the roof and the top of the wall. The scene inside must have been quite indescribable. Imagine a hundred men cooped up within this place, with a rain of bullets searching every corner of it, and coming like hailstones through the roof, which was already so perforated that it presented the appearance of being completely riddled.

For nearly a quarter of an hour the enemy held out, and did their best to retaliate. It was a marvel there was a man left alive inside the kraal. When the situation was becoming impossible for them, a man thrust his head and shoulders over the wall, waving a white flag, only to fall riddled with bullets; but this was inevitable, owing to the heavy fire. The man fell over the wall and hung there, being hit again and again, as our men only saw his body as a dark mass in the mist. The only thought now was to surrender; six white flags were waved at different places over the walls, and our firing ceased.

I shall never forget the sight that presented itself when we rushed up, and Lotter and his men, their hands up, came out of the kraal. Lotter himself had been hit in three places, and men were lying about in all directions dead and badly wounded. The place looked like a slaughter-house, and the walls were literally splashed with blood. Twelve Boers lay dead, lying as they fell, among the piles of blankets and saddles, and fifty-four others were hit. One man was sitting with his head sunk on his chest; no resemblance to a face was left, his jaw having been torn away by a bullet. Another, lying close by, was rolling on the ground, burying his face in the thick mud and biting at the ground in agony. A strong-looking young fellow had been hit in the thigh. He was lying on the ground, but seemed as if determined to fight against death. Again and again he attempted to struggle to his feet, and on making one

last convulsive effort to pull himself together he fell back dead. These frantic efforts were terrible to witness. A small boy of fourteen, who had been fighting with them, had been wounded in the neck in the confusion. Nearly every man was covered with mud and bleeding from some wound; they presented a ghastly spectacle. Several wounded and three dead Boers lay in the donga outside the kraal, the brothers Vorster, two of the best shots in the colony, being among the dead. A great many of the prisoners had neither shoes nor socks, and had been going barefooted in the thick mud and terrible cold.

Now began the work of collecting the enemy's horses, which had been tethered outside the kraal. We shot all except the best, which we took away with us.

Several squadrons of the Lancers were now detached to scour the country to ascertain if it were clear of the enemy, and to pursue the picket; the rest of us were busy burying the dead, burning the enemy's saddles and equipment, and organising stretcher-parties to go out and bring in the wounded.

Our casualties for the whole force had been ten killed and six wounded. Ever since the firing stopped the doctor had been kept busy hastily bandaging up the wounds of the sixty men under his care. Of the four hundred men engaged, over eighty had been hit in the short space of the twenty minutes that the fight lasted, showing how terrible the fire had been in that narrow valley.

Next we were confronted with a great difficulty, for many of the wounded were unable to walk, and had to be carried down the precipitous mountain-path to the Graaff-Reinet road, which we had ascended on the previous night. This path was so narrow and steep that it was with the greatest difficulty, and after six hours' hard work—twelve men being told off to each stretcher to take the carrying in reliefs—that we at last got them down to the farm where we were to stay for the night. The men were now utterly exhausted and weak from want of food, for there were no rations left, and the convoy of supplies and ambulance wagons heliographed for from Graaff-Reinet did not get out to us until the following day.

It was on reaching the town, two days later, that we fully realised what an impression the destruction of a whole commando—the first complete capture of this kind in the colony—had made on the outside world. Long lines of Cape carts and wagonettes lined the road. Several had come for miles to meet us. The whole population of the town had turned out to see the column come in with the prisoners.

To realise how important a decisive blow on the enemy was at this time, it must be remembered that the difficulty of getting in touch with these mobile commandoes, without transport and therefore independent of the roads, in a wild mountainous country, was enormous. It was only by a clever flanking movement, very quickly carried out, and with the help of a very efficient intelligence department, that we were able to do it on this occasion; for when Lotter had given us the slip on the Vogel River he made a wide circuit, doubling back, and thus putting the high range of mountains which we crossed—the Tanjesberg—between himself and the pursuing column. He told us that he thought it impossible for us to cross over in the way we did, and fancied also that we had entirely lost touch with him. He paid a high compliment to our intelligence department when he said that he thought they must be a set of bloodhounds. How completely he was off his guard was shown by his having left nineteen men scouting on the route he had taken. He fancied that this was the only possible way we could follow him. In reality we came in exactly the opposite direction, and even the picket placed by the Boers to guard their laager was not on the side from which we advanced. Only one man could pass along this path at a time; therefore half-a-dozen men placed at the top of the cutting up which we had to climb to reach the plateau would have stopped the whole column and enabled the commando to get away. That the Boers made the resistance they did under the circumstances is very greatly to their credit.

Although they failed in this instance, the Boers are at their best in guerilla warfare. The characteristic method they so often employ of breaking up into small parties and disappearing before an enemy, only to quickly reorganise, has made it impossible for them to stand against large bodies of regular troops. At the same time, it is these tactics which have enabled them to make a prolonged resistance. Warfare, considered as an art of doing the greatest possible harm to your enemy with the least to yourself, has been brought by the Boers to a high pitch of perfection. They are naturally hunters, and fight as they hunt; only the game is changed. They are untrained men, but men whose power of endurance far exceeds our own, and whose strength of will and obstinacy of purpose is perhaps unrivalled. With the same weapon in their hands as we have, and more skilful in its use, these farmers have proved how great an effect the increased power of the modern rifle can make in the fighting-power of any body of determined men.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XIII.—A BROKEN REED.

THE front door of Saint Angel's Vicarage stood invitingly open, affording a view of a handsomely furnished hall, wherein a plump housemaid in an attitude suggestive of devotion was busily engaged polishing the parquetry floor. From the invisible kitchen an appetising odour as of savoury baked meats was wafted upwards. A plethoric dog, his neck begirt with blue ribbon, waddled slowly across the hall. All looked affluent and yet so homely, and there was such an air of solid comfort in the scene, that on surveying it Lucie drew a deep sigh of relief, assured that here she had only to apply for direction and aid to receive both.

As her shadow fell across the threshold the plump servant ceased polishing, and, still on her knees, turned to regard the visitor curiously; and a smart parlour-maid who appeared, laden with a tray of silver and crystal, quickly depositing her burden on a butler's tray, came forward to learn her business.

Full of confidence in the power of the Church to succour, a trust inherited from generations of God-fearing ancestors, Lucie advanced boldly.

'Is the vicar at home? Can I see him?' she inquired.

The maid's dubious glance, which travelled from the crown of the flippant white yachting-cap down to where the frills of the blue delaine skirt showed beneath the long red cloak, recalled the discordance of her appearance, and Lucie blushed hotly.

'I don't know,' the girl replied hesitatingly. 'Wait a moment and I'll ask.'

Leaving the visitor standing on the doorstep, the maid entered an apartment on the right, and made some whispered inquiry of some invisible presence within.

'A young person to see your master? Did she say what she wished? Do you think she is one of the congregation? Does she look quite respectable, Mitchell?' replied a high-pitched, domineering voice.

Mitchell, aware that the object of these inquiries could hear all that was said, purposely replied in tones that were inaudible to Lucie.

'Oh! Well, ask her what her business is.'

'My business? I shall tell it to the clergyman when I see him,' was Lucie's sole answer when the docile Mitchell transmitted her mistress's message.

'Tell the young woman that your master is *deeply* engaged, but that he will try to spare her a moment. She must not detain him longer.' Such was the ultimatum issued by the vicaress when Mitchell conveyed to her Lucie's reply.

'The vicar's busy, but he'll see you a minute;' thus Mitchell translated her mistress's grudging consent; and with hot indignation swelling in her breast, Lucie followed her conductress. Evidently the maid did not esteem the guest worthy of announcing, for, without going through the form of asking her name, she pushed open the study-door, and remarking casually, 'A young person to see you, sir,' ushered Lucie into the sacred presence.

The Reverend Everard Poplight, vicar of Saint Angel's, was engrossed in his usual morning occupation of dozing placidly over the newspapers in the guarded seclusion of his sanctum. When thus abruptly aroused from his nap, the clerical gentleman blinked sleepily at the intruder; then, recovering himself, politely requested her to be seated. Possibly the oddness of Lucie's attire did not impress him as it would a woman, for even in his overfed, overslept brain the sight of the lovely troubled face with its apprehensive gray eyes awoke a fleeting interest.

'You wished to—a—consult me? What can I do for you?' he asked suavely, speaking with the deliberate utterance of one who is accustomed to having deferential attention paid to his slightest utterances.

'Yes—there is nobody else I can go to—I am in a dreadful position.' Lucie's explanation stumbled and halted. No one who has true experiences to tell ever realises how unveracious these adventures may appear until he or she begins to relate them in all their bald, unvarnished truth to a callously critical stranger. Lucie sincerely wished that her story had been less unusual. Had it been utterly commonplace she felt convinced that it would far more readily have gained credence.

The study was luxurious. Through the wide casement the April sunshine streamed warmly. Among the scarlet blossoms of a *Pyrus japonica* that wreathed the window-sill a sparrow twittered merrily. The very brightness of the surroundings seemed to Lucie to add to the unreality of her tale of deception and cruelty.

'Yes—in a dreadful position?' prompted the vicar reassuringly when she stopped, confronted by the unsuspected difficulty of making her story sound true.

'I've just come from the Colonies,' she began again, encouraged by her auditor's purr. 'I only arrived on Tuesday. Father had written that I was coming, and Uncle Andrew—he is Mr

Andrew Lorimer of Chancery Lane, cabled back that they would be glad to have me. Well, when the ship got to the docks this man met me and said he was Uncle Andrew, and, of course, I believed him. And he seemed very kind till this morning, when I awoke and found that everybody had gone—taken all my money, and luggage, and everything.' Lucie paused, her torrent of words effectually arrested by the expression of blank incomprehension that had chased the expression of suave interest from her listener's face.

'But who—I 'm afraid I don't quite gather'——

Lucie bit her lip impatiently. She had been warned not to detain this man, and the precious moments were passing. Would she ever be able to make him comprehend?

'You see, we live in New Zealand.'

'Oh! North or South Island?' inquired the vicar, who in an invertebrate way fancied himself for his knowledge of geography.

'In the North Island—in Auckland.'

'Ah!' said the Reverend Poplight, considerately stifling a yawn. His transitory interest, which had arisen from a slight acquaintance with a colonial bishop from Christchurch, had already evaporated, Christchurch being in the South Island.

'So I thought I'd like to come home to England,' Lucie went on, trying to ignore the irrelevant interruption.

'But I understood you to say that your home was in New Zealand?' interposed the vicar, who, like many other equally obtuse persons, prided himself on his perspicacity and acuteness in picking out the weak points of a case.

'We always spoke of England as "home:" everybody does,' Lucie answered, trying to choke down the irritation that possessed her. 'When I left New Zealand I had a bank draft for four hundred pounds. Father gave it to me, for travelling expenses here—oh, and presents to take back, and things, you know; and Uncle Andrew—but of course he wasn't *really* Uncle Andrew—got the draft cashed for me yesterday, and this morning when I awoke every one had gone, leaving me alone in the empty house, with only these dreadful clothes to wear'——

'And this house where you say they left you—where is it?'

'Oh, quite near here. Just up one road and across, and along another.'

'But the address?'

'I 'm afraid—I don't know the address,' Lucie was admitting, when the door behind her chair opened, and the owner of the autocratic voice entered.

'Everard, I think you have forgotten that many *important* matters demand your attention.' Her tone implied reproof to her husband and disapproval of his visitor's action in thus wasting his valuable time.

'Yes, my dear, I know. But this young—a—lady has just been telling me a very strange story—a very strange story indeed.'

A hard cough from the matron hinted that within the stony walls of the vicarage many strange tales had been listened to. Under the scrutiny of her coldly appraising eyes Lucie again became painfully conscious of the glaring improbability of her own experiences.

It had been difficult to talk to the master of the house when they were alone; but in the antipathetic presence of his spouse Lucie felt as though stricken dumb. The rôle of applicant for aid was uncongenial; and intuition teaching her the futility of any appeal to this dame, whose thin lips and steely eyes gave the lie direct to her matronly affluence of figure, Lucie rose to go.

'What *was* the young person's story, Everard?' inquired the lady, addressing her husband, but narrowly observing Lucie.

'As far as I gathered, my dear,' the obedient Everard responded meekly, 'she says she landed in this country from New Zealand—Auckland, wasn't it?—two days ago, and some people who impersonated her relatives have robbed her of all her possessions and a large sum of money, and deserted her this morning.' Four hundred pounds seemed so ridiculous a sum to belong to the badly dressed girl before him that, out of a sense of kindness, the vicar left the amount vague.

'Oh!' remarked the lady with caustic emphasis. 'And what, might I ask, made you apply to *us* for assistance?' she added dryly, turning to the suppliant.

'I saw the name of the vicarage on the door, and thought perhaps'——

'Yes, that 's always the way. If a clergyman once gets a reputation for generosity he is simply deluged with requests for charity. The thing is endless. Where did the people who, you say, deserted you stay?'

'I don't know the address, but the house is quite near here. I 'm sure I could find it again. It had a high wall, and there was a thatched summer-house in the garden'——

'But surely you knew where you were coming to? No respectable family would permit a young girl to travel so far'——

'Oh, of course we knew,' Lucie interrupted; 'but the man who pretended to be my uncle told me that they had left Queen's Gate and come to live at St John's Wood, and'——

The impenetrable atmosphere of disbelief that encompassed her froze the words on Lucie's lips. She stopped abruptly, conscious of the futility of her efforts to wring sympathy from a stone. While listening to his wife's cross-examination the reverend gentleman unconsciously smoothed his beard down with his hand, and the outline thus revealed showed that the

disguising beard concealed a weak, vacillating chin.

'I think the Charity Organisation might look into your case. If you go to them they will make inquiries and report upon it.—That will be the young person's best plan—will it not, Everard?' Mrs Poplight added, appealing to her submissive spouse for confirmation of her opinion.

'Um—yes,' Everard agreed reluctantly.

'Or the police-court: you could apply there.'

Lucie had turned towards the door, her cheeks flaming.

'Thank you. I shall not detain you any longer,' she said, her voice quivering with suppressed indignation. 'I am sorry I troubled you.'

Something in her manner touched a manly chord in the vicar's flaccid breast. Springing to his feet, he opened the door for her exit, and thrust a coin into her hand.

Lucie, her eyes hot with unshed tears of mortification, was half-way down the tiled path leading to the gate before she discovered the shilling in her palm. Turning instantly on her heel, and reascending the steps like a whirlwind, she surprised Mitchell, who was watching her retreat through a chink of the door.

'Give that to your master,' she said, thrusting the coin upon the maid. 'Tell him—tell him—I'm not a beggar!'

'Yes, *miss*,' replied Mitchell, a new-born respect in her tone.

Lucie had shaken the dust of the clerical dwelling from her feet and was far down the road before she cooled sufficiently to consider in what direction she had walked. Fortunately it was the right one, as she found from inquiry. 'Buses moving townwards were pointed out to her; but, all eagerness now to reach her real relatives, and uneasy under the curious glances elicited by her strange attire—of which she was momentarily becoming more painfully conscious—Lucie hailed the first four-wheeler she encountered, and telling the driver to take her to Chancery Lane, hid herself in the interior of the vehicle.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

FROM a great deal that is being said by men of ability and experience upon this subject we select a few of the more practical ideas and utterances, which may prove stimulating and helpful. One thing upon which authorities are all agreed is, that the world was never more in need of, or more ready to welcome, clever brains and nimble fingers. Mr Schwab, president of the United States Steel Trust, has expressed his firm belief that the United States will soon control the trade of the world, and has also said that there never was a greater opportunity for any man—working-man or manager—who has to use his brains than to-day. Never, in his opinion, has there been such a scarcity of special men that great manufacturers and capitalists desire. William Jacks, LL.D., president of the West of Scotland Iron and Steel Institute, says that there are more important positions waiting to be filled than there are young men capable of filling them. We are being left behind in the race for instruction, says Mr Asquith; our elementary education is too 'bookish,' according to Mr Hanbury; while Mr E. Parkes, M.P., president of the British Iron Trade Association, considers that the great difference between the young men of America and those at home is the greater desire shown thoroughly to master all the technicalities of whatever business they may have adopted. Since the subject was treated in *Chambers's Journal* for 1898 by Mr F. Grant Ogilvie, Director of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, the need for its discussion is as great as ever.

'This country,' says the *Times*, 'which has done a great deal to shake up the world, in its own domestic affairs itself needs a great deal of shaking up.' The late Bishop of London, in a remarkable address prepared for the Midland Institute, but which he did not live to deliver, entitled 'A Plea for Knowledge,' gave it as his opinion that the great defect of England at present is an inadequate conception of the value of knowledge in itself, and of its importance for the national life. By this he meant that the average Englishman thinks very little of the importance of gaining for himself as much knowledge as he can for the purpose of leading his own life efficiently. Originality of thought and action, according to a schoolmaster he quotes, is what John Bull hates. He will not read or recite with any attempt at feeling or expression simply because of a dread of making a fool of himself. He will not learn to speak French and German for the same reason. But the question here, as some one put it, is not the question of learning one particular subject or another; it is the question of educating the whole nation from a technical as well as a commercial point of view.

There has been no better recent example of trained alertness of mind than in the case of Mr Pierpont Morgan, the American banker and financier. While listening to an 'illuminative address' by Mr Schwab on the steel and iron industry, he was so impressed that he conceived as in a flash

the idea of the gigantic combination which took shape a few months later as the United States Steel Trust, although millions of money were concerned.

The London Chamber of Commerce has instituted junior and senior leaving certificates in commercial education, while the various Chambers of Commerce throughout the country have been bestirring themselves in the matter; and in that of Edinburgh the report, signed by the late Mr John Macmillan, states: 'There is a consensus of opinion among the business men who gave evidence that elementary education is so imperfect that many boys entering offices or warehouses write in a slovenly way; that their arithmetic is deficient; and that they are unable to compose a letter properly, and in some cases even to spell correctly; and these witnesses attribute this to the want of a thorough grounding in elementary education.' In this connection the manager of a large business establishment, with forty years' experience, informs us that he has never found a boy fresh from school, and however well educated, who could add a column of figures quickly and correctly. This same report defines commercial education as the whole course of educational training for a business career, whether it consists of general education or education of a specialised nature bearing on commerce. In the elementary stage there need be no distinction in the training of a boy destined for business and of another who may look forward to a professional or literary calling. There are differences of opinion, too, as to the value of a university training in this connection. Dr William Jacks states that, as far as his experience and observation go, those who have had the benefit of Latin and Greek, and even a brief insight into the humanities, such as clergymen, lawyers, and doctors, are in intellectual acumen, in power of thought, in soundness of judgment, or in any of the vital attributes of life, in no way superior to the thoughtful, well-read man who has not had the advantage of a university education. Still, he himself thought it worth while to become a thorough linguist within and beyond the bounds of his business needs, and achieved wide culture besides; all this with few early advantages save the exercise of self-denial, hard work, the possession of excellent native ability, and a sound constitution. For the sake of stimulus and encouragement we have set down a few facts in the career of Dr Jacks, before giving his views upon commercial education, which have the advantage of being an outgrowth from his own life and experience. For the fight in life reminds him of getting into a popular concert-room or lecture-hall. The people are crushing at the door; but when you get in and a little forward you find more and more room, and if provided with a reserved ticket there is usually plenty of room at the front. He believes that those who have equipped themselves with the reserved ticket of knowledge will find more room than they can occupy.

This is how he worked out his own reserved-seat ticket in the crowded business life of to-day: The son of a Border shepherd, born at Cornhill-on-Tweed, 18th March 1841, he was educated at Swinton School, Berwickshire, and began business-life in a shipyard in West Hartlepool; but he found his way from the workshop to the counting-house, and from the manager's chair to the independent business in the iron trade of W. Jacks & Co., London, Glasgow, and Middlesbrough. There is a clever American story, *A Message to Garcia*, which illustrates the turning-point in the career of Dr Jacks. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents, Garcia, somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba. It was mentioned to President McKinley, 'There 's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can.' Rowan took the letter without asking any questions about Cuba, or suggesting difficulties, and found Garcia. An Italian firm had ordered a large cargo of iron goods, the bill of lading for which had been despatched by the firm with which young Jacks was employed, when it was discovered that the purchasers did not intend to pay for the goods. 'The fellow named Jacks' was sent for, and saved the situation. He arrived at the Italian port before the vessel, managed to obtain possession of the cargo, which he sold at a good profit, and returned having otherwise extended the connection of the firm. The fame of this exploit led to the offer of a manager's situation in the west of Scotland, which in turn paved the way for founding an independent business. But the point to be observed in the career of Dr Jacks was the achievement, by strenuous effort, of a knowledge of many modern languages and wide general culture. While he represented Leith Burghs and the county of Stirling in the House of Commons he was diligent and attentive to the duties of parliamentary life, and during the wearisome intervals of debate translated Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*. On the hundredth anniversary of the death of Burns he published a volume, *Robert Burns in Other Tongues*. Later he published a book on James Watt, while a Life of Bismarck brought him high appreciation from Prince Herbert Bismarck, and a letter from the German Emperor, accompanied by the present of two illustrated volumes. At present he has tackled a study of the Hohenzollerns, which his thorough knowledge of German makes a recreation and a delight. In acknowledgment of these studies and his many lectures and addresses, a selection from which is to be published, Glasgow University conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him. Mr Shorthouse

(a Birmingham manufacturer) recreated himself by writing historical novels, Dr Jacks by the study of languages and history. In his heroic days, when his leisure was spent on self-education, Dr Jacks' time-table was something like this: from six till seven P.M., German literature; seven till eight, mathematics; eight till ten, theology; ten till eleven, political economy; and from eleven till one A.M., languages. He was up again at five o'clock to begin his business duties. We fancy this could not be kept up for long; but it helped him forward to the prominent position he occupies to-day.

Some sentences from an address on 'Commercial Education' to the Educational Institute of Scotland bear on the whole subject. We are indebted to the courtesy of Dr Jacks for permission to read and make extracts from his paper. In it he says: 'In my office, when I commenced business first in my own name, I was obliged to have foreigners, French and German, who served me perfectly well; but I felt that it would be better to give our own countrymen a chance. The chief of the German department is an Englishman, the chief of the French department is a Scotsman, and any Spanish that we require is also done by a Scotsman; and I venture to say that my firm could compare with any of its kind in the country for properly written letters.'

This is how he learned languages, and also discovered by cross-examination the weak points in the education of a youth applying for a situation: 'I remember when I was a youngster I trained my memory, when I was confined to bed for a time, by learning the *Border Minstrelsy* and part of the Psalms of David. The mind should also be educated. The plan that I pursue when I want to learn a language is this: I read as to the construction of the language, go through a good part of the grammar, learn as many words as possible, and then get a teacher to teach me the pronunciation and practise conversation. Then I go through the grammar thoroughly, and every day without exception get up three or four lines in prose or poetry by heart. This is of enormous advantage; it not only trains the memory, but takes away that strangeness which foreign languages often bear. Now, you hear it often said that it is absolutely necessary to go abroad to learn a foreign language. Believe me, it is not so. If you have a fairly good ear, and above all if you have perseverance, a foreign language can be easily learned at home. I have never gone abroad to learn one, and I remember the first time I went to Germany I felt perfectly comfortable in speaking the German language. I have often found lads who have been in that country for twelve months, and who have come back without having as much knowledge of the language as one who had studied at home for eighteen months. The great difficulty that teachers have to overcome is the want of ambition in young lads to get on. They may begin enthusiastically, but soon give it up.

'I remember lately, in giving an address to young men, I took the liberty of saying that there were more important positions waiting to be filled than there were young men capable of filling them. This brought me a few letters from young men on the subject, and I asked one or two to call upon me. One who came seemed a smart enough lad, and said he was anxious to get on. I asked, "What can you do?"—"Write and keep books." "Yes; but can you write shorthand?"—"No; I learned it a while, but gave it up a year or two ago." "Do you know French?"—"Very little, just what I learned at school." "German?"—"No." "Then, what *can* you do to enable you to take this particular position?" He had to admit that he could do nothing but what any fairly-well-educated youth could do. He said, however, that he was captain of a football team, and held a certain position in a cycling club and various other athletic societies. "You have ambition; you want to get a good position in life; but you are not prepared to pay the price for it. The chance of your getting the situation is hopeless. For you the door is shut. What do you read?"—"Current literature." "What is that?"—"Reviews and novels." "Well," I said, "you had better go back and 'buy oil;' there is no chance for you." I took the liberty of saying that, whilst no man approved more of athletics than I did, I only approved of them in so far as they were necessary to strengthen and develop the physical frame, so that it might be a healthy habitation for a healthy mind, and the moment a man developed his physical qualities more than his mental he gave way more to the animal than to the divine within him. We may have too much sport as we may of all good things.'

There is an interesting section in the latest report of the American Commissioner of Education upon the German clerk. It is noted that Professor Findlay, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for September 1899, points out that it has taken about sixty years to produce the German clerk as we know him; he has not been made in a day, but is the outcome of tendencies in the life of the people. The Germans have developed a liking for culture and books, and their system of education, which is popularly supposed to be the sole agent in creating the German clerk, is an effect and not a cause. The boy likes his school, and he grows in daily familiarity with English and French. The German is poor and from necessity thrifty, and is also from training and inclination quite prepared to take advantage of the commercial colleges and universities which have been established. Zeal for culture amongst the middle classes of the country is essential. The boy of fourteen, it has been pointed out by another writer, has had

in the gymnasium five years of Latin, two years of Greek, five years of history with related geography, four years of national history, with one of physics, and a continuous course of five years in German, religion, writing, drawing, singing, and gymnastics. A Commission of Inquiry, consisting of some of our well-known educational experts, has been formed in London, and will begin work on the Continent next autumn. Foreign methods and training in industrial and educational efficiency will receive special attention.

Dr Jacks, in the curriculum which he proposed to the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, set down writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, shorthand, English, geography, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. The best age for a boy who wishes to adopt a commercial life to go into an office is not later than fifteen or sixteen. Personally Dr Jacks preferred them from fourteen to fifteen. To his mind, they get a better training in a properly conducted office and in the splendidly equipped night-schools than they get in ordinary educational institutions. But there may be a considerable difference of opinion as to this.

We conclude with a few sentences from Dr Jacks' Presidential Address in 1901 to the West of Scotland Iron and Steel Institute:

'The success of Germany in competing in the field of commerce with her mightier rival, England, Consul Winter attributes to several conditions. German manufactured goods, in the first place, are cheaper, and in some cases better, and German merchants adapt themselves entirely to the wants of their customers. Industrial commissions have been sent out to South America, South Africa, Mexico, Japan, China, and other countries to study and report upon the conditions and needs of the people. German travellers are superior in the technical knowledge of their branches, and are familiar with more languages than the representatives of other nations. Their efficiency in their lines is due to training in special institutions in Germany.

'Mr Harris, the United States Consul at Eibenstock, says that Germany has led, and is still leading, the world in commercial education. The various commercial schools annually send forth large numbers of qualified young men to take up lucrative and important positions in the business world. These young men are selling in distant countries products of the German Empire ranging from a locomotive to a clothes-pin, invariably having the advantage over their American and English competitors of being able to speak fluently the language of the country in which they attempt to sell their goods. Consul Harris attributes the efficiency of German commercial travellers directly to the splendidly conducted commercial institutes in Germany, and strongly recommends the establishment of similar colleges in the United States.'

A few years ago a young man entering business was not supposed to be specially educated or examined as to his fitness. Doctors, lawyers, clergymen, Civil servants, and every other profession had all to have a special education, or at least have a diploma or certificate of efficiency. So far as Dr Jacks knows, the only profession that formed an exception, and to his mind the most difficult of all professions, was that of commercial life. It seemed that the goods sold themselves—hence he supposed the want of training; and what has been the result? The result is this, that now fierce competition is besetting us from every side, in addition to, he thinks, superiority—the superiority of the Americans with their inventive genius. Dr Jacks points out another difficulty: that whilst these nations have been pushing on with their industrial appliances almost to perfection, they are assisted by a body of commercial men who, by their special education, have been equipped in a manner to deal with an organisation of the most perfect character for a complete commercial propaganda. What Consul Winter says bears on this point: 'Germany has built up her foreign commerce at England's expense; and the United States, just entering the field, is building up a great foreign trade at the expense of both England and Germany. In Australia, in Africa, in South America, and in China the commercial representatives of each nation are fencing for vantage-ground upon which to build safe markets for home industries.' For the past two years there have been British commercial agents in various parts of the world, which is a step in the right direction.

To bear this out, we find Mr John Foster Fraser, who has just been over the new Siberian railway, saying that the American and German business agent is much in evidence, and the British nowhere. Yet this need not scare us, but only nerve young and old to do their utmost in the line of life which they have adopted. But we must wake up, and keep awake. One of the lessons that the Prince of Wales tells us he has learned from his recent tour round the world is, that the old country must wake up if she intends to maintain her position of pre-eminence in colonial trade against foreign competition.

A BENEFACTOR.

By KATHERINE TYNAN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE little house was just inside the dock-gates. When Patrick Donovan, the dock-watchman, had walked over the dock-side one foggy night, it had been a grace of the directors to allow his widow and children to occupy the cottage which had been theirs while he lived. There was a pension, too—a very small pension; but it sufficed, with the money the widow earned by washing and mending the clothes of some of Pat's former comrades in the dock, to keep the wolf from the door.

No one but Susy Donovan knew how grateful to herself the grace of the dock-directors was. Night after night she put up her simple prayers for them, the great unapproachable gentlemen in black broadcloth, with gold chains meandering across their capacious chests, who attended a board-meeting in a city office once a month or so, and whose gold grew while they slept.

Sometimes, on a rare visit to the dock, taking friends round perhaps, one of them would notice the pretty cottage, and pat a young Donovan's curly head benevolently; but it is to be doubted if any one of them knew that it was the widow of the drowned watchman who inhabited the cottage, or remembered Patrick Donovan and his fate at all. Some one had brought the matter before them at a board-meeting, and they had given a benevolent, careless assent, and that was the end of it, so far as they were concerned.

It was not so with Susy Donovan and her children. What it meant to them, or at least to Susy, only God who heard her prayers knew.

Outside the dock-walls was the great, evil, prowling city. Around the docks was a labyrinth of wicked streets, given over to such sins as Susy only vaguely guessed at. At night, when the dock-gates were shut, beasts of prey roamed under cover of the darkness. Murder was not uncommon. Screams and foul oaths and blows and evil language went on all night. A very City of the Plain it seemed to Susy; and she was wont to wonder at the clemency of an offended God who did not purge the place with fire.

Within the walls was stillness, save for the lapping of the water. All round stood the big warehouses. In the dock-basins loomed here and there a ghostly ship, with only the light at the masthead alive. Nothing stirred in the darkness excepting a rat now and again; but, as Susy said, the rats were God's creatures, and incapable of sin. As compared with the human rats of the sewers outside, who would count the little beasts anything but comfortable and friendly?

Pat Donovan had been a sailor before ever he became a dock-watchman, and it was an injury to his leg when a spar came down in a storm that had made him take to a landsman's life. He had the sailor's simple deftness and craftsmanship, and it was his handiwork about the cottage that drew the directors' benevolent smiles as they went by.

The cottage was crusted with shellwork in many quaint designs. A mosaic of stones and shells made the little garden before the door, where nothing tenderer would grow. Sailors coming back from foreign travel would remember Pat's tastes, and bring him a few curiosities in the shape of shells or stones or a bit of coral, or a bird's egg. All was grist to Pat's mill. He decorated his cottage with the cleverness of the bower-bird, and it was really something to be shown to visitors to the docks.

Susy's only dread was that some day Pat might be forgotten, and the cottage taken from her. She was as scared of the world outside as a hare. The thought that the day might come when the children would be obliged to enter the world beyond the dock-walls turned her sick with fear.

Susy had come from a mountain-glen straight to the docks. Pat had been for giving her her liberty when he received the injury which crippled him; but then for the first time Susy had become the ardent one, and pleaded for an immediate marriage. The employment at the docks made it easy for them to marry. Susy came to Liverpool, making a terrible voyage from the quays of Sligo, and they were married at the tiny church in the squalid street close to the dock-gates, where an old Italian priest officiated. Except to attend the church and do a little hasty marketing, Susy had never left the docks since that hour.

She was a pretty little woman, big-eyed and brown-skinned, and might have had her choice of a husband since Pat's death if she would but have looked at the men in anything but a scared way when they began to pay her attentions at all lover-like. Those attentions would be the end of the grateful friendliness which Susy had for every one who was kind to her or the children.

A more worldly-wise woman than Susy might have thought of the advisability of giving the children a stronger pair of arms to work for them than her own; but to Susy the thought of breaking that little sacred circle of herself and the children, with Pat's empty place ever a visible presence, by the intrusion of a stranger, would have been profanation inconceivable.

As it was, they made just enough to live on. The three children in the cool docks opening on the river throve as though they were among those mountain-glens to which Susy looked back

as to Paradise. They were round-limbed, strong, healthy babies, the pure peasant-blood showing in their clear skin and rosy cheeks, the clean and innocent life within the dock-walls leaving their eyes without a stain except the blue of heaven as it is seen in limpid water.

As for the future: well, sure, the children were coming on finely. There was little Pat, nine years old, and already employed about the docks on jobs that befitted his years. Presently Susy would have to send him to school. She had no hope to escape that; but by taking him to and from the school herself he would escape the perils of the streets. He would be no dunce among his fellows, either, for Susy had taught him what of scholarship she herself possessed, and he could read the Prayer-book finely, and pick bits of news for his mother out of the Irish newspaper which Susy found the penny to purchase at the church-door on Sundays.

We have all our dreams and our visions, and Susy had hers—as unattainable they seemed as anything could well be. There was a certain very great man, one John Adair, who was to Susy and her brood so remote and magnificent—oh, much more remote and magnificent than anybody seems to us sophisticated folk!—and yet his name was a household word in the little cottage within the dock-walls. He was the chairman of the dock company, and a living entity to Susy and her children, whereas the other directors were something abstract and not realisable.

Half-a-dozen links had bound the great Mr Adair to those humble lives, although the gentleman himself had not the remotest idea of it. He was a member of a great English guild which owned half an Irish countryside. He had not thought much of his responsibilities in the matter. Corporations are naturally inhuman. The Irish tenants of the great city company were troublesome folk, for ever complaining of bad seasons and the failure of crops; for ever unreasonably demanding reductions of rent. Once, when Mr Adair had had leisure to visit the wild country from which he drew a negligible amount of his income, he had brought away an impression of beautiful solitudes, air more inspiriting than the finest champagne, purple mountains, boglands bronze and purple, black mountain lakes, and here and there a white cottage perched amid the boulders.

A clean, honest, industrious folk those tenants of the city company; and John Adair had experienced no such awakening of the conscience as he might have done if poverty had worn a less winning aspect. He had admired everything he saw, from the mountains to the straight, dignified peasants, and had even been vaguely proud and pleased to find his own remote family connection with the countryside commemorated in the beautiful gorge which was called Glen Adair. Then he had promptly forgotten all about it. His interests were so inextricably wound up with the country his fathers had adopted that he had forgotten the little drop of Irish blood in his veins, or remembered it only when it was brought to his mind by such an accident as Pat Donovan, when he required employment at the docks, applying to the chairman as to a countryman of his own.

Again he had been reminded when poor Pat had walked over the side of the docks, and the matter of allowing his widow and children the use of the house had been mentioned at a board-meeting. It was Mr Adair's fiat that had settled the matter so far as his fellow-directors were concerned; but the momentary kindliness of feeling which had prompted his intervention had not stayed long enough to make any impression on a memory crowded with more important things.

Not so with Susy Donovan. She had heard of that merciful word of the chairman, careless as the kind word one throws to a dog, and had repaid it by an intense gratitude and many prayers. She had taught her children to pray for John Adair as the foremost of their benefactors; and where all the dock-directors were remembered, his name had a significance and a prominence all its own. On that little drop of Irish blood wandering among many English in John Adair's veins, his countrywoman had built up a fabric which would have amazed the rich man if he could have known it. Not only was his careless kindness to the Donovans ascribed to him as something deliberate; but he was the corner-stone in that dream-city of Susy's, rosily magnificent as the New Jerusalem heaped of the stormy sunset clouds in her native country.

Little Pat was growing very knowledgable by this time, and a sharer in all his mother's thoughts, or in nearly all of them. After the prayers had been said and the children tucked in bed, Pat and his mother, sitting over the embers, were free to build their 'castles in Spain.' Pat was an imaginative child, and liked to evoke many situations in which he should render some enormous service to the great man, such as extinguishing a fire in the docks, or saving him from being 'drownded' or murdered, or arresting the flight of his carriage-horses, or something else equally probable.

'Then in coorse,' the little castle-builder would go on, 'he'd say to me, "An' what raycompince would ye be afther axin', Pat Donovan, for the noble deed ye have performed?" An' I'd up an' say to him, "Mr Adair, sir, ye're kindly welcome. More nor that we owe you, sir; but if I might make so bowld to ax it, send me mother an' me an' the childher back to Glen Adair, an' give us a bit o' land an' a cottage." An' thin be sure he'd say, "Pat Donovan, me boy, right you are. 'Tis little enough for savin' me from the ass—assin's knife," or whatever it might be.'

Pat, you see, had profited by the somewhat lurid serial literature of his weekly paper.

Then Susy would smile and sigh as she answered

him: 'Sure, it would be grand; only, my little boy 's too little to be doin' them fine things.'

'It might be yerself,' Pat would say, inventing further; 'it might be gettin' hurt in the docks he 'd be, somethin' slippin' on his leg most likely, an' he havin' to be carried in to you to be minded, and you givin' him the fine nursin' that the doctor 'ud say, "Mr Adair, sir, 'tis owin' your life you are to the fine tratement you 've had from the woman there."'

'Sure, I 'd like to be doin' it for him, Pat, without raycompince,' Susy would say.

Then Pat, who considered himself already quite a man of the world, would assure his mother that a little benefaction like that would be 'no more nor a flaybite' to one of Mr Adair's position, and that it would be 'an aise to his mind' to grant it.

Then Susy would go off at Pat's request into a detailed description of Glen Adair, though Pat knew every word of it by heart, and had only to look into the embers or to shut his eyes in order to see it all.

There never was anything more beautiful in Fairyland than that glen, deep in the mountain-side, lined with silver birches and alive with thrushes, a thousand little streams chattering and singing down its sides till they emptied themselves into a little river, golden-brown, clear as amber, stealing round mossy boulders, foaming to a waterfall on the least provocation, revealing here and there amid the flecks of foam a silver fin going down-stream. The singing of thrushes and the singing of streams in the air all day, and nothing more hurtful to soul or body than the blackfaced mountain sheep with their frisking lambs. The few habitations, white, among the birches. Far below in the little town to which the glen made a precipitous descent, the tiny church, whose 'Angelus' bell reminded the glen-dwellers of God three times daily; as though they needed such reminder!

After all, when fortune sent Mr Adair their way, neither Susy nor Pat was there to render him such service as there was to be rendered. Terry, a freckled, red-headed, preternaturally clever child, was the chosen instrument. If Terry had had any idea that the shabby, moody-faced gentleman who was making his way to the dock-gates through a thunderstorm was the great Mr Adair, he had never dared to speak to him. As it was, there was nothing in the gentleman's appearance to daunt Terry, who pulled a red forelock and invited him to shelter from the storm.

As a matter of fact, Mr Adair's carriage-and-pair were just outside the dock-gates; but, instead of hastening on to them, he pulled up short, looked at Terry as though he had suddenly been awakened from a dream, and asked him what he wanted with him.

'Sure, nothin' at all,' said Terry, 'barrin' you 'd like a sate be the fire till the storm goes over.'

Mr Adair looked up at the sky, then back at Terry, then irresolutely at the little house at the far end of the quaintly patterned path.

'I hadn't noticed it was thundering,' he said; then he looked back at the great clock over the biggest of the warehouses, and made up his mind that he had a few minutes to spare. Something hungry was in the expression of his eyes as he looked back again at Terry's sharp, ruddy face.

'Sure, you mustn't have had your wits about you at all, at all,' said Terry. 'Glory be to goodness, there 's a flash! Come in and don't be keepin' me houldin' the gate open.'

Mr Adair, without another word, preceded the queer child to the cottage, the door of which, under its grotto-like porch, stood invitingly open.

LONDON'S GREAT LANDLORDS.

AN attempt to compile an account of the owners of the soil throughout the United Kingdom would be a less difficult task than to compile a similar account of London's ground-landlords out of the materials to hand. In 1872, after a discussion in the House of Lords regarding the number of owners of land, a matter that had been touched upon in a speech by John Bright, a return was ordered, and it appeared in 1875, signed by Sir John Lambert, then Secretary of the Local Government Board. It was a very interesting and important return, but its details were imperfect, and even the scheme on which it was based was misleading. John Bright, for instance, when speaking of the owners of land, did not stop to consider the number of small freeholds acquired for building and similar purposes. The capital defect of that return, however, was that London was omitted, though ultimately the rest of England and Wales, together with Scotland and Ireland, were embraced in it. That return, by flux of time, is now becoming obsolete. Yet it remains as a State paper of considerable importance. London still waits for such a document, which, as is well known, would afford many most significant indications of the working of the hoary-headed land-system.

Events are on the march, however. A private investigator—Mr John Lloyd, J.P., a barrister, and at one time a member of the County Council—had commenced the preparation of a map showing the position and extent of the properties in land on which London stands; but some three years ago the County Council adopted the project

as its own, and undertook the preparation of the plan, which, it is understood, is now well advanced: three-fourths of the area, which is about twenty-five square miles, has already been dealt with. This plan will be an index to the names of the freeholders, and will locate their property; it will thus be the starting-point for much information of importance for economic and other studies, and will no doubt be found to bear most directly on some questions engaging the public attention.

So far, information in detail is not yet forthcoming; and it is reported that the county authority has found in many cases that information is not more freely afforded by proprietors than was the case when Mr Banfield made inquiries some twelve years ago, which he published in his crisp little book. A London morning paper recently gave an account of the progress made with this ground-plan; and though the progress has been very slow, it has been sufficient to make those who appreciate the importance of the information await the appearance of the plan in the not remote future with the liveliest interest. However, some who have experienced the dead-weight of certain influences in London express the opinion that such a ground-plan will never be completed.

Many are aware of some large estates in the Metropolis connected with the names of those who figure among our greatest and wealthiest British citizens; but the information is so imperfect that not a few will be surprised to find that in the three-fourths of the area dealt with by the compilers no less than five thousand eight hundred freeholders have been discovered. However, it must be remembered that this number includes the numerous small freeholders who had acquired land for building, as the plan must be prepared by methods practically similar to those adopted in making up the return of 1872–75 for the United Kingdom. For the Council, undoubtedly, such a plan will be almost invaluable in dealing with property within the county—for example, in the carrying out of such improvement schemes as that now in hand in the Strand and its vicinity, and even much smaller operations. It should be remembered that, for administrative purposes, London is not now situated in the three counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, but is a separate county. It is possible and probable, therefore, that there may be some cases of overlapping with the return of 1872-75, as the county of London was formed by the Act of 1888, creating councils throughout England and Wales. A reference, in fact, to that plan will for the first time satisfy that peculiar interest attaching to the rather difficult question, 'Who owns London?'

Though surprise at the number of owners disclosed by the plan will not be absent, the belief that a comparatively small number of wealthy peers and others hold a lien on London of great monetary value in consequence of the possession of much of its soil in fee will be largely justified. That possession, of course, includes not only the sites of the buildings, but either actually or ultimately the erections also. It is to be observed that even if there were approximately seven thousand five hundred ground-landlords in London, that number is only a small proportion of the population of four million five hundred and thirty-six thousand and sixty-three, according to the census of 1901—rather more than one-tenth of the population of the United Kingdom. Further, the terms of the reference should be regarded closely. In the return of 1872–75, which gave one million one hundred and seventy-three thousand seven hundred and twenty-four owners of seventy-two million one hundred and nineteen thousand one hundred and sixty-one acres out of the seventy-seven million seven hundred and sixty-nine thousand seven hundred and ninety-three acres of the United Kingdom, a person owning less than one acre was reckoned equally with the owner of no less than one hundred and seventy thousand one hundred and nineteen acres in Ireland; while some owners were returned many times over, as the Ecclesiastical Commissioners forty-nine times and the other Church lands one hundred and forty-seven times, according as they were found in various counties. So, too, in the London ground-plan, the humble owner of the site of a house may be returned to swell the number of owners, and reckoned equally with those who enjoy the power and revenues appertaining to a lordly estate developed on the leasehold system. The significance and value of the ground-plan will be largely that, at a glance, the relative importance of the various holdings can be ascertained. So far as is known already, this relative importance will be shown as to size of holding only, and the relative values of estates will have to be computed by the aid of the ground-plan, indeed, but from data which will not be supplied directly by it.

Let us now endeavour to trace some of the larger estates in the Metropolis.

The Maryon-Wilson Estate is well known in the Hampstead district. The property extends from the West Heath on the north to Belsize Road on the south, occupying a mile and a half as the crow flies. In the parish of Marylebone are some of the finest private estates in the world, so far as revenue is concerned. The Eyre Estate adjoins the Maryon-Wilson, and extends in a south-easterly direction from the Belsize Road to the Regent's Canal at the upper end of Regent's Park. This estate and its value became better known a few years ago from the arbitration proceedings when the Great Central Railway Company compulsorily acquired a large portion of it, and was made to pay many thousands of pounds as compensation. Reaching almost to this last is the Portman Estate, the property of Lord Portman, extending from Boston Street, which abuts on the

Park Road, Regent's Park, to New Oxford Street, by the Marble Arch, and eastward from the Edgware Road to High Street, Marylebone. Any one having acquaintance with London's topography knows that such a property is among the finest in the Metropolis and the most valuable outside of the City of London. Adjoining it, eastward, but probably not reaching to Oxford Street except at one point, is the Duke of Portland's London Estate. It extends eastward from High Street, Marylebone, to Great Portland Street, about seven-eighths of a mile of most valuable property. Part of this area, where Upper Regent Street is crossed, belongs to the Crown Estate, in the care of the Woods and Forests Department. However, to complete the reference to that block of London bounded by Edgware Road, Marylebone Road, Upper Regent Street, and New Oxford Street, it should be noted that it is understood that from an arch attached to Pounceby's tavern in New Oxford Street to near Regent Street, the property fronting New Oxford Street is not a portion of the Portland, but is known as the Berners Estate. The Westminster Estate is in two distinct portions of London, the one across New Oxford Street by the Marble Arch, opposite to the Portman property, and extends into Mayfair southward as far as Farm Street, while eastward it extends irregularly into New Bond Street, an irregular square half a mile in extent; the other portion is situate in Belgravia, and extends southward a mile and a quarter from St George's Place, Knightsbridge, to Grosvenor Road on the side of the Thames, and is about five-eighths of a mile wide. Touching this by Sloan Street is the Cadogan Estate, recently almost wholly rebuilt, comprising some of the most desirable town residences of the Metropolis. It is an irregular triangle in shape, and would be brought within the figure drawn three-quarters one way and half a mile the other—that is, from Cadogan Place across Sloan Street to Walton Street, and to Gale Street, Chelsea. Another estate in the west quarter, almost adjoining the Cadogan and the Westminster properties, is the Gunter, extending from the Cromwell Road southward to Fulham Road for, say, three-quarters of a mile, through a densely populated district, many of the houses being very valuable. From the Kensington Road (High Street) to Notting Hill Street, or rather to that part of the great London road to the west which has recently been renamed Holland Park Avenue, is situate an estate quite unique among those of London. It is the Holland Estate, now held by the Earl of Ilchester, and comprises Holland House, the great resort of the Whig coteries of the end of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth centuries. The park is shorn of some of its glorious expanse since the days of Fox and Rogers, and even since Macaulay frequented Holland House; but only with the result of furnishing London with some of its finest private residences both on the Avenue side and that on the Kensington Road boundary, with a very satisfactory result, it cannot be doubted, on his lordship's income. It is yet a lordly town-house, with a fine prospect over an extensive park, which is doubtless a puzzle and a temptation to local assessment authorities.

We pass now to a property which is not quite so fully developed, from the house-agent's point of view, nor so lordly in character as the last-mentioned estate, but yet very valuable. From the Great Western Railway line leaving London for the west, and at the top of the Kensington parish to Cambridge Gardens, in a slightly south-easterly direction, is the St Quintin Estate, five-eighths of a mile across, partly undeveloped land adjoining Wormwood Scrubs, and partly of a sound and valuable house-property. The Northampton Estate lies between St Paul's Road and Essex Road, in the neighbourhood of Canonbury.

Leaving some of the more well-known parts of the county of London, let us look to estates towards the suburbs. East of the cricket-ground on the south-eastern extremity of Hampstead Heath, between the Highgate Road and Dartmouth Park Hill, lies the Dartmouth Estate, which is favourably situated near to the Heath and also to the delightful Waterlow Park, the gift of Sir Sydney Waterlow, Bart., to the county. Right across London to the south of the county is another estate much more magnificent, and extending the whole way from Herne Hill to the Crystal Palace, a distance of over two and a half miles in a south-easterly direction. Such a domain, developing accommodation almost daily, and proving one of the most attractive in the London district, must be regarded as magnificent. It is known as the Dulwich Estate. Towards the south-east extremity of the county of London, in the former Kentish district, are several estates of much interest from the fact that they are in process of development for building purposes. One is the St Germains Estate, which extends from Shooter's Hill to the Quaggy River, a distance of a mile and a half. Another is the Cator Estate, between Blackheath and Eltham Road, three-quarters of a mile long. The Barron Estate stretches from Kidbrook Green away to the Eltham Road, a mile in length. The Northbrook Estate is bounded at one end by the High Road, Lee, and runs along as far as the Bromley Road, a mile away. The Angerstein Estate, again, is another property, extending from the Charlton Road, between Greenwich Park and Blackheath, right away to Shooter's Hill, and is an estate improving almost from week to week. From the Castle Wood by Shooter's Hill to the Eltham Road, a mile and a quarter away, extends the Bean Estate, where London south of Woolwich merges into the rural parts, but yet of daily increasing importance as a residential district.

On our way back to Charing Cross we may call

at the thickly populated part of Deptford, and note the Evelyn Estate, which, in various ways, has become well known. It extends roughly from Wardmill Lane to Edward Street, Deptford, in one of the busiest and most-sought-for situations. A specimen of many of the trustee and corporation estates in London—where there are so many, including the Crown Estates—is that of the Paddington trustees, which extends from Kilburn Park Road, near the Paddington Recreation Ground, to Bayswater Road, a distance of over a mile and a quarter, and consists of one of the most valuable districts in the capital. Many more large estates might be mentioned — for example, the estates of the City companies from Clerkenwell to Bishopsgate Street in the City and elsewhere, the estates held by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in various parts of the county (such as in Lambeth), and the estates belonging to the charities in Southwark; but the foregoing shows clearly that such 'princely' estates are characteristic of London.

Let us now deal with a portion of London already touched upon, and group a few contiguous estates. If we take the West Heath, Hampstead, as our starting-point, we can go around a boundary by the West End Lane, Kilburn Park Road, and across to the Marble Arch, on through New Oxford Street to Portland Place, and find that this immense area, over three and a half miles in length, and comprising some of the finest property in London, consists almost wholly of six of the estates enumerated here. The London system of leaseholds is applied to the whole of such properties, and many are the problems of political, social, and economic interest presented by the result; but these are so far-reaching that they require separate treatment, and can only be touched upon in this article. It is estimated that the annual income of three of the six estates referred to — namely, the Eyre, the Portman, and the Portland, all situate in the parish of Marylebone — amounts to somewhere about £1,200,000; but it is impossible to give the exact figures. It is stated by Mr Banfield that in 1888 about one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six leases were renewed on the Portman Estate in and around Baker Street, and that Mr Hunt, the agent, received fully £1,250,000 in 'premiums' on the renewals, besides fixing a large number of the reserved rents at an increase of eight times the sum previously paid. This, however, is a technical part of the subject which may be illustrated on a future occasion. As we write it is announced that at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, some five hundred and eighty feet of a site in Wormwood Street, City, has been sold for £3810; while another in Reliance Street, Shoreditch—not exactly a fashionable quarter, but valuable for business purposes—measuring some five thousand five hundred and seventy-eight feet, has been sold for £3250. These facts only very partially indicate the range of values in London, but they will assist the reader to understand the problem.

Further illustrations of this phase of the land question will be found in following the process of demolition of property and transference of business caused by such operations as the 'grand improvement scheme' of the London County Council. A bootmaker and outfitter has removed from the old Holywell Street to a shop and basement on the south side of the Strand opposite. It is a new building, and the rent is £800, with local rates in addition. Again, while the last instance is on the Norfolk Estate, we may get another in the same thoroughfare on the Salisbury property; for the shops on the ground floor of the Strand entrance to the Hotel Cecil, together with the basements, are to let. The rents required for the corner shops at the entrance are £2000 per annum; for the others, £800. When we remember that the rateable value of London is about £39,769,000, and that no less than about £18,000,000 of that sum is represented by the value of the sites, the more progressive portion of the property, we shall perceive the significance of these high rents.

Our interest in this subject is not the result of a morbid curiosity. In addition to illustrating some aspects of the system of land tenure, the existence of these properties involves some of the most pressing of the social and fiscal problems of the day, such as the housing of the working classes and the incidence of taxation. As the recent Royal Commission on Local Taxation, by a special report of some of its weightiest members, has given countenance to the proposal to levy a special land-value rate on the sites, apart from buildings, such an inquiry as sketched here is of great use. In another article there will be given some details, from more public sources, of the value of these properties as an indication of the amount of the fund to be assessed in the interest of the public, and to facilitate the comfort of the people of London.

HYACINTHS.

Oh, was there aught of loveliness in you
  The day we set you in this earthy place,
  While rainy winds went wildly to the chase
Of weary clouds across the chilly blue?
Nay; you were harsh to hold and dull to view,
  Unshapely, scentless, destitute of grace
  As those last leaves that lived to see the face
Of winter frown, a crazy whispering crew.

But now—ah, now!—most exquisite, most sweet
  In form and fragrance, purely glad and bright,
Shedding around the joy that is complete
  After a season's struggling in the night,
In sinless pride among Spring's courts you shine,
Like human souls through darkness grown divine.

J. J. Bell.

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EMIGRANTS OF THE AIR.

By OLIVER GREY.

THERE are certain well-recognised grievances with which Parliament year by year is asked to deal. Among them the question of the foreign immigrant is a hardy annual; but so far Great Britain remains the dumping-ground for the discards and exiles of all nations. The pauper immigrant, however, is not the only visitor to these islands with whom the Legislature will not, or cannot, interfere. As sure as the seasons come round, so certainly there arrives on our coasts a countless horde of anxious, eager, and active settlers, whose presence is as welcome as the coming of the spring itself: the winged uitlanders whom we have unanimously adopted as the birds of the United Kingdom, although in a sense they are no more native to these islands than the French waiter, the German clerk, or the enterprising Italian vender of unwholesome ices.

In a very short time now the invasion of immigrant birds will have commenced; for already, in obedience to the family instinct, the tide which set eastward and southward in the autumn has turned, and the migratory species are once more heading for those northern lands which best suit the development of their offspring. Some there are to whom even the summer temperature of our islands is distasteful; coming from the Equator, they have already scattered over the Mediterranean coasts. Others, as it were, regard our islands merely as a convenient halting-place to recoup the fatigues of the long, long journey before proceeding to the Ultima Thule of their seeking, whither already a considerable number of our winter visitants will have preceded them. An emperor may boast his paltry millions of subjects, and an empire applaud the spirit and endurance of her far-venturing sons; but the numbering of the most prolific races, the courage and endurance of the bravest soldiers, are as nothing compared to those of the legion birds which, in a single year, traverse the globe from the utmost south to the Arctic Circle, construct a dwelling-place, rear their young, and finally return with them over continent and ocean to the land whence they set out.

Only those who watch the stream of migrants from some favourable station upon the flight-line —a lighthouse or a sea-girt island—will comprehend the true proportion of the movement. Over Heligoland the torrent quickens, comes to full tide, and ebbs again. 'A square mile of birds,' swept onward by an irresistible impulse; a flock of velvet-pinioned moths, 'as a dense snowstorm driven by a light breeze;' and this not for one day only, but for many in succession! How little do we who live in inland places, or look beyond the sunset of the open sea, realise that as night falls millions and millions of fleeting creatures pass over our heads unseen, sometimes unheard! As often as not these migratory hosts travel at a vast height, far beyond the reach of the eye; while, even when the currents of the air compel them to the lower steeps, the sound of beating wings is but as a wind among the trees. No doubt in olden days superstition was largely assisted by the unconscious co-operation of nature. The night-owl's cry might well locate the wandering 'banshee,' the wailing of the myriad birds of passage establish the reputation of a dozen haunted granges.

The lines of route can be as accurately marked upon the map as a railroad; they are like the laws of the Medes and Persians, established and unvarying, transmitted through countless ages to succeeding bird-generations, and understood of them through conditions at which we can only guess. Though it is the old birds which lead the spring caravan, the young birds, brought up in this country and elsewhere in the North, head the returning procession. Of most species we know accurately the end and the beginning of their journey. Some of the swallow tribe cover the thirty thousand

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miles from Tilbury to New Zealand and back between our autumn and our spring solstice; even the most leisurely of all, the cuckoo, extends his flight from South Africa to the North Cape. By February the swallows have reached the Mediterranean, where four thousand years ago the children of Rhodes welcomed them and the spring together with a game and a song which have outlived a world of principalities and powers. Perhaps in the last week in March, if climatic conditions are agreeable, the vanguard reaches our southern coast. However, they are by no means the first of the birds which come to us for the breeding season. Gilbert White accepted the wood-lark as the true harbinger of spring. As a matter of fact, the wheatear and the cheerful, monotonous chiffchaff are the first to come as well as the last to go; but the note of that leisurely traveller, the cuckoo, is, to our way of thinking, the best indication that real spring weather is at hand. Having no nest to make, he delays in Southern lands to the last moment; by the third week in May he has scarcely reached the north of Scotland; and sometimes, even anticipating the saw, 'In August, fly he must,' he has turned back to the meridional, untrammelled by those family cares which keep the other birds with us until a much later date. In Eastern lands the voice of the 'turtle' sounds the opening bars of the spring overture. Far away in the North the wild swans which warned our northern coasts of the coming winter, splashing upon the Iceland streams, announce the termination of the days of darkness. The passage of sea and land by such strong-winged birds is not so much a matter of wonder. It is when the willow-wrens and the delicate warblers from Siberia make their pretty music in sedge and coppice that the staying powers of the migrant appear most wonderful. The mortality among the travellers is, however, upon a colossal scale; adverse winds, insufficient nourishment, the fatigue of day and night marches, all swell the number of those which perish by the wayside, food for fishes or for the predatory insects of the earth, which are Nature's scavengers and sextons combined.

With the motives of migratory birds we are sufficiently acquainted. The propelling impulse of our other spring and summer immigrants is more difficult to determine. As we have already remarked, moths, butterflies, and many of the less conspicuous orders of insects take the road with intrepid persistency; nor is it possible that they are simply the sport of winds or of a wayward fancy. In many instances these summer and autumn tours are 'for gentlemen only;' that, at least, must be the case with the common moth which swarms upon the lamps of the London suburbs in October and November, as the female is wingless. Last year it was obvious that a great influx of the splendid Convolvulus Hawk-moth had replenished our native stock; while the sporadic appearance of the Swallow-tail butterfly, ordinarily confined to the fens of Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, suggests that other species besides those well known to emigrate occasionally follow some long-dormant instinct, and seek 'fresh woods and pastures new' away from their customary haunts. The Painted Lady of the thistle, in columns of two hours' steady duration; the less gregarious Clouded Yellow of the clover and lucerne fields; and shining flocks of Cabbage Whites are perhaps the best-known rovers; but, whereas the birds come and go with clockwork regularity, the immigration of butterflies is uncertain, and, of all those which survive the perils of the deep, no single one returns. Their journeys, moreover, are necessarily less prolonged, although the crossing of the Channel, and even of the narrow portions of the North Sea, is safely accomplished by wings which, compared with those of a bird, are as a gas-engine to a locomotive. The locust, however, does not trouble us, although the emigrations of both birds and insects are not infrequently accompanied by beetles and strange members of the bee and wasp fraternity. To the field naturalist their comings and goings are of the deepest interest; the least scientific among us can hardly be insensible to phenomena which indicate more surely than the calendar itself the approach of spring and the final banishment of the summer.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XIV.—LUCIE IN SEARCH OF AN UNCLE.

LUCIE'S memory had not retained the number of her uncle's office; so, quitting the cab at the Holborn end of Chancery Lane, she decided to begin at the top of the lane and work her way downwards, reading carefully as she went the names of the occupants posted on the sides of the doorways. Then, after gazing blankly at the rows of letters which proclaimed that under one number alone solicitors, patent agents, consulting engineers, surveyors, law-stationers, architects, electricians, and next-of-kin agents all found office-room, Lucie felt inclined to abandon the unpromising task, which acquaintance with the uses of the Post-Office Directory would have lightened.

'Next-of-kin agents!' she thought ruefully. 'I wonder if they could help me to find mine?'

In the narrow, crowded street every one seemed in a frenzy of haste. In and out of the gloomy buildings people were hurrying as though eager to exact the full value from each fleeting moment. Had they been less evidently engrossed with their own affairs Lucie would have asked some one to direct her; as it was, she hesitated. Just then a pallid girl entered the doorway wherein she had taken refuge from the bustle to rest a moment before resuming the search for her needle among the hay; and, seeing the girl pause to take breath before ascending the stairs, Lucie asked if she knew where Mr Andrew Lorimer's office was.

'Andrew Lorimer? I know Jackson & Lorimer. Might that be his firm?'

'Oh, yes, yes!' Lucie responded eagerly, with such a sense of relief as a shipwrecked mariner may feel on sighting land. 'The firm was Jackson & Lorimer; but I think Mr Jackson is dead. Do you really know it?'

'That's it, just over there; that big doorway at the corner on the farther side. I do type-writing for them sometimes when they are busy; but business is dull everywhere just now,' she added despondently. 'There's nothing doing.'

As Lucie thanked her and hastened off, forgetful of her fatigue, she wondered what the type-writer-girl would call busy if she termed this dull!

The offices of Jackson & Lorimer proved to be a first-floor suite of rooms in a handsome building; and the sight of the familiar name on the glass panel of the door was balm to the wayfarer. Unaware of the etiquette of visiting offices, Lucie tapped at the door; then, after a palpitating pause, tapped again. As with sinking heart she awaited a reply to her summons, a telegraph-boy, pushing unceremoniously past her, entered; and, taking courage, she followed, to find herself standing at a polished oaken counter confronted by a supercilious clerk, whose face, at her unexpected appearance, wore an expression as near surprise as its blank expanse was capable of assuming.

'Mr Lorimer. Is he here? I wish to see him.' Lucie's lips were dry; her breath came in little gasps.

'Mr Lorimer is out of town.'

'Out of town! Oh!'

'Leave a message?' suggested the clerk casually.

'Where is he? When will he return?'

'Mr Lorimer won't be in town for some time; he is in the Riviera.'

'Is there nobody I can see—any one who takes his place?'

'Mr Ellgood, the chief clerk, is not here to-day. Be here to-morrow probably, if you call then.'

A discouraging note in the clerk's voice suggested that such persistent inquiries were impertinent; but Lucie was desperate now. The thought of finding her real uncle had upheld her all day. Now that it had vanished she clutched eagerly at straws.

'But I'm Mr Lorimer's niece. He knew I was coming to London. Father wrote, and uncle cabled that they would welcome me.'

In the preoccupation attendant on her search, Lucie had become oblivious of her unbecoming garb; but it required only a glance from the supercilious youth with the uncomfortably high collar and the sedulously polished finger-nails to recall it to her memory. Her pretty clothes had been her plumage; and, now that they had been stolen, Lucie felt like a bird with clipped wings desirous to soar, but compelled to flutter close to the earth. At her faltering explanation, that intangible doubt, the suggestion of scepticism from which Lucie's quick intuition shrank as from a blow, pervaded the clerk's manner, which before had been merely patronising.

'Indeed, miss? Very probably.'

'But Honoria—Miss Lorimer, I mean—where is she?'

'Miss Lorimer is abroad also.'

The other clerks at the desks were trying to gather the meaning of the colloquy, and one made an errand in the direction of the counter for the purpose of inspecting the pretty girl in the unseasonable yachting-cap who was so eager to see their employer. The door behind Lucie had opened and shut. Other clients awaited notice.

'If you write to Mr Lorimer your letter will be forwarded,' conclusively remarked the clerk, turning his attention to a new-comer. 'I'm afraid I can't do anything more.'

Then, moving blindly, giddily, Lucie felt her way downstairs. Seeking to escape from the confusing bustle of Chancery Lane, she took an opening to the right, and, stumbling along unconscious in what direction the trend of her footsteps lay, found herself in a tiny cobble-paved court, whose old-fashioned houses seemed to have grouped themselves round a great spreading sycamore. A wooden bench encircled the trunk of the tree, and thereon Lucie sank, her soul akin to despair. It had taken the few coins that stood between her and absolute poverty to satisfy the demand of the cabman. Now, indeed, was she destitute.

Some subtle influence of spring had penetrated even the dingy court lying within stone-cast of two great thoroughfares. The valiant sycamore was again unfolding its leaflets to the smoke-tinctured air. The patches of sky seen through its branches were of that shade of lavender known to city-dwellers as blue, but a hardy city sparrow twittered among the budding twigs, and from a window-box came the odour of hyacinths. Lucie, who had entered the precincts hopeless, found her flagging spirit revive.

Bravely refusing to believe that she was utterly destitute, she again searched her pocket on the chance of finding she knew not what. But inspection revealed nothing more valuable than her rifled purse and a pocket-handkerchief which she had fortunately put beneath her pillow on the previous night. She rummaged through her purse in the forlorn hope that some stray coin might have escaped the keen eyes of the marauders and be lurking in the lining; but the closest inspection failed to reveal anything more valuable than the 'bus tickets and a few scraps of paper. Two of these proved to be receipts from some Auckland haberdashery for small purchases; the third was a fragment evidently torn from a note-book. Idly smoothing it out, Lucie saw written thereon in almost microscopic characters: '35 Lower Smith Street.' The caligraphy was as unfamiliar to her as was the address; and Lucie's brain, weakened by fatigue and fasting, failed to attach any meaning to the words.

'35 Lower Smith Street; 35 Lower Smith Street,' she kept repeating without discovering the solution to the mystery.

For the moment she was haunted by the suspicion that this might be a fresh trap; and she resolved that, wherever her vagrant steps might lead her, it would not be in the direction of Lower Smith Street. Further consideration, however, recalled the galling fact that she had now nothing to lose.

Setting herself the task to trace back the paper to its coming into her possession, Lucie remembered that before leaving the *Omega* she had taken out this purse, which had lain in her cabin trunk throughout the voyage, for use on her arrival in London. Then there flashed to her the recollection of Mr Muter standing by the cab-window and apologetically offering his address, which purely out of politeness she had accepted and slipped into her purse. At the time Lucie had received her fellow-voyager's proffer of assistance with concealed disdain. Now, eagerly clutching the scrap of paper, she set off, without an instant's hesitation, in search of 35 Lower Smith Street.

The locality of Mr Muter's residence proved to be a melancholy road, situated somewhere at the rear of the British Museum, its houses principally let out in furnished apartments. Even in the late afternoon Lower Smith Street was still in dishabille. Its inhabitants, so to say, were yet in curl-papers. Infants nursing younger infants pervaded its doorsteps. Beer-cans decorated its railings. A coster, blessed with a strident voice, hawked unsavoury fish. Another furtively refreshed his barrow-load of flaccid water-cress with sprinklings of water from a pail slung behind.

A different style of window-blind on every floor proclaimed the presence of many parties under the same roof. No. 35 presented an aspect slightly superior to that of its neighbours. Its doorstep had been whitened within a week; its windows were a shade less grimy than those of some of the other houses.

With trembling limbs and thumping heart Lucie approached the door. If this refuge failed!

Here, for once, Lucie's ill-assorted raiment found an admirer. The youthful maid-of-all-work who appeared in reply to the tremulous ring owned, as it chanced, the same taste in dress as the spurious Cousin Honoria. To her Lucie was a fashionable lady clad in gay and attractive garb. Keeping her eyes fixed on the yachting-cap, which she esteemed the acme of sportive elegance, she admitted that Mr Muter was at home in a tone of such deference as was refreshment to Lucie's sorely wounded pride.

'Yes, miss. He's now come in, miss. I've just took up his tea.'

Preceding the visitor up the uncarpeted steps of a staircase whose goodly proportions and wood panelling showed that No. 35 Lower Smith Street was not first designed to be let in apartments, she paused at the second-floor back; then, throwing the door open, shouted in a triumphant voice, 'Mr Muter! 'Ere's a young lydy come to see you,' and waited, like the unsophisticated child of Nature that she was, to watch their greeting. To her amazement she saw the gaily dressed damsel totter to a chair, and, with a scarce articulate cry of 'Mr Muter, help me!' burst into a passion of weak sobbing.

At this unheralded interruption to his studies, Mr Muter—who was seated at a large table piled with papers and books of reference, among which a space had been cleared to admit of the insertion of a tea-tray—turned a blank, unseeing gaze upon the intruders. His spectacles lay beside him, and without their aid his short-sighted eyes failed to focus his visitor aright. Then, with the first sound of Lucie's voice, he sprang to his feet, his pale eyes astare.

'Miss Lorimer—you!'

'It's very soon to need your help—isn't it?' Lucie said, half smiling through her tears. 'You—you didn't think I'd be reduced to this in two days—did you?'

Her voice had risen; a spasm of laughter struggled for supremacy with her sobs. The tension for the moment relieved, hysterics were not far distant; but Mr Muter, having groped for and found his spectacles, recovered his vision, with a stern word sent the gaping maid scudding about her business, and promptly closed the door.

Apologising for the prevailing untidiness on the ground that he had not yet had time after unpacking to put away his belongings, Muter rummaged about in search of a phial of sal volatile which he was convinced should have been among the medley of odds and ends that littered the mantelpiece.

'I know I put it somewhere,' he said nervously, trying to locate it in the most impossible places. 'It ought to be just at hand,' he added, glancing along the highest shelves of the bookcase.

'Please don't trouble about it,' pleaded Lucie, to whose weakened nerves the search for the cure was fast becoming worse than the disease itself. 'I couldn't take it; really, I couldn't.' Her eyes were intent on the tea-tray. 'It isn't *that* I need at all; only I'm so thirsty!'

'When did you lunch?' Muter asked, with reluctant comprehension, and instantly ceased his flurried movements.

'Lunch? Oh, I've had nothing all day but a scrap of bread and butter in the morning; but I couldn't take anything now. I'm too faint.'

Seating his guest in the easy-chair, he brought her a cup of tea well sugared and milked. It was coarse Indian tea; but with the first sip Lucie began to revive, though vagrant sobs still caught her breath.

The bread was stale, and the butter inferior Dorset; but, after Lucie had conquered her sick distaste to the idea of food, she ate with avidity, and it was only when nearing the conclusion of a satisfactory meal that she suddenly became conscious that she had left her host in ignorance as to the untoward circumstances that forced her to claim his protection. Now she hastened to pour the story of her wrongs into his sympathetic ears.

Like most quiet men, Mr Muter could be easily roused to indignation by a tale of injustice; and when the victim was a woman, and one in whom he felt an interest, his indignation rose to vehement wrath. Unconsciously rumpling up his sandy hair into the semblance of a dishevelled hayrick, he paced up and down the threadbare carpet muttering vague threats of vengeance upon Lucie's enemies.

'It was a plot, of course. It had all been planned by some one who got hold of your father's letter, and knew when to expect your arrival. The letter mentioned that you would have a bank draft for four hundred pounds, and that would be enough temptation. Mr Lorimer's office will be closed now. We must get his address when it opens to-morrow and telegraph to him instantly. But to-night'——

'But to-night?' Lucie echoed vaguely. She was glad to sit at rest in Mr Muter's arm-chair, though its springs were broken and its cover faded, and leave the worrying about her immediate future to him. Bodily exhaustion had rendered her careless of aught but animal comforts such as were represented by food and shelter. In spite—or perchance partly because of—her host's peculiarities of appearance and manner of life, she knew that he was at heart a gentleman, and that her interests were safe in his hands.

'I didn't like him,' he said abruptly, pausing in his circumscribed walk.

'Didn't like whom? Oh, my alleged uncle.'

'Yes; his eyes were too close together. I distrusted him when I saw him on the wharf, and was sorry to find it was you he came to meet. It was as well I gave you this address. I only wish you had taken a cab and come to me whenever you found yourself deserted.'

'You see, I hoped to find my real uncle, and did not wish to bother you,' Lucie explained hurriedly. Not for worlds would she grieve her champion by admitting on how slender a chance her coming to him had depended.

Into no more difficult position could a bashful middle-aged bachelor be placed than to have an absurdly helpless maiden thrown without warning upon his guardianship. Mr Muter had no female relatives to whom he could entrust the care of Lucie; and, without luggage, no respectable hotel would receive her. What could he do? The problem was hard of solution.

Despite his apparent *gaucherie*, Mr Muter was not the man to allow himself to be worsted by a problem so simple. Those who saw deeper than his ungainly exterior knew him as a man of brains and an able scientist. His examination record, though Lucie suspected it not, was one that budding students yet spoke of with awe as something beyond emulation. His position, though a truly scientific mind rarely lends itself to the acquirement of money, would have easily permitted of his living in very different style; but it was to the dingy rooms in Lower Smith Street that he had gone as a student, and now they seemed to have so grown around him as to become part of his shell.

Stopping his promenade with a jerk that effectually aroused Lucie from the doze into which physical lassitude combined with a comfortable sense of warmth and repletion had almost drifted her, he announced in a tone of relief that he had decided what to do.

'Mrs Denman—you may have heard of her? She's a splendid woman: spends all her life in working for the good of her sex. I'm sure she'll be very willing to take care of you for a day or two, till things are better.'

'Will she? Oh, I'm so glad!' Lucie cried, starting up. 'How nice of you to think of her! Can I go to her now?'

'I'm afraid she won't be at home so early in the evening. This is Wednesday, and she's pretty sure to be at her club—the Emancipators. Wednesday is the debate night, and she's certain to be speaking. I'll go and find her, if you don't object to being left alone. It's no use dragging you there when you're tired out, and she lives in Haverstock Hill. You might pass the time reading, and I'll bring her back as quickly as I can.'

(To be continued.)

THE OIL-RIVERS IN WEST AFRICA.

PART II.

THE EFIC OR QUA TRIBE.

LEAVING the town of Opobo and proceeding a short distance up Opobo River, we enter the country of the Efic or Qua people. A vast difference in customs and in caste is at once apparent; but the greatest difference is in the people themselves. You leave behind at Opobo a partially civilised, industrious, thrifty people, and there encounter an idle, slovenly, subtle, avaricious, degraded humanity. In the vicinity of Old Calabar the people are somewhat improved in the habits of cleanliness, thanks to the traders and the mission. Women bear the greater part of the burden of labour, while their husbands leisurely regale themselves on *tumbo*, an intoxicating beverage which exudes from a cut or a slit made in a palm-tree. In order to continue these debauches, the men scheme and devise all manner of cunning excuses with which to answer their wives' reproaches when the latter plead with them to assist in preparing the ground for yams and corn. Seedtime and harvest compel the men of necessity to exert themselves a little; at other times they contrive to make life one long holiday—and they seem to enjoy it!

A Quaman's one ambition is to enter the *egpo;* but as this requires money, and therefore necessitates work, a goodly number never trouble themselves. *Egpo* is an ancient form of Freemasonry on a native scale, a kind of fetich brotherhood through which the candidate is admitted into the society of his chiefs. The cost of entry is suited to the particular localities, averaging about twenty pounds. The distinctive stages of probation are made known by the different *egpo* rings worn on the crown of the head, which increase in size as the candidate advances. At the end of the first twelve months a part of the entry-money must be deposited; when a second twelvemonths' probation has been served, and the balance paid over, the candidate emerges a full-fledged chief. This is the theory; but the honourable brotherhood sticks to no hard-and-fast rules. Being now reduced to a matter of necessity, no one need wait longer than two minutes, far less two years. Money thus raised provides for a glorious *jambaree;* when it is not forthcoming, the brotherhood contrive to raise the wind in spite of trifles. It is on record that a European trader was once made *egpo*.

Qua marriage customs are quaint. Usually they are celebrated after harvest. A few months prior to the union the favoured one takes up her abode in the house of her intended lord and master. This is known as the 'lying-in-oil time,' from the fact that oil is rubbed all over the girl in order that when she is presented her skin may be bright and glossy. Of ceremony there is little or none; and critical eyes inspect her in much the same way as a cattle-dealer judges an animal on sale. Why need it be otherwise? She is only one of several wives, and by-and-by her charms will be forgotten for those of another wife.

Except in mission districts, the Qua Sunday, or its equivalent, falls once every eight days. In Old Calabar brass rods are the accepted coinage, which necessitates a special receptacle at the church door for holding them. In other parts they exchange the *manilla*, or horseshoe coin. All the Quas, male and female, learn to smoke in infancy. No dress is given to the children, nor are they permitted to wear any until married. Arthur would find it difficult to imagine his Guinevere coming to him wearing only a string of beads and a smile! Yet in the matter of morals they compare favourably with more civilised communities. According to their laws, adultery means death. It is with the advent of the white man that the blot appears on their purity.

THE EBOE TRIBE.

To close without some mention of the Eboe people would be unfair, since they are naturally far the most intelligent, industrious, cleanly people in the protectorate, their disadvantages notwithstanding. They dwell on the banks of Opobo River, forty miles above the town of Opobo; and it is their language that is still spoken in one form or another as far inland as Europeans have yet explored—something like two hundred miles from the waterway. The coming of this tribe into touch with civilisation is quite within recent memory, yet they had long before learned the secret of commercial prosperity. Time out of mind they have been the blacksmiths to the surrounding tribes. Hoes and all kinds of agricultural implements made by them are eagerly bought by their less skilled neighbours, and in times of war they supply the demand for more formidable weapons. A native cloth wrought by them sells at a very high price; and so much is this cloth prized that a Bonny or Opobo girl's marriage dowry consists principally of it. Besides, they have a genius for ivory-carving, skilfully modelling elephants, fish, and monkeys so true to nature that they are excelled by few even among more favoured artists.

One characteristic of this and all other tribes dealing in slaves, and a trait that can only be the outcome of the cruel practice, is their indifference to human life. It is no uncommon thing for men accused of some serious offence of which

they are innocent to commit suicide in order to prove their blamelessness. In this connection may be mentioned their somewhat novel trial for any serious crime. A piece of a tree called sauce-wood is mashed into pulp and soaked in water. This produces a poisonous liquid, which the accused are made to drink, the survivor being proclaimed innocent—a curious ordeal certainly, but one which may have something to commend it. The innocent, having no fear of death, may readily drink more than their share, with the result that they vomit, and after a time recover—a sure sign that they are guiltless.

Prosperity has made the Eboe people very proud, a characteristic that in the chiefs and kings—every little town has its king—is carried to a delusive extreme. Here is a narrative of one who had dealings with them: 'Accompanied by a friend, I visited a chief much more powerful than the nominal king of Ohumbli. This was my first visit to him, yet I had heard much about his self-conceit, and made up my mind to have a little diversion at his expense. After the customary palaver, he asked me if, from report, I knew him. I replied by stating that I had never heard of him before. "What!" he gasped; "never heard of Ba-Ba?" and, shaking his head indicative of pity at my gross ignorance, remarked that I must have been brought up in some town far in the bush. The Queen, he informed me, had sent to him her compliments many a time; and before I took my departure he made me promise to convey to Her Majesty his warmest greetings!'

SLAVERY.

Some superficial authorities speak in glowing terms of our 'saving the natives from slavery and from themselves.' This is a mistake, and only shows ignorance of facts. Despite the work accomplished by Wilberforce and his colleagues, slavery is almost as common in Africa to-day as it was previous to the passing of the Abolition Act, the only difference being that the slaves are not exported now; but men and women are bought and sold in open market daily, and that, too, under the eyes of our Government representatives. To make it sound less disagreeable, we term it 'household slavery;' and yet, as of old, the slaveowner has power of life and death over his purchase, who is his, body and soul. Certainly the owner cannot openly abuse or kill offending slaves; but trust native cunning to gain its own ends. Suspected slave 'boys' have been known to go into the bush to 'cut sticks,' and never return. Few people out there ever know rightly what is going on; they see a man to-day, miss him to-morrow: that is all. After reading the section on cannibalism at the end of this article, the reader will draw his own inferences.

Slaves are originally obtained either by kidnapping or as prisoners taken in war. A man out nut-gathering may venture too far away from his friends, on to the confines of a neighbouring tribe, when he is suddenly overpowered and carried into slavery. Perchance his friends may go and demand his return; but usually before that can be done the kidnapped man is sold away down-country. All prisoners taken in war are sold to the chiefs and kings ruling in the lower reaches of the rivers, there to pull canoes or otherwise work out their days at their master's pleasure. Some one may ask why they don't run home again, since they are allowed so much liberty, or why their friends do not take them away. Slave-traders have thought out and settled the point long ago. The slave's friends never get to know where he is, for at least one hostile tribe separates the poor fellow from his home; and as toll is demanded at every town, it simply means that to forsake one master is to throw himself at the mercy of another. Slaves while in the hands of their captors are too near home; therefore they are, as a rule, passed on. Their only chance of ever seeing home again is in the company of a European; but usually by the time they get that opportunity they have become indifferent about their old home and have a preference for the new. Willing slaves are presented with a wife, and the children born to them are in theory free-born. They may even, if successful traders, become slave-owners. Some chiefs own thousands of slaves, and even aspire to the highest position in the land—as, for example, Ja-Ja, previously mentioned.

IMMOLATION.

Dispel inherent superstitious beliefs and you root out immolation. No legislation can alter existing conditions except, perhaps, in the case of slavery. Our hopes for the future must rest in the advancement of civilisation and the fostering of common-sense—which, by the way, together with trade, are all that the natives are waiting for. Already there is a tendency in the right direction, noted particularly in Old Calabar and on the Kroo Coast. Continual petty warfare and the sacrificing of human beings at the death of every chief in Qualand, Eboeland, and in Kroo towns prevents the increase of the population to any perceptible extent. Some of the younger men are beginning to see the folly of this; and lately one man who had the courage of his convictions boldly expostulated with the king of Fish-town (on the Kroo Coast) against this inhuman practice. Let it be hoped his initiative will be followed.

Here are some instances: 'While travelling by canoe from Opobo to Essene I had a rather disagreeable experience. On rounding a bend near to the market-place of Essene I was obliged to muffle my nose because of the terrible stench that prevailed. The cause was not far to seek. Strung to a tree that grew close to the water was the body of a man surrounded by vultures

greedily devouring the flesh. I pulled past this emporium of Oriental odours as quickly as possible. On returning a week later I saw some of the bones still dangling from the bough. This man's life had been sacrificed to appease the anger of the god of trade. What particular circumstance had offended the god on this occasion I never learned; but the news travelled, and very soon every little town had made its human sacrifice to the same dull deity.

'I saw a little girl of about twelve years of age dragged down to the creek and drowned. The reason for this mode of sacrifice—easier perhaps to the victim than some others—is that these people, having a superstitious dread of ghosts and visits of spirits from the other world, think by doing so they will never be troubled with bogles or nightmare again.'

Formerly at Opobo a good yam, banana, or oil season was only secured from the gods at the expense of human sacrifice. The usual procedure was to purchase from the Eboes a young and pretty girl, to whom for a month or so previous to the sacrifice every door in the town was open. During this period she was at liberty to do exactly as she pleased, and to take whatever she desired, being questioned by no one. Poor girl! she had suddenly become the most important unit in the town, and seemed to enjoy her distinction, whether conscious or not of the inevitable fate awaiting her. In all the dancing and revels she took the lead. Plays, in which she was the central figure, were performed for her pleasure. In short, her happiness knew no bounds until at last the end came. Decked in gorgeous robes of silk, trimmed with gold and coral, she was borne aloft amid the crowd on an elevated chair. Arrived at the river, she was bound and placed in a canoe, which sailed away, cheered by the populace. Eager eyes watched for the return of the canoe, which at length was paddled to its mooring. The general rejoicing then reached a climax, everybody being in the best of humour, and shouting and yelling until hoarse. What of the girl—of her who had of late been their festal queen, the embodiment of mirth and fun? Ask the river!

NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS.

Passing along the native roads—or, to be more correct, tracks—into the bush, one cannot help being struck at seeing so many seeming scarecrows dotted all over the landscape. These are ultimately discovered not to be exactly what they seem, but are in reality symbolic of one or other of the gods to whom the natives pray and make offerings for the preservation of their crops. Curious gods they must be, if one can imagine them made visible in old gin-bottles—empty, of course, for the African would sooner think of turning white than place a full bottle of gin in the way of his inquisitive neighbour. Then there are tin cans, broken pots (all different gods), and *sometimes* a rag. Anything and everything resembling cloth, no matter how old, is put to some use by the natives, and is therefore generally too good for the gods!

In spite of all this petitioning and propitiating of the gods, crops continue to go wrong; but no one of the gods is to be blamed, and these blessed beings are never brought to book for their misdeeds! There is, besides, another danger over which the gods have no control, so a law has been improvised accordingly: niggers have some notoriety for thieving; and to keep them out of yam or corn fields the law is very exacting, for death is the punishment. 'Twice I saw the dire sentence carried out. On one occasion two little boys, probably because they were hungry, stole a yam—equivalent to about half-a-stone of potatoes. For this they were flogged until I am positively certain every bone in their bodies must have been broken; then they were hung to a tree and left till death relieved them. In a week or ten days only a few bones were left hanging, the vultures having accounted for the flesh.'

These vultures, according to native superstition, are charmed against death, the charm being called *ju-ju*. They lord it in the market-places, waddling about at the feet of the natives in much the same fashion as we here see farmyard fowls; but immediately on the appearance of a white man they disappear, for the very good reason that they dislike being used as targets! 'I remember once trying to reason out the absurdity of *ju-ju* with an enlightened Quaman in the town of Essene. He would not listen; and when I hinted that it was an easy matter to end the croaking of any one of the vultures in sight, he laughed an incredulous laugh, declaring it impossible. I pointed my rifle at the one nearest to me, and it rolled over. Another that lay among the sand sunning itself got the second discharge with a like result; but he would not be convinced. "That bird," he maintained, "would never have been shot had it been awake." So, like Wordsworth's "little maid," I left him to his will.'

The following vulture-peacock yarn will take some beating, even in Africa. While I was talking one day with an old chief on the subject of vultures, he told me this story, which on *his* authority I give you as true. A white trader nicknamed Mackie took a beautiful peacock with him to the town of Essene. Hitherto the natives in those parts had not even in their wildest dreams imagined such a bird; and, since its pride appealed to them as a reflection of their own, they enshrined it a god above the gods. Covetous eyes daily feasted on it, King Essene being the worst offender, for he was seized with a passionate longing to have the peacock all to himself. Before many days passed, Mackie, while visiting 'His Majesty,' was asked to *dash* (present) the peacock. This he refused to do,

whereon the king changed his tone. 'Very well,' he said, waving Mackie away, 'I am for it, and it will be mine, for I will send my *ju-ju* bird for it, and he will bring it to me.' Next morning—so the story goes—the sky above the trader's house was literally darkened by vultures. The peacock plumed its feathers at them in mockery, little dreaming of its impending fate. Suddenly one vulture, presumably the king's bird, more daring than the rest, swooped down and drove the peacock before it into the king's courtyard. Thus say the Africans; but I fear—as they, if they choose, could verify—that that vulture has yet to grow wings and learn picking as a means of livelihood. At any rate, Mackie afterwards admitted having mysteriously lost a peacock. The vultures evidently seized their opportunity while he slept!

CANNIBALISM.

Just as with slavery, so it is with cannibalism—report and rumour require to be taken in two ways. Since we cannot prove we must just take for granted, and thus we have for long indulged ourselves in the belief that cannibalism is almost entirely confined to the South Sea Islanders. Therefore it comes like a shock to us to be told that cannibalism, like slavery, is known to a very large extent in a British possession. Such is indeed the case, and officialdom is powerless. It is not too much to say that most natives on the Guinea Coast have at one time or other made a good square meal of human flesh. On a traveller inquiring of a boy which cut he preferred, he denied ever having tasted it. Not to be beaten, however, the questioner ventured a remark on the calf of the leg, adding that the boy's father said he always preferred that cut when he could get it. This the little fellow repudiated, and, with an air of knowing decision, declared the gristle of the chin and wrists to be by far the sweetest morsels. He preferred to admit his weakness rather than be accounted a bad judge of flesh!

One of the most gruesome cannibal feasts on record, where the hosts ate their guests, is reported from Andonie, a town situated at the head of the creek midway between Bonny and Opobo. For some years the Andonie men had been at war with their neighbours; and as both were tired of it, they mutually agreed to meet and settle their differences peaceably. The Andonie men invited their foemen to meet them as friends in the town of Andonie, where, in honour of the occasion, it was arranged to give a big play. They met as arranged, and for a time all went well; for it should be stated that the Andonie men had not premeditated playing the traitor. They danced and sang as only Africans can do; and they also drank and drank (another feat in which they are peerless) until they drank themselves drunk. It was then that two of the reconciled chanced to quarrel. In the twinkling of an eye the hall of merriment became a pandemonium. Unmasked knives glistened in the sunshine, death being dealt with every cut, while the fanatical yells and curses of the murderers rose high above the groans of the dying. It was a scene of savage cruelty defying human description. Even the children became excited by this mad passion, and rushed hither and thither fighting with each other in their eagerness to get at and drink of the victims' blood. At length, when the butchery was complete and the visitors without one exception lay weltering in their blood, the fiendish tumult ceased; and well it might. The scene closed with the dragging away of the dead and dying to the homes of the slayers, where the flesh would be cured and feasted on.

At that time the missionaries in the district suffered rather an anxious time of it, shut up for some days in a stuffy hut. When once their blood was roused the Andonie men proved desperate fellows, and designed to rid themselves of their benefactors, whom they knew would condemn them for murdering their neighbours. Happily a messenger contrived to get through to Bonny; and when a detachment of Housas (native soldiers) arrived on the scene, the murderers fled into the bush. Andonie town was burned, and a large indemnity was claimed; and this so crippled the warriors that peace was secured for a considerable time. Further, in order to prevent a future outrage, their king was politely informed that on the next offence nothing short of his own precious head dangling at the end of a gibbet would satisfy justice.

The fact that Europeans have unwittingly at times partaken of human flesh when entertained by native chiefs imparts a certain unpleasant tone to the subject. Though not altogether so fastidious about his palate as the Frenchman, the African chief can at least boast as many mysterious dishes on his festal board.

'I accompanied a gentleman on a visit to a king with whom he had opened trade. When visiting an African blood-royal one is expected to take with him a present—*dash*, as they term it—the *dash* they prefer and most frequently receive being gin and tobacco. After palavering, in which we had to suffer the effects of his presumed importance, he cordially invited us to dine with him. Dinner was certainly most desirable, for we had walked a long way under a broiling sun; therefore we as cordially accepted his invitation.

'Lighting our pipes, we essayed to have a look round while the eatables were being prepared. Hung in the courtyard we espied a human leg from which the "boy" had evidently just cut a slice or two. My appetite suddenly vanished, as did I from that quarter, thus outraging the laws of hospitality. I had grown quite accustomed to seeing my "boy" polish the plates with his greasy

loin-cloth, and had even suffered worse things; but to risk a slice of that leg! Anything was preferable—ay, even a tramp across the continent with the satisfaction of a certain meal at the end of it!

'At another time I was invited along with other Europeans on the beach to one of the biggest plays that have been seen in Opobo. At the feast all kinds of fish, fowl, and soup, cooked after the native fashion, were served. Every one thoroughly enjoyed the feast until, near to the finish, the *chaser* (dessert) was brought in. This dish they called palm-oil chop. While it was being served there rolled out of the vessel what to all appearance was a human skull. Suddenly all the Europeans turned pale as though suffering from an acute attack of sea-sickness; and the symptoms they developed were identical, for that dinner would not stay down. The chief, in alarm, inquired what had made his friends so ill. One of the sufferers, whose eyes protruded from their sockets, and afraid to trust himself to speak, placed his handkerchief to his mouth and jerked his thumb in the direction of the skull. The chief grasped the situation, and with unaffected concern tried to comfort his sick guests by saying, "It be all right. He be no man; he be monkey!"'

A BENEFACTOR.

PART II.

WITHIN, a bright little fire burned. A child sat in a basket-chair placidly nursing a ragged doll. Her cheeks were a hard, bright red, like apples that have been polished on the rosy side, and her motherly arms were as fat as arms could well be. Equally well-conditioned were the pair of legs under the short frock. The visitor looked at her with the same thoughtful, wistful gaze with which he had looked at Terry, and a smile like winter sunshine broke over his dark, harassed face. The child was so quaintly serious that one had to smile, no matter how sad one's thoughts might be.

Terry had shut the door upon the storm, and now handed Mr Adair a chair, wiping it ostentatiously before doing so, as he had seen his mother do whenever they had had a distinguished visitor, such as a priest or a doctor.

Mr Adair took the chair and looked with sudden interest around the little room, which was half-parlour, half-kitchen. Some pots of musk and of scarlet geraniums were side by side behind the white curtains of the window. The dresser was gay with crockery. On the walls brightly coloured pictures of saints alternated with Irish patriots in the most brilliant clothing. A little garish altar, with artificial flowers in cheap vases and candles half-burnt through, stood in a corner. Mr Adair remembered to have seen such things in those tiny whitewashed cottages in Glen Adair long ago.

Terry had, while the gentleman was making his observations, taken his seat on a portion of the other child's stool. Mr Adair's gaze finally rested upon the couple; and, even while he smiled, a curious spasm as of pain crossed his face.

'What does your mother feed you on, boy?' he asked abruptly.

'Stirabout, sir, mostly, an' we do have potatoes, an' sometimes, but not often, a bit o' mate.'

'Ah, stirabout—porridge, I suppose you mean?'

'They do call it that here, sir. Me mother says they don't rightly know how to make it, not as they do at home.'

'At home?'

'In Glen Adair, sir, in th' ould counthry. If ye wor' thinkin' o' tryin' it, I'd advise ye to be atin' it wid salt, not wid them unnat'ral conthrivances o' sugar an' traycle.'

'I shall remember,' said Mr Adair seriously. 'So you come from Glen Adair in Ireland. Your name is—is'—— He searched in his memory for a name which had slipped out of it long ago.

'Terry Donovan, sir; an' this is me sister Nora,' replied Terry, with another pull at the ruddy forelock.

'Donovan! Yes, I remember now. So your mother feeds you on—on—stirabout. Is that what gives you your rosy cheeks, do you suppose, and makes your sister's legs so fat?'

'Maybe, sir. It's very wholesome atin'. Me mother does be sayin' that we'd be a dale better at home in Glen Adair.'

'What does the woman want?' asked the visitor, with a curious impatience. 'Aren't her children strong enough?'

'Finely, thank you, sir,' replied Terry politely. '"Tis the air she does be talkin' about, an' the fields, an' the mountain lambs, the crathurs, an' the bits o' rivers, an' the trees. I never seen a field meself, nor lambs, nor a tree; but I do be dramin' about them sometimes.'

'Ah, well! you don't seem to miss them. You're a fine, strong boy.'

'I get me health very well. 'Tis very healthy here, though there do be fogs. I hope ye get yours well, sir.'

The anxiety in Terry's face as he expressed this hope made Mr Adair smile again.

'I am very well, thank you, my boy,' he said. 'I was only thinking of—of—some one

who wasn't. What's that for?' indicating the floating light in a little red lamp on the altar. He had a vague memory of having seen such things somewhere in his travels abroad.

'That's where we do be sayin' our prayers,' said Terry, rather scandalised at such ignorance.

'What do you pray for?'

'Och, a dale o' things.' Terry cast about in his mind for something he might reveal to this possibly misunderstanding stranger. 'We do pray nearly every night that's in it that we might be goin' back some day.—Don't we, Noreen?' to the taciturn child.

'Back where, boy?'

'To Glen Adair, sir.'

'I suppose you would be happier. You could hardly be healthier. How could you get back there?'

Terry forgot to be discreet, the topic was so absorbing.

'I do be lyin' awake o' nights listenin' to Pat an' me mother talkin' over the fire. Pat—that's me brother, sir; he's workin' in the docks an' earnin' fine wages for a boy o' his size—does be thinkin' that if we could do somethin' great for Mr Adair that he'd never grudge us a bit o' a place over yonder in the glen, an' 'ud maybe be sendin' us back on a ship.'

Mr Adair looked sharply into the speaker's bright eyes. They were limpid as mountain pools, and the face, for all its shrewdness, was innocence itself. He put away the half-formed suspicion before it had taken more definite shape.

'What do you know of Mr Adair?' he asked.

'He's the great gentleman at the head o' the docks, sir. Rowlin' in goold he is, I've heard tell, an' the kind heart wid it.' Terry was quoting from his mother. 'He stood me poor father's friend, sir, an' only for him we'd be in the streets beyant there now. The mother's terrible afeard o' the streets. I'd often like to be travellin' that way meself, just to be seein' what she's afeard o'. She says she'd rather we'd be drownded in the docks, too, thin be on the same streets. I wonder what they can be like at all, at all.'

'Not as good as Glen Adair'—looking at the sharp, curious little face. 'Better keep away from them. So you think this Mr Adair of yours a very kind person—do you?'

'I'm after tellin' you,' said Terry, slightly offended at what might be the stranger's incredulity, 'he's the kindest man walkin' this earth, an' the greatest, maybe. I ought to know, for we do be askin' God to reward him every night that's in it.'

'Ah, you do that?'

'D'ye see that altar there? An' the candles? We do light them at night when we do be sayin' our prayers. The one in the middle is for him. But sure I do be sayin' to meself whin I hear me mother an' Pat talkin' that 'tis little the likes o' us could be doin' for the likes o' him, in this world anyway. He'd have all he wanted—wouldn't he, sir?'

'I'd go on praying for him all the same,' said Mr Adair. 'There are a great many things a man like him might want that a little boy like you would know nothing of.'

'Maybe,' said Terry reluctantly. 'Me mother does be sayin' that I'm too 'cute for me age; that I'd buy an' sell Pat—an' Pat is nine.'

'Ah, well, you are a clever boy; but still you don't know everything.'

John Adair was silent for a minute. Then a somewhat shamefaced expression came over his sad, stern, masterly face; and as he leant forward a little, Terry thought that he looked more cheerful. As a matter of fact a sudden accession of colour came to his pallid cheeks and he smiled.

'If I were you, my lad,' he said, 'I'd go on praying for Mr Adair. A very busy man like that has often forgotten how to pray for himself. Besides, I know something about this Mr Adair of yours. He has a little boy about your age who is never well. His father gives him everything. His nurseries are as big as one of these docks. He has soft carpets to walk on, and flowers in the winter, and great fires, and nurses to wait on him, and doctors to do all they can for him. He has toys and books by the hundred; but he doesn't care for any of them. His father would give him the heart out of his breast; but it is all the same. This little boy is never well; perhaps he never will be.'

The sudden passion of the speech died off abruptly; and Terry gazed in wondering sympathy at the working face.

'That's a bad hearin',' he said. 'But sure God can make him strong if the doctors can't. I'll be sayin' a word to me mother, an' we'll put him in our prayers. I'm obleeged to you for tellin' me, sir.'

'Not at all, my boy,' said the visitor, more composedly. 'It will be kind to the little boy, and to his father, to pray for him. It can't do any harm anyway.'

The last sentence was addressed to himself, not at all to Terry. He was half-ashamed of himself for the comfort the child's simple talk had given him. He was a reticent man, and alone had borne the sword in his heart of his only child's delicacy. He had never imagined it would be a relief to speak of it. Indeed, to a grown-up person it would have been impossible; but with Terry it was another matter. And those prayers now! John Adair had been brought up in a rigid Low Church atmosphere. The gentle soul who had borne him would have looked on such intercession as that of heathendom. Lighting candles, too: what abhorred mummery it would have been in her eyes! And indeed to her son, who had

strayed so far from the narrow faith learnt at her knee, it was a foolish thing. Withal, it comforted him; and he had a humble feeling that his careless kindness had been disproportionately rewarded. Perhaps he had come to the extremity of snatching at straws for comfort, he had suffered so bitterly and so long in his love for his delicate little son. His lips moved as though he talked to himself. The storm was over now; but he had forgotten the storm.

Terry sat watching him with bright, eager eyes till he should remember, Terry being too well-mannered to break in on so evident an absorption, though clearly he had something to say.

At last the visitor's thoughts came back to the boy, and his eyes noted the words on Terry's lips ready for flight.

'Well?' he asked.

'Why doesn't he—Mr Adair, sir—I'd be spakin' to him about it if I was you—send the little boy that's sick to Glen Adair? The mother says it 'ud bring the dead to life, the air of it is so strong an' revivin'. Let alone about them nurseries, sir. 'Twould be terrible lonesome for a little boy, all be hisself. 'Tis often I wouldn't be lookin' at me own bit an' sup if I hadn't the company of Nora here to it.'

A vision came before John Adair's eyes of the aching loneliness and weariness of the little figure and the peaked little face in those magnificent nurseries; and for a second his eyes were blurred. Then he heard again what Terry was pouring out rapidly.

'An' for toys, sir—would he care to be playin' wid them all his lone? He must be terrible tired o' them nurses and doctors, sir. Little childher, sir, do think a dale o' bein' wid other little childher.'

John Adair's eyes dilated, and his lips began to move. '"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," dear God!—"out of the mouth of babes and sucklings."' It was wrung from his heart like the cry of one who sees a blinding light. He had not remembered the God of his fathers for many years, or had remembered Him only as a vague Power to rail upon because his Leonard had not been as other children.

As he stood up to go he almost staggered with the new hope that had broken upon him.

'I will come again, my child,' he said very gently to Terry; 'and I thank you much for the shelter you have given me.'

'You're kindly welcome, sir,' said Terry politely, preceding him to the door, and down the little path to open the gate for him. He was too far away to see the great dock-gates roll open before the shabby gentleman, and the carriage with the champing horses into which he climbed absently.

Terry, needless to say, retailed the visitor's talk in his mother's ear that evening; and Susy, sending up a pious thanksgiving because she had never a moment's anxiety about her fine healthy children, agreed to a *novena* for the sick child of the benefactor; and, as all the world knows, a *novena* piously said is sure to be efficacious so long as its object is pleasing to Heaven.

She was a little disturbed at hearing how much of their own aspirations Terry had imparted to the visitor, lest Terry should be considered 'a terrible bowld little boy' for making so free with the names of great people.

However, these misgivings were forgotten in the great event that came to pass, for not ten days later Susy received a visit from Mr Adair's man of business, who, with more important things to do at the docks, had the arrangement of the transference of Pat Donovan's little family to Glen Adair.

So were the wildest fairy tales come true; and on a day when winter was just giving way to spring the little family left the docks where they had been so long sheltered, and took that journey to the isle of their dreams which after two or three days brought them to Glen Adair.

Terry had by this time been promoted to a place in the family council, which had come to the conclusion that Terry's visitor that propitious afternoon was some confidential clerk or other who had the ear of the Donovans' great man, for Mr Adair himself never showed in the matter at all.

So Susy became a working woman in Glen Adair, with one of those spotless cottages for her very own, and a bit of land which Pat would farm presently, and a couple of black mountain cows, and a little flock of sheep, and a goat or two. She had entered into all this as one might into Fairyland, and it was a long time before she could grow used to it and give up dreaming that she was back in the docks, with those terrible streets waiting outside the dock-gates for the children.

April came, and there were signs of unwonted business not only among the birds and the streams and the silver larches, but about the shooting-lodge at the head of the glen, which was the landlords' if they chose to use it, though no one had known them to choose within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and that was Paddy Farrelly, who was a hundred and nine, God bless us!

The place was being cleaned up, and repapered, and smartened in every way, as Susy, across the valley, could see for herself, and the children for themselves; and then new furniture was put in, and three or four servants came, and the long-cold chimneys began to smoke, which was all sufficiently wonderful, seeing how remote Glen Adair was from the world, and how one reached it amid the encircling hills much as a fly travels up a wall.

Then one morning there stood in the doorway of Susy's cottage a tall, stooping, dusty-looking gentleman, who led a little boy by the hand; and the child was pale, as though with much

suffering, and wore a warm coat although the day was so soft.

'I want to see Terry,' said the visitor.

Then Terry came forward, pulling a red curl just as he had done that day at the docks, and he stared at the gentleman and then at the little boy, who stared back at him with a curious, gentle interest.

'Well, Terry,' said the gentleman, 'and do you think Glen Adair as fine a place as you used to?'

'Thank you kindly, yes, sir,' said Terry; 'and the mother here'—pulling at Susy's skirt—'is obleeged to you for sayin' the kind word to Mr Adair that brought us back.'

'I am Mr Adair,' said the visitor, taking the chair Susy had given him, and drawing his tired little boy between his knees.

Well, the end, or rather the happy beginning, of it was, that the sick child began to grow well in the life-giving air and amid the simple surroundings, and, having taken a whimsical fancy to Susy and the little Donovans, was allowed to come and go pretty much as he would. In fact, before the summer was over the young hospital-nurse who had come in charge of the child was permitted to return, and this was hastened by Mr Adair coming into Susy's cottage one day and finding Leonard, who had a headache, resting his head on Susy's breast. Unobserved, he listened a moment or two to the young peasant woman's crooning to the child.

'I understand now,' he said to himself, 'what their system of fosterage meant.'

So Susy, who could refuse Mr Adair nothing, was presently put in charge of his child in the shooting-lodge at the head of the glen, and Pat, who was so sensible, took charge of Terry and Nora till such time as Master Leonard should need his nurse no longer. Nor was it a very painful separation, for the children were much together, the little sensitive heir of the rich man having developed for Terry such an affection as foster-brothers had for each other in the old days, and the affection was fully returned; and as for Susy, she could scarcely tell after a time if she loved her own children or the foster-child best.

So in time Leonard grew quite strong enough for the very easy battle which life promised to be to him.

Terry had two unspoken regrets, however. One was that his visitor had not turned out to be a supernatural person, a belief he had cherished in his heart of hearts. It had been St Patrick for choice. Of course Mr Adair was nearly as good; but Terry didn't like giving up St Patrick; and sure the world knew how many a kind turn the saint had done. The other was that he would never, after all, see those streets of which his mother had had such a mortal terror. Terry wanted so much to know what it was that could make his mother so 'afeard.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

POULTRY AND EGGS.

AMONG the 'hardy annuals' which come up for discussion as surely as the springtime comes round to us is that of the importation of poultry and eggs. It has long been the opinion of many that instead of paying away to foreigners a yearly sum of nearly seven millions sterling we might raise at home our own birds and eggs, and the National Poultry Organisation Society has been formed to forward that end. One of its objects is to introduce into this country methods which have been so successful on the Continent; and the society, whose headquarters are at No. 12 Hanover Square, London, has now established several branches and collecting depôts, working in rural districts, for the systematic collection of eggs. Each egg before being packed is carefully tested and stamped with the trade-mark of the society as a guarantee of its quality. We may mention, in connection with this matter, that a useful book has recently been produced by Mr Walter Palmer, M.P., entitled *Poultry Management on the Farm*. This volume should be in the hands of every farmer, who would find it to his interest to pay as much attention to the breeding and care of his fowls as he does to the well-being of his other live-stock.

PRESERVATION OF WILD BIRDS.

We are glad to note that the Humanitarian League has drafted a bill to check the wholesale destruction of birds for the purposes of ornamentation. It is stated that at a recent sale in London a single dealer offered for sale four thousand dead birds, more than half of which were birds of paradise. It was also recently stated on good authority that a person at Bridlington had entered into a contract with a London milliner to supply ten thousand birds, such as kittiwake gulls and lesser terns, and that the wholesale slaughter of these beautiful creatures was in progress in Bridlington Bay and off Flamborough Head. As a precedent for legislation on this subject, the Humanitarian League quotes the law now in force in the State of New York. Under this law no wild birds, other than certain species named, can be taken or possessed at any time, dead or alive, except under the authority of a certificate; and no part of the plumage, skin, or

body of any protected bird can be sold or kept in possession for the purpose of sale.

HARNESSING NIAGARA.

Steps are being taken to utilise some of the vast power of the Falls of Niagara on the Canadian side of the river. When first the project of 'harnessing Niagara' came to be discussed, little more than twenty years ago, fears were expressed that our American cousins, in their eagerness to develop the commercial side of the enterprise, might be tempted to spoil the wonderful scenery by the interposition of huge water-wheels below the falls. Such fears are groundless; for it is far more economical to lead the waters from the upper river through a precipitous tunnel, in connection with which are the necessary turbine-wheels. This has been accomplished on the American side with an output of energy valued at five thousand horse-power. The new enterprise aims at securing two hundred thousand horse-power; and even this is only a small portion of the mighty force available. It is believed that if the necessary works were established some miles down the river, where the water rushes in volume through a narrow gorge, enough energy could be trapped to supply the entire country with light and motive-power.

TYPHOID AND THE ARMY.

'Typhoid, the Destroyer of Armies, and its Abolition' was the title of an important paper recently read at the Royal United Service Institution by Dr Leigh Canney. It was pointed out that the great destroyers of armies, both in peace and war, were the three diseases, typhoid, dysentery, and cholera. These were mainly water-borne, and could be prevented if certain measures were adopted. We must start with the assumption that all water is contaminated with the germs of disease, and that the best method of rendering it harmless is by boiling or heat sterilisation. For this operation Dr Canney recommended a cylindrical boiler, having large heating-surface, operated by a petroleum lamp, with air-pressure so as to secure rapid and complete combustion. No water should be drunk by the men from the day of embarkation to the day of return which had not been sterilised in this way under competent authority. In addition to this precaution, all officers should be trained and examined in the elements of sanitary science, so as to enable them to keep the camps clean. Four-fifths of the mortality and invaliding of an army may be attributed to water-borne disease, and proper treatment of the water-supply would secure immunity from it.

HIGH-SPEED RAILWAYS.

An interesting experiment with a high-speed railway on a new principle is shortly to be carried out in the extensive grounds of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. This line, which will be about a mile and a half in length, will be entirely within the Palace grounds, so that no special parliamentary sanction will be necessary. Its practical use will be to convey visitors from the low-level station to the main building, and so save the climbing of many stairs; but its primary object will be to test the capabilities of a new type of electric line known as the mid-railway system. Unlike the mono-railway, of which we have heard so much lately, the centre rail is bolted to the sleepers in the usual way, and guide-rails on both sides are carried on trestles two or three feet above, and immediately under the sides of the vehicle. The opening of this short railway on such a novel principle will be looked forward to with much interest.

A PREHISTORIC PICTURE-GALLERY.

The oldest pictures known are those rude engravings upon ivory, slate, &c. which have been discovered in certain caves in France, some of the drawings being executed with remarkable skill. A fresh discovery of this nature has recently been made in the cave of Combarelles, Dordogne; but the drawings, instead of being executed on loose materials, have been executed upon the hard walls of the cavern itself. The discovery was made by MM. Capitan and Breuil. The drawings are more than a hundred in number, and represent both living and extinct animals. Forty of these strange mural decorations represent horses; and it is noteworthy that some of the animals are shown with halters, indicating that the horse was used for domestic purposes in western Europe at an extremely remote period. Other pictures are supposed to stand for reindeer, bisons, antelopes, &c., while there are no fewer than fourteen examples portraying the mammoth. It may be remembered that many years ago a very perfect prehistoric drawing of this extinct creature was found in one of the French caves, the drawing being incised upon a piece of mammoth ivory.

THE GAS OF THE FUTURE.

A writer in *Cassier's Magazine* ventures upon a suggestion with regard to utilising the gas-mains of our streets when the good time comes that all lighting will be by electricity. Instead of abandoning them as so much scrap-iron, he proposes that the gas companies should supply a gas for heating purposes only. Such a gas, destitute of illuminating power, can be produced very cheaply indeed, and would be serviceable for gas-engines as well as for heating-stoves and gas-cookers. We might suggest that not much inconvenience would be felt if the gas companies were at once to act upon this hint, for incandescent mantles are independent of the illuminating quality of the gas supplied to them, and are now so cheap that they are within the reach of all. The proposed revolution would go far towards

solving the smoke difficulty, and the thousands of tons of coal which yearly find their way to the gas retorts would be saved for other uses.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE.

A circular has been issued by the Italian War Office to all veterinary officers of the army calling their earnest attention to a new treatment of foot-and-mouth disease which is said to give immediate relief and to effect a speedy cure. The remedy consists of an injection of mercuric chloride (corrosive sublimate) into one of the veins of the neck; the solution commonly used being in the proportion of one part of mercury in one thousand parts of distilled water, with an addition of seventy-five parts of common salt. In the case of certain cattle which had developed the disease between forty-eight and twenty-four hours previously, five injections were given, the first consisting of thirty cubic centimetres, increasing to one hundred cubic centimetres on the fifth occasion. The temperature of the animals, which varied from 106·7 to 104·9 Fahrenheit, soon became normal, and it is noteworthy that none of the cattle treated suffered from any of the usual after-effects of the disease. It is recommended that during and some days after the cure external sores and the feet should be bandaged in cloths soaked in naphthaline.

A PLEA FOR THE WASPS.

A number of letters have recently appeared in the *Standard* having reference to the best methods of destroying wasps' nests; and among these we were glad to find one at least which had a good word to say for these much-persecuted insects. The writer points out that were it not for the wasps the plague of flies each summer would be terrible. It has been observed that a marked wasp paid no fewer than ninety-four visits in one day to a store of honey, its object being to obtain food for the grubs in its nest; but the chief food gathered consists of that 'intrusive, buzzing, pilfering varlet' known as a fly, and we owe our thanks to the maligned wasps for reducing their numbers. Supposing that there is a nest containing two thousand workers, and that each in the course of one day disposes of ninety-four flies—this will give a total of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand, or for one hundred nests nearly nineteen million flies. With such relief from annoyance we may well put up with the risk of a few stings and the sacrifice of some fruit.

TURBINE *versus* PADDLE.

It will be remembered that the first passenger-steamer fitted with Parson's marine turbine, in lieu of the more ordinary type of engine, was running on the Clyde estuary all last season. The *King Edward*, as the vessel is named, was built by Messrs William Denny of Dumbarton, and her behaviour was so satisfactory that another turbine vessel has been ordered for the same service. That the turbine system was capable of conferring increased speed upon a vessel was fully proved in the cases of the unfortunate destroyers the *Viper* and the *Cobra;* but there was some doubt as to the economy of fuel with this type of vessel. A careful account has therefore been taken of the actual amount of coal consumed by the *King Edward;* and, as a means of comparison, similar records have been kept of a paddle-vessel of the same class, also running on the Clyde—namely, the *Duchess of Hamilton*, built by the same firm. The figures work out thus: For each ton of coal consumed the turbine-driven vessel ran 8·47 miles at a speed of eighteen and a half knots, while the paddle-vessel ran 8·87 miles at a speed of sixteen and a half knots.

A SMOKE SHELL.

The introduction of smokeless powder into warfare has proved a boon in many ways, and one of its principal advantages is that the enemy's fire is not drawn by the presence of tell-tale smoke. But when a smokeless explosive is used for charging shells by an attacking force, the gunners are, so to speak, 'hoist with their own petard,' for they have no guide to the accuracy of their fire, as they used to have when a big puff of smoke marked the 'billet' of each projectile fired. To meet this difficulty the German artillery have been experimenting with a new type of shell which is said to give splendid results for long-range duels. This shell is charged with a smokeless explosive, with the addition of a cartridge composed of amorphous phosphorus, which, when the shell bursts, gives out a dense white smoke. It is even said that, by increasing the amount of phosphorus, it is possible to place in front of the enemy such a thick screen of vapour that he can no longer see how to point his guns. It is obvious, however, that such an artificial fog must be altogether dependent upon the strength and direction of the wind.

SPARKS FROM LOCOMOTIVES.

An immense amount of damage has been done since the establishment of our complex railway systems by the emission of sparks and live-coal from the funnels of locomotive engines; and unfortunately farmers, who have been the chief sufferers, have met with little sympathy from the law courts; for it has generally been successfully argued on the part of the railway companies that every reasonable precaution has been taken to prevent such accidents. By an invention due to Mr D. Drummond, engineer to the London and South-Western Railway Company, it is believed that spark emission from locomotives will be entirely suppressed. The invention consists of a number of fan-shaped deflecting plates against

which the gases from the furnace strike, and any unconsumed cinders which would otherwise find their way to the open air are thrown back into the smoke-box. The device can be fitted to any ordinary railway locomotive without difficulty, and will in a short time be in use on all the engines of the South-Western and some other railways. Indeed, there is every reason to suppose that the adoption of Mr Drummond's invention will become universal; for it not only stops the sparks, but actually economises the consumption of fuel and gives a better head of steam. It is calculated that the saving of coal works out at five pounds per train mile, which would mean, supposing that all locomotives in the United Kingdom were fitted with the apparatus, a yearly saving of four hundred thousand pounds sterling—taking the price of coal at ten shillings per ton.

ECONOMICAL RAILWAY HAULAGE.

Another most important engineering advance in connection with locomotives was recently brought forward at the annual dinner of the Leeds Association of Engineers. It was announced that Mr J. T. Marshall, a Leeds engineer, has invented a new form of valve-gear which passes the steam out of the cylinders in such effective manner that from 30 to 50 per cent. more haulage-power is provided, with lower steam pressure than in modern practice, and less fuel consumption. With this valve-gear the blast is said to be peculiarly long-drawn and soft, so that there is an absence of that explosive noise which we are accustomed to hear from the ordinary locomotive engine. The Great Northern Railway is now fitting the apparatus to a number of its express engines, and it is important to note that the alterations required are insignificant and can be effected at small cost. Arrangements are also in progress to apply the invention to the engines of a ship belonging to one of the largest firms in Great Britain.

VACCINATION.

The smallpox scare has aroused the usual controversy with regard to vaccination; but the opponents of Jenner's famous discovery have been partly disarmed by the modern practice of employing calf-lymph instead of operating from arm to arm. Vaccination has indeed become so popular in certain districts that there has been considerable difficulty in supplying the lymph required. A curious reminder of the origin of vaccination is found in the common expression, 'the dairymaid style of beauty.' It will be remembered that Jenner's attention was first drawn to the possibilities of vaccination by observing that dairymaids were never disfigured by the ravages of smallpox. This was at a time when that disease left its hideous marks on a large proportion of the population. A good rosy complexion came, therefore, to be associated with the work of the dairy; and although now, thanks to Jenner's noble work, it is the exception to meet with a seamed face, the tradition still remains that dairymaids have certain advantages over their sisters in the matter of healthy looks.

WATER IN AUSTRALIA.

All who have travelled in Australia know that the great want of the country is water. During the past few years the successful sinking of artesian wells in Queensland has raised hopes that, in some districts at least, the terrors of drought have been banished. At the Victoria Institute lately Dr Logan Jack lectured on this subject, and explained to an interested audience how far this sinking of wells had progressed. The rains sometimes come in startling volume, and are quickly followed by drought. In 1885, after a drought had carried off hundreds of thousands of cattle, Dr Jack, Government Geologist, and Mr Henderson were commissioned to visit one of the stricken districts, when they tapped the underground supplies of water at a depth of one thousand six hundred and forty-five feet, and established a well which yielded nearly three hundred thousand gallons per day. Many other wells have since been sunk with similar success, and it is believed that the system might be greatly extended. Most of the water recovered from subterranean rivers in this way is used for the supply of towns and for cattle; but it is believed that as the system is extended much more might be done in the way of irrigation.

SUNSET IN PERSIA.

Day swooned to her eclipse, and—passionate
For peace—dark Night came stealing to the west,
And all heaven's myriad stars were manifest.
The soft wind ceased and poured her drowsy freight
Of spices on the slumberous world; the late
And sad-faced moon, Night's wonderful white guest,
Crept up the eastern sky and slowly dressed
The city in a garb incorporate.

Will thus the ending be of our short lives:
A sweet surrender at the close of day,
A gentle shutting of the eyes for sleep?
Or will we cling unto our earthly gyves,
And find our tired souls loath to leave their clay
When God still gives them power to live and weep?

C. Fred. Kenyon.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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THE KING WEDS.

By ROBERT BARR.

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IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

EVEN a stranger in Stirling must have been impressed by the fact that something unusual was afoot, not to be explained by the mere preparation for ushering in the New Year. Inquiry soon solved the problem of the decorations and the rejoicings. James Fifth, the most popular king Scotland had possessed since the days of Bruce, was about to be married, and most of his subjects thought it high time, for he had reached the mature age of twenty-four, and monarchs are expected to take a mate somewhat earlier than other folk. As the King, with a splendid retinue, was to depart shortly on a journey to France to claim his bride, the capital city flung its bunting to the breeze, and the inhabitants thereof pledged each other and the King in bumpers of exhilarating beverages; indeed, all Scotland was following the example set it by Stirling, for the marriage was extremely well liked throughout the land.

The King's father had linked himself to an English princess, and the Scottish people thought little of her. The precipitate marriage of this Queen, only a few months after her husband's death, still further lowered her in public estimation. Scotland had but slight regard for Margaret of England, and was glad when her son refused the offer of his uncle Henry Eighth to provide him with a wife. Indeed, James was at that moment the most-sought-after young man in the world, so far as matrimony was concerned. The Pope, who now addressed him as 'Defender of the Faith,' had a favourite candidate for his hand. Henry Eighth was anxious that he should have all England to pick and choose from. The Emperor Charles Fifth wished him to marry Princess Mary of Portugal; Francis First of France was eager to supply him with a well-dowered bride. Never before had any youth such an embarrassment of choice; but James himself decided that he would go a-wooing to France, and his subjects universally applauded his preference. James's elderly relative, John Duke of Albany, had married the heiress of De la Tour d'Auvergne, and the young King resolved to follow his example. Aside from this, James, in a manner, was pledged from the time he was three years of age; for Albany, when Regent of Scotland, had promised France that the young ruler should seek his consort in that country, so there had now been chosen for him Mary, daughter of the Duc de Vendôme, who was reported beautiful, and, what was more to the purpose in a thrifty nation, was known to be wealthy.

This courting by all Europe might have turned the head of a less sensible young man than James; but he well knew the reason that so many distinguished persons desired his alliance. Henry Eighth was at loggerheads with France; the Emperor Charles and Francis First were engaged in one of their customary desultory wars, the advantage, as usual, inclining rather to the Emperor's side. Scotland was at peace with itself and with all the world. The Scots were excellent fighters in whatever part of the world they encountered an enemy; and the strong fleet which James Fourth had built was augmented by his son, and might prove a powerful factor in European politics. France and Scotland had long been traditional friends, and so this new mating aroused enthusiasm in both countries.

Thus Stirling put on gay attire, and her citizens went about with smiles on their faces—all except one, and that one was James himself, who became more and more gloomy as the time for his departure approached. He had no desire to take upon himself the trammels of the matrimonial estate; and although his uncle, the strenuous Henry Eighth, was ultimately to set an example before the world of the ease with which the restrictions of marriage could be

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shuffled off, yet at this time Henry himself was merely an amateur at the business, engaged in getting rid of Catharine of Aragon: a business he had not yet succeeded in accomplishing. James had postponed and repostponed the fateful journey; but at last he saw it must be taken, or a friendly country, one of the proudest on earth, would be deliberately insulted in the face of the world. Not only this; his own subjects were getting restive, and he knew as well as they that a disputed succession in the event of his early death might lead to civil war. So, making the best of the hard bargain which is imposed on princes where what should be the most endearing ties of human affection are concerned, James set his face resolutely towards the south; and, attended by a brilliant escort, sailed for France.

After a stormy voyage—for the month was January—the royal party landed in France, and was met by a company of nobles only less splendid than itself, in that a King was one of the visitors, for Francis had remained at Loches, to welcome his brother Sovereign at that great and sinister stronghold, where the Court of France for the moment held its seat. Both time and weather seemed unpropitious for the joyous occasion. News had arrived at Loches that the French army had suffered defeat in its invasion of the Duke of Savoy's territory, and these tidings exercised a depressing influence on the welcoming delegation.

As the united escorts of France and Scotland set out on their journey to Loches a flurry of damp snow filled the air, raw from off the Channel, and the road proved well-nigh impassable through depth of mud. The discontented countenance of the King, who was wont to be the life of any party of which he was a member, lowered the spirits of his Scotch followers to the level of those saddened by military defeat; therefore the horsemen made their way through the quagmires of northern France more like a slow funeral procession than wedding guests.

At the castle where they halted at the end of the first day's journey, the King speedily retired to the apartment assigned him without a word of cheer even to the most intimate of his comrades. The travellers had accomplished only about twelve leagues from the seacoast on their first day's journey. Darkness had set in before the horsemen clattered through the narrow streets of a little town, and came to the frowning gates of a great castle, whose huge tower, in the glare of numerous torches, loomed out white against the black wintry sky.

The chief room of the suite reserved for the King was the only cheerful object His Majesty had seen that day. A roaring bonfire of bulky logs sent a flickering radiance on the tapestry that hung along the wall, almost giving animation to the knights pictured thereon sternly battling against foes in anger or merrily jousting with friends for pleasure at some forgotten tournament.

The King, probably actuated by the military instincts of his race urging him to get his bearings, even though he was in the care of a friendly country, strode to one of the windows and looked out. Dark as was the night and cloudy the sky, the landscape was nevertheless etched into tolerable distinctness by the snow that had fallen, and he saw far beneath him the depths of a profound valley, and what appeared to be a town much lower than the one through which he had just ridden. The stronghold appeared to stand on a platform of rock which was at least impregnable from this side. James turned from the wintry scene outside to the more alluring prospect within the apartment. A stout oaken table in the centre of the room was weighted with a sumptuous repast; and, with the stalwart appetite of youth and health augmented by a tiresome journey in keen air, the King forthwith fell to, and did ample justice to the providing of his unknown host. The choicest vintages of France helped to dispel that depression which had settled down upon him, and the outside glow of the great fire supplemented the inward ardour of good wine.

The King drew up his cushioned chair to the blaze, and while his attendants speedily cleared the board, a delicious drowsiness stole over him. He was aroused from this by the entrance of his poetical friend and confidant, Sir David Lyndsay.

'Your Majesty,' said the rhymster, 'the Constable of these towers craves permission to pay his respects to you, extending a welcome on behalf of his master, the King of France.'

'Bring him in, Davie,' cried James, 'for in truth he has already given the most cordial of welcomes, and I desire to thank him for my reception.'

Shortly afterwards Sir David Lyndsay ushered into the room a young man of about the same age as the King, dressed in that superb and picturesque costume which denoted a high noble of France, and which added the lustre of fine raiment to the distinguished Court of Francis First. The King greeted his visitor with that affability which invariably drew even the most surly towards him, without relaxing the dignity which is supposed to be the heritage of a monarch.

'I am delighted to think,' said the new-comer, 'that the King of Scotland has honoured my house by making it his first halting-place in that realm which has ever been the friend of his country.'

'Sir,' replied James, 'the obligation rests entirely upon me. After a stormy voyage and an inclement land journey, the hospitality of your board is one of the most grateful encounters I have ever met with. I plead an ignorance of geography which is deplorable, and cannot in the least guess where I am, beyond the fact that the boundaries of France encompass me.'

'I shall not pretend,' said the young man, 'that my house is unworthy even of the distinguished

guest which it now holds. Your Majesty stands within historic walls, for in an adjoining apartment was born William, the founder of a great race of English kings. Scotchmen have defended this castle, and Scotchmen have also assaulted it, so its very stones are linked with the fortunes of your country. Brave Henry Fifth of England captured it, and France took it from his successors. Members of my own family, like the Scotch, have both stood its guard and have been the foremost through a breach to sack it. I am but now employed in repairing the ravages of recent turmoil.'

Here the King interrupted him, as if to mend the reputation of ignorance he had bestowed upon himself.

'I take it, then, that I speak to one of the renowned name of Talbot, and that this fortress is no other than the Castle of Falaise?' and the King impetuously extended his hand to him. 'We both come of a stormy line, Talbot. Indeed, we are even more intimately associated than you have hinted, for one of your name had the temerity to invade Scotland in the interests of Edward Baliol: yes, by the Rood! and successfully too.'

'Ah, your Majesty, it does not become the pride of our house to refer to Richard Talbot, for three years later the Scots took him prisoner, and he retired defeated from your country.'

'Indeed,' replied the King gaily, 'if my memory serves me truly, we valued your valiant ancestor so highly that we made the King of England pay two thousand merks for him. We Scots are a frugal people; we weigh many of the blessings of life against good hard coin; and, by Saint Andrew of Scotland, Talbot, I hold myself to-day no better than the rest, for, speaking as young man to young man, I think it unworthy of either king or peasant to take a woman to his bosom for aught save love of her.'

'In that I cordially agree with your Majesty,' said Talbot in a fervour that made the King glance at him with even more of sympathy than he had already exhibited. A wave of emotion seemed to overwhelm the sensitive James and submerge for the moment all discretion; he appeared to forget that he spoke to a stranger, and one foreign to him; yet James rarely mistook his man, and in this case his intuition was not at fault. To lay bare the secrets of his heart to one unknown to him shortly before was an experiment of risk; but, as he had said, he spoke as young man to young man, and healthy youth is rarely cynical, no matter to what country it belongs. The heart knows nothing of nationality, and a true man is a true man wherever he hails from.

James sprang to his feet and paced the long room in an access of excitement, a cloud on his brow and his hands clutching and unclutching as he walked. Equally with the lowest in his realm he felt the need of a compassionate confidant. At last the words poured forth from him in an ecstasy of confession.

'Talbot,' he cried, 'I am on a journey that shames my very manhood. I have lived my life as others of my age; and, whatever of contrition I may feel, that rests between my Maker and myself. I am as He formed me, and if made imperfect, I may be to blame that I strive so little to overcome my deficiency; but, I say it here, I never bought another nor sold myself. Now, on the contrary, I go to the loud market-place; now I approach a woman I have never seen, and who has never seen me, to pledge our lives together, the consideration for this union set down on parchment, and a stipulated sum paid over in lands and gold.'

The King stopped suddenly in his perambulation, raised his hands, and said impressively:

'I tell you, friend and host, I am no better than my fellows, and worse than many of them; but when the priest mutters the words that bind, I say the man should have no thought in his mind but of the woman who stands beside him, and she no thought in hers but of the man in whose hand she places her own.'

'Then why go on with this quest?' cried Talbot, with an impetuosity equal to that of his guest.

'Why go on? How can I stop? The fate of kingdoms depends on my action. My honour is at stake. My pledged word is given. How can I withdraw?'

'Your Majesty need not withdraw. My master, Francis, is the very prince of lovers, and every word you have uttered will awake an echo in his own heart, although he is our senior by twenty years. If I may venture to offer humbly such advice as occurs to me, you should tell him that you have come to France not to be chosen for, but to choose. France is the flower-garden of the human race; here bloom the fairest lilies of womanhood, fit to grace the proudest throne in Christendom. Choice is the prerogative of kings.'

'Indeed, it is not,' said the King dolefully.

'It should be so, and can be so, where a monarch boldly demands the right exercised unquestioned by the meanest hind. Whom shall you offend by stoutly claiming your privilege? Not France, for you will wed one of her daughters; not the King, for he is anxious to bestow upon you whomsoever you may prefer. Whom, then? Merely the Duke of Vendôme, whose vaulting ambition it is to place a crown upon the head of his daughter, though its weight may crush her.'

The King looked fixedly at the perturbed young man, and a faint smile chased away the sternness of his countenance.

'I have never known an instance,' he said, 'where the burden of a crown was urged as an objection, even by the most romantic of women.'

'It would be so urged by Mary of Vendôme were she allowed to give utterance to her wishes.'

'You know her, then?'

'I am proud to claim her as a friend, and to assert she is the very Pearl of France.'

'Ha! You interest me. You hint, then, that I come a bootless wooer. That is turning the tables indeed, and now you rouse an emulation which heretofore was absent in me. You think I cannot win and wear this jewel of the realm?'

'That you may wear it there is no doubt; that you may win it is another matter. Mary will place her listless hand in yours, knowing that thus she pleases the King and her father; but it is rumoured her affections are fixed upon another.'

'Sir, you stir me up to competition. Now we enter the lists. You bring the keen incentive of rivalry into play.'

'Such, your Majesty, was far from my intention. I spoke as a friend of the lady. She has no more choice in this bargain than you deplored the lack of a moment since.'

The former gloom again overspread the King's face.

'There is the devil in it,' he cried impatiently. 'If I could meet her on even terms, plain man and woman, then if I loved her I would win her were all the nobles of France in the scales against me; but I come to her chained, a jingling captive, and she approaches me alike in thrall. It is a cursed fate, and I chafe at the clanking links, though they hold me nevertheless; and all my life I can never be sure of her, the chiming metal ever between us. I come in pomp and display, as public as the street I walk on, and the union is as brazen as a slave-market, despite cathedral bells and archbishop's blessing. Ah, well! there is nothing gained by ranting. Do you come to Loches with me?'

'I follow your Majesty a day behind, but hope to overtake you before you are well past Tours.'

'I am glad of it. Good-night. I see you stand my friend, and before this comes to a climax we may have need to consult together. Good-night, good-night!'

LIGHTHOUSE OBSERVATIONS.

FROM the busy whirl of the gorgeous Exhibition, its crowded avenues filled with wondering sightseers, and from the seething arteries of our 'second city,' where life in its many varied phases is hourly portrayed, to a point where one is entirely cut off from all communication with the outer world, is surely a change with a vengeance. This, to the sinister mind, may suggest thoughts of such transference being effected for the good of the community, and visions of the broad-arrow may probably arise. Right and wrong: a prison it surely is, so far as our environments go; and our motto, *In salutem omnium*, justifies, though in a different sense, the first suggestion. From the Bell Rock Lighthouse, situated twelve miles from the nearest land, with the base of our dwelling firmly fixed fathoms deep on the rock immortalised by Southey in his poem of 'Ralph the Rover'—an incident, by the way, which is without a scrap of authentic proof—one would scarcely expect to see much that would interest or amuse.

However, given the observing eye, many interesting phases and forms of life may be witnessed here with which the city dweller is practically unacquainted. The usual signs which, to the landsman's eye, chronicle the passing seasons are unknown here; but the movements of the migratory birds, the habits of the fish, shellfish, and marine vegetation with which the rock abounds, together constitute for us an infallible calendar. At the time of writing, the sea in our vicinity teems with the fry of different fishes, principally herrings, sand-eels, and whitings, and hundreds of terns or sea-swallows are holding high carnival amongst them. Incessant war is being continually waged by these most active little birds. Almost continually on the wing, they wheel and dive with wonderful celerity; but their prey being surface-swimmers, a dive of only a few inches is necessary. The young birds, of which there is a goodly sprinkling, have not yet acquired the forked tail nor the pronounced plumage of the old birds, though almost as big; and, as they are still awanting in dexterity, they are frequently fed by their parents. As a rule the birds settle on the water to receive the succulent tit-bit; but occasionally the transference is cleverly effected in mid-air. It is most amusing to witness the chagrin of a youngster when, as will sometimes happen, an old one mistakes it for its own offspring, and only discovers its error when about to drop the glistening prize into the gaping mouth. As they flit through the noisy crowd, uttering their discordant note, suggestive of a rusty hinge, it is amazing how the legitimate recipient is ultimately found.

The birds are not the sole participants in the banquet. Watch this particular shoal of fry swimming with the current past our door, and notice the orderliness, as of a disciplined army, which prevails amongst them. From below, the poddlies (year-old coalfish or saith) have sighted them, and swift as light they are amongst them with a deadly rush. Completely disorganised, the fry scatter in every direction: some seek shelter beneath the glassy domes of the passing jelly-fish; others, twisting and doubling like hares coursed by hounds, spurt spasmodically along the surface in their frantic endeavours to escape the enemies destined by nature for their destruction. The successful raiders are seen scurrying about with the glistening booty dangling from their

mouths, dodging the thieving attacks of their brethren less successful in the foray. Suddenly a flash of bronze in the bright sunshine betokens the leap of the lordly lythe, as he in turn seizes his victim from amongst the attacking force, and as quickly returns to his lurking-place among the luxuriant tangles. So the war is waged, the strong preying upon the weak right down the chain of life till the unaided eye can discern but the destroyer alone. One is apt to experience a feeling of revulsion at the tactics pursued by the lythe (or pollack) in thus lurking concealed while his prey sport above him in blissful ignorance of his presence. On the other hand, with how little compunction do we ourselves by every available means harry their numbers to supply our table! And a savoury dish they are; cooked when just caught they are simply delicious. As an instance of how fish of the same kind may differ: there is a pool on the rock at low-water which we have jocularly nicknamed 'the hospital,' as the poddlies taken from there are, as a rule, extremely poor in flesh, often presenting queer abnormalities; some are twisted and deformed; others have constrictions on their bodies where at some period of their lives they had been almost cut in two by the snap of some larger fish, probably a lythe; others again have been taken with hooks embedded in their jaws and gills, and though in the last stages of emaciation, do not apparently profit by their former experience.

The full-grown lythe may be truly termed the poor man's salmon, not from a food point of view —though it is not to be despised in that respect— but as a source of sport. Equipped with a rod such as fishermen use who fish for a living, and having for a lure preferably a fresh-water eel about six or seven inches long, skinned from the busking downwards, one finds in a struggle with one of these lusty fish most of the pleasurable sensations of the salmon-fisher. Possibly at the first cast your lure is flipped clean out of the water by a vanishing tail, denoting that his lordship has not quite made up his mind about your invitation. However, your next cast is almost sure to be followed by a swift rush, which carries him well out of the water, and your lure is off to the bottom, and possibly your tackle along with it; for, despite your triple gut, unless great care is exercised in the first few mad rushes, there will be a dissolution of partnership. Easily fagged as he is once you succeed in getting his head above the surface, a little judicious towing will land your two-foot bronzed beauty at your feet.

Early in May we have an annual visit of the lumpsucker (*Cyclopterus lumpus*), better known on the east coast as the paidle-fish. The ova are deposited by the 'hen-paidle' in some convenient angle of the rock, often so ill-judged as to expose the nest at low-water. They are cemented into a compact mass, and adhere to the rock by means of a gelatinous envelope surrounding each egg. This operation performed, the 'hen' evidently considers her share of the contract as finished, as she immediately clears out to deep water, leaving the 'cock' to mount guard over the nest. This duty he faithfully performs, as he is always to be seen with his nose close up to the ova, and never seems to leave them for a moment. I have frequently taken these paidle-fish away from the nest and placed them in a different part of the pool; but they invariably returned to their post. A stick or other substance intruded in the vicinity of the nursery is viciously snapped at. The ova seem to be considered a desirable dainty by other fishes, as the stomachs of the cod caught by us bear indisputable evidence of the 'cock's' inefficiency as guardian of his embryonic progeny. The 'hen' is about eighteen inches long, and of a somewhat repulsive appearance. The 'cock' is about half this size, and more attractive, being brilliantly coloured, combining various shades of blue, purple, and rich orange. A broad sucking-disc situated between the pectoral fins enables the fish to moor itself to the rock and maintain an upright position. The dorsal ridge somewhat resembles a cock's comb, and is probably the origin of the name 'paidle-cock.'

The white whelk (*Purpura lapillus*), whose numbers here are legion, make their appearance early in April, issuing from their winter quarters, where in sheltered nooks and crannies they have successfully resisted the winter's gales. Unlike some of their species which subsist solely on marine plants, they are not vegetarians; but, spreading themselves over the rock like a devastating army, they devour all animal matter they come across. Armed with a strong muscular proboscis—containing within itself the necessary boring apparatus, consisting of a cylindrical implement, the extremity of which forms the mouth of the animal, and is surrounded by two strong muscular lips enclosing a tongue armed with spines—they are able by the joint action of tongue and lips to perforate the hardest shells. Fixing itself on the defenceless mussel, the whelk carries on the boring operation through the furrow on the one side of the rim of its own shell, and a neat cylindrical orifice no bigger than a pinhole is eventually made in the mussel-shell, through which the tongue is thrust and the contents gradually extracted. Two years ago the rock was literally covered with patches of immature mussels, but has now been completely denuded by these rapacious hordes. Some seasons the mussel-spawn is pretty much in evidence here, but it never comes to maturity; the white whelk takes care of that. However, apart from that cause, it is doubtful if the mussel-spawn could manage to subsist in such a boisterous situation. The workmen, while employed here in the erection of the lighthouse, in order occasionally to regale themselves with a fresh diet, made the experiment of transplanting mussels from the shore, but without

success. The white whelks were evidently considered the chief offenders, as barrels of them were collected and destroyed without any appreciable diminution of their numbers. The attempt was ultimately abandoned in disgust.

'All is not gold that glitters;' neither does every whelk-shell enclose its legitimate owner. Pick up that one you see moving with such unusual speed through this shallow pool, and you will find a pair of lobster-like claws dangling from its mouth. Gently crack the shell—for you will find it almost impossible to extract the occupant alive otherwise—and you will see what you may be pardoned for supposing a miniature lobster, but which in reality belongs to another distinct species—namely, the hermit-crab (*Pagurus bernhardus*). Whether he has obtained occupancy by force of arms or merely through decease of the original tenant is a moot point; but the first supposition is highly probable, as he is a most belligerent little customer. An amusing scene may be witnessed by placing several hermit-crabs, deprived of their shells, in an ordinary soup-plate, with a little sea-water and some empty shells—fewer shells than crabs. The fighting and struggling to secure houses is ludicrous in the extreme. One may be seen almost successful in mooring himself within a shell—which, by the way, is effected by means of the shelly plates at the extremity of his soft and twisted tail—when another seizes him by the nape of the neck, as it were, and he is dragged reluctantly forth. The evicter still holds him struggling at claws'-length, and not until he himself is safely ensconced does he relinquish his grasp. Others again may be seen prospecting the interior of a shell. Extended at full length on the top of the shell, with the claws groping within, such a prospecter forcibly reminds one of a person 'guddling' for trout. Should there be any portion of the original whelk remaining in the shell, this, after repeated tuggings, is cleared out. The tail is then inserted, and the whole body drawn into the shell, provided it is large enough; if not, the invader stands a bad chance of being evicted by the next pugnacious house-hunter.

CLIPPED WINGS.

By Mary Stuart Boyd.

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CHAPTER XV.—ANY PORT IN A STORM.

LEFT to her own devices, Lucie had ample leisure to read herself to sleep with *Notes and Queries*, that being the lightest literature in her host's possession. She had time also to wake, and yet more time wherein to grow uneasy at Mrs Denman's non-arrival. Unfamiliar sounds encompassed and alarmed her. From the floor beneath came the muffled grunts and squeaks of a gramophone. Outside, voices brawled. Some one clattered at the door and entered. It was the mistress of the house—her curiosity aroused by the news of this unwonted guest to her most staid lodger, who during all the years of his tenantship rarely had a man visitor, never a female one—come, by way of excuse, to remove the tea-tray. She sought to inveigle Lucie into confidence, but, her intention frustrated by that young lady's laconic replies, was obliged to retreat discomfited.

Rendered apprehensive by her host's prolonged absence, Lucie became restless, and to while away the time took a survey of the bachelor chambers. The sitting-room looked to the back over a prospect yet more dismal than would have been afforded by the street view. Its walls were covered by a prehistoric flock-paper of dull crimson. The paint of the woodwork was scarred and bare. The many shelves were covered with books of uninviting exterior. On the table, the sofa, even on the floor, volumes were piled. A batch of notes in Mr Muter's minute handwriting lay beside the ink-bottle.

The door into the adjoining chamber stood ajar; and, peeping in, Lucie had a glimpse of an austere interior wherein a narrow camp-bed and the tortuous bulk of a portable Turkish bath formed the greater portion of the furniture. Even there was the tyranny of the tome evident, for a small table, book-laden and topped with a tin candlestick, stood close to the head of the bed.

Just as Lucie, beset by strange fears, was beginning to speculate upon what she would do in the event of her host not returning, footsteps echoed on the uncarpeted stair, and Mr Muter, accompanied by a woman of oddly masculine appearance, entered upon her loneliness.

With the first sight of her benefactress Lucie's heart sank. She had the tendency of the inexperienced to judge new acquaintances by their clothes; and Mrs Denman's, having been bought solely with a view to utility, were hardly prepossessing. With a plain black felt-hat she wore a snuff-coloured coat and skirt of waterproof cloth. The skirt, which was short, had the dual disadvantages of detracting from her height and of rendering unnecessarily evident her square-toed 'sensible' boots. An ugly spotted tie carelessly knotted round her neck, steel knife and watch chains, and a steel-bound satchel depending

from her waist-belt were her only concessions to the merely ornamental. But after a moment's dismay Lucie's heart lightened, for she saw that, though Mrs Denman's chin was determined in outline, and her gray hair cropped short, man-fashion, she had a kindly smile and the luminous eyes of an enthusiast.

There was no need for an introduction. Than her sex, no woman required other claim on Mrs Denman's sympathy. Many years of her life had been devoted to the aid of measures that were intended to benefit women, and much of a handsome fortune had been squandered in attempts towards the furthering of unpractical schemes for ameliorating the condition of womankind.

Warmly embracing Lucie, she heaped commiseration upon her.

'My poor child! Mr Muter has told me. What a mercy you are free from the clutches of that wicked man! What a blessing you chanced to have our friend's address! I have told him I would never have forgiven him if he hadn't come to me, and I'm going to take you home with me at once. I was so sorry Mr Muter had to wait till the close of the meeting; but I had to speak last, and could not possibly get away before the end of the debate. Put on your hat. We'll go at once.'

The wind blew coldly from the north-east as the hansom drove through the crowded length of Tottenham Court Road and up the scarcely less busy Hampstead Road towards Haverstock Hill; but Lucie was so engrossed in pouring forth her plaint, and Mrs Denman so interested in demanding details and in denouncing the malefactor—the fatuous Honoria and the sly Mrs Jones she accounted mere tools in the hand of a designing man—that to neither of them did the way seem long.

'But how could people like those be living in a nice house, for it really was a very nice house?' Lucie asked as they discussed the question. 'That is the thing that puzzles me most; and why should they run away and leave the house and all the nice furniture?'

'Nice house! It's easy enough for anybody to hire a nice house with any amount of nice furniture in London if he's willing to pay a month's rent in advance. I suppose that's what your bogus relatives did; and if for an expenditure of fifteen or twenty pounds they succeeded in hauling in four hundred pounds in money and a lot of property, it was a capital investment for them,' answered Mrs Denman.

Remembering the absence of personal belongings, and her deceivers' odd ignorance of their surroundings, as evinced by the episodes of the portrait, the locked bookcase, and the stuffed dog, Lucie felt convinced that the astute dame's conjecture was the correct one.

Before they reached Mannington Road, Mrs Denman had suggested half-a-dozen original if somewhat unfeasible schemes for bringing the criminals to justice. One of her ideas was that Lucie should sit concealed in a cab at Piccadilly Circus, so that on catching sight of any one of the trio she might readily give chase. 'For,' she argued, 'if, as they say, you are certain to meet every one you know if you wait at Piccadilly Circus, when there are three of them you surely wouldn't require to wait long before catching one.'

'But the police: would it not be better to consult them?' hinted Lucie, to whose unsophisticated mind the notion seemed expensive and futile, not to say ridiculous.

At the mention of the police Mrs Denman gave a little snort indicative of contempt.

'The police! My dear child, when you have had a tenth of my experience of their silly, ponderous, muddling ways, you will realise that the police are the last people—the very last people—to consult in a case requiring subtlety.'

'I thought the London police were a picked lot of men!' answered Lucie innocently.

'The London police! Just let us consider what they are.' Much platform oratory had led Mrs Denman into the habit of speaking, even in private life, as though she were addressing an audience. 'A set of clodhoppers, of muddle-headed nobodies, who before the country clay has dried on their boots imagine themselves Solomons!'

The hansom had drawn up before a house in a respectable road. Jumping out and assisting Lucie to alight, Mrs Denman opened the business-like reticule that was by her side, and extracting a coin and a card, she handed both to the driver.

'There,' she said, 'that is your correct fare, and that is my name and address. If you wish to summon me, do so; but no bad language, or I shall instantly give you in charge.'

Having thus effectively routed any possible insubordination, Mrs Denman ascended the front steps, and, opening the door with a latch-key, entered.

By the flickering light of the lamp Lucie gained a disquieting sense of discomfort. The hall was roomy and the staircase wide, but even the vestibule of Mrs Denman's home bore witness to the fact that mere household matters played a subordinate part in the estimation of its mistress. The rugs and stair-carpets were of good quality; but the brass stair-rods and door-plates were tarnished, and the stained-glass lamp-globe was cracked and smoky.

In the dining-room, beside the cold hearth, which still held the ashes of former fires, a weary-looking elderly man sat reading a three-volume novel. There also the handsome furniture revealed unmistakable signs of neglect. The paint and wall-paper required renewal, the ceiling badly lacked fresh whitewash, and dust lurked among the folds of the rich damask window-curtains. The dingy nature of London dwellings as exemplified by Mr Muter's bachelor chambers had unfavourably impressed Lucie; an impression that was confirmed by Mrs Denman's

dining-room, which, she promptly decided, had not been thoroughly cleaned for months.

The carelessly spread centre-table held the fragmentary remains of an untempting meal in the shape of half of a wheaten loaf, a large sticky pot of apricot jam, a plate of wilted watercress, and a paper bag of tomatoes. Dishes of oranges and bananas stood on the sideboard.

'Well, William, you see I've brought a guest home.—Miss Lorimer, my husband.—She has been shamefully treated, William, and will stay under my protection until I see her righted.'

Mr Denman acknowledged the introduction by glancing up from his novel at Lucie, but evinced no interest further than that indicated by a nod and a perfunctory 'Ah!' Possibly so many distressed damsels had, in the course of his wife's crusade against abuses, been presented to him that the recital of their woes had ceased to call forth his compassion.

Mrs Denman, after a disdainful glance at the travesty of a repast that littered her hospitable board, advanced with a stride to the mantelpiece and pulled the left bell-handle. No answering jingle rewarded the motion. The wire was broken, and the handle turned in her hand. Seizing the other, she jerked it impatiently. A clamour of bells aroused the echoes in the basement.

'That isn't any good, Marion,' said Mr Denman quietly, raising his dispirited eyes from the book he held. 'There's nobody to answer the bell.'

'Why, didn't the new maid come? When I engaged her she promised faithfully to come at seven o'clock to-night.'

'She did come. I let her in. But half-an-hour afterwards she came upstairs and said she couldn't stay, as the place wouldn't suit her,' responded Mr Denman, speaking as though the matter awakened no surprise in him. 'I asked her to wait till you returned; but she just got a cab, and took her box and went off.'

'There!' said his wife, addressing Lucie as though clenching a previous argument. 'There—you see. That is a specimen of what a woman who keeps house has to endure. Half my leisure is spent in registry offices. That servant is the third I have engaged this month. She had a good personal character, and I had great hopes of her. Yet you see what she does: goes to a situation, takes a look round, says the place won't suit, and clears out before she even sees her mistress.'

Mr Denman shrugged his shoulders resignedly. Lucie, who secretly sympathised with the recalcitrant domestic, murmured condolence.

'Charwomen are worse. I can get them in plenty; but they demand extra pay because we are vegetarians, and extra pay because we refuse to encourage drinking. After all, what do they do? Simply muddle round till the time they call a day is up, then collect their wages and go. But you must be hungry. Draw in a chair to the table and have some milk and bread and butter.'

'The butter was finished at breakfast, Marion,' interposed Mr Denman; 'and when I came home I found the cat had spilt the milk.'

'Bread and jam it must be, then,' decreed Mrs Denman, who had a soul above the petty pleasures of the table; 'or would you like a shred tomato and vinegar with your bread? That is nice, and very nourishing.

The proffered food was unappetising, and Lucie was too tired to eat. She listened wearily while her hostess, between mouthfuls of bread and tomato, spoke in somewhat muffled accents of those carking cares that drag a woman down to the earth; petty toils that, hanging like leaden weights, keep her from noble thoughts.

'No woman has a chance of achieving greatness when her time and strength are frittered away over trifling but incessant worries. There is something radically wrong in our present domestic system. The existing scheme of life is on an entirely false basis. A woman ought to be as free to pursue her real work as is a man. Yet what woman has enough strength of mind to refuse to permit her precious hours to be cut into snippets over silly little home duties? There will be no real progress in England until amalgamated housekeeping is universal.'

'Her wings are clipped too,' Lucie thought, half-amusedly, as Mrs Denman prosed on; 'and her poor husband's—they must be shorn completely off!' She was overpowered by sleep. During the greater portion of her hostess's discourse upon her pet theme she had difficulty in keeping up her drowsy eyelids, and Mrs Denman's theory made but little impression on her consciousness. She had a vague notion that that lady advocated the erection of barracks, with a central kitchen and a general dining-room; that the houses of the future would be places dedicated entirely to thought and rest.

With the preliminary canter of his wife's hobby-horse, Mr Denman had slipped quietly from the room; but, without heeding his absence, Mrs Denman, her felt-hat thrown on the sofa, her feet in the sensible boots supported on a chair before her, talked on, rejoicing in an auditor to whom these views were new, until, an interrogatory pause meeting with no response, she discovered that from sheer exhaustion Lucie had succumbed to sleep.

'I know you won't mind sleeping in blankets for a night. I forgot to look out the linen,' Mrs Denman had said when she escorted her guest to a room; but any bed, be it ever so comfortless, was heaven to Lucie's tired limbs.

Without even noticing that the ill-made mattress was lumpy and the pillows flabby, she fell into a heavy sleep that towards morning lightened to a dream. She thought she was standing with her mother in a kitchen whose shelves in place of culinary utensils bore countless treatises on social reform, all written by Mrs

Denman. 'But, my dear, how can it be a kitchen? There are no pots and pans,' Mrs Lorimer was saying, when the whir of an alarm-clock overhead broke the silence; and, with the familiar tones of her mother's voice sounding in her ears like music from some far-off sphere, Lucie awoke.

The raucous clamour of the alarm had ceased, but the floor above creaked under the tread of a stealthy foot. For a moment Lucie found it difficult to locate herself. Then she remembered Mrs Denman's prompt hospitality, and, knowing that her hostess occupied the room next to her own, concluded that the early riser overhead must be the nominal master of the house.

She thought of breakfast with relish, then with dismay when she remembered the servantless state of the establishment and the uninviting fragmentary supper of the night before.

Save for the sounds above, the house was quiet. Mrs Denman evidently was yet asleep. Footsteps descending the attic stairs went past her door and on towards the ground-floor. Listening, Lucie could hear them descending lower still, and the welcoming mew of a cat. She wondered what she should do. Should she go down to the kitchen and help her host to prepare breakfast? In an establishment conducted upon normal lines she would not have hesitated; but, feeling hardly able to cope with the intricacies of Mrs Denman's household management, Lucie wisely decided to remain in bed until she was officially aroused, lest an untimely appearance might cause embarrassment.

Mrs Denman was not an early bird. A clock in a neighbouring church had struck nine when Lucie, tired of the restrictions of her room, and eager to resume the search for her relatives, proceeded to make what toilet she could with the aid of the slightly murky water in her ewer.

Through the grimy window-panes she looked out upon the Mannington Road. From the neat houses on either side issued tall-hatted men all hurrying Citywards on business intent. Under other circumstances the scene, so foreign to her unaccustomed eyes, would have been replete with interest; but hunger was Lucie's one dominant sensation, and she found it impossible to fix her thoughts upon anything except food. To the refugee it appeared one of life's little ironies that even under the roof and patronage of the charitable dame she was still half-famished.

Resolved at length to wait no longer, she went downstairs as noisily as possible, with the intention of arousing her hostess. Evidently her subterfuge proved successful, for she speedily had the satisfaction of hearing sounds that betokened that lady's uprising.

Lucie wandered into the dining-room, where the remnants of previous scrappy meals still cumbered the table. The peculiar odour of the exhausted air — an odour unfamiliar to Lucie, who had not yet learned to associate it with the use of gas-stoves—affected her unpleasantly. Drawing up the blind as far as a broken cord would permit, she raised the window.

Gratitude towards the hospitably inclined owner of the room suggested an attempt at tidying up; but the task was beyond Lucie's powers, and she quickly abandoned the idea as hopeless. Passing through the folding-doors into the drawing-room, she found herself in a chamber whose appointments bore at least the stamp of novelty.

There was no carpet. Waxcloth of a flamboyant pattern covered the boards. In the centre of the floor stood a long office-table strewn with a jumble of paper, pens, ink-bottles, and little heaps of cigarette-ash. Here also, in spite of her new-born desire to be of use, Lucie felt how hopeless would be any of her efforts to reduce matters to order.

She had raised the blind and was looking disconsolately around at the fresh signs of neglect revealed by the daylight, when Mrs Denman appeared, garbed as on the previous night.

'Good-morning. So you've found your way into the committee-room,' she exclaimed, glancing round proudly. 'But tell me, how did you sleep? I'm afraid you had no hot water. But you know how awkwardly we are placed just now.'

'Hot water!' thought the guest, the while she made the retort courteous. 'Hot! I would have been glad to have had plenty of clean cold water!'

The aspect of the basement premises, to which the ladies descended, spoke eloquently of past insubordination. Lucie, accustomed to the sunny kitchen and enamelled culinary utensils of her Colonial home, shuddered a little on entering this underground dungeon with its armoury of smoke-blackened saucepans.

Such petty considerations, however, did not affect a woman of Mrs Denman's strength of mind. Quickly lighting the gas-stove, she filled a kettle at the scullery tap and placed it over the jet; then she looked around for food. On the table, where an empty cup and a cocoa-tin showed trace of an early breakfaster, was a loaf, a pat of butter, and a paper bag with eggs. A love-story which lay on the dresser, with a marker inserted at the fifteenth chapter, suggested that while consuming his solitary breakfast the master of the house had probably consoled himself with his favourite literature.

Mrs Denman had a soul above convention. She did not go through the formula of inquiring whether her visitor objected to eating downstairs; but, putting two cups and plates on the slightly crumpled tablecloth, cut some bread, and boiled eggs in a little pan. The knives had not been cleaned, and the handsome silver spoons sadly needed polishing. As Lucie munched the plain fare, she remembered her dreams of England. Of a certainty her wildest imaginings had never held the possibility of breakfasting gladly on charity fare in a grubby underground kitchen.

'But when your time is so much engrossed by philanthropy, would it not be better to engage a housekeeper who would relieve you of household duties?' she said, answering her own thoughts rather than any spoken words.

On this point also Mrs Denman had a righteous grievance.

'Yes, you would suppose that in a city like London there are plenty of women who for a comfortable home and a liberal salary would be willing to relieve one of the burden of housekeeping. Well—I've tried several. One, who wept for joy when I engaged her, left because my principles forbade bacon for breakfast. Another, who might have done admirably, objected to our not having regular hours for meals. That awful convention of eating so many times a day at exactly the same hour, no matter what significant matters await attention! Yes, this idiotic, stereotyped mode of living is the curse of women. It grinds them body and soul down to the menial level.'

Looking at Mrs Denman's sensible boots, which, carefully brushed, stood ready for her use on the fender, and guessing that Mr Denman had probably cleaned them and slipped out to purchase the butter and eggs for breakfast before setting off to his day's work, Lucie wondered whether it was on the mistress or on the master that the cares of that household weighed the more heavily.

'Now, the first thing to be done is to find out your uncle's address and to telegraph to him.'

'But they wouldn't give it to me yesterday.'

'They won't refuse it if *I* ask,' retorted Mrs Denman with conviction, rising from the table as she spoke, and shaking the crumbs off her snuff-coloured lap preparatory to drawing on the sensible boots.

'Shouldn't we put things a little in order here first?' hinted Lucie, indicating their deranged surroundings, and remembering the confusion that reigned upstairs.

'My poor child,' the enlightened Mrs Denman replied pityingly, 'I see you are like all other women: always ready to set the imperative matters of life aside for the merely temporary. Now, does the washing-up of half-a-dozen cups and saucers compare with the importance of finding your relatives, and bringing the thieves to justice, that you should set one aside for the sake of the other?'

There was something so convincing about her hostess's arguments that, with her former beliefs tottering on their foundations, Lucie hastened off to prepare for the journey to the City. She had resolved to ask Mrs Denman for the loan of an old hat to wear in place of the flippant yachting-cap; but in the face of that lady's exalted views of the higher uses of life, she hesitated about bringing so trivial a matter under her consideration. It was only when Lucie witnessed Mrs Denman putting the finishing touch to her dressing by curling her forelock with tongs, and realised that, despite her advanced thought, Mrs Denman was but a weak woman, that she summoned up courage to do so.

So it came about that, crowned with a time-worn but unobtrusive felt-hat belonging to her hostess, Lucie again set out in quest of her uncle.

'And Mr Denman'—she could not refrain from asking as they walked to the end of Mannington Road to get the City omnibus—'when will he return?'

'He dines in town. My husband is not a vegetarian, I am sorry to say,' confessed his spouse, a shade of asperity in her tone, 'though when at home he conforms to my wishes in that respect. He has his latch-key, and returns when he likes. His office closes at five o'clock, I believe; but I don't think he hurries home.'

Remembering the untidy dining-room, the ink-stained and tobacco-scented drawing-room, and the dungeon kitchen, Lucie told herself that she would have been amazed if he did!

THE HARVEST OF THE LONDON POOR.

By Bessie Hatton.

NOT the harvest of the golden autumn; not gleaners in the brown stubbles; not blackberrying in country lanes, sweet with honeysuckle and gay with the flowers of summer; not nutting in the hazel copses, nor searching for bilberries on the uplands among the purple heather; not fishing in the silent river that flows past meadows, woods, and corn-fields; not where the thrush sings, nor where the robin pipes his melancholy note; not in fresh air, nor under blue skies. Rather is it in the murky and prosaic streets of London, under the glare of gas-lamps and electric lights, within sound of the roar of traffic all day long and the hubbub of countless voices; in fog and winter weather, with glimpses of sunny days in the height of the season, it is true, but splashed with the mud of chariot-wheels.

Dependants, though not existing on mere charity, these harvesters mostly pay for their gleanings. There are exceptions, and very sad ones. Our gleaners are children of the slums and the gutter, and women striving for the bare necessaries of life; women struggling to keep a roof over their heads, while endeavouring to grasp firmly their little bit of self-respect, which constantly threatens to escape them; women fighting

hourly to hold their homes together. What though these homes are only miserable attics approached by ill-smelling passages and dismal stairways, yet are they consecrated by many a holy tie, many a sweet memory, just as sacred to their humble inmates as is the palace of the king to the king himself. Flocking to this harvest of the poor are women hampered by invalided or drunken husbands; women with husbands out of work or with husbands who are tradesmen for whom there is employment only at certain seasons of the year, such as house-painters, dockers, river-porters, and the like. Some of these husbands are blessed with wives who can make a garret almost a paradise, compared with the efforts of too many of their slovenly and inept sisters. The New Woman is apt to sneer at Solomon's ideal woman; yet she was perfect in all the attributes of her sex: a splendid manager, an indefatigable worker. She did not write books or make speeches; but 'in her tongue is the law of kindness.' This is the *summum bonum* of her character: kind in word and in deed—that kindness which we find so strikingly illustrated among the poor; for they are ever ready to help each other, though the helpers are perhaps as much in distress as those they endeavour to succour.

It is possible every night, in London, for the industrious housewife with a few pence to provide a supper and the next day's meals, and sometimes to have quite a menu in the way of fish and confectionery. Notwithstanding all that is done for its relief, there is bitter, grinding, hopeless poverty in the Metropolis—a poverty which asserts itself all the more pathetically when the winter draws near. Winter, which to the rich brings only a change of pleasures and a change of garments, comes laden with suffering to the poor; but the thrifty poor, the poor who fight Fate with clenched fists and untiring industry, have many privileges.

What I call 'the Harvest of the Poor' is an institution carried on by many great food-providers in the various districts of London. Every night what are called 'food remainders' are sold: fishmongers, who make it a rule never to keep certain classes of fish over night; butchers, more particularly pork-butchers, who sell pork-rinds, trimmings, and scraps; confectioners, who clear out buns and stale pastry; while some restaurateurs begin the early morning with these clearances.

The average price asked by the pork-butcher for a quantity of scraps is twopence. Among these scraps there are occasional pieces of sausage and rinds of tongue; all of which, if decently and intelligently treated, will furnish many a tasty dish. Given to any peasant woman in France, she would, with the addition of a little garlic and vegetable, concoct a stew or soup that would satisfy a gourmet. But, alas! if we ever possessed culinary genius in England, we have lost it. As a rule our cooking is a disgrace. An ordinary English household rarely gets beyond boiled mutton, a cabbage, an apple-dumpling; while a French *bonne* will dine well off what our British general servant throws away.

At our London harvest of the poor a poulterer's odds and ends are more highly priced than either the fishmonger's or the pork-butcher's; they consist mainly of giblets, and fourpence will purchase enough to provide one or two families with soup.

Fishmongers sell for twopence what are termed trimmings, among which are bits of cod and other large fish, and in the herring season some of this poor man's fish. Summer being a difficult time for fishmongers to keep their goods, the harvesters get a better variety than during the winter; but there are always scraps to be bought for stews and soups. However, 'first come, first served,' is a law that holds good with both buyers and sellers, and those who arrive late at the sale are often obliged to return with empty bags to their expectant friends. If all our poor women fought poverty as some women do—making it a rule to have a clean room and as good cooking as circumstances will allow—there would be fewer drunken husbands.

The cost of fuel is, of course, a most serious matter for the poor; in this requisite there is no 'harvest' for them. They are obliged to spend their money in the dearest market, paying double the price charged to the rich, because they can only buy coal in meagre quantities.

Outside these supplies of cheap food to the poorest, London has many charities; but I am dealing with the poor who are too self-respecting to beg. I have before me a little group of children who came, with basket, bag, and coppers, to the gleaning. The scene is Bond Street, which is aglow with thousands of electric lights; its great shops, with their untold wealth of gems and gold and silver, bric-à-brac, costly furs, laces, and embroideries, fruits and flowers, will soon be closing their shutters. The stately ladies who have thronged the street all day are no doubt changing their elaborate walking-costumes for still more elaborate dinner-toilets. Bulky omnibuses from the City are carrying to their suburban homes the ever-growing army of toilers; and the little harvesters are waiting patiently near the fish-shop, with its fennel-garnished fish, its gleaming mackerel, its prawns and lobsters and weird john-dory, and its huge block of ice that looks like a fairy palace.

However calculated the picture is to attract sympathy, there is no apparent desire on the part of the children to solicit it. Across the road, some thirty youngsters are waiting outside the poulterer's for giblets. I notice a little group of three, who leave their fellows, and suddenly, after a brief consultation, hurry away. I intercept them. One little chap, of about ten, is a typical waif and stray. He is scantily dressed; an apology

for a cap is drawn tightly over his forehead. Evidence of hunger and misery is plainly written upon his small, whimsical face; but his mouth has a humorous turn about it; he takes life as he finds it, and does not grumble. The other two are brother and sister. The sister is perhaps six years old. She is warmly dressed, and wears a large black shawl, and when she forgets to lift it up the end trails upon the pavement.

'Why are you going away before the giblets are given out?' I ask them.

The little waif explains that they have come too late, as not more than twelve of the children, and those the first arrivals, will be served at all.

'Where have you come from?'

'From Chelsea,' says the waif, who seems to have constituted himself the spokesman of the party.

'We have run all the way,' joins in the little girl; not complainingly, but in a tone of delight. The night is dry, the air keen, the wind high; and a dance along the streets of London, between rows of gaily lighted shops, is evidently a treat to her.

'We comes ivery noight — least nearly ivery noight,' volunteers the waif.

'But this little girl does not come all that long way so often, surely?'

'No; this is Beryl's first toime.'

'And I ain't got nuffink,' says Beryl disconsolately, opening her bag, into which I drop some pennies.

'And what do you get at the pork-butcher's?' I ask.

'Pork-rinds mostly.'

'Pork-rinds—and bits of tongue and sausage?' I suggest; but all three strenuously deny the tongue and the sausage. 'What do you do with the pork-rinds?'

'Maikes 'em inter collards 'ead an' soup.'

'Is it good?' I ask, having a very vague idea of the ingredients used for 'collards 'ead,' yet knowing enough to be sure that pork-rinds would not suffice.

'Oi should ravver fink it was noice!' replies the waif with enthusiasm.

Wishing them 'good-night,' I give them a little present, and watch them down the brilliant street. Each boy seizes a hand of the little girl, and they run away with her, all three laughing and full of merriment. Wondrous little stoics! indifferent to the present and to the future, their feet pressing the thorny path as if it were bestrewn with flowers.

Being anxious to ascertain what difference there might be between the little gleaners of the West End and those of an artistic neighbourhood, I visited a well-known confectioner's, situated in a region of studios, near the north-west district of London. It was a handsome shop, its windows filled with dressed tongues, croquets of veal-and-ham, many varieties of cakes and biscuits, boxes of sweets, and flat tins of caramels newly cooked.

The children waited in a small yard adjoining the shop; and here I found them on a damp winter evening. They were nearly all warmly dressed, and seemed well and strong, judging from the noise they were making, and from the assiduity with which they pursued certain games of hop-scotch and pitch-and-toss. Many of the girls had brought skipping-ropes; and for the time being the usually sedate-looking little yard was transformed into a Board-school playground. Meanwhile sundry pale, thin little ones were closely herded together upon a few square yards of pavement, which, notwithstanding the humidity of the night, was dry, being situated just above the bakehouse.

I made several attempts at conversation, but the children were not to be drawn. They were very independent, and not too grateful for the nightly gleanings, for which they paid threepence; and which, on inquiry in the shop, I found to be no mere 'gleanings,' but an abundant harvest.

'You must not take much notice of what the children say,' said the genial lady manager, a gracious young woman, who was anxious to give me all the information she could. 'They are notoriously ungrateful; if we gave them a sack of scraps they would not consider it enough.'

'And what do you give them?'

'Three large loaves of bread and some stale buns and pastry; and when, as is frequently the case, we have an extra amount of confectionery, we absolutely give it away.'

'Are the children who come very poor?'

'Some of them. There was a little girl here last month with a bag nearly as big as herself, and a hat that required seeing before one could believe there could be such a hat. It was of straw that had become limp through incessant wear and many wettings. I could not see her face; it was entirely buried in the hat, from which the rain dripped in disconsolate splashes. On my taking hold of it, in order to place it more comfortably on the little one's head, the hat literally fell to pieces in my hand. The next morning I bought her a cloth cap, which she is now wearing with great pride.

'Rather a pathetic incident came under my notice some years ago,' the lady manager said when I pressed for some further revelations. 'In a studio near here there lived a young artist. I knew him fairly well, because during his early days in the neighbourhood he used to come in every day to luncheon, which is served hot from one o'clock. His gentle manners soon made him welcome to everybody, and there was a great deal of competition as to who should wait on him; which always amused me, as the service entirely depends upon which table the customer selects. After a while he came less frequently, and then not at all; though we often saw him pass our window and go into an artists' colour-shop some doors down. One day I met him in

the street, and was quite startled at his haggard appearance. He stopped to speak to me, and remembered to ask how our new premises, which had just been opened in town, were prospering. I said we were sorry we never saw him at luncheon now; at which he smiled, and said he took his meals at the studio of late. On parting he asked me to go and see his pictures. I did so; and then I realised that he was poor. The furniture was cheap and scanty, and there was no fire in the stove, though the weather was extremely cold. I noticed a small boy washing paint-brushes, and recognised him as a caller at the shop every evening for scraps. That night I watched him closely. When he had drawn the strings of his bag he hurried out of our place into the butcher's next door, where he bought twopennyworth of "block ornaments." I waylaid him at the corner of the street, and he confessed, with tears in his eyes, that his master had lived on such fare for three months. Binding him to secrecy, I added half-a-pint of soup to his gleanings. After this discovery I never allowed an evening to pass without putting something more solid than bread and pastry into the little one's wallet. The remembrance that I helped the painter to tide over a painful crisis in his career often cheers me. He is an A.R.A. now, and is married to a very pretty girl; our firm had the order for the wedding-breakfast. He occasionally comes in here with his little boy, and he always has a kindly word and smile for me. But he never knew!

'Oh yes; there is a great deal of poverty and suffering; but the poor don't take advantage of all the opportunities of relief which are offered them. For example, about eight years ago the Army and Navy Stores commenced to give away soup to the poor, who had only to carry it away with them. This charitable scheme was discontinued because the authorities could not get the soup taken away.'

This last piece of information reminded me of an incident in my own experience. A wealthy young lady, whose life was devoted to good works, conceived the idea of making soup for the poor, very much as the philanthropic managers of the Army and Navy Stores no doubt, only that her plans, not being on so large a scale, probably enabled her to give soup of a better quality. Be that as it may, the concoction was delicious, flavoured and cooked with the same care as if it had been destined for the mistress's own table. It was served in tin cans provided at her expense, and each portion was accompanied by a goodly slice of white bread. My friend's charity was discontinued owing to the constant complaints of the gardener, whose time was taken up in picking the bread out of the bushes, where it had been thrown by the 'grateful recipients.'

Among the busiest gleaners of the great city are the Little Sisters of the Poor. It is a common thing to see them on their excursions of charity with their cart, which is often driven by an old cripple from their Home. I visited one of their havens for the destitute, and found some two hundred and twenty old men and women happy and well cared for under their patient direction. The Reverend Mother herself showed me over the Home. Her face bore the impress of that exceeding peace of which we worldlings can form no idea. It was one o'clock, and the aged household was eating dinner in the several refectories.

'The food nearly all comes from the big hotels,' said the Reverend Mother. 'Sometimes we have forty carcasses of chickens at a time.'

The stew which the old people were eating smelt delicious; it was made out of odds and ends from the restaurants. An enormous pan of Brussels-sprouts, cooked in a special way unknown, I fancy, to English methods, had just been taken from the oven and was still sputtering. These had been brought that morning from Covent Garden, where the Little Sisters had been to fetch them in the early hours. In the infirmary the blind and the lame, the sick and the paralysed were dining off chicken-broth, calves'-feet jelly, and lemon custard, all daintily served and looking excellent.

'I wish you would send us a cook,' I said jestingly to my escort.

'Our cooks are all French Sisters,' she replied. 'They understand the art of making the food tempting, and unless it were nicely prepared many of our poor old people would have no appetite for it.'

I had thought that pan of Brussels-sprouts and the odour of the stew quite un-English. Though the gleanings were of the best, still they were only gleanings; and it required a master-hand to manipulate them into the present dainty dishes.

So far as I can ascertain, only Mr Gardner, of Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, has adopted the custom of giving away the pieces left upon the plates after his clients have lunched. He practised this charity for sixteen years at his old restaurant in Fetter Lane, and now continues it at Red Lion Court, utterly disclaiming meanwhile to accept any credit to himself for the transaction. He is a kindly, sympathetic man. I believe that his old restaurant in Fetter Lane was a very interesting one; he had the quaint idea of christening each compartment with the name of a statesman.

'Do you know anything about these poor creatures who come for the food?' I ask him.

'Nothing whatever. We don't know where they come from, nor where they go to. We ask no questions, and they volunteer no information. Of one thing alone we are certain: they are the poorest of the poor. It occasionally happens that a customer lays down some silver, with the request that their daily fare shall be supplemented. The other day a gentleman slipped five shillings into my hand, saying, "Spend this on these poor

creatures: not all at once; lay it out over a few days." But come and see them, miss.'

I did go. Nine miserable wretches were waiting at the end of the court. They were all men except three; and the aspect of these three women was even sadder than that of the men. Their clothes were threadbare and filthy, and their mud-bedraggled skirts made a more pitiful impression than even bare feet would have done. Here was sordid, blinding, degrading poverty. Men and women in want of food, bereft of everything that life can give. What struck one most was their look of utter hopelessness; and of all things in the world this is the most sorrowful aspect to encounter. Hope is the beacon of the soul; and, once quenched, it is as if the soul were dead. In any case, there was no trace of good in the faces of those who flocked to this feast of Lazarus. For the most part their countenances were terrible: bloated and coarse, prematurely lined with hardship and suffering, mouths with swollen and cracked lips, eyes that were never lifted to the sky. Years of unutterable agony had silenced their voices. These grim outcasts neither spoke nor looked at each other; they stood watching the extreme end of the court, where the restaurant stood. Indifferent to all that passed around them, each one seemed to be fulfilling a self-imposed duty. They might have been under the spell of some strict discipline, so motionless did they stand, with betrayal of neither eagerness nor impatience.

Presently a boy, holding a tray upon which were about a dozen packages neatly folded in a piece of newspaper, appeared upon the steps of Mr Gardner's hotel. On the instant the waiting pensioners tramped down the court, each receiving a portion, and passing out into Fleet Street.

'Only noine ter-day,' remarked a red-cheeked youngster leaning against a doorway opposite, picking his teeth after a cheap but satisfying dinner; 'gi'e us a bit of the overplush. I 'ain't 'ad my dessert yet.'

''Ope you'll get it one day,' said the youth with the tray, who did not regard this feast of the hopeless in a humorous light.

Such is the 'Harvest of the London Poor,' tendered in mercy, reaped in thankfulness.

HARMONY IN COLOURS.

By Sarah Wilson.

E may conclude that our fore-elders had many intricate thoughts about colours, for they have left us word, in popular parlance, that blue is true, green is forsaken and foolish, yellow is jealous, and white innocent; giving us to understand, in a fanciful way, that particular colours indicate special qualities or attributes. We may be sure, too, that they went much farther than this in some departments of things, because we know, for instance, that the colours of the robes of some of the sacred figures represented in stained glass give accurate information as to the precise period in the lives of the personages intended to be illustrated. However, the real laws affecting colour treat of contrasts and harmonies rather than of such arbitrary meanings; and the more we look into these laws the more satisfaction we find in them. Physiologically, the primary colours are now recognised to be red, green, and blue; but we can conveniently get all the colours by mixing red, blue, and yellow, formerly called the primaries; and to make a perfect contrast to any one of these we must combine the other two. In other words, if we want a contrast for red we must mix blue and yellow together, which will make green; or if a contrast to blue be desired, a mixture of red and yellow will give it; or if for yellow, the red and blue mixed together will produce the necessary violet. But there is much more to be learnt concerning them. Light—or God's eldest daughter, as it has been called—has to be taken into consideration from the beginning. There are luminous colours, sombre colours, warm and cold colours, and tertiary colours, besides those named, and we can see none of them without light. Some said there were but two colours, black and white, light and darkness, good and evil, and from these all others were derived.

There are authorities who say colour has three languages: divine, consecrated, and profane. In the first, in old times, there was hidden as well as apparent meaning, as in the case of the rainbow; in the second, heraldic colouring takes its place (there are five heraldic colours); and the third is that which is still in use among us. From another point of view red represents self-existence, blue designates manifestation of life, and green indicates actions resulting from it. It has also been advanced that colours had the same meaning to all the nations of antiquity. Be that as it may, in France to-day blue is the symbol of fidelity, yellow of jealousy, white of innocence, and black of mourning, as with us; but there green is the emblem of hope. Red, according to a French author, denotes in coats-of-arms ardent love of God and one's neighbour, valour and energy, wrath and carnage. Of the four elements, red represents fire; in the complexions of men it indicates the choleric; and in precious stones it is represented in the ruby. It also indicates the Day of Judgment. Blue and yellow are of equally wide and manifold significance. In short, there is scarcely an end to the symbolism of colours or

to the chains of associations with which it is embellished, or to the far-sought lore brought to bear upon it. Asiatic nations are as deeply imbued with these fanciful thoughts as are those of Europe. India has great accumulations of traditions in this matter, as also have China, Persia, and Arabia. The purple mantles of kings, the white vestments of priests, the green robes of pashas, the yellow jackets of special rank in China, have all their deep meaning.

It was the French scientist Mons. E. Chevreul, in charge of the dyeing department in the royal manufactory of Gobelins tapestry about sixty or seventy years ago, who first entered into the minute researches requisite to discover and disclose the principles of the law of simultaneous contrast of colours. He found that the vigour of some of the dyes used in the factory was much modified by being placed in contact with others, and he saw the importance of ascertaining the extent to which this modification occurred. A piece of red material cut up into five strips and placed in juxtaposition with different colours becomes to all appearance five different kinds of red, though in reality it is identically the same. Placed against blue, it appears yellower than it is; against yellow it appears bluer; against its real complement, green, it appears purer and brighter. The same red placed against black will look dull, and against white or gray will be bright. A black which placed on white is intense in its hue lacks that intensity when laid upon blue. Seeing this to be the case, it becomes of importance to look into the law governing the fact. Various Continental writers treated of colour, and our own painters, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West, discoursed upon it; but M. Chevreul went further, and found the law of simultaneous contrast.

It must be borne in mind that the source of colour is light. A ray of light passed through a glass prism and thrown on to a white screen will be seen to consist of six colours, three of which are the primaries and three the secondaries, or those made from the mixture of the first in pairs. To these belong tones, tints, hues, and shades, all the result of increasing or diminishing the quantity of one colour in a mixture of two or more. Besides the primaries and secondaries, there are the pure grays, produced by the mixture of black and white, and the coloured grays, produced by the addition of a primary or secondary colour to a pure gray in various proportions. Tertiary colours, or those of the third formation, often have gray for a base, inasmuch as russet is but red-gray, olive but blue-gray, and citron only yellow-gray. A tone in the language of colours is the modification brought about by the addition of black or white; a hue is the result of a pure colour added to another. A scale of colour is a collection of all the tones of a given colour.

To return to M. Chevreul's investigations. He says there are three kinds of contrast: simultaneous, successive, and mixed. In the first he includes all the phenomena of modification that coloured objects appear to undergo when seen simultaneously; in the second, all the phenomena which are observed when the eyes, having looked at certain coloured objects for some time, perceive their complementary colour; and the third, the result that ensues when the eye, having seen a certain colour for some time, acquires an aptitude to see for another period not only the complementary colour, but another one presented to it by an exterior object. He considers that there are six harmonies of colours, the first three being the harmonies of scale, of hues, and of a dominant coloured light; and the others the contrast of scale and hues and the harmony of the contrast of colours produced by the simultaneous view of colours belonging to scales very far asunder, assorted according to the law of contrast. He applies all this minute investigation to the art of the tapestry-weaver, and asserts that it is based on the principle of mixing colours and that of their simultaneous contrast. He tells us that a crimson ground to be ornamented with flowers requires that they should be blue, yellow, and white for the most part. A greenish ground requires red and pink flowers to predominate. Should the ground be dead-leaves, blue, violet, white, and pink flowers may light it up. He also applies the principles he lays down to paperhangings, buildings such as theatres, uniforms, and the dress of woman. In his methodical way he divides women into three kinds: white, red, and black, or the Caucasian, the American Indian, and the Negro, with whom he throws in the Papuans and Malays, who have black or olive skins. Then he subdivides the white into two types, the fair and dark. In the fair portion he considers the harmonies of analogy preponderate over the harmonies of contrast, and in the case of dark people the harmonies of contrast prevail over those of analogy. Light hair is but a mixture of red, yellow, and brown, and must be accepted as a pale orange-brown, and sky-blue is the complementary colour for it. Yellow and orange-red are the colours that fulfil the requirements of dark beauties. To choose a bonnet under his scientific instruction is a task fraught with much gravity, as the wrong complements make the wearers look green and blue or of an orange-colour, according to the working out of the principles he has ascertained. We gather from him that a black bonnet with white feathers, or with white, rose, or red flowers, suits a fair complexion; a light-blue one ornamented with white or yellow flowers also answers for light-haired ladies, as does a green one; but a pink bonnet must not come too close to the skin; and yellow or orange-coloured bonnets must be carefully avoided. Should a dark-haired lady venture on a black bonnet, it must have accessories that are either white, red, rose, orange, or yellow. Far better it would be to choose a pink, red, or yellow bonnet, and take care

to interpose the dark hair between the skin and the colour. To both blondes and brunettes violet is always unsuitable. It is perhaps fortunate that North American Indian squaws do not wear bonnets as a rule, as there is no option for them but to choose colours that heighten their red tone, which are white and a blue strongly inclining towards green. The black ladies can wear with propriety white, red, orange, and yellow. If their blackness incline towards an olive tint they should choose red; if towards a bluish tone, let them take orange-colour; if to a violet-black, let them take yellow for their equipment. Three bonnets on three white plaster-casts yielded much information to our scientist. In the more serious business of dressing correctly to appear to the most advantage in a portrait, there are various facts to be taken into consideration. Sufficient for the present purpose it will be if it is pointed out that a delicate green costume would contrast favourably with a fair complexion; a darker green would suit those with more red in them; yellow drapery makes a fair skin take on violet tints; and violet drapery makes a fair complexion look a greenish-yellow. Yellow, on the other hand, suits brunettes; but they must avoid blue and violet.

Paperhangings also receive the same modifications from contrast. A gray pattern on a rose ground appears greenish; on an orange ground, bluish; on a yellow ground, violet; on green it appears pink; on blue, orange-gray; on violet, orange. Borders should be darker than the paper, and of tints that conform to the law of contrast. For writing-paper, the supreme contrast of tone between black and white provides the most favourable condition for distinct vision without fatigue. Gray paper diminishes this contrast, and makes reading more difficult. After white, black characters are most easily read upon light-yellow or light-yellow-green paper. The most trying ground for black letters is deep violet. The woodwork of chairs and sofas should contrast with the stuffs used with it. Yellow wood, such as maple or satinwood, should be contrasted with blue or violet stuffs, and when of an extra light tone, that of the stuffs should be also very light; mahogany or red woods go best with green stuffs; ebony may be used with intense colours, such as scarlet or flame-colour. A single colour is best for a background on which to hang pictures, or two tones of the same scale. For engravings or lithographs, a pearl-gray background or wall should be chosen. Pictures of landscapes with grass and blue sky do well on yellow walls. Thus throughout the household a source of beauty is waiting to be accepted.

Our gardens are another field for the adoption of a systematic contrast of colour. Roses contrast with their own leaves. Blue flowers and orange flowers contrast harmoniously, as do those that are yellow and violet. White ones accord with the blue and orange, and with rose or red, but not so well with the yellow and violet, though they are not altogether objectionable in that comradeship; and they suit deep-red with deep-blue, orange with violet, greenish-yellow with red, and yellow with blue tolerably well. The associations to be avoided are pink and scarlet or crimson, orange and orange-yellow, yellow and greenish-yellow, and blue and violet-blue, red and orange, and pink and violet. If we are dealing with dahlias, for instance, lines of them should be in such a rotation of contrast as white, scarlet, either white again or dark-green-purple, rose-lilac, yellow, violet, orange, and white again. Or, if we are arranging a line of chrysanthemums, they should be alternately white, red, white, pink, yellow, blue, orange, and white in rotation, subject to the length of space at command. With room for eleven clusters, it is well to begin and end with red. Trees of different coloured foliage come under the same law, and open out possibilities that are full of pleasure to contemplate to all who may have a potato-patch to call their own. It brings a waft of spring to think of alternations of violet, lilac, and syringa down one side of a kitchen-garden (to conceal it), and almond, laurel, lilac, and laburnum down another; but the subject is too elaborate and large to be more than slightly indicated here. However, whether we are looking at a flower-garden or pleasure-grounds, or at a piece of tapestry or paperhangings, not to say bonnets, or at a picture or a stained-glass window, it is good to know how much meaning their colours have had, and still have, all over the world, quite apart from their forms. We must feel we are still linked with the mysteries of antiquity in many ways. Take, for example, our acceptance of the symbolism of the colours carried by our soldiers, consecrated, honoured, and saluted, and regarded with ever-increasing reverence and affection.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, I whispered to the sun,
I'd throw a few more sunbeams on the grass;
For know you not that ere the day is done
My lady down the meadow-land will pass.

And, seeing that you reign aloft alone,
There are so many things that you might do:
Shake myriads of sunbeams from your throne,
Or sweep the hazy sky from gray to blue.

If I were you, I murmured to the stream
That wound its twisted way to find the sea,
I'd leave in every nook a tinted dream
That one who passed might stay awhile with me.

Oh, River, Sunlight, Summer Shadows, Trees,
There are so many things that I would do,
Such songs I'd utter to the morning breeze,
If I were you—if only I were you!

But were I you, I said to my Desire,
I'd borrow from the dawn a frame of dew,
And in the sunrise write, in words of fire,
Thank God that I am I, since you are you!

NAOMI SAUNDERS.

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SIXTH SERIES.

A ROUND OF FEASTS.

By HAROLD MACFARLANE.

ANY man who desired to enter on a quest of free dinners—premising he was of sufficient importance to be a welcome guest, and that he had the digestion of an ostrich—could almost dispense with a cook and the troubles of housekeeping, especially from the end of September to the beginning of November, by going round the country assisting at mayoral and other feasts. He might perhaps have some difficulty in obtaining a ticket to admit him to the quarterdeck of the craft that bears His Majesty's judges to Greenwich on the occasion of their annual whitebait dinner, held in June; but towards the end of September the Mayor and the Corporation of Plymouth would doubtless hold out the right hand of friendship to him, and at the same time an invitation card to that picturesque ceremony which has been observed for upwards of three centuries, yclept 'Ye Fyshynge Feaste.' Premising that his star was in the ascendant and the postman left an invitation to the function at his domicile, he would on this occasion drive out to the head-weir on the moor, and, from a handsome golden goblet provided for the purpose in the sixteenth century, drink water 'to the pious memory of Sir Francis Drake,' who provided the neighbouring townships with pure water, and afterwards wine to the toast, 'May the descendants of him who gave us water never want wine.' The same day he would doubtless lunch and dine with the Mayor; in that case he would have an opportunity of gazing upon the stained-glass window in the Guildhall which portrays His Majesty wearing a tall silk hat, amongst other garments.

From Plymouth to Barnstaple is but a short step; and, on the occasion of the Great Fair being proclaimed, the Mayor would gladly extend a welcome to 'the man in quest of the free dinner,' for is not a huge gloved and garlanded hand, the symbol of welcome, displayed over the Guildhall door at this time? Here he would see the various items filling the civic plate-chest for which Barnstaple is famous, amongst other things being the silver loving-cup, standing eighteen inches high and weighing two hundred ounces, presented by the 'Barumites' in London a few years ago, and the punch-bowl given by Thomas Benson, once M.P. for Barnstaple, who finally fled the country for cheating the Government by disembarking convicts on Lundy Isle instead of in the colonies; also the ladle to the same bowl, inscribed, 'He who gave the bowl gave the ladle,' the ladle being forgotten when the first gift was made. Mulled ale, toast, and cheese are the orthodox concomitants at this festival.

Proceeding eastwards, the feaster-out would arrive at Andover in time for the buck-feast that annually takes place at the end of September, and has done so for a century. The host on this occasion would be the Earl of Portsmouth, in view of the fact that the noble Earl provides the necessary venison. Doubtless the feast would be found somewhat quiet nowadays, for, whereas some hundreds of guests used to be present, on a recent occasion there were only twenty; but, on the other hand, it would be select, which might not always be the case at the other feasts attended, and there would be a better chance of getting a tit-bit of the buck.

Early in October the 'man of some importance' would follow the Mayor and Corporation of Peterborough in procession to the bridge spanning the river Nen, where the town-crier would declare the Bridge Fair open, 'to be held as well in Northamptonshire as in Huntingdonshire,' as is prescribed in the original charter, which dates from the reign of Henry VIII. Moreover, the people attending the same would be urged to behave themselves 'orderly and soberly, and to pay their just dues and demands;' but this would not apply to 'the man of some importance,' for he would be a guest. Having performed this little ceremony, the Mayor, Corporation, and honoured visitor would, according to custom, repair to an adjacent hotel, and sit down to their famous

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sausage and champagne luncheon, which we hope would agree with them. It is just possible that 'the important man' might find himself in somewhat of a quandary that day, for the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor would probably be holding their annual venison banquet at the White Hart Hotel the same evening; and, of course, he would be bound to be present to partake of the fat buck His Majesty always contributes to this feast. A fast train to town would doubtless allow of the diner-out getting down to Windsor in time —but would the sausages and champagne?

As Weyhill Fair no longer holds out such inducements to visitors as wife-selling for a pot of beer and a shilling or less, as in its unregenerate days, and since free feeds are the exception and not the rule, probably our friend would elect to visit the ancient Mop or Statute Fair at Stratford-on-Avon, which has been in existence for several hundred years, and is held about the same time as the Weyhill Fair; for here, at all events, he would have a chance of securing something to eat. The festival is sometimes known as the 'ox-roast,' six oxen and fourteen pigs having been roasted whole at the last celebration on spits at fireplaces erected in the streets. He might perhaps be called upon to pay one shilling for his plate of beef and potatoes; but he would find the experience cheap at the price. Originally the fair was held for the purpose of hiring servants, both domestic and agricultural; but excursions now run thither from all parts of England, and very little business is transacted.

After a short period of rest from his gastronomic labours, during which he could cultivate an appetite and obtain an invitation for his next function, we should find 'the man of sufficient importance' sitting down in the Corn Exchange, in a company of three or four hundred, devouring oysters at the Colchester Oyster Feast. There were at the time of the last feast some four million oysters, valued at about thirty-six thousand pounds, asleep in their 'beds' in the Colne; but in view of the fact that for the purpose of the feast twelve thousand of their number were called upon to suffer martyrdom, the share of 'the man of importance' would appear to be about two dozen and a half. Very talented individuals have, however, been known to eat many more, the present record at this particular feast being, we believe, ninety-nine. Should our searcher for free feeds be a connoisseur of the luscious bivalves, he will indeed be in clover; for, in accordance with ancient custom, the Mayor and the members of the Fishery Board having sampled the year's supply some time before the feast, none but the best oysters are served. The income derived from the oyster-beds, which are situated off Pyefleet, ranges between three thousand and five thousand pounds per annum, and the freemen of the Corporation receive from fifteen pounds to forty pounds each from this source.

These preliminary feeds, together with the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield—on which occasion, in days of yore, such loyal toasts were drunk as 'May Yorkshire wives be like Sheffield knives: highly polished and well tempered;' and 'Eternal destruction to all false marks on Sheffield goods' —would gradually lead up to the feast of feasts, the Lord Mayor's banquet on 9th November, at which he would be so profoundly impressed that we doubt whether he would have the energy to run down to Leamington and join the heads of the parishes in the Hundred of Knightlow, who at daybreak on 11th November of each year proceed to Knightlow Hill, six miles from the afore-mentioned town, and at sunrise pay to the representatives of the Duke of Buccleuch a certain sum in silver, called 'wroth money,' which is thrown in the hollow of a Saxon cross.

However, if he did go—after the ceremony was over, and the steward had discovered that no parish had omitted to pay the tribute, and consequently no one had to pay a fine amounting to twenty times the sum due, 'together with a white bull with a red nose'—he could repair with the others to a local hostelry, and partake with them of the excellent breakfast the Duke provides for the delectation of his faithful subjects.

To enjoy the delights of picking the succulent winkle from its shell with the two-inch pin provided for the purpose at the Shellfish Dinner, held in November, our diner-out would have to join or be invited to the New Thames Yacht Club; whilst to partake of the Hardwicke Dinner, held about the same time, would be matter of even greater difficulty. It is on this occasion that the Bar treats its guests from the Bench to a display of humorous disparagement, a custom that has been the great characteristic of the Hardwicke gathering for many years.

About the middle of December, thanks to two energetic gentlemen who inaugurated the feast in 1898, our hero—by this time he would almost be qualified for the V.C.—would find himself at Great Yarmouth prepared to do unto the native sprat what he had already done to the Colchester native—namely, digest the same. There he would enjoy white sprats, boiled sprats, cured sprats, baked sprats, fried sprats, and grilled sprats; sprats with mashed and chipped potatoes; sprats with toasted muffins, and sprats with brown-bread and butter; sprats with tea or coffee, and sprats with beer; but *toujours* sprats, even though at times they bear the similitude though not the proportion of the herring that is associated with the town of the feast.

Should he still hanker after eleemosynary meals, we would strongly advise him to take a house in the vicinity of Winchester, and repair daily to the Hospital of St Cross, where he could obtain a glass of ale and a hunch of bread whenever he felt so 'dispoged,' or until the dispenser of the same refused to serve him.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XVI.—UNCLE ANDREW.

AT the entrance to No. 77 Chancery Lane Mrs Denman and Lucie Lorimer found Mr Muter awaiting them. He wore a time-worn silk hat and carried a pair of glaringly new tan gloves. Evidently the recluse had paid especial heed to his appearance; but Lucie was now too perturbed to notice the attempted improvement. In truth, she felt annoyed at being obliged to prosecute her quest accompanied by what, with a touch of her old wilfulness, she mentally dubbed 'a procession.'

On this occasion there was no hesitating entrance. Mrs Denman, taking the leadership of the trio, ascended the wide staircase with the air of an advancing army, and throwing open the office door, walked boldly up to the counter, and in a voice that did not falter, demanded Mr Andrew Lorimer.

A different atmosphere from the easy nonchalance of the previous day pervaded the office. The clerks were all hard at work as though making up for lost time. Even the supercilious young man had an inkspot on one of his immaculate cuffs, and a suggestion of flurry had ousted the languor from his manner.

'Mr Andrew Lorimer,' again demanded Mrs Denman, in the manner of one requesting that gentleman's head to be served on a charger.

'Mr Lorimer is at present abroad, madam,' replied the clerk, casting a glance of recognition at Lucie, who was shrinking in the rear of her champion. 'Can I be of any service?'

'No, you can't,' Mrs Denman answered bluntly, 'except to give me Mr Lorimer's address. I must communicate with him instantly. This young lady is his niece. She arrived from New Zealand only a few days ago. Word had been sent to Mr Lorimer as to her intention of coming to England, and a reply received by telegram'——

'Cablegram,' murmured Lucie.

'Cablegram,' amended Mrs Denman, accepting the correction. 'On Miss Lorimer's arrival here she was met by a villain who impersonated her uncle, took all her money, and left her destitute.'

Mrs Denman's platform manner and her penetrating voice drew the attention of the entire staff, as though magnetised, towards the group at the counter. Lucie, humiliated by the lack of reserve evinced by her champion, tugged impatiently at her sleeve. 'Hush! I don't wish everybody to hear,' she whispered warningly.

'Mr Lorimer returns to town to-morrow, madam. He is on his way now. We had a telegram an hour ago,' said the clerk, who, seeing a possibility of Lucie's title proving a true one, had already begun to hedge.

'To-morrow!' cried Lucie gladly. 'Oh, that is good news! But I do wish you had told me yesterday,' she added reproachfully.

'It was only this morning, miss, that we knew Mr Lorimer had decided to return earlier than we expected.'

'I shall leave a letter explaining the matter; and Mr Lorimer must have it the instant he arrives. At what hour do you expect him?'

'We have no instructions as to which of the trains he will travel by; but I shall take special care of your communication, madam, and will see that he receives it without loss of time. If Mr Lorimer arrives in the morning he will probably look in here in the afternoon,' answered the clerk, now deference itself. 'Will you kindly step into Mr Lorimer's private room to write the letter?'

A note stating briefly the facts of the case, and adding that until Mr Lorimer sent to claim his niece she would remain under Mrs Denman's protection, was soon compiled; and, Lucie having written a note to her cousin Honoria, the little party were obsequiously bowed out, and descended to the outer world with a comfortable sense that so far their purpose was accomplished.

Lucie, who felt as might a slave at the near prospect of freedom, tried not to appear too jubilant lest she should seem to undervalue the kindness of her friends in need. Mr Muter, who had been all eagerness to aid while help was required, had relapsed into his customary awkwardness, now that his assistance was no longer needed. Throughout the interview in Mr Lorimer's office he had remained silent. Once or twice he had appeared to be on the point of speech; but in each instance, as his mouth opened, the sound of Mrs Denman's voice had extinguished his words. With a halting phrase of congratulation, he hurried off to his work at the Museum.

'Yes,' said Mrs Denman, receiving Lucie's thanks with hearty self-approval, 'I knew when I took the matter in hand that it would soon come right. Now for luncheon.'

There is no lack of restaurants in Holborn, and the sight of their enticing windows made Lucie, who had been for a complete day on short commons, wax hungrier and hungrier; but, living on the charity of her hostess, Lucie was bound to follow meekly in her footsteps, and those steps led up a narrow stair to a first-floor room which, to the dismay of the ravenous Lucie, who had forgotten the tenets held by her hostess, proved to be a vegetarian restaurant.

Mrs Denman began with oatmeal porridge and prunes; a course which she followed with cheese-fritters eaten with mashed potatoes, marmalade pudding, and coffee. Lucie, whose healthy young appetite craved fleshpots, selected lentil and egg cutlet because there was a suggestion of meat in the name. The resemblance proved to be confined to the name; and as she glanced round the room, whose long tables were furnished mainly with sugar-bowls and cruet-stands, her thoughts flew across seas to the cosy, flower-scented dining-room at Pipimutu. She was picturing her mother and Kitty lunching alone, perhaps talking of her, when she remembered that at that hour New Zealand would be shrouded in night: a fact which had the effect of making her feel farther away from home than ever.

'And this is London,' Lucie thought drearily as she looked around at the pallid men and anæmic work-girls lunching meagrely off the fruits of the earth. 'Well, I would never have believed it.'

Lucie, fluttering with clipped wings about the stony streets of the City, was yet to realise that there are more Londons than there are days in the year. The London Lucie had dreamt of was that bounded on the north by Oxford Street, on the east by the theatres, on the west by Hyde Park, and on the south by Buckingham Palace. She did not know that the London of millions is that bounded on the south by a squalid lodging, on the east by a sweater's den, on the west by some tavern gorgeous in gilding and plate-glass, and on the north by the workhouse and a pauper's grave.

Luncheon over, Lucie was eager to hasten back to Haverstock Hill to wait there on the chance of her relatives arriving earlier than expected; but Mrs Denman, wisely pooh-poohing the notion of their reaching London before the next evening, carried her victim from the restaurant to a debate on vegetarianism conducted under the auspices of a society whereof she was a member.

At the meeting, greatly to her surprise, Lucie discovered that by zealous vegetarians her hostess was scarcely deemed worthy of the name, as she avowedly ate eggs! She further learned that in the estimation of the lecturer nuts formed the one perfect food for mankind, and that the sincere conviction of a lady-speaker was that in uncooked grain alone could be found the ideal sustenance for both body and soul. Listening to the varied creeds that were so antagonistic to her training, Lucie felt as though she had strayed into some topsy-turvy world wherein the discomfiting surprise awaited her of finding all her accustomed ideas discredited. It would have been like a comic opera, she thought, only there was no music, and it wasn't at all funny!

The recurrence of the unexpected had tried Lucie's nerves. Throughout the greater part of the meeting she was worrying lest she should miss her friends. She knew they were not due in London before next morning. Still, as the 'bus slowly jolted them back towards Haverstock Hill, she experienced an agony of impatience lest, by some chance arriving a day earlier than was anticipated, they had sought her in vain.

The dusk of the morrow closing in found Lucie yet waiting, her ears intent on every sound that might betoken an arrival. She had tried in vain to while away the weary hours by reading one of the romances that formed the solace of her host's colourless existence. Mr Denman had not yet returned, and Mrs Denman was in the office-drawing-room, so engrossed in a pile of correspondence that she had forgotten that the customary tea-time had passed two hours ago. Lucie was sitting alone in the dim light, a disconsolate, tealess little figure, beset by fears that her real relatives might have repudiated her, when Mrs Denman, her writing finished, entered.

'What! worrying because nobody has come yet? Why, they may not be able to come before to-morrow. My work is done at last, and I'm starving. Suppose we go downstairs and make a real nice supper?'

Glad of any distraction, Lucie followed her hostess to the kitchen, and had a lesson in rough-and-ready cookery. Setting a saucepan on the gas-stove, Mrs Denman threw therein a lump of butter, and when the butter had melted, added thereto half the contents of a tin of tomatoes and four eggs. The recipe, as Mrs Denman proudly informed her guest, was her own invention; and Lucie, who was dying for a cup of tea, was trying to conceive a way whereby she could escape the ordeal of eating the conglomeration without seriously offending her benefactress, when a loud *rat-tat*, awaking the echoes of the hall above, sounded her release.

The discovery that the smell of Mrs Denman's special delicacy, floating upwards, had filled the hall with a weird odour annoyed Lucie as she flew to open the door to her rescuers; but, to her mingled relief and disappointment, the figure silhouetted against the light from the brougham that waited at the gate proved to be that of the once supercilious clerk.

'Miss Lorimer?' he said deferentially. 'Mr Lorimer requested me to tell you that he regrets not being able to come for you himself; but he has sent you the carriage, and hopes you will accept my escort to Queen's Gate.'

To Lucie's astonishment, the once high and mighty clerk had shrunk into a very humble person indeed. After assisting her to enter the carriage, and seeing that she was carefully wrapped in a fur rug, and that the ventilation was arranged to her liking, he humbly took his seat beside the coachman. As the night was chilly, Lucie suggested that he might ride inside; but, with many expressions of grati-

tude, he refused to take advantage of her consideration. On arriving, Lucie found her uncle Andrew waiting alone to receive her. Honoria, tired by the journey from the Riviera and a rough Channel crossing, and possibly a little disgusted with the prospect of chaperoning a Colonial cousin, had already gone to bed; but Mr Lorimer's welcome, though perhaps a trifle pompous, was kindness itself.

It cheered Lucie to discover in her uncle—though their appearance was entirely dissimilar—a family resemblance to her father. It was merely a vague suggestion—one of those impalpable likenesses that defy analysis. Trying to puzzle out the matter when alone, Lucie found it impossible to say wherein the resemblance lay. She thought it must consist in a certain vibration of the voice, some illusive trace of the accent the brothers had shared as boys when running barefoot about their native brues, a home-echo that was still clearly discernible, though one brother had passed the greater part of his life among the tree-ferns and ti-tree scrub of a far-off land, and the other had lived forty years in London trying the while to rid himself of what he foolishly deemed the taint of a Scottish accent.

Andrew Seton Lorimer's story had been that of many a fellow-countryman. He had travelled south with no other advantages to aid him than those of a muscular porridge-nourished frame, a sound education, a good appearance, and a dour determination to succeed. He had started life with the belief that it is an easier thing for a penniless lad to make a fortune in England than in Scotland; and as to a young Scotsman England means London, it was to London he had come on chance. At the close of a week spent in resolutely tramping about from one dingy City thoroughfare to another in a fruitless quest for work, fate or fortune brought him to the office of a Scottish wholesale merchant, in whose ears young Lorimer's tones sounded as sweet music. Nothing would have astonished Andrew Lorimer more than to learn that it was his accent—that northern accent the consciousness of whose possession made him blush every time he heard himself speak—that gained him his first situation.

THE GAME OF BRIDGE.

By Professor HOFFMANN.

TIME was, and not many years ago, when any endeavour to improve the 'good old game of whist' would have been resented as a sort of sacrilege; but 'eternal progress is eternal change,' and whist itself is but an outgrowth of still older games. As far back as the reign of Henry the Eighth a game called 'trump' was played, which may be regarded as the progenitor of modern whist. A somewhat later version was known as 'ruff and honours' or 'slam,' the name 'whist,' or 'whisk,' not having been applied to the game until the early part of the seventeenth century. At a still later period it was known as 'whisk and swabbers,' each change of name being associated with some new departure.

Until well into the eighteenth century the game was played nine up, and forty-eight cards only were dealt to the players, the remaining four forming a kind of 'miss.' About 1730 the points were raised to ten, and the whole fifty-two cards were distributed, the 'odd trick' becoming, for the first time, an essential feature of the game. At about the same time whist found its way from a lower stratum of society into aristocratic circles, and the writings of Edmond Hoyle, whose *Short Treatise* was first published in 1742, further increased its popularity.

The game of Hoyle's day was still the now obsolete 'long whist,' ten up. The change to the five-point game, which originated about 1800, was the result of an accident. Lord Peterborough, playing whist for considerable stakes, had been a heavy loser. To give him a chance of more quickly recouping himself, it was proposed to play five up only. The players, being gentlemen more economical of time than money, found the innovation so much to their liking that they adopted it permanently. The new fashion spread in other quarters, and short whist gradually superseded the older game.

It would appear that short whist is itself now destined to be displaced by a still later version known as 'bridge,' which in a very few years has established itself as *the* card game of the period. As, in spite of its wide popularity, a large proportion of our readers are probably unfamiliar with it, a brief description of the game may not be unwelcome.

Bridge is still whist, but whist played after a totally new fashion. The elements of novelty may be summarised under the following heads: (1) A new mode of deciding the trump suit; (2) varying values assigned to tricks and honours, according to the suit selected for trump; (3) permission to the players to double and redouble the value of tricks; (4) the playing of the third hand as a dummy, notwithstanding that there are four players; (5) a new total of points for 'game'—namely, thirty up, made *by tricks only;* (6) the addition of a fifth honour.

The four players cut for partners and for deal. The cards are shuffled, cut, and dealt as at whist,

save that there is no turn-up. The players look at their cards, and the dealer names as trump whichever suit he pleases, or he may declare that the game shall be played *sans atout*—in plain English, without trumps. In deciding on a suit he has two points to consider: the chance of making tricks and their value, for this varies in arithmetical progression according to the suit selected. When spades are made trumps, each trick (above six) is worth two points; when clubs, four; when diamonds, six; and when hearts, eight. If the hand is played without trumps, each trick is valued at twelve points.

If the dealer has a very poor hand, or if his strength lies in one of the less valuable suits, he may transfer the choice of the trump suit to his partner.

We will suppose that a suit has been named. It now rests with the player to the left of the dealer to say whether he will double. This applies, by the way, to the value of tricks only, and does not affect any other part of the score. If the dealer does not feel justified in doubling, he passes the option to his partner, generally by asking 'Shall I play?' or using some other words to the same effect. If the answer is in the affirmative, he leads a card, and the game proceeds; but if either the elder hand or his partner doubles, the dealer (or his partner) has the right to redouble, and this process may be continued until a prearranged limit is reached.

As soon as the elder hand has led to the first trick, the dealer's partner exposes his cards, which are played by the dealer as a dummy hand, the nominal holder taking no part in the matter.

At the close of the hand the tricks are counted up, only those above six being reckoned on either side, and being scored two, four, six, eight, or twelve each (or their values as enhanced by doubling or redoubling) according to the scale above mentioned. Tricks alone count towards game; but honours have an important effect on the value of the rubber. These score as follows, the ten being regarded as a fifth honour.

If partners between them hold three honours, they score in respect of them twice the normal value of one trick in the suit declared as trump. If they hold four honours, they score four times the value of the trick; and if they hold five (three in one hand, two in the other), five times the value of the trick. One player holding four honours scores eight times the value of the trick; should his partner hold the fifth honour, they score nine times the value of the trick. Should one player hold all five honours, the score is ten times the value of the trick.

If the hand is played without trumps there can be no honours proper; but a special value is in such case attributed to the holding of three or more aces. Three aces, divided between partners, score thirty points; four aces, divided, forty points; while four aces in the same hand count one hundred points.

When a suit is declared, should a player chance to hold no trumps at all, he scores *chicane*, reckoned as twice the value of a trick in the declared suit. This may be scored although his partner in the same round scores honours.

If partners are fortunate enough to win twelve tricks, they are said to make a 'little slam,' which counts twenty points. In the still rarer case of their making all thirteen tricks, they are credited with a 'grand slam,' value forty points. These points are independent of the scoring value of the tricks as such, and only count (as also do those for *chicane*) towards the value of the rubber.

Thirty points constitute game. The rubber consists of two out of three games, and adds one hundred points to the score; but this is no criterion of the net result, which will vary according as the winners have been fortunate or unfortunate in the holding of honours or in the making of special scores.

To keep the scores, a card is ruled in two columns, and these are headed with the names of the partners—say, A. and B. in the first column, C. and D. in the second. A horizontal line is drawn across the centre of the card, the honours and special scores being placed above the horizontal line, the tricks below the line. Scoring-blocks, properly ruled, are supplied by the leading playing-card manufacturers.

To illustrate the working of the plan, we will suppose that in the first round the dealer, A., on the strength of holding four aces, has declared to play without trumps; but his partner being unable to second him, C. and D. have scored three tricks, the value of which under such circumstances is thirty-six, giving them the first game. This number is accordingly entered under their names in the lower half of the card, and a stroke is made below the figures to indicate a completed game. A. and B., for their four aces, are entitled to one hundred, which they score just above the horizontal line.

In the next round diamonds are made trumps. C. and D. again score three tricks, value in diamonds eighteen, and three honours value twelve. These are credited to C. and D. respectively below and above their former entry. B. having held no trumps, A. and B. score twelve for *chicane* immediately above the one hundred previously scored.

In the third hand hearts are made trumps. C. and D. score two tricks, value sixteen (which, added to their previous eighteen, gives them the game and the rubber), and again three honours, value also sixteen. The whole of each column is now cast up. The total score of A. and B. is one hundred and twelve, and that of C. and D. (with one hundred added for value of rubber) one hundred and ninety-eight. The difference, eighty-six (or, in practice, the nearest multiple of

ten, in this case ninety), is the number of points to be paid for.

Such figures exhibit a curious contrast to the eight points which represent a 'bumper' at ordinary whist. It is not to be supposed, by the way, that such a score is by any means exceptional; indeed, much higher figures are of frequent occurrence. This fact leads appropriately to the sole 'hint for play' which space permits us to give. If you play bridge at all, let the value of the points be extremely small, or at the close of the evening you may find yourself confronted with a truly formidable reckoning. Threepenny points at whist are reckoned a very modest stake; but threepenny points at bridge would to many people represent small fortunes.

THE KING WEDS.

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CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning early the itinerants were on horseback again, facing southward. The day was wild and stormy, and so was the next that followed it; but after leaving Tours they seemed to have entered an enchanted land, for the clouds were dispersed and the warm sun came forth, endowing the travellers with a genial climate like late springtime in Scotland. As they approached Loches even the King was amazed by the striking sight of the castle, a place formidable in its strength, and in extent resembling a small city.

The gay and gallant Francis received his fellow-monarch with a cordiality that left no doubt of its genuine character. The French King had the geniality to meet James in the courtyard, and embraced him at the very gates as soon as James had dismounted. Notwithstanding his twenty years of seniority, Francis seemed as young as the Scotch King.

'By Saint Denis, James!' he cried, 'you are a visitor of good omen, for you have brought fine weather with you and the breath of spring. All this winter we have endured the climate of Hades itself, without its warmth.'

The two rulers stood together in the courtyard entirely alone, for no man dared frequent their immediate neighbourhood; but, in a circle some distance removed from their centre, the Scotch and the French fraternised together, a distinguished assemblage running to a thousand or more, and from the balconies beautiful ladies looked down on the inspiring scene.

The gates were still open and the drawbridge down when a horseman came clattering over the causeway, and, heedless of the important audience, which he scattered to right and left, amid curses on his clumsiness, drew up his foaming horse in the very presence of Royalty itself.

Francis cried out angrily at this interruption:

'Unmannerly varlet! How dare you come dashing through this throng like a drunken ploughman?'

The rider flung himself off the panting horse and knelt before his enraged master.

'Sire,' he said, 'my news may perhaps plead for me. The army of the Emperor Charles, in Provence, is broken and in flight. Spain has met a crushing defeat, and no foe insults the soil of France except by lying dead upon it.'

'Now, my good fellow,' cried the King, with dancing eyes, 'you are forgiven if you had ridden down half of my nobility.'

The joyous news spread like wildfire, and cheer upon cheer rose to heaven like vocal flame to mark its advance.

'Brother,' cried the great King to his newly arrived guest, placing an arm lovingly over his shoulder, his voice with a suspicion of tremulousness in it, 'you stalwart Scots have always brought luck to our fair land of France. This glad news is the more welcome to me that you are here when I receive it.'

So the two, like affectionate kinsmen, walked together into the castle which, although James did not then know it, was to be his home for many months.

There was a dinner of state that evening, so gay and on a scale so grand that James had little time or opportunity for reflection on his mission. Here indeed, as Talbot had truly said, was the flower-garden of the human race, and the Scottish King saw many a proud lady to whom probably he would not have been reluctant to bend the knee; but his bride was not among the number. The Duchess of Vendôme explained to the King that her daughter was suffering from a slight illness, and, aside from this, was anxious not to meet for the first time the man she was to marry in presence of so many curious eyes. This was certainly reason enough, and the important meeting took place the following afternoon.

Mary of Vendôme might truly be called the Pearl of France if whiteness of visage gave claim to that title. The King found himself confronted by a drooping young woman, whose stern mother gave her a support which was certainly needed. Her face was of the pallor of wax, and never once during that fateful interview did she raise her heavy lids from her eyes. That she had once been beautiful was undoubted; but now her face was almost gaunt in its excessive thinness. The deathlike hue of her delicate skin, the fact

that she seemed scarce to breathe, and that she never ventured to speak, gave her suitor the impression that she more resembled one preparing for the tomb than a young girl anticipating her bridal. She made her curtsey like one in a trance; but the keen eyes of the King saw the tightening of her mother's firm hand on her wrist while she made the obeisance which etiquette demanded. Short as was their formal greeting, it was too long for this anæmic creature, who would have sunk to the floor were it not for the clutch in which her determined mother held her. Even the King, self-contained as he usually was, found little to say beyond empty expressions of concern regarding her recent illness, ending with a brief remark to the effect that he hoped she would soon recover from her indisposition; but, once the ordeal was over, James was filled with a frenzy to be alone, tortured as he was by an agony of mind which made any encounter with his fellows intolerable. He strode through the seemingly interminable corridors of the great castle, paying slight heed to his direction. All doors opened before his path, and sentinels saluted as he passed. He wandered at last, not knowing where he was or how to get outside. He said to one of the human statues that held a pike:

'Tell me, good fellow, the quickest way to the outer air; some spot where I can be entirely alone?'

The guard, bowing low, called a page, whispered a word to him, and the boy led the King to a door which gave access to a secluded garden, enclosed on every side by high battlements, yet nevertheless filled with great trees, under which were walks both straight and winding. Beside one wall lay the longest path of this little park, and up and down this gravelled way, his hands clasped behind him, the young King strode in more disturbance of mind than had ever before been the case with him.

'Oh, God save me! God save me!' he cried. 'Am I to be wedded to a ghost? That woman is not even alive, to say whether she is willing or no.. Have I come to France to act the ghoul and rob the grave of its due? Saints in heaven, help me! What am I to do? I cannot insult France, yet I cannot chain my living body to that dead woman. Why is not Talbot here? He said he would overtake me at Tours, and yet is he not come. The Pearl of France, said he; the jewel of a toad's head, say I. My honour staked, and to that unbreathing image of tallow! Is this my punishment? Do the sins of our youth thus overtake us, and in such ghastly form? Bones of my ancestors! I will not wed the grave, though war and slaughter come of it; and yet, my faith is plighted—blindly, unknowingly plighted. Why does not Talbot come? He knew what my emotions would be on seeing that denizen of another world, and so warned me.'

These muttered meditations were suddenly interrupted by a clear, sweet voice from above:

'Écossais! Scottish knight! Please rescue for me my handkerchief, which I have, alas! let fall. Wrap a stone in it and throw it hither, I beg of you.'

The startled King looked up, and saw, peering over at him from the battlements above, one of the most piquant and pretty laughing faces he had ever beheld. Innocent mischief sparkled in the lustrous dark eyes, which regarded him from her seemingly inaccessible perch. A wealth of dark tousled hair made a midnight frame for a lovely countenance in the first flush of maidenly youth. Nothing could be more marked than the difference between the reality which thus came unexpectedly into view and his sombre vision of another. There also sifted down to him from aloft whisperings that were evidently protests from persons unseen; but the minx who was the cause of them merrily bade her counsellors be quiet. She must get her handkerchief, she said, and the Scot was the only one to recover it. Fluttering white from one of the lower branches was a dainty bit of filmy lace, much too fragile a covering for the stone she had suggested. The despair which enveloped the King was dispelled as the mist vanishes before the beaming sun. He whipped out his thin rapier, and deftly disentangling the light burden from the detaining branch, it fluttered to his hand and was raised gallantly to his lips, at which the girl laughed most joyfully, as if this action were intensely humorous. Other faces peeped momentarily over the balustrade, to be as quickly withdrawn when they saw the stranger was looking up at them; but the hussy herself, whoever she was, seemed troubled by no such timorousness, as she rested her arms upon the stone balustrade, with her chin above them, her inviting eyes gazing mockingly on the man below. The King placed the handkerchief in the bosom of his doublet, thrust home the rapier in its scabbard, then grasped the lower branch of the tree and swung himself up on it with the agility of an acrobat. Now the insolence of those eyes was chased away by a look of alarm.

'No, no,' she cried; 'stay where you are. You are too bold, Scottish knight.'

However, she had to reckon with a ready wall-climber, either up or down, and many times his expertness in descent had saved him from the consequences of too ambitious climbing. The young man answered not a word, but made his way speedily up among the branches until he stood at a level with the parapet. Across the chasm which divided him from the wall he saw a broad platform, railed round with a stone balustrade, this elevated floor forming an ample promenade that was nevertheless secluded because of the higher castle walls on every side—walls

that were unpierced by any window. A door at the farther end of the platform gave access to the interior of the palace. Standing now some distance back from the balustrade were a group of some half-dozen very frightened women; but the first cause of all this commotion remained in the forefront of the assemblage, angry and defiant.

'How dare you, sir?' she cried. 'Go back, I command you.' Then, seeing he made no motion to obey her, but was measuring with his keen eye the distance between the bending limb on which he held his precarious position and the parapet, something more of supplication came into her voice, and she continued:

'My good fellow, place the handkerchief on the point of your sword, and one of my women will reach for it. Be careful, I beg of you; that bough will break under your weight if you venture farther. The outstretched arm and the sword will span the distance.'

'Madam,' said the King, 'the sword's point is for my enemy. On bended knee must a lady receive that which belongs to her.' With this, before further expostulations were possible, the young man made his perilous leap, clutched the parapet with his arm, hung suspended for one breathless moment, then flung his right leg, a most shapely member, over the balustrade, and next instant was kneeling at her feet, offering the gossamer token. In the moment of crisis the young lady had given utterance to a little shriek, which she instantly suppressed, glancing nervously over her shoulder. One of her women ran towards the door, but the girl peremptorily ordered her to return.

'The Scot will not eat you,' she cried impatiently, 'even if he is a savage.'

'Madam, your handkerchief,' explained the savage, still offering it.

'I shall not accept it,' she exclaimed, her eyes blazing with resentment at his presumption.

The King sprang to his feet and swept off his plumed hat with the air of an Italian.

'Ten thousand thanks, madam, for your cherished gift,' he said, and thrust the slight web back into his doublet again.

''Tis not a gift. Render it to me at once, sir,' she demanded, with feminine inconsistency. She extended her hand; but the King, instead of returning the article in dispute, grasped her fingers unaware and raised them to his lips. She drew away her hand with an expression of the utmost contempt, but nevertheless stood her ground in spite of the evident anxiety to be elsewhere of the bevy behind her.

'Sir, you are unmannerly. No one has ever ventured to treat me thus.'

'Then I am delighted to be the first to introduce to you so amiable a custom. Unmannerly? Not so. We savages learn our manners from the charming land of France; and I have been told that in one or two instances this country has known not only the fingers but the lips to be kissed.'

'I implore you, sir, to desist, and take your departure the way you came; further, I warn you that danger threatens.'

'I need no such warning, my lady. The danger has already encompassed me, and my heart shall never free itself from its presence while remembrance of the lightning of those eyes abides with me.'

The girl laughed with a trace of nervousness, and the rich colour mounted to her cheeks.

'Sir, you are learning your lesson well in France.'

'My lady, the lowest hind in my country could not do otherwise under such tutelage.'

'You should turn your gifts to the service of your master. Go, woo for him poor Mary of Vendôme, and see if you can cure her who is dying of love for young Talbot of Falaise.'

For a moment the King stood as if struck by the lightning he had just referred to, then staggering back a step, rested his hand on the parapet and steadied himself.

'Good heavens!' he muttered in low tones, 'is that true?'

All coquetry disappeared from the girl as she saw the dramatic effect her words had produced. She moved lightly forward, then held back again, anxiety on her brow.

'Sir, what is the matter with you? Are you ill? Are you a friend of Talbot's?'

'Yes, I am a friend of his.'

'And did you not know this? I thought every one knew it. Does not the King of Scotland know? What will he do when he learns, think you; or will it make a difference?'

'The King of Scotland is a blind fool, a conceited coxcomb, who thinks every woman that sees him must fall in love with him.'

'Sir, you amaze me. Are you not a subject of his? You would not speak so in his hearing.'

'Indeed and that I would, without hesitation; and he knows it.'

'Is he as handsome as they say. Alas! I am thought too young to engage in Court festivities, and in spite of my pleadings I was not allowed even to see his arrival.'

The King had now recovered his composure, and there was a return of his air of gallantry.

'Madam, tell me your name, and I shall intercede that so rigid a rule for one so fair may be relaxed.'

'Ah, now your impudence reasserts itself! My name is not for you. How can a humble Scottish knight hope to soften a rule promulgated by the King of France himself?'

'Madam, you forget that we are guests of France, and in this courteous country nothing is denied us. We meet with no refusals except from proud ladies like yourself. I shall ask my Captain; he shall pass my request to the General,

who will speak to the King of Scotland; and the King, when he knows how beautiful you are, will beg the favour from Francis himself.'

She clasped her hands with exuberant delight.

'I wonder if it is possible,' she said, leaning towards the gay cavalier as if he were now her dearest friend, for indeed it was quite evident that she thought much of him in spite of his irregular approach. She was too young to feel the rules of etiquette otherwise than annoying bonds, and, like an imprisoned wild-bird, was willing to take any course that promised liberty.

'Your name, then, madam?'

'My name is Madeleine.'

'I need not ask if you are noble.'

'I am at least as noble as Mary of Vendôme, whom your King is to marry, if he is cruel enough.'

At this point one of the women, who had stationed herself near the door, came running toward the group and warned them that somebody was approaching. The attendants, who had hitherto remained, passive, probably with some womanly curiosity regarding the strange interview, now became wild with excitement, and joined their mistress in begging the stranger to depart.

'Not until I have whispered in your ear,' he said stoutly.

'I cannot permit it; I cannot permit it. Go—go at once, I implore you.'

'Then I escort you within the hall to meet whoever comes.'

'Sir, you are importunate. Well, it doesn't matter; whisper.'

He bent towards her and said:

'Madeleine, you must meet me here alone at this time to-morrow.'

'Never, never,' she cried resolutely.

'Very well, then; here I stay until you consent.'

'You are cruel,' she said, tears springing in her eyes; then appealingly, as a knock sounded against the door, she added, 'I promise. Go at once.'

The young man precipitated himself over the parapet into the tree. The fortune which attends lovers and drunkards favoured him, and the last bending branch lowered him as gently to the gravel of the walk as if he were a son of the forest. He glanced upward, and saw that the luminous face, in its diaphanous environment of dark hair, was again bent over the parapet, the lips apart and still, saying nothing, but the eloquent eyes questioning; indeed, he fancied he saw in them some slight solicitude for his safety. He doffed his hat, kissed the tips of his fingers and wafted the salutation toward her, while a glow of satisfaction filled his breast as he actually saw a similar movement on the part of her own fair fingers, which was quickly translated into a gesture pointing to the garden door, and then she placed her finger-tips to her lips, a mute injunction for silence. He knew when to obey as well as when to disobey, and vanished quickly through the door. He retreated in no such despairing phase of mind as he had advanced, but now paid some attention to the geography of the place, that he might return unquestioning to his tryst of the next day.

JEWISH ANECDOTES.

By B. B. Falk.

MANY clever and witty anecdotes are credited to the Jewish people, from which it would appear that they possess in a remarkable degree the quality of humour and subtlety in narrative, generally of a biting or droll nature.

Heine the great German poet was the Jewish arch-wit. As he had in his younger days become converted to the Protestant faith, a friend asked him the reason for the change. 'I was afraid,' was the rejoinder, 'that the Rothschilds would become too familiar with me.' It was Heine who bade all men beware whom they had for their godfathers!

Disraeli dearly loved a joke at the expense of others. An author who had sent his latest effort in fiction to him received the following complimentary acknowledgment: 'I thank you for the book you sent me, and will lose no time in reading it.' 'I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?' a fierce Radical once said to Disraeli. 'It is because they are in a weak place,' was the reply. An incident in the life of the late Lord Rosslyn shows how acute was the sense of humour in Disraeli. 'What can we do with Rosslyn?' he asked of a colleague. 'Make him Master of the Buckhounds, as his father was,' suggested the latter. 'No,' replied the Premier; 'he swears far too much for that. We will make him High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland.'

Many interesting stories are told of the Rothschilds. A young fop who paid one of the celebrated Jewish bankers a visit was so proud of his set of malachite sleeve-buttons that he foolishly insisted on exhibiting them to his host. The latter looked at them, and then remarked, 'Yes, it is a pretty stone; I have always liked it. In the next room I have a mantelpiece made of it.'

The grandfather of the present Lord Rothschild made a practice of employing a certain cabby to drive him round on his business calls, paying the man liberally but not lavishly. That gentle-

man's son also occasionally employed the same driver, and he invariably gave a substantial gratuity in addition to the fare. This difference puzzled the cabman for a time, till eventually he plucked up sufficient courage to ask the elder Rothschild to explain why his son always paid more than he did. 'My good man,' Rothschild replied, 'my son has the good fortune to have a rich father; I haven't.'

The wife of one of the Rothschilds lived to be ninety-eight. On her deathbed she said to her medical attendant, 'Oh dear, doctor, can you do nothing for me?' 'Nothing, madam,' he replied. 'I cannot make you young again.' 'No,' she added; 'I do not want that. I should like to live to grow old.'

The late M. Adolphe D'Ennery, the French dramatist, possessed a ready and pungent wit which frequently discomfited his enemies. A rival once remarked, 'This D'Ennery is a true Jew; that is why he never produces a play without interest.' 'Ah,' answered D'Ennery, 'what a good Christian you are!'

Zangwill, the famous Jewish writer, tells some funny anecdotes of himself. It is related that one day a lady, in conversation, inquired his 'Christian' name. 'I have none,' was the bland response; 'my first name is Israel.' Zangwill is likewise the authority for a story about a man who clung all night to the edge of a precipice, not daring to let himself fall, and who when the dawn came found that the precipice was only two feet in depth.

A Jew, meeting a hunchback on board an Italian steamer, discussed the Jewish question with him on several occasions without mentioning that he was a Jew. After a while, however, the Jew grew friendly, and said, 'And now I will tell you something: I am a Jew.' 'Confidence for confidence,' replied the man; 'I will also tell you something: I am a hunchback.'

Fromental Halévy—his opera *La Juive* ('The Jewess') has long outlived him—was originally a pupil of Cherubini, whose surliness often caused him considerable pain. Once, throughout the entire performance of a new opera by Halévy, the famous composer remained obstinately mute. 'Have you nothing to say to me, master?' cried the young man in despair. 'I say nothing to you because you say nothing to me,' was the witty and at the same time scathing reply.

A capital story is associated with the name of Dr Lueger, the notorious anti-Semite Burgomaster of Vienna. Three soldiers once waited upon him as a deputation, and before dismissing them he said to one, 'What would you do if the Emperor ordered you to shoot the Burgomaster of Vienna?' 'I would shoot the Burgomaster,' was the stolid reply. 'Oh!' said Dr Lueger, 'and what is your religion?' 'I am a Protestant.' 'In that case I am only slightly surprised at you,' said the Burgomaster. Turning to another soldier, he repeated the question. 'If the Emperor bade me shoot the Burgomaster I would obey,' replied the man. 'And what is your religion?' 'I am a Roman Catholic.' 'In that case I am exceedingly surprised at you.' The third soldier, when addressed, replied, 'I would not shoot the Burgomaster.' 'Ah!' said the Burgomaster, highly pleased; 'and why not, my friend? What is your religion?' 'I am a Jew.' 'What!' shrieked Lueger. 'Do you know that I am the greatest anti-Semite in all Austria and Hungary, and you would not shoot me?' 'I haven't a rifle,' replied the man. 'I am a drummer.' Tableau!

A famous rabbi, who had many opponents, had a banquet given him in honour of his installation in office, to which several noted divines were invited. The rabbi, feeling uncomfortable in his chair, moved it, whereupon some one in the company in a sarcastic tone asked, 'Is the chair too high for the rabbi?' Quick came the retort, 'No; the table is too low.'

The Jewish beggar rejoices in the euphonious title of *schnorrer*. One of the fraternity, having saved a little money by dint of industriously pursuing his vocation, and feeling in need of a rest, decided to revisit his native land, Russia. There he met a relative, who was looking very much 'down in the mouth,' and who, noticing the prosperous condition of the erstwhile wanderer, eagerly besought his assistance. The latter agreed to help him for a consideration. The *schnorrer*, handing him a book in which were written down the names and addresses of the people he had called upon when in England, together with the amounts received from each, explained to the tyro the *modus operandi* of the profession. When the latter arrived in England he sought out the first address in the book; and, acting as he had been advised to do, he received the specified sum. His second, third, and fourth calls were likewise satisfactory; but at the next house, to his surprise, he was offered only half the amount set down in the book. 'What is the matter?' he immediately asked. 'Well,' replied the master, 'I've just been married, and consequently cannot spare as much.' 'How dare you get married at my expense?' was the indignant rejoinder.

A Jew noted equally for his generosity and unorthodoxy used to keep his place of business open on the Jewish Sabbath, much to the disgust of his co-religionists, who scrupulously observed the Day of Rest. Naturally, in the absence of competition, the man did a flourishing trade, and felt no qualms. Regularly he paid his subscription to the Jewish charities, giving on many occasions twice as much as the rest. Noticing that their businesses were falling off, the others at length disregarded their scruples so much as to keep open shop on the Sabbath too. Then there was an immediate reduction in the 'generous' man's subscriptions; and on being asked the reason for

this, he replied, 'While the rest kept shut on the Sabbath I did all the trade and could afford to give away a substantial amount. Now that they remain open my business has decreased, and I am not able to give as much.'

The widow of a rabbi was very ill, and the pious women of the village came to say prayers with her. They noticed that under the pillow lay a Jewish prayer-book and a crucifix. 'What do you mean?' the women asked, pointing to the cross. 'I don't feel very clear as to which is right,' the invalid replied, 'so I have got them both.'

A Jew who had asked a rabbi whether it was permissible to shave one's beard during a certain festival, and had received a negative reply, met the same cleric a little later, and noticed that his beard had been newly trimmed. 'I thought you said we weren't allowed to shave,' he gasped out in astonishment. 'Oh,' was the remarkable response, 'you asked; I didn't.'

A Jew had a friend who sent him a birthday present of a peacock. The orthodox Hebrew, being rather doubtful as to whether it would be right for him to eat the bird, went to the local rabbi. 'You must by no means eat it,' was the latter's decision, and the peacock was forthwith confiscated. Next day the poor Jew learned, to his great surprise, that at an evening party which the rabbi had given the night before, roast-peacock had formed the principal dish. In indignation he sought out the rabbi again. 'My dear sir,' was the explanation, 'after you had gone I appealed to my learned father for his opinion on the matter, and it differed from mine. Naturally, I consider him a greater rabbi than I.'

Here are two choice anecdotes of Jewish children. A teacher asked, 'Who reigned after Saul?' 'David,' replied the bright scholar. 'And who came after David?' 'Solomon.' And who came after Solomon?' 'The Queen of Sheba!' This was the patriarch Abraham's biography, according to an examination-paper: 'He was the father of Lot, and had two wives; one was called Ishmael and the other Hagar. He kept one at home and he turned the other into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt in the daytime and a pillar of fire by night.'

Coleridge, meeting a Jewish old-clothesman who cried as usual, 'Ol' clo'! ol' clo'!' stopped and asked him why he persisted in saying 'Ol' clo'!' instead of 'Old clothes.' The Jew looked at his questioner earnestly for a moment or two, and then replied dryly, 'If your honour had to say it five hundred times a day you'd say "Ol' clo'!" too.'

Neither smoking nor riding is allowed on the Jewish Sabbath; but a rich Jew was constantly noticed on the top of a tramcar on the sacred day. A co-religionist remonstrated with him on the indecorum of his conduct, and wound up with the remark, 'Well, if you will ride on the Sabbath, at least go inside, so that others may not see you.' 'I am afraid that is impossible,' exclaimed the man addressed. 'Why?' 'Because they don't allow smoking inside.'

Two Jews, wishing to become Catholics, called at the house of a priest, and finding he was not in, decided to wait. As the day advanced and the priest did not return, one of the men became restless. 'Come away,' he said to his companion, 'or we shall be late for the synagogue.'

PARTNERS.

By J. J. Bell.

I.

MR MONITOR laid down the sheaf of closely figured documents which he had been reading aloud, and stared across the double desk at his partner. 'Well?' he said after a lengthy pause.

Mr Merrimac pursed his lips, pushed forward his shaven chin, and slowly shook his bald head.

The other, a large, thin-lipped, gray-headed man, made an impatient movement. 'What are your objections?' he demanded.

'Surely you can guess, Duncan,' was the quiet reply.

'I should like to hear them, Donald.'

'Very well. Your plan is altogether speculative, and it seems to me that in some points it is—not quite straight.'

'Bah! We must take some risks; further, we must fight our opponents with their own weapons. You know as well as I do that business has gone back these last two years.'

'It will come again, Duncan.'

'Yes; if we make use of our opportunities. Now, I've thought the matter out very fully and carefully'——

'I can perceive that.'

'And the scheme I have just proposed to you is certain—yes, certain—to bring about the result we both desire: an increase of business, and probably a more than relative increase of profit. We shall practically corner the market, Donald—think of that!—corner the market!'

Mr Merrimac shook his head again. 'I'm sorry I can't approve of your scheme. Let us be content to wait. You can hardly complain that we are losing money at present.'

'No, I can't. But the time will come,' said Mr Monitor, raising his voice, 'when we shall lose money unless we decide to step out of the old-fashioned rut we've been running in for—for dear knows how long.'

'Thirty-two years, Duncan,' murmured his partner, senior in age only, for the twain were equally interested in the business. 'And I'm afraid I'm too old to change my methods now. Give up this idea, Duncan,' he continued earnestly. 'We've both more than enough money to carry us to the—the end of the journey; and we've no folks dependent on us. I'm as keen on the business as ever I was; but I want to work away in peace.'

'But, don't you see'——

'No; I don't see with your eyes, Duncan; and sooner than fall in with your proposal I'd retire—yes, retire!'

'Nonsense, man! But I've given in to you, Donald, all my life, and I want to have my own way this time. If you had agreed to some of my proposals in the past the business would have been twice the size it is to-day.'

'Yes; quite true,' the other softly replied. 'But if I had agreed to other of your proposals in the past the business would have been out of existence long before to-day. No, no, Duncan; let well alone.'

Mr Monitor, who had held back his rising temper until now, leapt to his feet in a rage, a proceeding which caused the old glass door of the private room to rattle violently, and set the clerks in the outer office listening anxiously; but they heard nothing, for Mr Monitor's rage reduced his voice to a hoarse whisper.

'I've had patience long enough with your slow, antiquated ways, and I'm confounded if I'm going to play second-fiddle for ever!'

Both men's faces were white, and their hands trembled. Mr Merrimac rose and faced his partner.

'Thirty-two years,' he began in a shaky voice.

'Fudge!' interrupted Monitor savagely. 'All the more reason for ceasing to be a pig-headed fool!'

Merrimac clenched his hands. 'Pig-headed fool! Why, sir, if I hadn't been a pig-headed fool, as you have the impudence to call me, you'd have been a bankrupt begging in the gutter thirty years ago.'

'You're losing your temper,' sneered Mr Monitor. 'Ha! ha! You've some spirit in you after all.'

Mr Merrimac's usually placid countenance was contorted with passion, and it was nearly a minute ere he could speak. 'I retire!' he gasped. 'I leave you to wreck the business with your infernal Yankee notions. Don't dare to communicate with me unless through Jabber and Jones, Queen Street. I'll tell Jabber to settle my affairs here!' He snatched his shiny hat from the peg, grabbed his umbrella from the stand, and marched unsteadily from the room and out of the office.

Mr Monitor stood gaping at the door. After a little he went forward and shut it carefully. Then he returned to his seat at the desk, and picked up the documents which had fallen to the floor.

'Good gracious,' he muttered, 'what an awful rage he was in! Bah! he'll be back in the afternoon. Not that I'm going to give in. I'll show him what can be made of this business by a man with spirit. Yes, yes; he'll be back after lunch. I suppose I owe him an apology. Funny thing to apologise to old Donald. Ha! ha! Ah, well! Thirty-two years.'

But Mr Merrimac did not come back after dinner.

II.

Although the deed of copartnery contained a clause providing a reasonable time for the repayment of capital to either partner who should retire from the business, Mr Monitor, a few days after the quarrel, informed Mr Merrimac's lawyers, through his own, that he would be prepared to hand over the amount due—and it was a moderate fortune—in less than a month. This news was a severe blow to Mr Merrimac.

'What does it mean?' he asked Mr Jabber, of Messrs Jabber & Jones, while closeted with that intelligent gentleman at his office in Queen Street. 'The business cannot be worked on half the old capital.'

'My dear sir,' returned Mr Jabber blandly, 'your late partner is the last man in the world not to know that. I presume the reason of his readiness to repay your share in the concern is simply that he has taken a new partner with capital to replace yours.'

'A new partner!' gasped Mr Merrimac. 'I never thought of such a thing—after thirty-two years,' he added to himself.

'Mr Monitor has acted wisely; and, I may say, with dignity; while I am sure his readiness to get matters settled must have saved you considerable—ahem!—pain, or at any rate embarrassment,' observed Mr Jabber, fixing a beady, genial eye on his client. 'It is a pity to have such old connections severed; but of course, my dear Mr Merrimac, you could not have conscientiously retained your interest in the firm.'

'I—doubt I was hasty,' said the other slowly. 'But the thing's done, and if he comes to regret it he need not blame me.'

'Certainly not, certainly not,' said Mr Jabber soothingly; and then brightly, 'And so you're going to remove to the country, my dear sir. I congratulate you and envy you. At our time of life, the quiet of the country is—ahem!—indeed exceedingly—ah!—pleasant. We shall trouble

you with correspondence no more than is absolutely necessary, and'——

'I wish,' said Mr Merrimac interrupting, 'that you would keep me posted in my—er—late partner's movements, should you happen at any time to have knowledge of them. That is, I should be glad to hear of any large public contracts he may enter into, or any—ahem! ahem! —speculative transactions, and so on, that you may be aware of. You see, Jabber,' concluded the old gentleman in something like an apologetic tone, 'although I would not cross the man's doorstep under any circumstances, I've still a feeling for the business that was half my own for—for thirty-two years.'

'Your wishes shall always have our best attention, my dear Mr Merrimac,' said Mr Jabber, who was more touched than he would have cared to own by the request of his old friend and client.

For the first few weeks of his retiral to the country, Donald Merrimac was fairly successful in keeping Duncan Monitor out of his thoughts. The laying out of an extensive garden and the building of a spacious conservatory were in progress, and his days were pretty fully occupied in watching the work and discussing it with gardeners and tradesmen; but ere long a time came when, while inspecting plans and estimates and talking thereof, he found his mind wandering away to the dingy, shabby little private room in the City, with the huge, clumsy double-desk on the faded and worn carpet, the out-of-date maps and commercial diagrams on the grimy walls. Ah, yes! Though he would not confess it to himself, his heart was still there, and deplorably jealous of the man, whoever he was, who filled his place. 'What a pity Duncan lost his temper that day!' he would sometimes say to himself; and as the weeks went past he would add, 'If he had only made some advances I might have forgiven him.' Ay, he would have forgiven Duncan almost at once if the latter had not been in such a hurry to pay out the money—or, rather, to take a new partner. It was the thought of the new partner that rankled sorest and most deeply.

Now and then Mr Jabber at the end of a business letter would drop some hint about Monitor's affairs. The new partner was apparently a 'sleeping' one, for he had never been seen at business, and no name had been substituted for that of Merrimac on the old brass plate at the door. (Monitor had intended to have the name removed, but somehow it was allowed to remain.) Then Mr Jabber informed his client that great changes had taken place in the office. The staff had been considerably augmented, and the furnishings had been wholly renewed. Mr Merrimac shuddered when he read this. He had hideous dreams for nights after of telephones and typewriters and electric lights, ringing and ticking and blazing in the dear old premises which, until his departure, had remained as they were at the middle of the nineteenth century. Many other items concerning his late partner came to disturb him during the first six months of residence in the country; but he learnt nothing to cause him anything like real alarm till about a year after his retiral thither. Then Mr Jabber wrote: 'I happened to be dining with a friend at the Regent's Club last night, when Mr Monitor came in. I regret to inform you that he looked very ill, and quite ten years older. My friend, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, informed me that he understood that Mr Monitor was largely interested in whale-fin oil, which you may have seen from the papers had a severe slump yesterday, after reaching the highest price on record. Should I hear anything further I shall let you know without delay.'

Mr Merrimac dropped the letter and grabbed the morning's newspaper, which informed him that on the previous day whale-fin oil had dropped sixty-three shillings a ton.

'Good heavens!' he groaned. 'What did the fool touch oil for—the least important part of his business?' He left his breakfast and hurried along to the village post-office.

'Send me this morning's price of fin-oil,' he telegraphed to a broker of his acquaintance.

About noon, after a miserable period of suspense, he received a reply: 'Offered at sixteen pounds. No buyers. Enormous cargoes arriving from Faroes.'

Merrimac stamped the floor in his wrath. 'A drop of other fifty shillings at least! Oh, the madman!'

Half-an-hour later he caught a train to town. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at the door with the brass plate engraved 'Merrimac and Monitor,' and thrice he placed his foot on the step and drew back ere he could compose himself sufficiently to enter. A smart young clerk came forward to the counter, but was shoved aside by an older and less dressy individual who had recognised his old principal. His voice was husky as he said, 'Glad to see you again, sir. Hope you're keeping well.'

'All right, thank you, Brown,' returned Mr Merrimac hastily. 'Is—is he alone?'

'Yes, sir. I'll tell him'——

'No, no, Brown. I'll just step in.' Hardly noticing the brilliant and freshly decorated office, the ex-partner made his way along the short passage, turned the handle of the door marked 'Private,' and entered the room. A glance showed him that no change had taken place there, unless it was in the appearance of the occupant, who at first did not look up from his desk. Jabber had been right. Duncan Monitor was looking both ill and aged.

'I'm not ready yet with that statement,' he said, evidently under the impression that a clerk had approached him.

'Duncan,' said Mr Merrimac softly.

'Good ——!' cried Mr Monitor, springing to his feet.

They stared at each other, and shook hands in a feeble, shamefaced fashion.

'May I sit down?' asked the visitor.

'Of course—of course. Sit there.'

Mr Merrimac found himself sitting in his old chair, with his old blotting-pad, ink-pot, pens, and paper-cutter in front of him. He noticed that the ink had dried up, and that the nibs were rusty; also that a reflection, as it were, of his signature was plainly visible on the blotting-paper. At the sight of these things a warmth of gratitude possessed him.

'Duncan, this was good of you,' he said gently, raising his eyes to those of his late partner, who smiled rather foolishly.

'I hope you have been well, Donald,' said Monitor awkwardly.

'Oh yes, well enough. But you—you've been overdoing it, surely. You—you'—— But words failed him, and he sat silent, looking across the desk, with a world of pity in his eyes.

The other shrugged his shoulders. 'There has been a good number of things to attend to since—since you retired. We'—the pronoun came quite naturally—'have been doing a lot of extra business this year.'

'The beggar's trying to hide his trouble,' thought Donald.

'We have done several big things in oil,' went on Duncan, playing nervously with a pencil—'whale-fin oil in particular. The market for it has broadened tremendously of late, and the price was booming till the other day.'

'Ah! but it's a dangerous thing to handle,' remarked the older man.

'It is,' said Monitor shortly, and bit his lip.

Donald repressed a sigh, and wondered how he could best introduce his offer of assistance. A silence fell between the two men. It had been a year of regrets for both of them.

At last Duncan spoke, prefacing his words with a bashful cough. 'I—I'm glad to see you again, Donald. I—I've always been sorry for that day.'

'So have I, Duncan.' Then without warning he burst out, 'Tell me the worst, man.'

'The worst?'

'Ay, the worst. No; tell me everything, if you can bear it. You can trust me. Tell me who your—your partner is.'

'Partner? I never had a partner but you, Donald.'

'Eh? What? And how—how did you pay me out my money? Man, I was angry at the way you threw it after me. But never mind that now. You couldn't have drawn it out of the business in so short a time. I know you couldn't.'

'Well, I'll allow it was a bit of a struggle; but I was so angry with you that I didn't care what I did. Like the man in the Scriptures, I sold all that I had—outside the business—and borrowed a good lump, and paid you, Donald; and for six months after I never had five pounds of ready money in my possession.'

'Oh, Duncan, Duncan!'

'But no new partner for me, Donald.'

Another silence fell between them.

Mr Merrimac was the one who broke it. He gave a gulp, leant forward, and said, 'A—about the oil, Duncan?'

'Oh, the oil. Well, at one time we held a goodish bit over two thousand tons.'

Donald fell back in his chair, his face blanched. 'Oh, you fool, you fool!' he whispered. 'What made you do it?'

'Well, I knew it was a speculation, and'—— Mr Monitor stopped, choked, and bent his head.

'Duncan, I'm not here to blame you. I'm sorry for all you've gone through. Look here, man—take back the money you paid me. You can have it to-morrow, and if you need more to carry on with I'll raise it. I can't see you sink, Duncan; I can't see you sink. Thirty-two years we've sat here together, and—and'——

Monitor bounded from his chair and wrung his old partner's hand. 'And you'll come and sit here again, Donald?'

'No, no. I can't give you my conscience, Duncan; but you're welcome to my purse. What—what was the net result of that oil deal?' he asked abruptly.

'Close on eleven thousand pounds.'

Donald shivered. 'An awful sum!' he muttered. 'But, of course, it won't beat me,' he added. 'No wonder you're not looking well, Duncan.'

'It was fairly exciting, but'——

'Exciting? Losing eleven'——

'Losing? No; making! What are you dreaming about, Donald? I sold out at the best prices, you know.'

He might have struck his old partner between the eyes with his great fist. It was a full minute ere the latter recovered from the mental blow.

'So—so you don't need my help, Duncan,' he said feebly, and almost sadly, after sundry questions had been asked and answered.

'Not your money, though I couldn't for the life of me stop you when you offered it; but I want your help here in every way but that. I've been lucky this time; but'—— He broke off with a laugh. It was a subtle compliment to Mr Merrimac.

The older man shook his head. 'We might quarrel again,' he sighed.

'Then I'll retire too,' said Mr Monitor.

A light flashed into the other's eyes. 'Are you in earnest, Duncan?'

'Well, to tell the truth, I'm a bit wearied of it all. I could enjoy some of your peace, Donald.'

Donald rose to his feet, smiling at the happy idea which his friend's words had awakened.

'Man,' he said gaily, 'I've got a nice little place down at Dovedale; but it—it's too big for one. What do you say, Duncan?'

The firm of Merrimac & Monitor has disappeared; but the twain are still Partners!

CANNIBAL PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

By C. L. McCluer Stevens.

MOST carnivorous plants are of comparatively small size. The species recently discovered by Dunstan on the shores of Lake Nicaragua, however, is not so. As this naturalist was walking with his dog he was attracted by its cries of pain and terror, and hastening to the rescue, found the animal held by three black sticky bands, which had chafed the skin to bleeding. These bands were the branches of a newly-found carnivorous plant, which has been named by Dunstan the 'land octopus.' The branches are described as being flexible, polished black, without leaves, secreting a viscid fluid, and furnished with a great number of suckers by which they attach themselves to their victims; it might, in fact, be almost believed, without any great effort of the imagination, to be an octopus transformed into a plant. This uncanny product of the vegetable kingdom is known to the natives as 'the devil's noose.'

The moth-catching plant (*Araugia albens*) is a native of Central Africa. It was introduced into Australia quite accidentally some eight or nine years ago, and has since been extensively propagated there, it having been found that its white and sweet-smelling flowers attract and destroy vast quantities of moths. The action of this truly remarkable plant has been found by experiment to be purely mechanical. The calyx of the flower is rather deep, and the receptacle for its sweet juices is placed at its base. Attracted by the powerful scent and the prospect of honey, the moth dives down into the calyx and protrudes its proboscis to reach the tempting food. Before it can accomplish its purpose, however, the proboscis is nipped between two strong, hard, black pincers which guard the passage. Once caught, there is no escape; the insect invariably perishes miserably. It is a somewhat singular fact, however, that in New Zealand, where the plant has been cultivated for the express purpose of destroying the detested codlin-moth, it has been a failure, chiefly because that wily insect declines to enter the trap.

The story of the upas-tree of Java is well known. Up till quite recently it was supposed to be a myth pure and simple; the letter from a 'Dutch physician' published in the *London Magazine* of 1783 hoaxed Erasmus Darwin and the world, but was merely one of the fabrications of the ingenious George Steevens. M. Becari the French explorer has, however, discovered in Sumatra a plant which actually does give forth poisonous exhalations. Its existence had long been asserted by the natives; and, after diligent search, the intrepid Frenchman came across several specimens buried deep in the pathless forests of the far interior. It resembled, as his guides had foretold, a gigantic lily. The spadix was over six feet high, the spiked leaves were from ten to twelve feet long, and the entire evil-smelling growth covered an area of over sixty square feet. The poisonous fumes were found to be strongest at sundown and for about an hour before sunrise. So virulent were they that a goat, a dog, and sundry other small animals tethered at night in its immediate vicinity were found quite dead and cold in the morning; while M. Becari himself was rendered violently sick by a mere cursory examination of the plant and its surroundings. In the loathsome depths of its bell-shaped flowers were found the decaying bodies of innumerable bats, small birds, &c.

Just as this vulture among the lily tribe gave rise to the upas-tree legend, so probably has the old story of the sea-serpent been derived from the presence in certain waters of a gigantic snake-like seaweed — the *Macrocystis pyrifera*. This Titan among algæ attains its greatest size in the neighbourhood of Kerguelen's Land, where specimens have been found which measure seven hundred feet in length, and as thick as a man's body.

PRESCIENCE.

The roses failed in the lover's bower:
One by one in the autumn tide
They ceased to brighten 'neath sun and shower,
And cast their glory and dropped their pride.

The lady gathered them one by one,
And laid their leaves in a dainty bowl;
And many a time as the year ran done
The fragrant memory soothed her soul.

Her lover laughed at her care; but she
Looked into his eyes in a wistful way:
'Dead flow'rs are dearer than buds to be.' . . .
And her words were his when he mourned in May.

J. J. Bell.

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SIXTH SERIES.

MRS HUGH MILLER'S JOURNAL.

EDITED BY HER GRANDDAUGHTER.

PART I.

IT will be a hundred years on 10th October this year since Hugh Miller, the son of the master of a trading-sloop lost in the Moray Firth in 1807, saw the light in Cromarty. Afterwards he rose to be one of the most famous self-taught journalists and geologists that Scotland has produced; and his career, which culminated in a tragedy at fifty-four, was thus divided: childhood and youth, fifteen years; neither at work nor school for two years; in the quarry and hewing-shed fifteen years; as bank accountant five years; and as editor of the *Witness*, the champion of the Free Church of Scotland, for seventeen years. Miller may have lacked pliability, but he impressed all who met him by his massiveness and strength; according to Dr Chalmers, as a journalist he took a long time to load, but was a great gun when he did go off. He was gifted with a strong will and a vivid imagination, seen in every page of his prose writings. His early struggles are recorded in his very interesting autobiography, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, the most popular of all his works. As Sir Archibald Geikie well says: 'No man of his time had done so much to spread an interest in geology and in science generally among English-speaking people all over the world. The story of his life, as told by himself, was one of the classics in our literature, both for the admirable lessons it conveyed and for the consummate mastery of our language which it displayed.'

It may not be generally known that the lady whom Hugh Miller married, Lydia Falconer Fraser (1811–76), kept a private journal, which contains recollections of her boarding-school days, her first meeting with and impressions of Hugh Miller, and early married life and ways in Cromarty, until the removal of her husband to Edinburgh to take up the editorship of the *Witness* newspaper. It is this diary that is given here, edited by her granddaughter, Lydia Miller Mackay, author of the fine poem, 'Lament for Moraig,' in *Chambers's* for 1900 (p. 640). The greater part of this narrative is here printed for the first time.

On the eve of coming to Edinburgh, Hugh Miller wrote a series of articles for this journal: the first on 'George Ross,' a remarkable north-country laird and a benefactor to Cromarty; the others were 'The Mermaid,' 'Dropping Cave,' three entitled 'Walks out of Town' (1839), and two on 'Gropings of a Working-Man in Geology' (1838). These last contain the germ of his own autobiography; in the first, picturing himself leaving his mother's cottage before sunrise to make his first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint, he says: 'I was a slim, loose-jointed boy at the time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and dreaming when broad awake. I was now going to work as a mason's apprentice in one of the Cromarty quarries.' It was in these quarries that Hugh Miller had his first practical lessons in geology. In a footnote to this article the conductors of *Chambers's* say that the fact that Hugh Miller only by rare chance saw a book that had not been fifty years in print was a proof of the rarity of copyright books among the people. Robert Chambers, from whom a remarkable autobiographical letter is printed in the biography of Miller by Peter Bayne (1871), was one of the first to remark the singular interest attaching to all that Miller wrote. Bayne says of Miller's newspaper leaders that, 'as complete journalistic essays, symmetrical in plan, finished in execution, and of sustained and splendid ability, the articles are unrivalled.' Dr Buckland said he would give his left hand for such powers of description as were possessed by this man. Hugh Miller attained his wonderful journalistic style by what R. L. Stevenson used to call

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'elbow-grease.' The MS. was severely corrected. In the revised proof whole sentences were re-written; there was a second, then a third revise, and sometimes a fourth, on all of which there were still corrections. 'The exquisitely turned sentences,' says Mr Croal in his *Recollections of a Journalist*, 'which so provoked the envy of his literary and scientific contemporaries, were finally subjected to a *viva voce* reading by the editor, who, if then satisfied that all was well, at length permitted them to go forth to the world.' The editorial rooms of the *Witness*, in front of the Edinburgh Council Chambers, on the west side, have been removed in connection with city improvements.

It was natural—and the feeling is reflected in the journal that follows—that Mrs Fraser should object at first to her daughter marrying a working-man, whose career was yet to make, however wise and wonderful he might be at the time. She gave way, however, and Hugh Miller, now a bank-accountant, on 7th January 1837 married Lydia Falconer Fraser, a great-granddaughter of Mackenzie of Redcastle, head of one of the most ancient families in the north of Scotland. Her father had been a merchant in Inverness, who had lost the greater part of his fortune.

Hugh Miller's first home in Edinburgh was at Sylvan Place, on the Meadows; next at Stuart's Street, half-way between Edinburgh and Portobello; then at Shrub Mount, Portobello. Mrs Miller was delicate, suffering from what later became confirmed spine complaint, and never fully recovered from the shock she received when her husband in a moment of madness put an end to his life; her health was shattered and her nerves gone. She died at her son-in-law's manse at Lochinver, Sutherlandshire, 11th March 1876, and is buried beside her husband in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh.

There is no reason to doubt, although she made blunders at first, that Mrs Miller was an excellent housekeeper, and that they were very happy together. She was author of several books for young people, including one on animals, and of an anonymous novel, *Passages in the Life of an English Heiress; or, Recollections of Disruption Scotland* (1847). She also assisted her husband at times by writing for the *Witness*. Harriet, her eldest daughter, who married the Rev. John Davidson, and died at Adelaide in 1883, had distinct literary gifts. In early days the fair, azure-eyed little girl with golden curls had a strong natural gift of improvisation both in prose and poetry, and afterwards published an Australian story, *The Hamiltons*, in this journal. She was, besides, the author of two stories entitled *Isobel Jardine's History* and *Christian Osborne's Friends*. The eldest son, William, a strong, adventurous youth, who became Lieutenant-Colonel and Commandant of the 17th Madras Infantry, died at fifty-one, and is buried beside his father. Hugh, his brother, became a member of the Scottish Geological Survey, and died in 1896. The article on his father in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is from his pen.

As the result of a meeting held in Cromarty, a proposal has been set afoot to secure funds to erect a building in his native place, to be called The Hugh Miller Institute, which might serve as a library and a resting-place for relics of Hugh Miller. In this connection, Sir Archibald Geikie, who knew Hugh Miller, has said that he well deserves that the centenary of his birth should be fittingly celebrated.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF NOTABLE EDINBURGH PEOPLE—OLD CROMARTY DAYS AND HUGH MILLER.

Nearly seventy years ago, when last century was still young; when William IV. was king and Earl Grey Prime-Minister; when railways were almost unknown and people still travelled in old-fashioned stage-coaches; when life was undisturbed by penny-posts and telegrams and was quieter and less eventful than it is now; when the burning questions in the political world were the passing of the Reform Bill and the emancipation of the slaves—in these old-fashioned days a lady living in the quaint little town of Cromarty was suffering some disquietude of mind on account of the growing friendship between her pretty and accomplished young daughter and a certain Hugh Miller, who, although a man of undoubted genius, was as yet little known beyond his native place, and when all was said and done was but a poet-mason chiselling gravestones in the old churchyard of St Regulus.

A manuscript note-book by the late Mrs Hugh Miller recently came into the hands of the writer. It is somewhat fragmentary and incomplete, yet its contents may not be without interest to the general reader, containing as it does some account of these early days in Cromarty, as well as reminiscences of personages who are not yet wholly forgotten though they left the world many years ago. The little sketch of life in Cromarty is prefaced by a few pages of still earlier recollections concerning Edinburgh and Edinburgh people in the early twenties, when Mrs Miller, then Miss Lydia Fraser, was a very young girl.

'Soon after I had entered my teens,' she writes, 'I was sent for educational purposes to Edinburgh, and entered as a boarder the family of George Thomson, the correspondent of Burns. Mr Thomson was clerk in the Trustees' office, of which Sir Thomas Dick Lauder was, I think, manager. He had a salary of from four hundred to five hundred pounds a year; but as the old gentleman was musical and fond of society, he chose to increase his income by having a few young ladies to attend classes, as was then a good deal the custom, and on the whole a very good custom, too. A very happy home [at 42 York Place in 1828–31] old George Thomson's

was, and how well I remember the first evening I entered it! There was a musical party. When I went into the drawing-room before the company came the grand piano was open, the stands all set for music, and the dear old man himself was seated reading the paper near a blazing fire, which with abundant light made mirrors and marble consoles and the crowded picture-frames sparkle with warmth and radiance. I have been in many bigger and grander drawing-rooms, but never in one which so combined elegance, taste, and comfort. Mr Thomson rose when I entered, and placed a chair with the same consideration as though I were a princess.

'He was a handsome, gentlemanly old man, with silver hair, and wearing gold spectacles. I was a little thing—I suppose small for my age, as they sometimes called me "little Lydia." That was a sort of pet-name not quite *en règle*, for we were, of course, always formally "missed." The people of that first musical party—they were very frequent—were, of course, on that first evening all strange to me; but there must have been a mixture of those who most frequently made up part of the guests. Mr Hogarth, Mr Thomson's son-in-law, was always there: a splendid violoncellist, well known then and afterwards in the musical world, whose daughter afterwards became Mrs Charles Dickens. His sister, Mrs James Ballantyne, was alive then, and with her husband was seldom missing. Old Mr Ballantyne was no musician properly so called, nor was he, of course, so considered in this circle. He sang a rough song after supper; it was usually "Reel of Tullochgorum;" but he and his wife were always bright, amiable, and kindly. His brother Alexander was, however, an exquisite violin-player, and he and one or more members of his family were frequent guests. He was a dark little man, full of fun, a perfect contrast to his brother James in manner. On the stage the latter would have made choice of the high, the former of the low, life parts. Lockhart's *Life of Scott* was not then written; but it did strike a youngster that James abounded in pompous high-flown speeches. I remember his walking across the room to compliment Miss Thomson on a great topaz brooch which sparkled on the breast of a dark silk gown, proclaiming aloud that it was "like a star on the bosom of night." Yet, although his manner impressed one with a certain pomposity, he was invariably full of kindliness and good humour. Poor man! these were in some respects to him the days of sunshine; in others the sun had gone down, for the failure had taken place. I was told as a great secret by some one of the household that Sir Walter Scott used sometimes to be at those parties, but never came now. But Mrs Ballantyne was there then, sunshiny, happy, much beloved. The quartettes, quintettes, and trios of Mozart, Beethoven, and the like were sometimes relieved by solos on the pianoforte or the singing of either songs or glees. Mr Thomson's second daughter generally took the piano in the pieces, and as she had a mellow and powerful voice, often gave a Scotch song, out of her father's edition, with great effect.

'Though music and musicians usually predominated, all artists of note and literary people were welcome. The Rev. Mr Thomson of Duddingston (the celebrated painter) and his wife were familiar guests. So was Mrs Grant of Laggan, a very dear old lady as she seemed to me. I remember being pleased with a little compliment, as coming from her lips; but these were the days of compliments, and no one ever seemed to lose the opportunity of turning one gracefully. Mrs Grant was one evening looking at some of Joanna Baillie's poetry, about which she was conversing. She had a book on her knee, but did not see well. I rose, and taking a wax-candle, stood till she had found what she wanted. She looked up at Mr Thomson, saying, with her peculiarly sweet smile, "Poetry lighted by one of the Graces!" It might as well, I fancy, have been any one else, but that was the style then.

'I met there, also, Tennant, author of the poem "Anster Fair." He was a very large, red-faced man, who went on crutches. He was full of quiet, suppressed fun, so that one did not quite know whether he was joking or in earnest. I once sat beside him on a sofa for a good part of an evening. I had not read "Anster Fair," though I knew he had written a poem of that name, and whether it contained fine sentiment, high tragedy, or what, I did not know. So I felt somewhat bamboozled with his style of remark. Yet he seemed very good-humoured. Whether it were the peculiar good humour of that charmed circle or his own I cannot tell. I think the latter.

'Mrs Stuart (the wife of Mr Stuart of Dunearn, who shot Sir Alexander Boswell in a duel) came there occasionally. She looked comfortable and happy, a rosy, good-looking, middle-aged woman, well dressed. But I must stop these recollections of individuals or I shall never get done. I cannot quite have done with Mr Thomson yet, however, for he very much endeared himself to all the boarders by his unfailing cheerfulness, the politeness and attention of his manners, and the graceful kindness of his conversation at our social meals. He was as great a lover of painting as of music. The dining-room was hung with prints of the best masterpieces of art; the drawing-room contained many gems of painting—among the rest a lovely little example of Wilkie's "Auld Robin Gray" and Nasmyth's original portrait of Burns. If Mr Thomson had any objects of idolatry in the world, they were these.

'About a year and a half after I became an inmate of the household, a temporary gloom was thrown over us by the death of Mrs James Ballantyne. Her husband, as is well known, went nearly distracted. I well remember the

first day he came up to dinner, looking very pale and in deep mourning. A sad and unusual silence prevailed. At length, making a forced attempt to break it in his usual vein, he asked, "Which of you young ladies will ask me to drink wine with her?" Bashfulness kept the most of us silent. At length the youngest of the Misses Innes of Hermiston, a fine, spirited girl, said cheerfully, "I will, sir." He made her a bow and a little speech, in which he said he well knew how to appreciate her motives, &c. Let me record her name—a strange one for a girl. It was Gordon-Gordon Innes. She was my dearly beloved friend, and my room-companion for a long time. Full of spirit and energy and gaiety, she yet would often of a night point to a mark on her breast, which she said she knew would be fatal. She assured us it was the seal of consumption. Her brother had borne that mark; her brother had died of consumption. We tried to reason and to laugh her out of this idea. Yet it came true. A year or two after her return home, while in the bloom of early womanhood, and while making preparations for the Duchess of Sutherland's ball, she sickened and died. She desired my letters to be buried with her: so I heard. Alas! alas! I fear there was little in them but what was frivolous. May God grant that she and I, in the resurrection day, having been washed and made white in the atoning blood of the Saviour, may not find that correspondence witness against us! There was in it no harm, but an absence of seriousness. Which of us would like our letters buried with our friend if they contained no healing balm—nothing to point to the Cross?'

On leaving Edinburgh, Miss Fraser went to Surrey. There she spent two or three years with relatives who owned a property in that county, and in whose beautiful home she enjoyed much happiness and many social advantages. Then her father, who had been in business in Inverness, died, leaving his affairs in quite a hopeless state of confusion. He was a generous and unsuspicious man, and was ruined by the dishonesty of a clerk and the importunities of a relative. His widow had happily a little property of her own, and with the income derived from it she decided to take a house in Cromarty, where she might still live quietly in comparative comfort. Friends procured a nomination to Christ's Hospital for her only son; and Miss Lydia Fraser, now a very pretty and charming girl of nearly nineteen, came back from Surrey to cheer her mother's loneliness. Some time before her arrival, however, her mother gave her in a letter a description of the place and surroundings in which she now found herself. One sentence is interesting with the interest that always clings round the beginnings of things—giving often to the most prosaic lives a sense of mystery and providence. 'You may guess what [Cromarty's] literary pretensions are,' she writes, 'when I tell you that from my window at this moment I see a stone-mason engaged in building a wall. He has just published a volume of poems.'

On her arrival in Cromarty, Miss Fraser made up her mind to add to the income of the little household by taking a few pupils. She was a born teacher, and her girls adored her; while she on her part threw herself into her work and into the life and society of the little town with great interest and enjoyment, and apparently without a regret for the easier and more luxurious life she had left behind.

Miss Fraser does not appear to have seen Hugh Miller for some little time after she came to Cromarty. She heard of him, however, on all sides, for the townspeople both loved and admired him; and 'Isn't Hugh Miller a wonderful man?' and 'Isn't he humble?' were not uncommon questions to be put to strangers visiting the place. At length, however, she did see him, and in quite unromantic circumstances. It was 'in a school taught after the Normal fashion,' she writes, 'which I think had been but recently opened upon what was called the Braehead of Cromarty. This sort of school was then a novelty. The school was good after its kind, and my mother and myself stepped in to see what the boys were doing. We seated ourselves on chairs by the front window, some little way apart from the class which was then being examined. Soon after a man came in, in what looked like the Sunday dress of a working-man, and seated himself upon a form which stood opposite, hard by the door. He fixed his gaze in the direction of the class, and appeared to listen with great attention. My mother whispered to me that *that* was the Cromarty poet. I was greatly struck by the thoughtful look of his countenance, especially of the eye, which was indeed remarkable not only for expression but in form and colour. It was a sort of family eye, which I have never seen in any one not connected with him. The chiselling was fine, the colouring a deep-blue tinged with sapphire. I find the latter expressed in a portrait painted by Bonnar by a circle of blue outwards and one of red or pink next the pupil. But what struck me most at that time was its earnest and deeply pensive cast. He seemed to listen attentively and to be lost in deeply abstracted thought. I am sure now that he was comparing the new system of easily acquired knowledge with that of the old parish school in which he had been brought up. When results could be compared his leanings were in favour of the latter. But I never heard the history of his thoughts on that morning from himself, because the circumstances passed from his memory, and me he never even observed.'

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XVI.—(*continued*).

NO royal road leads from penury to wealth. It was by sheer hard work and the devotion of all his energies to business that Andrew Lorimer had succeeded in raising himself from a friendless working-lad to the man whose position, though one of no special standing in a city of millionaires, was that of ease if not of affluence.

Andrew Lorimer did not expend either bodily or mental force upon mere exercise. To squander energy on any of the athletic sports favoured by his fellows he would have esteemed a flagrant waste of his sole capital—strength. His every leisure hour young Lorimer spent in improving not so much his mind as his manners. He studied French, elocution, and the ways of polite society to such effect that, on the first occasion that his employer honoured him with an invitation to dinner, he was able to weather safely the Scylla of the *hors-d'œuvre* and the Charybdis of the finger-bowl. He early added to his knowledge of etymology and extended his vocabulary by purchasing a pocket dictionary, with the intention whenever a new word caught his ear of looking it up therein and committing its meaning and spelling to memory. He made a point of living considerably within his income; and the one reckless expenditure he permitted himself was the wise extravagance of dressing well.

He had married judiciously, too: not the daughter of his first employer, though strict veracity compels the confession that at one time Andrew carefully weighed Miss Macgregor in the matrimonial balance and found her wanting. She was a pleasant, indolent lassie, and might have suited a less critical spouse; but having decided that a wife of her lack of taste, as evinced by her dress, and faulty housekeeping, as shown by her somewhat hap-hazard management of her father's house, would be no helpmate for him, he resolved to bide his time. His affection, like his strength, was a part of his scant capital, and he wished to invest it to a certain profit.

In course of time he quitted the establishment of Mr Macgregor for one in a larger way of business; and after some years, having in the interval wedded the only sister of his bachelor employer, he on that employer's death succeeded, through his wife, to the business. Mrs Lorimer, who had proved a chilly but irreproachable wife, died at the close of fifteen years, leaving him one daughter, Honoria.

Such was the story of Andrew Lorimer's life. Nearly forty-five years had elapsed since he first crossed the Border; but still, in the corner of an old pocket-book, he kept the soiled Scotch one-pound bank-notes that, when setting forth to seek his fortune in London, he had reserved, in case of failure, to take him home again.

Lucie's opinion of her uncle was entirely favourable. Apart from the nebulous similarity of intonation, he was totally unlike her father. His manner of dress was perfection—'all black with gold fittings,' as Lucie described him in a letter to Kitty; and it gratified Lucie to see that, in spite of his long journey and the disquieting intelligence that awaited him, Mr Lorimer had not omitted to dress for dinner. 'If only my father took as much care of his appearance and looked as dignified as Uncle Andrew does!' she caught herself wishing, then felt a twinge of compunction at the implied disloyalty of her thought.

The house at Queen's Gate charmed her, though the 'flat' system of piling houses on houses was yet a mystery to her restricted experience. The dining-room with its costly electric-light fittings; the well-chosen table appointments of silver, crystal, and damask; the profusion of flowers; even the dainty meal that had been especially prepared for her, all charmed Lucie. This was what she had dreamt of. This was life in London.

Mr Lorimer listened with intense interest to Lucie's tale of her misadventures. 'Your father mentioned the four hundred pounds in his letter, you say? Then there is no doubt that the letter strayed into the hands of some unscrupulous person, who thought it revealed an easy and safe way of getting money. It certainly never reached my office. My great regret is that when you succeeded in finding your way there yesterday you met with such a cold reception. Wasson ought to have been ashamed of himself not to have had better judgment. He apologised humbly to me to-night. If only Elgood, my chief man, had been there it would have been different; but the clerks are young fools.' Mr Lorimer spoke hotly. That his servitors should have beheld his niece in a destitute condition was derogatory to his dignity as a master.

'I suppose the police will have no difficulty in finding the people who robbed me?' conjectured Lucie.

Mr Lorimer frowned thoughtfully behind his gold-rimmed glasses before replying.

'Well, Lucie, your cousin and I have been thinking that perhaps it may be more judicious to let the matter rest than to try to prosecute. You see, it would be very unpleasant for us all to have the occurrence prominently in the

newspapers, and for your people at home also. Honoria is specially desirous that you should relinquish all intention of making a police-court case about such a trifling sum.'

'But it was four hundred pounds, and some more money I had in my purse, and all my new frocks, and trunks, and jewellery, and everything,' interposed Lucie, astounded.

'Yes, yes; but it would make a nasty scandal, particularly as it comes so soon after the big robbery. But perhaps you have not heard of that? No; it must have taken place while you were at sea. Well, just at the end of January a very large sum in bank-notes and a lot of valuable securities went amissing from the office. It is unusual to have a sum of any importance in the office; but these had come in when it was too late to pay them into the bank. Elgood packed them into the safe under my eyes. I kept the key. Next morning the money and securities were gone. By the merest chance I had gone in unusually early to the office, and discovered the robbery. We had the numbers, and stopped the notes instantly. The thief had made a miscalculation regarding the securities, for, being in registered stock, they were not negotiable.'

'And have they not found him yet?'

'No; the detectives have done their utmost, and I offered a reward of a thousand pounds; but there is no clue yet. The idea now is that, finding himself crippled for lack of funds, he is still in London biding his time till the matter is forgotten; then he will turn the notes into money and be off.'

'How strange! Is nobody even suspected?'

Mr Lorimer shook his head. 'No one at all. Everybody in the office has been there for some time, and all have spotless reputations. The affair has aged Elgood; for, though he is in no way to blame, he seems to feel that the responsibility rests on him. That is probably the cause of his present illness.'

'And have the detectives never had a clue?'

'Only a slight one; but it convinces them that the thief is still in London. Last month a man tried to change a twenty-pound note at one of the City post-offices. The clerk who received it turned away from the desk to compare the number with those of the proscribed notes, and found that it was one of them; but by that time the man had disappeared. It was a busy hour, and the clerk had no recollection of the appearance of the man except that he belonged to the ordinary type of City man—tall hat, overcoat—no distinctive features to go by. The occurrence made quite a sensation. So, as you will understand, if we have a fresh hue-and-cry over this other robbery it will scarcely be to the credit of the firm. And for your sake socially it would be better not to proceed in the matter. Honoria,' added Mr Lorimer, as though Honoria's word were law, 'as I told you, is specially anxious that no steps should be taken to make the matter public.'

'Well — of course, uncle, if you wish it.' Reluctance weighted Lucie's grudging assent. Revenge is sweet, and she was keenly anxious that the transgressors should be brought to justice. 'But, even to satisfy my curiosity, I should like to find out how those hateful people knew I was coming to England.'

'Ah! a letter that comes so far passes through many strange hands, and has countless ways of miscarrying. You have no conception how aggravatingly tedious the methods of the police are. Unless you wish to lose all the pleasure of your visit, take my advice and try to forget all about that unfortunate episode. Think of it only as a bad dream.'

Though Lucie apparently acquiesced in her uncle's decision, within her secret heart she determined to use every individual effort to bring the bogus Honoria and her father to justice. She was a stranger, and London was a vast wilderness; yet, with the dauntless courage of youth, Lucie promised herself that before she left England she would make the people who had done her so cruel a wrong plead for mercy at her hands.

The first discovery Lucie made about her new-found relatives was that in process of removal from the reputable suburb of Norwood to Queen's Gate their name from plain Lorimer had developed into Seton-Lorimer, with a hyphen. The change had long been the ambition of Mr Lorimer's fashionable daughter; and, as the improvement was quite in accordance with her father's desire for what he esteemed 'style,' they were known among their new friends as the Seton-Lorimers.

Lucie did not see her cousin until next morning. The Channel passage having been rough, she had gone to bed immediately on arriving, and when Miss Seton-Lorimer retired to her chamber she was invisible to all eyes, save those of the discreet parlour-maid who waited upon her, until she issued therefrom. Sundry little secrets of the toilet—mysteries too subtle to be betrayed to unsympathetic eyes—shared her seclusion.

Honoria being a capable housekeeper—though with well-trained servants and an ample allowance housekeeping is an easy matter—from the moment of Lucie's arrival at Queen's Gate nothing that could add to her comfort was lacking. True, the tiny proportions of her bedroom surprised her at first sight. Delicately tinted and elaborately fitted up though it was, the room was only about one-third the size of her untidy, ill-appointed apartment in Mannington Road.

For a moment the impression that her uncle might not be so wealthy as she had supposed occurred to her; but a glance at the plethora of silver-mounted toilet articles, the rose-hued satin quilt, the lace-bedecked linen, proved

speedily reassuring. Having lived in a land where poverty squats on one floor and prosperity rears its dwelling high, Lucie had yet to learn of the modern craze for herding in flats; that species of costly mania which induces otherwise sensible families to quit commodious detached houses wherein they have space to move and air to breathe, and to cram as many as possible of their worldly possessions into a suite of tiny, ill-ventilated rooms, for which privilege they pay a sum out of all proportion to their advantages.

Mr Seton-Lorimer's flat at Queen's Gate resembled its species in having its apartments constructed on a descending scale, which ranged from moderately sized sitting-rooms to mere cupboards wherein the servants slept. Still, it was all so dainty and charming that Lucie drew a long breath of relief as she surveyed the pretty nest that had been prepared for her. After her cramped upper berth on the *Omega*, the troubled nights spent in the house of mystery, and the odd hours passed under the roof of the charitable Mrs Denman, it seemed as though she had reached a haven of rest.

'It feels like home at last,' she thought joyfully. 'I know I shall love Honoria.'

But in this Lucie reckoned without her hostess.

VANILLA-GROWING.

By A. M'Farlane, of Moorea, Society Islands.

N article on 'Vanilla-Gathering in Central America,' by Mr Rowland W. Cater, in *Chambers's* (for 1901, p. 278) interested me greatly, as I have been for years a cultivator and curer of vanilla.

The white planter in the tropics, after he has been for some years subjected to the enervating effects of the climate, becomes averse to anything in the shape of labour more than is absolutely necessary for conducting whatever particular avocation his may be. So that residents of a Northern clime have to depend upon the kind services of the 'globe-trotters' for their information upon the various cultures; and, owing partly to the short time which they are enabled to devote to acquiring information, and often to misleading statements made by planters intentionally, sometimes this information is very incorrect. This stricture, however, does not refer to the article by Mr Cater, and I must compliment him upon the care which he has evidently displayed in his study of the vanilla. He has, however, made a few mistakes; and I thought it might perhaps interest your readers were I to correct them, and also describe the methods employed by us here in the South Sea Islands.

Although Tahiti is one of the largest vanilla-producing countries, ranking second or third, annually yielding nearly one hundred tons of the dried product, ours is nearly the worst vanilla that reaches the European markets, commanding only about half the price which is paid for vanilla produced in Réunion or Seychelles, or one-quarter of that paid for the best Mexican. However, to offset this disadvantage, we have the advantage of the finest tropical climate in the world—no hurricanes (Tahiti being outside of the 'hurricane belt,' which only reaches the Raratonga or Cook Islands, six hundred miles to the west), no malaria or fevers, no poisonous serpents, and but few noxious insects—and have a gentle, friendly race of natives to live among.

We have here in cultivation two varieties of vanilla: *V. planifolia*, grown only in very limited quantities, as owing to the tendency of the bean to split when nearing maturity upon the vine, and afterwards during the process of curing, it does not appeal to the native grower; and the variety in common cultivation, which is that known in Mexico as *pompona*. Both varieties were originally brought here from Mexico. *V. planifolia* produces the true vanilla, while *pompona* yields what is known in Mexico as *vanillon* and in the London market as *vanillos*. *V. pompona*, although yielding such an inferior quality of fruit, has advantages which endear it to the Tahitian. The bean does not split; it can be cured by simply exposing it to the sun, not requiring to be dipped in hot water or subjected to a process of baking, as do the others; and it always gives two and sometimes three or four crops of flowers during the year, while *planifolia* gives but one, and that of short duration.

Most of the Tahiti vanilla is planted so as to climb upon the guava, which is about the worst tree that could possibly be obtained for the purpose, as the bark constantly peeling off causes the tendrils of the vanilla to lose their hold with it, and the vines have to be hung over any convenient branch to keep them from falling to the ground. The guava is an imported tree, but it has taken possession of large tracts of land; and to make a vanilla plantation requires the minimum of labour, usually only the cutting out of a few guavas where they may be growing too thickly, and the planting of vanilla-vines at the roots of the remaining ones. Upon hillsides where the *purao* (a species of Broussonetia) grows, the vanilla is at home. In fact, it is a mistake to plant it upon level land, as, although the vine revels in moisture, the roots are very impatient of water lying

stagnant about them. The *purao* is, however, a rapid-growing tree, and considerable labour is required in pruning in order to keep it within bounds and prevent it from overshading the vanilla, too much shade being even worse than too little.

The best situation for a vanilla plantation is on a hillside, preferably in a valley, not too near the sea; and the best system of planting, for one who can afford to wait, is to clear off all the trees which may be growing upon it, and to plant at regular intervals young trees or posts, of varieties which will grow from cuttings. In my experience the best is a small tree known locally as *pini*, a species of Bauhinia, and which will grow in two years to a height of from twelve to fifteen feet. The usual distance apart for the posts is six by eight feet. When these posts are in place, the vines are planted as Mr Cater says; only that we usually use cuttings of ten or twelve feet in length. When cuttings of this length are used a crop of beans is secured nine months or a year sooner than when short lengths are planted. We reckon on a small crop of cured beans eighteen months after planting, and a full crop in two years and a half.

The flowers, which last but one day, open about 7 A.M. and close about 3 P.M., and have to be pollinated by hand during that time—that is, all those which open upon one day must be pollinated the same day. We use small, pointed sticks for this purpose; the pollen, which is a small compact mass, being transferred more rapidly by these than by any other method that has been tried. A very expert worker can pollinate three thousand flowers in one day, but most are satisfied with from fifteen hundred to two thousand.

About nine months after the flowers appear, the beans become mature. This stage is known by their changing in colour from a dark to a light-yellowish green, or by their becoming brown at the lower or flower end, when they must be picked and taken to the house to undergo the process of curing, which should occupy about three months. They can be cured in a shorter time, but always at a sacrifice of quality. This is the most important work of the vanilla-planter, and entails constant care, as a few days' neglect may spoil the whole crop. This, I think, partly explains why Tahiti vanilla has such a bad name in the markets of the world. Most of the native planters cure their own crop, but they will not give the necessary attention to this work. There is no secret about the method of curing, although some pretend that there is. It consists in alternate exposures to the sun, always under dark-coloured blankets, and sweating in the house in tight tins or boxes. Experience is the only teacher as to when the bean has arrived at the proper stage of dryness.

I have to differ from Mr Cater regarding a few of his statements. For one thing, the vanilla is essentially a terrestrial orchid, and derives a large part of its sustenance from the soil. In proof of this, in any old, neglected plantation plants may be found which have been uprooted or broken off. When this happens, the part of the vine which is left at once takes on a sickly yellow hue and sends down long roots—I have seen some of these over thirty feet long—which on reaching the soil take root, and the vine at once recovers. The small tendrils do not feed upon the trees to which they cling, these being simply used as anchors for the vine. This refers to live trees; when the tendrils come upon a decayed branch, or when the tree upon which the vanilla is trained dies, they then change their character, becoming elongated and entering into the decayed places as proper roots, and evidently feed upon it.

In his estimate of the possible crop and probable profit I cannot agree with Mr Cater. First, an estimate of four beans to a vine is ridiculously small. If a vine has only one bunch of flowers, that ought to give from eight to twenty flowers—we usually have eight to ten beans to a bunch; but it is a very poor vine which does not give in the year over ten bunches of flowers. However, to be safely within the mark, let us say that each vine averages five bunches of flowers, giving six beans to the bunch, or thirty beans to the vine. This will give three thousand beans to the hundred vines. Taking these at a hundred and fifty beans to the pound, the usual average, we have twenty pounds as the crop. This at our average price of six shillings gives six pounds sterling, or at the price mentioned by him—twenty shillings—twenty pounds. Where he is wrong is in the weight. One thousand beans—and they must be the best—will weigh fifty pounds, but only when they are green; and in the process of curing they lose at least three-quarters of their weight. Figures, however, are sometimes misleading, and I cannot do better than give as an example the results from a small plantation in which I am interested. A careful account of the expenditure and receipt has been kept. At the end of three years and a half from the time of planting the vines we have paid back all that has been expended upon them, and have a small balance in hand. A man here with three or four acres of vanilla has a competence; with ten or more he is rich; and for one who likes to potter around among flowers in the temperature of a greenhouse I cannot imagine a life more attractive.

By the way, although the fruit of the vanilla is in no sense a bean, it is invariably called by that name.

Our vanilla is one of the most speculative crops, rivalling hops in that respect. I have known it to sell for two shillings a pound—that was ten years ago, and it has never gone below four shillings since—and again for sixteen shillings. The average price, however, is six shillings; and as we

estimate that it costs two shillings per pound to grow and cure, a fair margin of profit is left for the grower.

I will conclude with a little information for brother-planters. Vanilla possesses two irritant poisons, which, like some other vegetable poisons, act differently upon different individuals. To a few they are innocuous. The juice of the vine, or even the rain or dew from off the leaves, produces in some an itching sensation somewhat resembling 'prickly heat.' The dry or partially dry beans produce small blisters on the hands of some of those constantly handling them, and in extreme cases sores upon the arms and body, which all itch incessantly. I have suffered slightly for years from these, and have only lately found what seems to be a cure; in my case it has proved a specific. This is carbolic acid. I use a mixture of equal parts of carbolic acid, glycerine, and rose-water, rubbed on upon going to bed. I have tried the same remedy upon a number of natives, and have cured them all. Washing with Calvert's 20 per cent. carbolic soap after handling the beans acts as a preventive.

THE KING WEDS.

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CHAPTER III.

ARRIVING at the more public corridors of the palace, the King's first encounter was with the Constable of Falaise. Talbot's dress was travel-stained, and his youthful face wore almost the haggardness of age. He looked like a man who had ridden hard and slept little, finding now small comfort at the end of a toilsome journey. The King, with a cry of pleasure at the meeting, smote his two hands down on the shoulders of the other, who seemed unconsciously to shrink from the boisterous touch.

'Talbot,' he cried, 'you promised to overtake me at Tours; but you did not.'

'It is not given to every man to overtake your Majesty,' said Talbot hoarsely.

'Constable of Falaise, you were not honest with me that night in your castle. I spoke to you freely from the bottom of my heart; you answered me from your lips outward.'

'I do not understand your Majesty,' replied the young man grimly.

'Yes you do. You love Mary of Vendôme. Why did you not tell me so?'

'To what purpose should I have made such a confession, even if it were the fact?'

'To the purpose of truth, if for nothing else. Why, man! is it thus you love in France? Cold Scotland can be in that your tutor. In your place, there had been a quick divorce between my sword and scabbard. Were my rival twenty times a king, I'd face him out and say, "By Cupid's bard, return, or fight!"'

'What! this in your castle to your guest?' exclaimed Talbot.

'No, perhaps not. You are in the right, Constable; you are in the right. I had forgotten your situation for the moment. I should have been polite to him within my own walls; but I should have followed him across my marches and slit his gullet on the king's highway.'

Notwithstanding his distraction of mind, the new-comer smiled somewhat wanly at the impetuosity of the other.

'You must remember that while your foot presses French soil you are still the guest of all true Frenchmen; nevertheless your Majesty's words have somehow put new life into my veins. Have you seen Mary of Vendôme?'

'Yes; and there is not three months' life left to her unless she draws vitality from your presence. Man, man! why stand you here idling? Climb walls, force bolts, kidnap the girl, and marry her in spite of all the world.'

'Alas! there is not a priest in all France would dare to marry us, knowing her to be pledged to your Majesty.'

'Priests of France! I have priests in my own train who will at a word from me link you tighter than these stones are cemented together. God's will, Talbot! these obstacles but lend interest to the chase.'

'Is it possible that you, having opportunity, care not to marry Mary of Vendôme?' cried the amazed young man, who could not comprehend that where his preference fell another might be indifferent; for she was, as he had said, the Pearl of France to him, and it seemed absurd to imagine that she might not be so to all the world.

'United Europe, with Francis and the Emperor Charles for once united at its head, could not force me to marry where I did not love. I failed to understand this when I left Scotland; but I have grown in wisdom since then.'

'Who is she?' asked the Constable, with eager interest.

'Hark ye, Talbot,' said the King, lowering his voice and placing an arm affectionately over the shoulder of the other; 'you shall be my guide. Who is the Lady Madeleine of this Court?'

'The Lady Madeleine? There are several.'

'No, there is but one: the youngest, the most beautiful, the most witty, the most charming. Who is she?'

The Constable wrinkled his brows in thought.

'That must be Madeleine de Montmorency. She is the youngest of her name, and is by many accounted beautiful. I never heard that she was esteemed witty until your Majesty said so. Rather reserved and proud. Is that the lady?'

'Proud—yes. Reserved—um, yes—that is, perhaps not when she meets a man who knows how to appreciate her. However, I shall speedily solve the riddle, and must remember that you do not see the lady through a lover's eyes. But I will not further keep you. A change of costume may prove to your advantage, and I doubt not an untroubled night's sleep will further it.'

'Your Majesty overwhelms me with kindness,' murmured the young lover, warmly grasping the hand extended to him. 'Have I your permission to tell Mary of Vendôme?'

'You have my permission to tell her anything; but you will bring her no news, for I am now on my way to see her.'

The King gaily marched on, his head held high, a man not to be denied; and as he passed along all bowed at his coming, for every one in the Court admired him. There was something unexpectedly French in the dash of this young Scotchman. He strode across the court and up the steps which led into the Palace Vendôme. The Duchess herself met him with that hard smile on her thin lips which was customary to her.

'Madam,' he said brusquely, 'I would see your daughter alone.'

The grim Duchess hesitated.

'Mary is so shy,' she said at last.

The King interrupted her:

'I have a cure for that. Shyness flees in my presence. I would see your daughter alone, madam; send her to me.'

There being no remedy when a king commands, the lady made the best of a dubious proceeding.

James was pacing up and down the splendid drawing-room when, from the farther door, the drooping girl appeared, still with downcast eyes, unlike in her meek obedience. She came forward perhaps a third the length of the room, faltered, and stood.

'Mary,' said the King, 'they told me you were beautiful; but I come to announce to you that such is not my opinion. You are ambitious, it would seem, so I tell you frankly you will never be Queen of Scotland.'

For the first time in his presence the girl uncovered her eyes and looked up at him.

'Yes,' said the King, 'your eyes are fine. I am constrained to concede that much; and if I do not wed you myself, it is but right I should nominate a candidate for your hand. There is a friend of mine for whom I shall use my influence with Francis and your father that they may persuade you to marry him. He is young Talbot, Constable of Falaise, a demented stripling who calls you the Pearl of France. Ah, now the colour comes to your cheeks! I would not have believed it. All this demureness, then'—— But the girl had sunk at his feet; she grasped his hand and pressed it to her lips.

'Tut, tut!' he cried hastily, 'that is the reversal of the order of nature. Rise, and when I send young Talbot to you, see that you welcome him. Now, good-day to you.'

As he passed through the outer room the Duchess lay in wait for him and began murmuring apologies for her daughter's diffidence.

'We have arranged all about the wedding, madam,' said the King reassuringly as he left the palace.

The next day, at the same hour as the King had met Madeleine for the first time, he threaded his way eagerly through the mazes of the old castle until he came to the door that led him out into the elysian garden. The weather still befriended him, being of an almost summer mildness. For several minutes he paced impatiently up and down the gravel walk; but no laughing face greeted him from the battlements above. At last, swearing a good round Scottish oath, he said, 'I'll solve the mystery of that balcony.' Then, seizing the lower branch of the tree, he was about to climb as he had done before, when a tantalising silvery laugh brought his arms down to his sides again. It seemed to come from an arbour at the farther end of the grounds; but when he reached there the place proved empty. He pretended to search among the bushes, but nevertheless kept an eye on the arbour, when his sharp ear caught a rustling of silk from behind the summer-house. He made a dash towards it, then reversed his direction, speeding like the wind, and next instant this elusive specimen of Gallic womanhood ran plump into his arms, not seeing where she was going, her head averted to watch the danger that threatened from another quarter. Before she could give utterance to more than one exclamatory 'Oh!' he had kissed her thrice on the lips. She struggled in his arms like a frightened bird, nobly indignant, with shame-crimsoned cheeks, smiting him with her powerless little snowflake of a hand. Her royal lover laughed.

'Ha, my Madeleine! this is the second stage of the game. The hand was paradise on earth; the lips are the seventh heaven itself.'

'Release me, you Scottish clown!' cried Madeleine, her black eyes snapping fire. 'I will have you whipped from the Court for your insolence.'

'My dear, you could not be so cruel. Remember that poor Cupid's back is naked, and he would quiver under every stroke.'

'I'd never have condescended to meet you did I dream of your acting so. 'Tis intolerable the forwardness of you beggarly Scots!'

'Nay, never beggarly, my dear, except where

a woman is concerned, and then we beg for favours.'

'You little suspect who I am or you would not venture to misuse me thus, and be so free with your "my dears."'

'Indeed, lass, in that you are mistaken. I not only found you in the garden, but I found your name as well. You are Madeleine de Montmorency.'

She ceased to struggle, and actually laughed a little.

'How clever you are to have discovered so much in such a short time! Now let me go, and I will thank you. Nay, more; I promise that if you ask the Duke of Montmorency for his permission, and he grants it, I will see you as often as you please.'

'Now, Madeleine, I hold you to that, and I will seek an introduction to the Duke at once.'

She stepped back from him panting, and sank into a deep curtsey that seemed to be characterised more by ridicule than politeness.

'Oh! thank you, sir,' she said. 'I should dearly love to be an eavesdropper at your conference.'

Before he could reply, the door by which he had entered the park opened.

'In the fiend's name—the King!' muttered James, in no manner pleased by the unwelcome interruption.

All colour left the girl's face, and she hastily endeavoured to arrange in some measure the disordered masses of her hair, somewhat tangled in the struggle. As Francis advanced up the walk the genial smile froze on his lips and an expression of deep displeasure overshadowed his countenance, a look of stern resentment coming into his eyes that would have made any man in his realm quail before him. The girl was the first to break the embarrassing silence, saying breathlessly:

'Your Majesty must not blame this Scottish knight. It is all my fault, for I lured him hither.'

'Peace, child!' exclaimed Francis in a voice of cold anger. 'You know not what you say. What do you here alone with the King of Scotland?'

'The King of Scotland!' echoed Madeleine, in surprise, her eyes opening wide with renewed interest as she gazed upon him. Then she laughed. 'They told me the King of Scotland was a handsome man!'

James smiled at this imputation on his appearance, and even the rigour of the Lord of France relaxed a trifle, and a gleam of affection for the wayward girl that was not to be concealed rose in his eyes.

'Sire,' said James slowly, 'we are neither of us to blame. 'Twas the accident that brought us together must bear the brunt of consequence. I cannot marry Mary of Vendôme, and indeed I was about to beg your Majesty to issue your command that she may wed your Constable of Falaise. If there is to be union between France and Scotland other than now exists, this lady, and this lady alone, must say yes or no to it. Premising her free consent, I ask her hand in marriage.'

'She is but a child,' objected Francis, with a sigh, which had, however, something of relief in it.

'I am fully seventeen,' expostulated Madeleine, with a promptness that made both men laugh.

'Sire, Youth is a fault, which, alas! travels continually with Time, its antidote,' said James. 'If I have your good wishes in this project, on which, I confess, my heart is set, I shall at once approach the Duke of Montmorency and solicit his consent.'

The face of Francis had cleared as if a ray of sunshine had fallen upon it.

'The Duke of Montmorency!' he cried in astonishment. 'What has he to do with the marriage of my daughter?'

James murmured something that may have been a prayer, but sounded otherwise, as he turned to the girl, whose delight at thus mystifying the great of earth was only too evident.

'I told him he little suspected who I was,' said Madeleine, with what might have been termed a giggle in one less highly placed; 'but these confident Scots think they know everything. Indeed, it is all your own fault, father, in keeping me practically a prisoner when the whole castle is throbbing with joy and festivity.' Then the irrepressible Princess buried her flushed face in her hands, and laughed and laughed, as if this were the most irresistible comedy in the world, instead of a grave affair of State, until at last the two monarchs were forced to laugh in sympathy.

'I could not wish her a braver husband,' said Francis at last. 'I see she has bewitched you as is her habit with all of us.'

And thus it came about that James Fifth of Scotland married the fair Madeleine of France.

SOME SENSATIONS IN THE ART WORLD.

By A. Wallis Myers.

FOURTEEN pounds per square inch! Such was the price paid by the Trustees of the National Gallery for what has been universally described as one of the most perfect pictures in the world — Raphael's 'Ansidei Madonna.' Before it passed to the most honourable apotheosis it could enjoy, the 'Ansidei' had adorned the palatial gallery at Blenheim Palace; and it was sold under Mr Christie's hammer on 23rd July 1886. In one way the treasure was a tragedy: it gave silent testimony to the impoverishment of a ducal palace. When the late Duke of Marlborough's affairs came before the Court of Chancery, certain of the finest portraits—twenty-five in all—were put together and valued. They were estimated as worth four hundred thousand pounds, and were offered to the National Gallery. Of these, eleven were tentatively selected by the Director of the Gallery, Sir Frederick Burton. He valued them at three hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and recommended the Government to buy them for the nation; but the Government were staggered at the price, and gracefully declined. However, the Raphael 'Ansidei' was bought for seventy thousand pounds (more than three times the price ever paid for a work of art), and also the grand Vandyck equestrian portrait of Charles I. Baron Alphonse de Rothschild paid fifty-five thousand pounds for two superb portraits of Rubens and his wife and child, painted by himself.

The disposal of the Marlborough collection, by which the nation gained its choicest and costliest masterpiece, occupied the sole attention of the whole art world for weeks; and it was estimated that nearly half-a-million pounds was realised.

The late Mr Beckett-Denison little thought when he bought 'Daniel in the Lions' Den' that he would live only a very short time to enjoy its possession, and that it would then go back to its original owner for only half the amount paid by him. The 'Daniel,' eleven feet long and eight feet high, was exhibited in 1873 by the Duke of Hamilton. The description then accompanying Rubens's great work was: 'The prophet is represented sitting naked in the middle of the den, his hands clasped, and his countenance directed upwards with expression of earnest prayer. Nine lions are prowling round him.' The picture, which was included in the Hamilton collection, formed the central object of interest for thousands at Christie's; copies of the catalogue sold at a guinea each; and the work was uncovered amidst applause. The picture was put up by the auctioneer at a thousand guineas; a bid of two thousand immediately followed; then the price advanced by five-hundred-guinea leaps to four thousand guineas, and gradually to four thousand nine hundred guineas, for which sum it was secured by Mr Beckett-Denison.

Mr Beckett-Denison, though a passionate collector, was not a connoisseur; and death struck him down at the very zenith of his career. He came to London with ample fortune, and set about surrounding himself with the rarest objects upon which he could lay his hands: the 'Daniel' was one. Attending sales almost daily, he bought with reckless courage. Generally he bid for himself, but now and then employed an agent; yet in neither case, so long as he secured his picture, did he care what price he paid. He built himself a fine mansion near Hyde Park, and just when it was finished there occurred the famous Hamilton sale, at which the collector spent nearly two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and bought fully a quarter of the pictures put up for sale. When Mr Beckett-Denison died his splendid collection came under the hammer; and the Duke of Hamilton had the pleasure of restoring to his ancestral home one of its most glorious decorations.

There have been many curious picture-finds, among which the wholesale discovery at Welbeck Abbey must rank as sensational. Shortly after the succession of the fifth Duke of Portland in 1854, his Grace caused an inventory to be carefully made of all the pictures at the Abbey. Three years later no less than one hundred and ninety-six pictures were found stowed away in the loft and wardrobe, a large storeroom over the coach-houses, and in a room adjoining the steward's office. It was evident they had lain in obscurity for years; and when the Duke had had most of them relined and framed, a splendid addition to his gallery was the result. The collection at Welbeck Abbey, by the way, covers the entire range of portrait-painters in England from the time of Holbein to the beginning of last century, all the best-known artists being represented.

The Vanderbilt mansion in New York, so new compared with Welbeck Abbey and yet so stately in its grandeur, also possesses some of the finest pictures brush has ever painted; and one of these has a peculiar claim for attention. It is called 'General Desaix and the Peasant.' Recalling the famous retreat of the Army of the Rhine through Bavaria, it depicts Desaix questioning the Bavarian peasantry as to the position of the two Austrian forces, by which he arranged that masterly march which had all the success of victory. The artist who painted this fine picture, in 1867, was J. L. E. Meissonier, of whose works

Mr Vanderbilt has now the finest group in the world. The 'Desaix' was neatly secured. Mr Vanderbilt beguiled the artist to tell him impartially which he considered the most perfect picture he had ever painted. Meissonier mentioned the 'Desaix,' and added the name of the owner. Mr Vanderbilt instantly went out, telegraphed to Dresden, where the owner lived, and acquired the treasure, completely surprising the famous artist by bringing it into his studio on the following morning. It was the beginning of a close friendship. Meissonier afterwards painted a very lifelike portrait of the great millionaire, which has been placed beside the 'Desaix' in the famous gallery, also containing a clever bronze statuette of the artist by Signor Genito, an Italian sculptor.

The recovery of the late Sidney Cooper's 'Monarch of the Meadows' was almost as sensational as the recapture of the famous Gainsborough 'Duchess.' This picture, painted in 1872, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following year, and attracted considerable attention. When it was subsequently offered for sale, Mr Alcroft outbid the Agnews by five hundred pounds. The purchaser placed the picture in a disused room during some building operations. A fire broke out; and afterwards it was discovered that Cooper's canvas had been cut away from the frame in precisely the same manner as the 'Duchess.' No clue came the way of the police, and the public had almost forgotten the audacious theft when Mr Alcroft received a letter from the self-confessed plunderer, in which he explained that he had been one of the decorators employed in the house, and had been offered a large sum to effect the robbery; but, as the money had not been forthcoming, the man offered to return the treasure for five hundred pounds and 'no questions.' The police were again put on the scent, but without any tangible success; and then a year afterwards two men were captured, on information received from a confederate, and the stolen work was discovered in their possession. The principal in the crime got seven years.

'The Countess of Derby,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds, remains undiscovered to this day. It disappeared mysteriously and very suddenly after it had been painted. Reward followed reward; but in vain. Then it became whispered that the Earl of Derby, who had quarrelled with his wife, had destroyed it; but in support of this theory there is no definite evidence available.

The year 1875 will ever be memorable in the annals of art sales, for in the spring of that year the Manley Hall collection came under the hammer at Christie's, and some sensational bids were recorded. Samuel Mendel, to whom the collection belonged, was a textile merchant of Manchester, who made no pretence at being a connoisseur, gave no commissions to painters, and did not attend the sales. He invariably consulted the Agnews, who may thus be said to have created the Manley Hall collection; small wonder, then, that the Agnews bought back most of the pictures when the collection came into the market. Of the Manley Hall treasures, two stand out. For Turner's 'View on the Grand Canal, Venice,' Messrs Agnew paid the highest price ever obtained at an auction for a Turner—seven thousand guineas. It is curious to note that, as in the case of the famous Gainsborough, the 'runner up' in the bidding was Lord Dudley, to whom the picture was subsequently sold at a figure 10 per cent. in advance of his own price. This sale was also distinguished by the disposal of Frith's 'Dinner Party at Boswell's Lodgings' for four thousand five hundred and sixty-seven pounds, the highest sum ever paid at an auction for a picture during the lifetime of the painter.

This naturally reminds one of the astonishing history of one of Frith's own portraits painted by himself. The celebrated R.A. had entirely forgotten its existence until a friend entered his studio one morning and asserted that a capital picture of himself was on view in a small shop in Great Portland Street. 'It's not a bit like what you are now,' observed the friend, 'but it may have resembled you some years ago. Go and look at it.' Mr Frith went, and found his own image after an estrangement of forty-five years. He determined to buy it, though he had not the faintest recollection of having painted it. 'Ah, a portrait!' said Frith to the woman in charge of the shop, after he had pretended to examine several other works. 'Whose likeness is that?' 'That,' said the lady, 'is a portrait of the celebrated artist, Frith, painted by himself.' 'Why, he must be an elderly man,' put in the artist. The woman remarked that he was young once. 'Humph!' quoth the genial W. P. F.; 'not much of a picture.' To this the woman demurred, and asked twenty pounds for the canvas. It was Frith's turn to appear surprised. 'Well,' replied the shopkeeper without moving a muscle, 'it cost us nearly as much; we shall make a very small profit. You see, it is very valuable because the artist is *diseased*'! 'Deceased,' exclaimed the astonished painter. 'Dead, do you mean?' 'Yes, sir; died of drink. My husband attended the funeral.' Frith bought the picture, but did not revive for some time.

Reynolds also forgot the existence of one of his pictures. Burke once obtained a very early work and called on the great artist, submitting the work as that of a young student who sought advice from the master. Reynolds had a long look, and then asked, 'Is the painter a friend of yours?' Burke replied in the affirmative. 'Well,' replied the great man, 'I really don't feel able to give an opinion. It's a cleverish thing; but whether it is of sufficient promise to justify the young man in adopting art as a profession I

cannot say.' Sir Joshua had entirely forgotten his own work.

Perhaps no picture of D. G. Rossetti ever created so much of a stir as his 'Ecce Ancilla Domini,' after Raphael, which the National Gallery purchased for the large sum of eight hundred guineas. It measures twenty-eight and a half inches by seventeen inches, and strikingly represents the Annunciation, depicting the Angel Gabriel, draped in white vestments, standing in flames, holding a lily; while the Virgin is rising from her couch, near which is an embroidery-frame. This beautiful early work of Rossetti—whom experts describe as the 'head of the romantic movement in modern English poetry, and of the pre-Raphaelite movement in English painting'—was, remarkable to state, rejected by the Royal Academy!

A FATAL EXPERIMENT WITH A SUBMARINE BOAT.

By an English Naval Officer.

THERE was war on the coasts of Chili and Peru. It was not one of the frequent revolutions which periodically convulse those unhappy states, nor yet an internecine war between the two great republics of the western shore of South America, but a war in which the two, for once linked together as brethren, strove to hold their own against their common parent, Spain.

Weak though the sea-power of Spain then was compared with what it had been when first her great South American colonies were created, it was an overwhelming force when contrasted with that of the two republics; for the fleet with which she proposed to reduce her quondam children to submission consisted of two powerful ironclads, five fine wooden steam-frigates, and two despatch-vessels, mounting in all some two hundred and fifty guns, and carrying nearly four thousand men. Peru could bring against these one old steam-frigate, one or two gunboats, an ancient mail-steamer armed with a few light guns, a sailing-brig, and two nondescript home-made ironclads—one an old steam-corvette, the *Loa*, cut down and saddled with a weight of armour which reduced her to solemn but menacing incompetence; the other a creation of their own, resembling a tin toy turret-ship, carrying one gun, and fitfully propelled, at a speed variously estimated by us at from one-half to three-quarters of a knot, by a locomotive engine which had previously done duty on the Lima railway! Yet, pitiful as the Peruvian navy was, it was truly colossal when compared with that of Chili, which consisted of but one old—very old—wooden corvette, the *Esmeralda*. A Yankee naval officer casually remarked that, on going into the engine-room of that vessel while her boilers were under repair, he could see the light of the workmen's candles through her boiler-plates!

As ever in such circumstances, the supporters of the weaker side, recognising the impossibility of meeting the foe in open combat, sought to equalise the balance of power by craft, and to deal a paralysing blow from an unexpected quarter. The idea was apparently not native; at any rate, the man who devised it and carried out the details was a foreigner. A German of the name of Flach, living at Valparaiso, the great port of Chili, designed and built a submarine boat for the purpose of making an insidious attack upon the Spanish squadron, then strictly blockading Valparaiso. The boat was similar in general outline to many of those employed by the Southern Confederacy in the great civil war, but differed from them considerably in detail. She was built of sheet-iron, was cylindrical in shape, and tapered to a point at both ends; length about forty feet, diameter eight feet. She was propelled by two screws worked by hand, which at most could only give her from three to four knots. Four large iron cylinders filled with compressed air, connected with an air-pump, were carried, and also a smaller cylinder charged with oxygen, for the purpose of purifying the vitiated air. Her weights were so adjusted as to give but a slight margin of buoyancy, and her power of diving beneath the water depended on the action of fins or inclined planes along her sides, which were adjusted from within as required. In order to guard against accident, or in case the boat should fail to rise to the surface when required, a massive iron keel in fourteen sections was attached, which could be dropped in portions, or entirely, at the will of those on board. Lastly, her offensive power consisted of a short breechloading gun. This was not separate and distinct from the boat, as is generally the case; it was specially cast to fit into the framework of the bow, and was actually part of the hull. Thus the whole hull of the boat would take the recoil when the gun was fired, the charge being a forty-pound shell loaded with gun-cotton; the cap over the muzzle, for excluding the water, was, like the screws and fins, manipulated from inside. On deck, under an airtight cover, was a small rifled gun for defence if pursued when on the surface. Entrance to the interior was by a small manhole with a low coaming, which was closed and screwed down when she dived.

As we passed this submarine boat at her moorings day after day we thought her a very untrustworthy and undesirable craft, with her snout

pulled down and her stern cocked up by the excessive weight of the gun in her bows, and with the water splashing over her low turtle-back and the cover of her tiny hatch. However, in spite of her repulsive and treacherous appearance, Flach found volunteers to go out with him for trials in the bay; and the fact that she came back again seemed to prove that she, in some measure at any rate, fulfilled his expectations; but it was ominously reported that no man had ever volunteered for a second cruise. Yet, such as she was, she seemed to be the only opponent that could sally out to the attack of the Spanish squadron with any chance of success.

Long ere the submarine boat had reached this stage, and while she was yet in the workshop, a blow had been struck, the impudence and audacity of which fairly staggered the haughty Dons. Actually within hearing and almost within sight of the great blockading fleet, the poor old rattle-trap *Esmeralda*, with her worn-out hull, her groaning engines, and her transparent boilers, clanked up from her hiding-place among the Chiloé Islands, where she had taken refuge at the beginning of the war, swooped down upon the smart little gun-vessel *Covadonga* as she was steaming down from Panama with important despatches for the Spanish admiral, and carried her off as a prize to her haunt among the islands. This occurred so near that we, lying inside the blockading fleet, heard the muffled report of the guns, and thought it to be the roar of the surf outside the harbour or the distant sound of thunder. For many days afterwards did the Spanish admiral patiently await the arrival of his despatch-vessel and his despatches; but when at last he heard the truth accidentally from the American consul, who was paying him a visit of ceremony, he was so unmanned by the shock that he retired to his cabin, dressed himself in full uniform, with all his orders and decorations, and —blew his brains out!

Now, such an insult to Spanish pride had to be wiped out at once; and on the arrival of the ill-fated admiral's successor, the honour of the gold-and-crimson flag was vindicated by the bombardment of all the public buildings in the defenceless city of Valparaiso, in presence of a British and American squadron. Loud were the cries of indignation from British and American residents of the city that such an outrage should be permitted; for though the united squadrons of Great Britain and the States did not compare in size and number of guns with that of Spain, yet their superiority in discipline and gunnery, as well as their experience, was deemed to fully make up for their ostensible lack of power. Of ironclads to match the great *Numancia* of seven thousand two hundred tons and thirty-four guns, which flaunted the flag of Spain—the other Spanish ironclad, *Almanza*, had not then arrived —the British squadron had none; but the 'Stars-and-stripes' floated above the almost submerged hull of a great double-turreted monitor, the *Monadnock*, whose officers confidently affirmed that, as soon as she opened fire with her four huge five hundred pounders, the plates of the Spanish ironclad would 'come flying off like tiles off the roof of a house.' Moreover, as if to encourage the hope that the bombardment would not be permitted, a fantastic-looking Yankee gun-boat—'our little *Tuscaroora*, sir'—raked up all her spare chain-cables from below, and slinging them in all their native rust along her sides, after the manner of the *Kearsarge* in her fight with the *Alabama*, steamed around the bay, defiant, as if 'suffering for a fight.' But none the less the outrage was unopposed, after which the great armada steamed northward, with intent to repeat upon the armed forts and iron towers of Callao the punishment so easily and safely inflicted upon the helpless Chilian port.

Then was the time that Flach's submarine boat was completed; too late to take any action during the bombardment, indeed, but the Spanish fleet might return at any moment, and in the meantime valuable experience would be gained in manœuvring her without risk of interference from the enemy.

At last, so satisfied was her inventor with her behaviour, and so confident of her safety, that on the 3rd of May 1866 he arranged for a public display of her powers. She was to start from her moorings with a select party of friends and admirers, to cross the breadth of the bay (a distance of some four or five miles) under water, to rise to the surface at the other side and fire her guns by way of signal, and then to return upon the surface of the water with her hatch uncovered. The 3rd of May was a bright day, with a brisk breeze stirring the waters of the bay into little sharp, busy wavelets, which lapped ceaselessly and fretfully over the gleaming turtle-back of the ill-fated machine. Presently boats came off from the shore—a little fleet of boats, filled with the curious and inquisitive. Among them was one bearing Flach himself, his young son, and six companions. We saw them draw alongside; the hatchway-cover was raised, and one by one they climbed down, slowly disappearing into the interior of the craft, after exchanging smiling greetings and chaff with those around them. Just as Flach himself was about to descend he noticed with anger that a lead-line had been made fast to the stern of his vessel; and, rushing aft, he indignantly and hastily cut it adrift. A whaling skipper, whose confidence in the weird-looking craft was not equal to that of the inventor, at the last moment had quietly made fast the line, in order, as he said, 'just to let us know how she's getting on.' Now, Flach's body slowly sank through the hatch; but he lingered for a moment, his head above the coaming, for a last look round. Then he too dis-

appeared, and the hatchway-cover silently closed. After a moment or two of inaction, a swirl of water at the stern indicated that her screws were in motion; and then moving sluggishly forward for a few yards, and gradually getting lower and lower in the water, she silently sank, and we saw her no more. A few of us lingered on deck, gazing stupidly at the spot where she had disappeared and on the water immediately around it, thinking that by chance she might pop up again and take us by surprise; but she gave no sign, nor could her course be traced. So we were forced to content ourselves with the anticipation that she would eventually, but after a long interval, owing to her slow progress, turn up again at the opposite side of the bay. We went down to dinner at noon, and many times during the afternoon turned our glasses upon the opposite shore, hoping to descry her; but we reluctantly admitted that, the distance being very great and the object very small, it was more than probable that we should fail in our search.

Our misgivings proved well founded. There was no sign of her; but after the evening closed in it was rumoured that she had come up all right, had fired her gun as arranged, and was then making her way back slowly to her moorings. The next morning was fated to rudely and painfully dispel the illusion. In the first place, her moorings were unoccupied. That, however, might be easily accounted for in many ways; but during the forenoon curiosity was excited by the appearance of a constant stream of bubbles coming up from below not far from the place where the boat had started on its fateful cruise. It was impossible not to connect this phenomenon with the unfortunate vessel, and the terrible truth was gradually forced upon us that she could barely have gone fifty yards beneath the surface when she plunged headlong to the bottom and there remained; and that, while we had been eagerly expecting her reappearance some miles off, her unhappy crew were still close to us, face to face with an appalling and inevitable doom.

The horror of those hours in that clammy iron shroud—when probably every expedient had failed, every frantic effort had proved of no avail, and when slow, hideous, certain death stared them in the face—is beyond the compass of the most vivid imagination. What did they do when the full extent of their calamity burst upon them? Why did they not cast off the heavy iron keel specially provided for such an emergency? Did they do so, and did the safeguard fail them in their supreme need? Why, again, did they not, as a last wild, despairing resource, load and fire their bow-gun in the hope of starting the machine from the bottom or at least of calling instant attention to their desperate situation? Did they leave any record of the calamity which had overtaken them, as calm, brave men might have done, since their supply of air and oxygen was calculated to last for nine hours? We shall never know. All that we can be certain of is, that eight human beings in health and vigour found themselves by their own act immured in an iron shroud awaiting the coming of a sure and dreadful death. Long before the bubbles betrayed their position they must all have succumbed.

At once our divers were ordered away to try and find the boat, and this they easily succeeded in doing; but the great depth at which she lay—twenty-seven fathoms—made the work extremely difficult and dangerous. Again and again the divers came up bleeding at nose and ears and utterly exhausted by the intense pressure. Twice they managed to place hawsers round her, and twice these parted when we hove on them, unable to sustain the immense weight. Before we could make another attempt peremptory orders were received to leave at once for Callao, where fighting was going on, and where the Spaniards learned, to their disgust, that an attack upon batteries armed with heavy guns is a very different matter from the bombardment of a defenceless town.

At our departure all hope of raising the ill-fated vessel was abandoned; and there, doubtless, she lay, or perchance still lies, with her dead within her, grimly guarding the mystery of their fate, till her iron sides shall sullenly rust away, and her frame crumble to pieces in the slow passage of the years. Possibly, in some far future day, her gun may be dredged up from its muddy bed, or hurled shorewards by one of the frequent volcanic spasms of that troubled coast, to cause an outburst of wondering surprise and conjecture as to the purpose for which so fantastic a weapon could have been constructed.

VIOLETS.

Spring's tiny heralds, shy and sweet,
With half-shut eyes of dusky blue,
I, loitering here with idle feet,
Must needs stoop low and gather you;
For where wet mosses cling and creep,
And sunbeams never come to stay,
Awaking from a winter's sleep,
You give your perfume to the day.

Rough winds, that fret the silver rills,
Caress you gently as they pass
To shake the nodding daffodils
And laugh amid the growing grass.
They find the daisy on the lea,
The primrose in the sunny glade;
You only grow where few can see
Your grace and beauty—in the shade.

And while my heart your fragrance hives—
Such subtle essence, rich and rare—
I can but learn that lowly lives
May sometimes be supremely fair.
Spring's tiny heralds, shy and sweet,
With half-shut eyes of dusky blue,
I, loitering here with idle feet,
Am glad to stoop and gather you.

R. Matheson.

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WESTMINSTER AND CORONATIONS.

By WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM.

THE coronation of King Edward in Westminster Abbey next June will possess several features of exceptional interest. In the first place, a coronation is the only royal ceremony which now takes place in that Valhalla of England's illustrious dead. From the time of Harold every English Sovereign has been crowned in the Abbey; and commencing at the same period, thirteen kings—George II. being the last—and fourteen queens have found resting-places within its sacred walls. In the next place, owing to the long and glorious reign of Queen Victoria, it is sixty-four years since a Sovereign was crowned in the ancient Abbey—a period which is unparalleled in history; and it is somewhat remarkable that after the death of George III. in 1820 there were three coronations in less than twenty years: George IV., William IV., and Victoria. Lastly, the forthcoming ceremonial will be held at a time when the city of Westminster is undergoing a complete transformation. As improvements there have hitherto been only carried out gradually, this part of the subject will be specially dealt with later.

The enthronement of a Sovereign in this country is distinctly a religious ceremonial. It is not recognised in law, and carries with it no legal status; and, although the fact is not generally known, the non-observance of the ceremony would impose no disability either upon the Sovereign or his successors. Nevertheless the ceremonial is more splendid, emblematic, and elaborate in this country than in any other.

There are very few people now living who witnessed the crowning of the late Queen. The Duke of Cambridge, however, was present at the last coronation; and as Prince George, when twelve years old, he witnessed that of William IV. Thus he has the unique distinction of being the only peer of the realm who was a spectator of these two historic functions. Another illustrious personage who, unless something unforeseen occurs, will be present at the forthcoming coronation is the Marquis of Salisbury. One of his ancestors was the chief Minister to Elizabeth at the time of her death, and also held the same responsible position when James I. succeeded to the throne; so that the present Premier, after three centuries, is not only the lineal descendant of the most trusted adviser of the greatest Sovereign this country had had up to that time, but was Prime-Minister under Queen Victoria, who is universally acknowledged to have been England's most illustrious ruler. It is also worthy of notice that Earl Nelson—the third earl, and grandnephew of the Hero of Trafalgar—is the only peer who holds the same title as he did at the coronation of Queen Victoria.

The arrangements for coronations are made by a committee of the Privy Council, sitting as a Court of Claims. The costs in connection with these ceremonies were formerly very great. The highest sum recorded, two hundred and forty thousand pounds, was incurred at the enthronement of George IV. From the time of Harold down to the reign of the last of the Georges, everything was carried out regardless of expense, and curious customs, now fallen into desuetude, were observed. The banquets formerly held in Westminster Hall contributed largely to the enormous cost. It is on record that the ceremony in the Abbey alone was so protracted in 1377 that Richard II. became exhausted, and that at its conclusion he had to be carried out of the sacred edifice on a litter!

Westminster Hall links us almost as closely and as touchingly as does the Abbey itself with the past. According to the memorable description of Macaulay, it has resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of the second Norman king and thirty of his successors.

The English mind, especially the governmental and official mind, delights in precedents—the unwritten laws that regulate all State ceremonials;

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therefore it is desirable to ascertain what took place at the three coronations of the last century. It was on 19th July 1821, after a reign which had up to that time been unprecedented in length, that George IV. was crowned. Great had been the splendour of the coronation ceremonies of his two immediate predecessors; but the King determined to eclipse in magnificence every previous ceremonial. Contemporary writers give a vivid idea of the grandeur of the scene in the Abbey when, according to one of them, the King entered 'under a canopy of cloth-of-gold, himself clothed in gold from head to foot, with a train of superb crimson velvet embroidered all over in masses of gold, and so long and heavy that the pages had to bear it on their shoulders.' There was, as is customary on these occasions, great enthusiasm both inside and outside the Abbey; but a pathetic incident occurred just before the coronation ceremony took place. George's unfortunate Queen—Caroline of Brunswick—presented herself for admission to the Abbey in order to be crowned as Queen Consort; but she was rudely repulsed from the doors. So keenly did Her Majesty feel this gross affront that she died a fortnight later at Brandenburg House of a broken heart. In this connection it may be mentioned that at the coronation of George III. in 1761, Queen Charlotte, after the enthronement of His Majesty, was anointed, and then invested with the ring and crowned.

The coronation of George IV. was the last which took place with the full ceremonial observed in the previous reigns. It included both the service in the Abbey and the great banquet in Westminster Hall. At the latter function the King's Champion, Mr Dymoke of Scrivelsby, mounted on a charger and clad in complete armour, entered Westminster Hall and 'challenged' any one to say that His Majesty was not the rightful heir to the imperial crown. This part of the ceremony was also extremely gorgeous; and, although some critics condemned the great expense it entailed, Sir Walter Scott, who was present, was most favourably impressed with the scene, holding that 'it operated as a tax on wealth and consideration for the benefit of poverty and industry.' As the King left the Hall of Rufus, His Majesty's Herb-woman and her maids scattered flowers along the route; and as an example of the lavish way in which everything was done, it may be pointed out that the charge of Messrs Rundle & Bridge for the loan of jewels was sixteen thousand pounds—an amount which was supposed to be interest on their value.

The old Latin maxim, *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*, was never more strikingly verified than at the coronation of William IV. and Queen Adelaide in 1831. Both the King and the Queen were anxious that little expense should be incurred; indeed, His Majesty went so far as to suggest that there should be no coronation ceremony. The proposal was debated in the House of Lords; and it was eventually decided that the service should take place. However, the ceremonial was much curtailed, everything being abandoned but the service in the Abbey. It was generally believed that the expenses incurred amounted to no more than thirty thousand pounds; but when the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was questioned on the point during the last session of Parliament he stated that it cost forty-two thousand pounds. The Queen was so anxious that no money should be spent unnecessarily that she would not, says Raikes in his *Journal*, permit either the purchase or the hire of a crown from Rundle & Bridge's for herself, but ordered that it should be composed of her own jewels. The ceremony, which took place on 8th September, was, from a popular point of view, a gigantic success, despite the fact that at the time London was seething with discontent owing to the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Reform Bill which had passed the House of Commons.

On the accession of Queen Victoria it was considered desirable by many people that all the ancient forms should be revived in connection with the coronation; but it was decided to follow the precedent set by William IV.—a precedent also to be followed in the case of King Edward—and only the State procession from Buckingham Palace and the service in the Abbey were held. The cost, however, was much higher—sixty-nine thousand four hundred and twenty-one pounds. The coronation, as is well known, took place on 28th June 1838, and it excited unbounded demonstrations of loyal affection. The youth, the personal attractions, and the unblemished fame of the fair young Sovereign of a mighty Empire threw into it a degree of fascination which was wanting in the case of William. Although the route of the procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey was only a little over two miles in length, it was estimated that two hundred thousand pounds had been paid for seats; and Greville in his *Memoirs* observes: 'It is said that a million have had a sight of the show in one way or another. These numbers are probably exaggerated; but they really were prodigious.'

The scene in the Abbey was one of great splendour. It is very rare, however, that full State functions are concluded without some hitch, and this was no exception to the rule. The Queen was made to leave her chair and enter St Edward's Chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the archbishop; and another unfortunate circumstance was that the ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes it should be placed. The ring was forced on the fourth finger; but the swelling became so great that as soon as possible Her Majesty was compelled to bathe the finger in iced water in order to get the ring off. Despite

the pain she was suffering, she received the homage of various important personages. Lord Rolle, who was between eighty and ninety years of age, stumbled in ascending the steps to do homage, whereupon the Queen immediately rose and advanced to meet him. The act, as kindly as it was spontaneous, was greatly appreciated, and the illustrious throng gave vent to a tremendous outburst of cheering.

The most ancient of the coronation-chairs was made to enclose the 'Stone of Destiny,' which is traditionally reported to have been Jacob's pillow, and which was brought, with the regalia, from Scotland by Edward I., and offered at the shrine of St Edward in 1297, after he had overcome John Baliol, King of the Scots, in several battles. In this chair all the reigning sovereigns have been crowned since the time of Edward I.

The Abbey, which is officially known as the Collegiate Church of St Peter, may also be regarded as the birthplace of democracy, for the chapter-house was for three centuries used as the meeting-place of the House of Commons, and was thus the cradle of representative government and the scene of the chief acts which laid the foundation of civil and religious liberty in England.

Historically and architecturally the whole city of Westminster, of which the venerable Abbey is the chief feature of interest, is indissolubly connected with England's greatness. As has been stated, the changes which have taken place there during the last thousand years have been gradual; but a great improvement scheme, which when completed will have cost nearly a million and a half sterling, is now in progress, and in a short time several important links with the past will be severed. Briefly, the scheme is as follows: It is intended to embank the river for some distance; to lay out the land between Millbank Street and the river, in addition to the Victoria Tower Gardens; to widen Millbank Street and other thoroughfares up to St John's Church, including a portion of Horseferry Road; and to provide accommodation for the poor people of the neighbourhood who have been displaced.

It is interesting to recall the fact that at this spot, from the time of King Canute the Dane down to the reign of Henry VIII., the various monarchs held court in the ancient palace; but in 1512 the magnificent building was practically destroyed by fire, and His Majesty, after Wolsey's fall, removed his court to Whitehall. A short distance from here—a thoroughfare now known as Romney Street, but previously called Vine Street—was situated in early times the vinery from which the wine came for the religious services in the Abbey and for the abbot's private use. The space in front of the House of Commons, now Parliament Square (with numerous statues of distinguished politicians), was at one time a market-place. The market was established in 1353 by Edward III., who imposed certain duties on the commodities sold in order to obtain money for the repairing of the highway along the Strand. Adjoining this market was the Sanctuary, where criminals fled for refuge. Others besides criminals evidently availed themselves of this holy place, for among the distinguished persons who sought shelter there was Elizabeth Woodville, the Queen of Edward IV., who, in 1471, escaped from the Tower and registered herself and her attendants as 'Sanctuary women.' Here, in great penury, she gave birth to Edward V. She was induced by the Duke of Buckingham and the Archbishop of York to surrender her son to his uncle Richard, who carried him to the Tower, where he was murdered.

In connection with almost every monastery and abbey in the country a school for the education of the young was established, and Westminster School, which is still flourishing, was built in the Middle Ages. In this institution have been educated many of England's most distinguished men in the world of politics, letters, law, and theology.

Although the Court was for very many centuries either at the old palace or at Whitehall, it seems somewhat curious that the whole district was honeycombed with dens of infamy; and even Dick Turpin the highwayman lodged in a court near where the Royal Aquarium now stands, and used to start from there on his sensational expeditions.

In the south-east corner of the Old Palace Yard, at the end of Abingdon Street (which under the improvement scheme is to be widened), was the house formerly occupied as the Ordnance Office. This building was hired by Percy and his confederates in the Gunpowder Plot; and in the vaults under the House of Lords they secreted their barrels of gunpowder, intending to blow up the buildings on the arrival of the Sovereign. Owing to the discovery of the plot, it has since been the practice at the opening of every session of Parliament for a company of 'beefeaters' to search the cellars beneath the House of Lords.

Many other historic events have taken place in the Old Palace Yard; but it will only be possible to glance at one or two of these. One of the most noteworthy was the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh in 1618. The remarkable fortitude he displayed on the occasion is recorded; but it is not so widely known what became of his body. According to Cayley, 'the head after being shown on either side of the scaffold was put into a leather bag, over which Sir Walter's gown was thrown, and the whole conveyed away in a mourning coach by Lady Raleigh. It was preserved by her in a case during the twenty-nine years which she survived her husband, and afterwards with no less piety by their affectionate son Carew, with whom it is supposed to have been buried at West Horsley, in Surrey. The

body was interred in the chancel near the altar of St Margaret's, Westminster.' Coming, *per saltum*, to later times, another remarkable incident occurred. Cromwell's body, which had been interred at Tyburn, was dug up, and his head, along with those of the regicides Ireton and Bradshaw, was fixed on a pole, and placed on Westminster Hall, where it remained for many years. After the lapse of nearly two hundred and fifty years an heroic statue, the cost of which is believed to have been borne by Lord Rosebery, has been erected in honour of the Lord Protector within a few yards of the place where his head was ignominiously displayed to public view. Such is the irony of fate!

At the end of Millbank Street, which will be considerably widened, is Horseferry Road. Here up to the time when Westminster Bridge was opened to the public was a horse-ferry, which was formerly under the control of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lambeth Palace, the town residence of the archbishops for centuries, is on the other side of the river. His Grace held the ferry under a patent, and when it was abolished he received compensation. Lambeth Suspension Bridge now crosses the river at the place where the ferry used to be. As this was the only horse-ferry in London, the revenue received from it by the archbishop must at one time have been considerable, as, for example, the rate charged for a man and horse was two shillings, for a horse and chaise one shilling, and for a laden cart two shillings and sixpence.

During the Revolution of 1688 the consort of James II. escaped to France. One cold winter night she left Whitehall with her infant son and several ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting, and drove to the horse-ferry, where a boat conveyed her to the other side. 'The night was wet and stormy, and so dark,' says St Victor in his *Narrative of the Escape of the Queen of England*, 'that when we got into the boat we could not see each other, though we were closely seated, for the boat was very small.' After describing the extreme peril of the journey across the river owing to the violence of the wind and the heavy rain, the writer relates how, on arriving at the other side, he ran to fetch the coach which was in waiting, while the Queen and those who accompanied her sheltered under the walls of Lambeth Old Church. They were then driven to Gravesend, where a yacht conveyed them to France. A few days later King James also escaped.

There are many other historic associations which cluster round this ancient city; but enough has been told to show that here have occurred many of the conspicuous events which have moulded the destinies of the Empire, and that its memorable and stirring scenes will be for ever recorded in the annals of fame. It may safely be predicted that the ceremony connected with the forthcoming coronation of King Edward, in the most renowned Abbey in Christendom, will, from a spectacular point of view, be one of the most gorgeous that have yet taken place.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XVII.—THE REAL HONORIA.

MISS SETON-LORIMER cast a coldly calculating eye over her Colonial cousin as they sat together the morning after Lucie's arrival at Queen's Gate.

In point of feature the cousins strongly resembled each other. Looking at the fresh young curves, at that wealth of natural charm which no dishevelled raiment, be it ever so shabby, could wholly disguise, Honoria saw in Lucie something that a dozen years earlier she herself might have been; saw herself, indeed, as she had been before many years of a wholly artificial life passed in a vitiated atmosphere had made her what she was.

Though she did not recognise it, Lucie saw in Honoria the manner of woman into which she herself might develop through years of unruffled prosperity, of curbed impulses, of tight corsets, of pinched shoes, of cosmetics, of lack of healthy exercise. In her cousin, Lucie did not realise that she viewed a specimen of atrophied humanity: a being whose wings had not expanded because she had never experienced any of those bracing winds of adversity that alone can strengthen the pinions. Honoria's one emotion was vanity; her one dread a fear of falling short in some petty social observance.

While from under her languidly uplifted eyelids Honoria mentally criticised her new-found, and it must be confessed unwelcome, relative, Lucie was anxiously watching her cousin for any sign that would proclaim their kindred spirits. With a solicitude foreign to her wilful nature, Lucie was nervously desirous to please; but from the moment they met she had found her cousin's manner, though perfectly polite, unpleasantly discouraging. The confidences she longed to outpour froze on her lips at the sound of Honoria's drawling interjections of

'Oh, *re*-al-ly?' or at the still more disconcerting reiteration of 'How *ghastly!*' as sole comment upon Lucie's recital of misfortunes.

The expression of sweet resignation whereinto Miss Seton-Lorimer's features were moulded contradicted the worn discontent of her eyes, the bored droop of her eyelids. Her existence as the only child of fairly prosperous parents had been a pampered one. A leaning towards any one of the arts would have saved her soul from vapidity; but Honoria was void of any gift, or even any inclination towards the artistic. Her only craving was for social culture. The ambition that had influenced her father's career had been inherited by his daughter; but in her it attained dimensions that ceased to be laudable, and became an infirmity. She longed to be in the smart set, and to have her doings chronicled in the society papers. Her acquaintance was, to her disgust, confined entirely to City folks. At Norwood they had known the best people; but the best people were in Honoria's eyes mere nobodies, because unconnected with that circle which is neither wholly wealthy nor wholly distinguished, but only smart.

It had taken years of insinuation and persuasion to induce Mr Lorimer to leave the suburban home wherein he had lived so long, and to move right into town; but Honoria's arguments that Norwood was a ghastly hole; that she was sick to death of every one they knew there; that London would be cheaper, because they would have no grounds to keep up; that a flat would be the acme of comfort, because of its convenience, and of economy, because the rent included taxes: these had at length overcome his scruples. Perhaps, also, the ambition that influenced his early years was not yet appeased. Be the reason what it may, Mr Lorimer agreed to move, and speedily found himself cribbed in a flat of half-a-dozen rooms, for whose scant accommodation he paid nearly four hundred pounds a year, and in whose confined limits he had room to stow less than half the furniture of the Norwood house, where for a rent of one hundred and fifty pounds he had a lawn, a shrubbery, hothouses, and a kitchen-garden. Under the altered conditions even his dog had to be boarded out, Miss Seton-Lorimer having decreed that pets, save only lapdogs, had no place in a flat.

However, after eighteen months of residence in Queen's Gate, Miss Seton-Lorimer would have been forced to confess—could anything have induced so well-bred a lady to voice the naked truth—that so far she had failed even to touch the fringe of society's garment. Her position remained exactly what it had been, except that, having in her first flush of pride in an altered locality turned a chilly shoulder towards her Norwood friends, these friends were in turn shunning her, and making distance their excuse for delay in returning the visits she now paid them.

Having failed to enter the set to which she aspired, Miss Seton-Lorimer paid her court to the next best. She gave dinner-parties, and found her new friends ready to come, but not so ready to entertain in return. She took tickets for subscription dances, and supported all the benevolent schemes that bore the *cachet* of fashion, but still found herself an outsider. Thus it came about that Honoria's days were passed in a state of vapidity whose flavourless insipidity she did not realise.

In earlier years she had had attention paid her; but the suitors had lacked the one thing that, in Honoria's eyes, was needful—wealth; and her passions were so perfectly tutored that, while they were ready to burst into something that would pass for warmth at the approach of a lover ready to make what she esteemed suitable settlements, the advances of a poor man left them tepid. In truth, a nature such as Honoria's is destitute of the magnetic attraction that is needed to light the flame of love. Man is tinder, woman the spark that kindles. Honoria lacked the divine fire, and without it a man's desire for her could never be wholly disinterested.

That Lucie had chanced to enter her cousin's life at a particularly inauspicious moment did not add to Honoria's gratification in receiving her. During the past three months Mr Paul Ruddenheim, a widowed stockbroker whose mansion in Pembridge Square awaited a mistress, had made the acquaintance of the Seton-Lorimers. As he came at a time when those imps of brooding, morbid monitors that haunt our hours of waking, had begun to whisper the possibility of Honoria's spending her life in single blessedness, she had smiled her sweetest upon Mr Ruddenheim. When, during their recent stay in Nice, that gentleman had paid the Riviera a flying visit, Miss Seton-Lorimer had smiled still more. Nothing had been said; but there could be no doubt that a little further acquaintance would see Mr Ruddenheim her declared lover. Of a certainty it was a cruel fate that dropped, without even a 'by your leave,' this pretty cousin right into the midst of Honoria's nicely arranged schemes.

'Shall I ever be like that?' Lucie, her efforts to interest her hostess having failed, was wondering, when Honoria, whose gaze had been resting critically upon Lucie's sun-faded blue frock, revealed the tenor of her thoughts by saying with languid emphasis, 'I suppose in New Zealand you don't *consider* dress?'

At the innuendo conveyed in her remark, Lucie's insurgent self flashed out.

'Why, of course we do. We're not barbarians. We dress *beautifully* there,' she answered hotly. Then, catching a glimpse of herself in a mirror, she faltered, and added in half-apologetic tones, 'Surely you don't think we go about like this?'

indicating her obnoxious raiment. 'You forget —all my other clothes are stolen. I have no choice.'

Honoria politely stifled a yawn and glanced at a timepiece. 'I sent a note to Fredoline asking her to send round some costumes and hats, and a good fitter, before luncheon. I have an afternoon reception to go to, so perhaps you will amuse yourself with a book till I return. There are some new ones from Mudie's.'

Though at home Lucie had been a voracious novel-reader, in London, where to her unaccustomed eyes each scene was a fresh one, every man and woman a new type to be studied, the prospect of wasting precious hours over printed words held no temptation.

'Can't I go somewhere by myself while you are out?' she asked. 'Staying indoors is so tiresome. I could go alone quite easily.'

'It's quite impossible. You can't possibly leave the house until you are properly clothed. Just fancy if any one saw you. It would simply be fatal!'

'Uncle told me the South Kensington Museum is quite near. Surely I could slip in there without being noticed. Nobody knows me,' Lucie pleaded. She was feverishly eager to begin the quest of her despoilers. How she was going to set about it she had not the faintest notion; but every moment spent indoors seemed to detract from her chance of success.

'People know us if they don't know you.' Honoria's usually limpid tones were clouded. 'You can have no idea how shocking you look. Just think how dreadful it would be if any of our neighbours saw you. Even the lift-man or the hall-porter. Oh, the idea is too ghastly!'

A heated reply was trembling on Lucie's lips, when the announcement of a deputation from Fredoline's, consisting of a porter laden with huge cardboard boxes, a young lady in black satin to pose as model, and an experienced fitter, diverted the conversation into less troublous waters.

A *tête-à-tête* luncheon followed the departure of the Fredoline troupe. The fare was temptingly unlike the scramble meals wherewith Lucie's stay at Mrs Denman's had acquainted her; but the presence of Honoria already proved a damper to her enjoyment. That lady's features had been carefully trained to retain an expression of unvarying sweetness. To behold Honoria seated opposite one at table was almost as inspiriting as to look at a clock whose works had run down, or at a barometer whose hands remained ever at 'set fair' no matter what the weather. Not that Honoria's disposition was either sweet or sunny; it was her expression only which time and usage had moulded into a simper that presented the irritating immutability of a mask. The fact, too, that Honoria's hair, by being elaborately dressed according to the prevailing mode over cushions that altogether distorted the shape of her head, presented the unnatural outlines of a wig; that the tint of her original complexion was obscured by powder; that her eyebrows were delicately pencilled, all added to the artificiality of her appearance.

Left alone, Lucie yawned herself through the afternoon until her uncle's entrance at tea-time made a welcome diversion. Probably Lucie's unaffected pleasure at his return, and her interest in his concerns, gratified Mr Seton-Lorimer, for he beamed pleasantly over his gold-rimmed glasses at the bright young face opposite him as he drank his tea and answered her questions.

There was still no clue to the great robbery, and Mr Seton-Lorimer, in an unusual burst of confidence, hinted that the tying up of so much ready money slightly crippled him in business; but Mr Elgood was reported to be much better, and intended returning to his duties next day. Nothing had been heard of Lucie's kidnappers.

'It's my pretty frocks I miss most. I can't bear the idea of that horrid giggling woman wearing them,' Lucie was saying when Honoria returned.

She had left home in a bad temper, and returned ruffled to a degree that made the retention of her habitual simper difficult. The 'At Home' had been dull, crowded, noisy. She had seen no one she cared to speak to, and the clatter made her head ache. Some one had trod upon her gown and nearly wrenched it away from the waist-belt. Through the open window of the brougham the delicate silk of her costume had sustained a mud-stain from a passing hansom. Worst of all, a surreptitious glance at a mirror had revealed the unsuspected presence of a wrinkle in the set of her bodice.

The oppressive atmosphere that one person in an ill-humour has power to diffuse had begun to influence the others, when Mr Seton-Lorimer chanced to remark that he had met Mr Ruddenheim in the City, that Mr Ruddenheim had been surprised and pleased to learn of their unexpected return to London, and that he proposed calling that evening.

With this announcement, unimportant though it seemed, the black cloud vanished. Honoria rang for fresh tea, and condescended to affect an interest in her guest's affairs: feared that she must have been bored, and promised her plenty of gaiety when Fredoline sent home her new outfit.

Having gulped down her second cup of tea, Honoria retired to her room. An hour later, when the dinner-gong sounded, she appeared clad in a gown so elegant that Lucie gasped out an involuntary 'Oh! are you going to a party?' a solecism for which she felt instantly ashamed.

'No,' Honoria responded coldly, raising her eyebrows in astonishment at the other's ignorance of the usages of polite society. 'I always dress for dinner, of course. Every one does.'

Lucie, sitting in the faded blue delaine frock that was her only wear, felt aggrieved that her cousin had not offered her the use of a part of her voluminous wardrobe. She knew that had Honoria come to them in like forlorn condition the best of her own or Kitty's raiment would instantly have been placed at her disposal.

Dinner passed smoothly. Honoria was graciousness itself. The girls had retired to the drawing-room, leaving Mr Seton-Lorimer to his cigar, and Lucie, who anticipated pleasure in the advent of a visitor, was drawing mental pictures of the manner of man whom Honoria would deem worthy so elaborate a toilet, when that young lady, turning from the mirror by whose aid she had been touching up her left eyebrow, said sweetly, 'I know you must wish to retire, dear. Don't let me keep you up.'

'But I'm not a bit tired!' exclaimed Lucie bluntly. 'Why should I go to bed at this hour? I've been idling all day.'

Her cousin sank into a chair and disposed her draperies gracefully before replying.

'You force me to speak plainly; but we expect a guest, and your frock is—well, scarcely'——

Lucie flushed hotly. For a moment she thought of walking out of the room in dudgeon, then bravely mastered the impulse.

'I know my appearance is disgraceful; but I'm tired of hiding,' she answered, as lightly as possible. 'It's only nine o'clock. Could you not lend me a tea-gown or anything for an hour?'

Lucie felt as though she had been guilty of some grave impertinence when Honoria's eyebrows—her only expressive feature—slowly raised themselves in amazement at this request.

'I'm afraid I've nothing suitable,' she drawled. 'Besides, my things wouldn't fit you.'

Then Lucie, as the thrill of an electric bell heralded the arrival of the expected guest, slipped off to her room, and locked the door in a state of revolt that found vent in a few burning tears.

(To be continued.)

COLONIAL SECRETARIES I HAVE KNOWN.

By T. H. S. Escott.

'REALLY, this old ale is one of the very few English institutions which we can conscientiously approve.' Such was the verdict of the Boer delegates who visited England on Transvaal business in 1874, during their entertainment at Highclere Castle, Hampshire, by the then Colonial Secretary, the fourteenth Lord Carnarvon. This was not the occasion of the first British trip of President Kruger; that took place in 1875. The present writer was a guest at Highclere at the same time as the Boer deputation; but he can recall only one or two other not very notable utterances made by these visitors. Between Newbury railway station and Highclere Castle, some half-dozen miles, the road is intersected frequently by little brooks, through which the carriage passes. The Transvaalers had smoked their pipes in sullen silence till the conveyance brought them to the first of these streams; then the preliminary gleam of a smile began to light up the motionless features of their broad faces. 'It reminds us of the Transvaal,' they said; and, in a well-meant effort to say something pleasant, 'Why should it not?' cheerily asked Lord Carnarvon's private secretary, then Lord Donoughmore. They said nothing more; but on the evening of the same day, when the butler had conducted them over the cellars, and refreshed them with the beverage brewed, according to the custom of the house, at the birth of each eldest son, and not opened till his coming of age, they were pleased to express approval in the words already quoted. 'Can it be true that all these books were written by members of your family?' The Dutch guest who made this inquiry of his host was seated by the side of a bookcase, one of whose shelves had been allotted to works of authors of the Herbert name. The table at which the Boer querist sat and looked up incredulously to his host had a history of its own: it was that at which the first Napoleon signed his abdication. 'Do Queen Victoria's dominions contain many more pieces of furniture of like associations?' 'Well,' gently replied the master of the house, 'at Up Ottery Park, in South Devon, Lord Sidmouth still possesses the piece of mahogany whereon, the cloth being removed after dinner, Lord Nelson, with the moistened end of his serviette, on an imaginary chart of the Mediterranean, indicated Trafalgar Cape as the exact spot off which he expected to overthrow the united fleets of France and Spain. Then there is the table at which, beneath the famous tree on the lawn of Holwood, Kent, Wilberforce and the younger Pitt discussed the legislative steps to be taken for the abolition of the slave-trade; and that piece of furniture may still be seen under Lord Stanhope's roof at Chevening Park.'

This conversational fragment gives a fair idea of the habitual talk in private life of the most sympathetic and typically representative among nineteenth century Colonial Ministers. It was always easy, simple, and instructive, a happy mean between didacticism and inanity. In the Highclere drawing-room, in the bookcase just below

Sir Joshua's portrait of two gentlemen—a former Lord Carnarvon and his relative, an ancestor of the late Sir Thomas Acland, who was one of the founders of Grillion's Club in 1812—are the bookshelves whose contents at once epitomised Lord Carnarvon's literary taste and indicated the chief influences of his spiritual and intellectual culture.

The Highclere hospitalities of those days reproduced as closely as in the nineteenth century was possible the gatherings, immortalised by Clarendon, of which Falkland's house at Great Tew in Oxfordshire had been the scene during the Civil War period; the Hampshire castle during those years might, indeed, by a pardonable hyperbole have been called a social centre of the Empire. No Colonial visitor who had left his card in Downing Street ever finished his stay in the old country without an invitation thither. Among those whom he would have been sure to meet were the first men of the day in every department of thought, endeavour, or renown. Among the country neighbours, the Chaplain-General of the British Army, the Rev. G. R. Gleig, who had worn a sword at Waterloo —a battle of which he had written perhaps the best description for civilian readers, in a strain as little as possible one of egotism—would recall his Peninsular experiences in the days of the Duke. He was then living in his rectory-house, Winchfield, nearly next door to Strathfieldsaye, the residence of the son of his old chief. From Eversley, in the north of the county, often came the tall, sinewy figure of Charles Kingsley, whose most popular novel of *Westward Ho!* glorified the spirit of adventure which founded so many parts of the Greater Britain beyond sea. Another Devonian by birth, the prose-laureate of the same Elizabethan enterprise, the Tudor panegyrist, J. A. Froude, was seldom absent on these occasions. Froude's intellectual subtlety was piquantly flavoured by a personal blend, combining the latitudinarian temper with that ecclesiastical manner which, long after he had left the Church, he retained to the last. In 1875 Froude, prostrated by overwork and the loss of his wife, meditated a long voyage on the high seas. South Africa had always interested him especially, as it did Lord Carnarvon himself. The Colonial Minister cherished hopes of accomplishing the same policy of confederation there which recently had been effected in Canada. Wherever books were read on the 'Dark Continent,' Froude's writings had stirred a personal interest and admiration. Why should not this prose artist and acute observer of life make a trip to the Cape, travel up-country, examine the federal possibilities of the regions through which he passed, and return to talk matters over with the Secretary of State? Such was the origin of the Froude mission to South Africa. With a little more of statesman-like patience it might not have miscarried. Local feelings in favour of a South African dominion on the Canadian model already existed; they needed development and organisation. The project was legislatively launched before there had arisen a wind of public opinion sufficiently strong to carry it forward; and the ambition of local politicians preferred the assurance of power in a vestry-like assembly to the possibility of fame in an imperial senate. The measure at first lagged, and was then dwarfed into a mere enabling Bill, from sheer want of the motive-power surely and strongly to convert it into a parliamentary Act. Most of what has happened since testifies to the wisdom of this Minister's original conception, and seems to show that South Africa, to be pacified and prosperous, must, like Canada, enter upon the federal stage of its national career.

Many were the talks on this subject within the Highclere walls. Anthony Trollope, in the course of what Froude pleasantly called his banging about the world during recent years, had included South Africa in his recent journeys, and of course in his recent books. Together with his Winchester contemporary, Robert Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), Trollope, like the poet Browning and J. R. Green the historian, was a frequent visitor at Highclere. Philosophically and very instructively discussing the theme, one night in the Highclere smoking-room, were Lowe, who knew thoroughly all parts of the colonies; Froude, who was in his way an expert; Laurence Oliphant, half mystic, half freethinker, who had thought out all these matters; and Sir Louis Mallet of the India Office, who had recently brought all his official experience to bear upon the subject. There were a few other men, seldom absent from these gatherings, whose opinion Lord Carnarvon exceptionally valued. In clearness of political vision and in serenity of mind, his kinsman Sir Robert G. W. Herbert, then Permanent Colonial Under-Secretary, was and is unapproachable. If, it used to be said, at his office in the morning, Herbert heard that the Canadas were in full revolt, he might admit it to be serious, but would add that worrying never yet quenched rebellion; if, when dropping into the Athenæum for lunch, a despatch had told him of all our Australian settlements having proclaimed their independence, he might admit the situation to be serious, but not desperate enough to interfere with lunch. Lord Carnarvon's other Highclere visitors were General Sir Henry Norman, whose Indian frontier views were adopted by his host, and who, a little later, was to receive from Mr Gladstone, and to refuse, the Indian viceroyship that Lord Elgin accepted; and Thomas Chenery, then editor of the *Times*. The patrician, intellectual presence of Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster; and the tall, dark, kindling figure of Henry Parry Liddon, of St Paul's Cathedral, were Colonial councillors in ecclesiastical policy. Sir Henry Holland (Viscount Knutsford), also a

regular guest, then legal adviser at the Colonial Office, subsequently as Colonial Secretary himself was to continue the administration of the Empire in the spirit of his predecessor and friend, and was, by his tactful courage, statesmanship, and universal courtesy, to retain and deepen the world-wide affection which Lord Carnarvon's sympathetic government had won.

'People have often asked me about the inner meaning of *Lothair*, though they profess to be too knowing to want a key to its characters, as they did for *Coningsby*. I should have thought my idea in writing the book was plain enough, and that every one would have seen in my hero England, like Buridan's ass between the two bundles of hay, halting at equidistant points from Romanism on the one hand and Protestantism on the other.' That idea of symbolising in the hero of romance the temper of a nation or an age did not originate with the future Lord Beaconsfield. In the Derby-Disraeli Government of 1858–59, another novelist, seven years later to become Lord Lytton the first, was Colonial Secretary. The possibilities of that portfolio had, about a decade before this, keenly interested his imagination. When seated on his smoking-sofa in the great drawing-room of Knebworth, with a single guest present, Lytton would dreamily repeat between the whiffs of his pipe Canning's remark that he had called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. The idea underlying these words had found its dramatic and narrative expression in *The Caxtons*. Pisistratus goes to the Antipodes to retrieve the family fortunes, brought to the point of ruin by Uncle Dick's speculative extravagance; in Australia he prospers greatly, and returns a wealthy man to the old home. So Britain, excluded by her modern policy of non-intervention from the place she once filled in the councils of Europe as the possessor of the greatest and most varied Empire ever known, has indemnified herself for losses in the Old World by becoming the ruling power of the New. Among the personal influences which made the fourteenth Lord Carnarvon the most successful Colonial Secretary of our day, must be reckoned the example of Bulwer Lytton, whose Colonial Under-Secretary he was. Lytton's policy of calling into existence British Columbia and Queensland fired the imagination of Carnarvon. 'Many of my Colonial ideas,' he more than once said to the present writer, 'were perhaps the result of the long talks Lord Lytton used to hold with me when I was the only guest at Knebworth, and when he found in me at least a sympathetic listener that he liked.'

'The ablest Colonial statesman I ever knew.' The subject of that estimate—volunteered to me by an amiable and shrewd expert in politics and in statesmen, the late Lord Carlingford, formerly Mr Chichester Fortescue—was till quite recently among the best-known figures of the Upper House: a short, slightly humpbacked, remarkably thick-set gentleman of an uncertain age, with an extraordinarily resolute mouth and chin, and a rather awkward, studiously abrupt, old-world manner, which covered a certain quality that sometimes approached to kindliness. This was the late Lord Grey, the Reformer's son. He had been Lord John Russell's Colonial Minister in 1847. When I was presented to him some forty years later, his manner, in talking of the British Empire generally, was that of one who seemed rather to resent the survival by the Colonies of his own connection with them. The one personal friend in his own Chamber possessed by Lord Grey, the fifteenth Lord Derby, had also served as Colonial Secretary. Lord Derby's demeanour was guarded and rather cool; but it was effusiveness itself in comparison with Lord Grey's. To the latter statesman, however, I am indebted for some instructive talk on the rotation of crops in the Northumbrian region, as well as for an interesting reminiscence of the family life at Howick in his own early years.

'Sympathy with new forms of polity under every sun, skill and boldness to carry them out, the friend of liberty because the enemy of confusion.' In these exact words, as nearly as I can remember, both Lord Derby and Lord Grey pointed to Mr Joseph Chamberlain as *par excellence* the Colonial statesman of the future; both, after their separation from Mr Gladstone, had, it may almost be said, served under the Birmingham statesman as Liberal-Unionist leader. Lord Carnarvon's cosmopolitan hospitalities at his home were a feature in the tenure of his office. Mr Chamberlain—to begin with, at his pretty house, where I first visited him, in St Augustine's Road, Birmingham; then in his newly built Highbury, whose lawn looks over the busy town which he formerly ruled, as well as some part of the two or three Midland counties wherein its different districts lie—comes next on the list of imperial Amphitryons.

'Upon my word, Chamberlain, you are developing the worst vices of the Tory squire.' So, to his host, said one of the guests upon that lawn, after a visit to the acres of orchid glasshouses was being followed by an inspection of some trees recently planted by the then Radical host. The speaker was Sir William Harcourt, between whom and the future Minister there existed in those distant days the closest friendship in private life; thus—at that time he had only a *pied-à-terre* in Wilton Place, Mr Chamberlain's London headquarters—when they were not at Sir Charles Dilke's house in Sloane Street they might have been found beneath Sir William Harcourt's roof in Mayfair. The present writer has seen Mr Chamberlain at home, and very much at home, in the close atmosphere of a little upper room of an inn chiefly used by artisans, presiding at a Trades' Council dinner, and smoking a short black

clay pipe, whose jet-black colouring provoked almost as much admiration from the company as did his then political principles and the singularly telling way in which he has always been able to adapt the delivery of his ideas to any given audience. As a host, whether in his Birmingham or in his Princes' Gardens London house, this Colonial Secretary has, on rather different lines indeed, achieved a success comparable with that of his Conservative predecessor. What Charles Kingsley was sometimes at the Highclere parties, the Congregationalist divine and scholar, the late R. W. Dale, used to be at the table of the magnate of the Midlands. Instead of the Eton masters one used to meet at the Hampshire castle, secondary education was represented at the Highbury gatherings by Mr Vardy, the head of King Edward the Sixth's School—the school which educated a Primate in Archbishop Benson, the founder of an artistic school in Sir E. Burne-Jones, and which, under Mr Vardy's predecessor, had a composition-master for the upper boys, J. Y. Sargent, whose name is synonymous with the finest teaching and performance in the way of Latin prose known to nineteenth-century England, and who has probably done more than any man living to create in his intelligent pupils a taste for the Latin and Greek classics as literature. Parson Dale, the most regular of Mr Chamberlain's Birmingham guests, as mighty a smoker as Kingsley himself, and like him secreting tobacco-pipes and proof-sheets in curiously odd corners, had been his host's chief ally in resisting, as making for Conservatism, the religious-teaching clauses in Mr W. E. Forster's Education Bill. The shrewd and genial Mr Jesse Collings has for years been to Mr Chamberlain much what Dundas used to be to the younger Pitt; he, of course, belonged to this little circle, perpetually amusing it with quaint stories, sometimes even rather at his own expense—as, for instance, the Sunday-school child who, asked as to the parentage of David, replied, 'Please, sir, the son of Jesse Collings.' Since Mr Chamberlain's recantation of his Radical heresies, I understand the details of his environment at Highbury have not undergone any great change. He always took the same interest as his friend Randolph Churchill, as his chief Lord Salisbury, or as Charles the Second, who first made physics fashionable, in the latest adaptation of scientific discovery to domestic use. The fire, at first sight, of coal blazing merrily in his library grate, and lighting up the shelves containing long rows of the French novels dear to this statesman, is really of gas. The electric light may to-day be suspended from the ceiling; in other respects, the place is unaltered since, in the first year after the building of Highbury, together with the late A. J. Mundella, Mr John Morley, and Mr Henry Calcraft, as the representatives of London letters and fashion, the present writer was the Minister's frequent guest.

'You Radicals,' used pleasantly to remark Mr Newdegate, that typical Tory squire in the House of Commons, 'seem to think my Birmingham friend belongs to you. No such thing. Some of the Birmingham district is in my county constituency. He is, in a sense, my colleague, and I ought to know. There lives not a stouter Tory of the feudal school in England than he whom you call the people's Joe.' Mr Newdegate based his then apparent paradox on the fact that Mr Chamberlain, as Mayor of Birmingham, had lately welcomed to his city, with an old-world courtliness recalling Sir Walter Raleigh, the Prince and Princess of Wales. To the same effect had expressed himself the future Lord Beaconsfield when he said, 'That man a Gladstonian! Why, he's born to be Salisbury's colleague.' Disraeli had not forgotten what he had been told by the late Lady Molesworth, who heard it from Tom Hood the younger, the Birmingham statesman's contemporary at University College School: this was to the effect that as a boy the future Colonial Secretary prided himself on his ancestors, who wrote their name 'Chamberlayne,' and who, like the popular Joseph himself, were descended from a Welsh Nonconformist divine who suffered many things under the Stuarts. Hence the more recent connection of the Birmingham branch with the Nonjurors of 1689.

To one who has, during as many years as the present writer, possessed something approaching to intimacy with Mr Chamberlain, and has really known something about the true intellectual, spiritual, and political *ethos* of the man, it cannot but sound strange to hear the charges of inconsistency sometimes brought against him. A Nonconformist by birth, and also perhaps by association, he has always belonged to the Cromwellian variety of the Dissenter. The politics of patriotism have always come before the class influences of religious sectarianism; and his temper is, as it has ever been, essentially combative. Once he had overcome the dislike, with which he started, to the modish militarism of smart society, it was inevitable that the present Colonial Secretary should lead the van of martial imperialism, the twentieth century's most characteristic product.

A PUFF OF WIND.

IT had been an unfortunate session for Miss Peek, the principal and proprietrix of the Seminary for Young Ladies at No. 39 Blankview Terrace. About a year previously, in the fond expectation of receiving a large number of advanced pupils, Miss Peek had engaged several extra assistants capable of teaching advanced subjects at advanced salaries; but at the beginning of the session, in spite of diligent advertising and delivering of pink-covered prospectuses, her anticipations had been but meagrely realised.

Now, at the close of the last term, she had leisure to brood over the deplorable fact that she had paid more to her assistants than she had received from her pupils, and to wonder whether she could venture to carry on her establishment for another year. No one had any idea that she was in difficulties, for she had managed to scrape enough sovereigns together to settle with her assistants and to entertain the parents and friends of her pupils on the prize-giving day in such a fashion as to convince them that the school was in a most flourishing condition; and, while the parents and friends and the emancipated scholars gobbled up the ices and tea and buns provided for them in the music-room, they little dreamed of the months of starvation which those dainties had cost Miss Peek, who at the moment was rushing about smiling and talking to everybody in the brightest manner imaginable. Even the housekeeper was ignorant of the true state of affairs; for Miss Peek early in the session had led her to believe that the wretched diet she indulged in was according to 'doctor's orders.'

It was not until the house was quiet and empty that Miss Peek, as has been said, came to consider the net results of the dismal farce in which she had played the principal part for nearly ten months. The afternoon following the break-up she sat at the desk in her little parlour, poring over a ledger, every page of which bore some depressing detail. The window was open, for it was a blazing day in the end of June, and now and then a puff of warm wind stirred the fading hair on her temples and played flippantly with a sheaf of unpaid bills that lay on one side of the desk.

'Quite—quite hopeless!' sighed Miss Peek after three hours' wrestling with figures. 'All gone in two years! I should never have tried the school on my own account. It was better slaving away as an assistant. And then that awful letter this morning from Curle & Coyle! I never thought I should have lived to receive such a letter.' She picked up a document which lay among the unpaid bills, and regarded it with terror and disgust. 'If I could only settle that, I think I could get the other people to wait till the beginning of next session—if I have a next session. But where on earth am I to get twenty-five pounds? And I once dreamed of helping them at h—home.' Miss Peek laid the letter aside, and bowed her head on the ledger.

Two tears trickled down the pounds and pence columns, and others would have followed had not a knock at the parlour door caused Miss Peek to arrest them ere they dropped. The unhappy lady sat up and blew her nose.

'Come in,' she said, and blew her nose again.

'Professor Bumpus,' said the housekeeper, ushering in the gentleman who had taught advanced mathematics to one advanced young lady during the past session. The professor taught in several ladies' schools, and had a few private pupils, whereby he earned a moderately uncomfortable income, the greater portion of which he spent on old books of alchemy and astrology. He had no one dependent on his exertions, and his few acquaintances were the proprietors of second-hand book shops. He was forty-five, and looked ten years older; his face was clean-shaven and wrinkled; he was tall and thin; and he was the possessor of an immense head, destitute of hair and of a peculiar knobby appearance. Altogether he was far from being prepossessing, yet he had kindly eyes, and his smile, when he gave it liberty, was wonderfully genial.

He entered Miss Peek's parlour somewhat bashfully, and when the lady blew her nose for the fourth time he stammered something about hoping she had not contracted a summer cold, and begged leave to shut the window.

'Pray leave it open, professor,' said Miss Peek, recovering herself, and closing the ledger with one hand while she gave him the other. 'The weather is suffocating.'

'True,' returned the professor; 'but you should be careful of chills. However, I suppose it's none of my business.'

Miss Peek smiled in spite of her misery; the professor employed the latter phrase so often.

'I thought you were going off on holiday to-day,' she remarked.

'I leave to-night,' he replied. 'I—I merely called for a book I was careless enough to leave—a book on conic sections—in my class-room. I wouldn't have troubled you, but the maid informed me that everything had been cleared from the school; and'——

'Yes. But I know where your book is. If you wait a moment I'll bring it to you. You are going to London, I suppose?'

The professor bowed, and replied in the affirmative. London, or rather the British Museum, had been the scene of his annual holiday for years. By careful saving during the session he

usually contrived to accumulate enough money to keep him there for a month; but this summer, by great fortune, he was the possessor of funds sufficient to sustain him for nearly double that period, and he was looking forward to a glorious spell of hard research among certain literary treasures of the Museum. When Miss Peek had left the room to procure the volume on conic sections, he smiled to himself and rubbed the left breast of his shabby frock-coat, within which reposed his pocket-book. He was going to have such a holiday!

He seated himself near the door and relapsed into pleasant meditation. Ere a minute had passed, however, he was disturbed, not by the entrance of Miss Peek, but by a piece of paper which a puff of wind blew across the room to his large, clumsily shod feet. He stooped to pick it up; but before he touched it his eye caught the following words in typewritten characters: '. . . immediate payment, failing which we shall reluctantly be compelled'——

'What—what?' murmured Professor Bumpus; and, grabbing the letter, he proceeded to read it from beginning to end. It was an exceedingly peremptory demand for the payment of twenty-five pounds ten shillings and threepence sterling, due, or rather overdue, to Messrs Curle & Coyle the well-known money-lenders.

'Dear me!' said the professor to himself. 'What a pity! However, I suppose it's none of my business.' He stepped softly across the room, deposited the letter on the desk, and returned to his seat near the door. 'I shouldn't have read it; but, somehow, I wasn't thinking. Never dreamed of her getting into debt, poor thing! Knew she wasn't making much; but—well, well! I suppose it's none of my business. Tut, what a fool I am! She was crying when I came in. That was why she blew her nose. Bless me! but it's rough on a woman. I wish'——

The flow of his thoughts was interrupted by the return of Miss Peek, who handed him the book he had inquired for, and smiled brightly as she did so.

'She's been washing her face, poor thing!' thought the professor.—'Many thanks,' he said aloud, flushing because of the feeling of guilt that possessed him. 'Now, I—I won't intrude further. You—you'll let me know about next session, please, when it suits you.'

'Oh yes; I shall inform you in good time,' returned Miss Peek bravely. 'And I hope you will have a larger class than you had this last session, Professor Bumpus,' she added, trying to laugh.

'Ha! ha! It can't be much smaller, anyhow! But I shouldn't wonder if you have a very full school in the autumn, Miss Peek. I really shouldn't be the least surprised. In fact, from conversations I had with the parents of your pupils yesterday, I'm inclined to believe—no, I'm certain, Miss Peek—that you will have many new pupils next session. Indeed, I—I—I'—— But Professor Bumpus was not a practised liar, and his attempt at invention suddenly collapsed.

'Thank you,' said Miss Peek, turning to look out of the window. 'It's good of you to try to cheer me up, professor. To tell you the truth, it hasn't been a very b—brilliant session.'

'Ah, well, you must look forward, and hope for better things. Good-bye,' he said abruptly.

Miss Peek escorted her visitor to the front door, where they parted with a commonplace exchange of wishes for a pleasant vacation. Then the schoolmistress returned to mourn over her ledger, and the professor hastened to his humble lodgings to attend to some correspondence and to prepare his modest belongings for the journey to London. At half-past eight his portmanteau was packed and strapped, and a few minutes later his landlady entered the sitting-room to inform him that her boy was ready to assist him with his baggage to the station.

The professor took a final pull at his old pipe, knocked the ashes out of the bowl, and slipped it into his pocket. Then he sighed, and took out a worn purse.

'Give your boy this sixpence, Mrs Stewart,' he said, looking past his landlady. 'I—I find I can't go to London.'

'Well, of all the queer folk!' muttered Mrs Stewart when she reached the kitchen. 'Not that I'm wanting him away, poor man!' she added more gently.

By the post of the following afternoon Miss Peek received two letters.

The first, which she opened with trembling fingers and perused with misty eyes, began, 'DEAREST MAGGIE,—Success at last!' and ended, 'I'm afraid you've been having a hard fight, though you've never said much about it. But I'll put that right as soon as you'll let me. In other words, when will you marry me? My train arrives in the morning, and I'll come for your answer soon after you receive this.—JOHN.'

'Oh, what a long ten years it has been!' sighed the schoolmistress, after which she dissolved in tears of joy.

It was fully an hour before she remembered the other letter; but when she opened it a slip of blue paper fell on to her lap, and she read that 'Messrs Curle & Coyle had great pleasure in returning her promissory note, with their best thanks and compliments.'

Shame and gratitude and love struggled in her heart, and under her breath she cried, 'However did John find out? And how can I face him?'

Yet when John, her sweetheart—all the way from Queensland—did arrive, she managed to face him tolerably well, and the evening passed without mention of such unsentimental and sordid

things as debts and promissory notes; and though the following night she plucked up courage, and, with averted eyes, attempted to thank him, he stopped her at the first word and refused to hear a second. The fact was that John, having spent the morning in tidying up the financial affairs of his future father-in-law, naturally thought Maggie was trying to thank him on that score; wherefore, for the sake of her pride and his own, he begged her to consider the matter over and done with. So, when he had gone, Maggie burned the slip of blue paper and Messrs Curle & Coyle's correspondence, and thanked God for sending John home to her, and prayed to be made worthy of his love.

One evening, about the end of August, Professor Bumpus, who was in an unusually restless mood, left his lodgings and his beloved books, and strolled west in the direction of Blankview Terrace. He had received no word about the reopening of the school; and, while he had no intention of calling at No. 39, he was curious to learn if Miss Peek was in town. He hoped she had been able to go away somewhere for a holiday, though, as he reflected, 'it was no business' of his.

It was dusk when he passed the house; but something about it struck him as being unfamiliar. A few yards beyond the gate he halted and looked back. Then he perceived that the once bare windows were adorned with curtains and flower-boxes, and that the big brass plate which used to shine on the door had disappeared.

'Poor thing!' sighed Professor Bumpus, 'she's had to give up. Bless me! I might have sold some of my books and——'

At that moment the door opened and his late principal came down the steps on the arm of a handsome middle-aged man. They did not notice the solitary figure standing in the dusk as they turned out of the gate in the opposite direction.

When they had disappeared round the corner the professor seemed to waken from a dream. He looked at the house for half-a-minute, then took out his old pipe, filled and lit it, and walked slowly homewards.

'I wonder who he is,' he said to himself. 'I'm thankful she never found out about the bill. Still, if—— However, I suppose it's none of my business.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MORE ABOUT THE WEALTH OF PERU AND BOLIVIA.

IN an article in the *Journal* for March 1901, a well-informed writer called attention to the possibilities of 'Undeveloped Bolivia.' In a little pamphlet by W. C. Agle, published by the Homer M. Hill Publishing Company, Seattle, Washington, entitled *Eastern Peru and Bolivia*, we have more information by a pioneer, who wishes to draw attention to that wealthy but unexploited region of South America. The writer quotes as his motto a sentence by G. E. Church to the effect that 'Eastern Peru and Bolivia contain natural wealth enough to pay the national debt of the world, and they are as little known to the world as darkest Africa.' We know a good deal to-day about 'darkest Africa,' and probably Peru and Bolivia will have their turn soon. Mr Agle is represented as a man who 'prospected and worked gold-mines all the way from Alaska to Bolivia,' and he dedicates his pamphlet to President Pando of Bolivia, whose companion he was during his exile. Mr Agle writes for those of his countrymen who wish to go to South America to make money. He writes favourably of the Indian tribes he has met, and more favourably of the resources of the country, where he has seen sixty-five different kinds of valuable wood in the forests, one of which yields the carbons Mr Edison requires for electric lights. It is a tempting picture he sketches for the enterprising pioneer and capitalist of a vast country, watered by noble rivers navigable all the year round, in which the forests are virgin, and in which the use of saw and grindstone is unknown, where the air is pure, the climate not oppressively hot, and healthy. Rubber is procured by the wasteful method which kills the goose that laid the golden egg. According to Mr Agle, the women do not hate the foreigner, as he quotes this sentiment from the lips of a native: 'We want you and your countrymen here, so that you will set mines and factories going; then you will stay here and either marry us or give us a chance to earn a living for ourselves.' An account is given of the few gold-mines at present being worked, such as at Tambopata and Suches. The Tipuani, first worked by the Incas, he calls the richest and most easily available, although nobody at present seems to have a definite claim to the field. Under a recent settlement, we learn from the *Times*, a large area of territory has been transferred from Brazil to Bolivia. The High Commissioner of Bolivia recently reported to the U.S. Consul at Para that the Government of Bolivia grants large tracts of uncultivated land to capitalists who intend to colonise its territories; admits free of duty and other taxes all machinery, factories, tools, and agricultural implements; and protects and guarantees the personal safety, work, and property of all foreigners.

In the high region, or rather the plateau of the Andes mountains, there are rich mineral deposits. In the middle region wheat is cultivated, and also the best Indian corn, potatoes, grapes, &c. On the great eastern and north-western plains coffee, cocoa, sugar-cane, and many other tropical products are cultivated, and rubber, vanilla, &c. are extracted. There are also many gold-mines and placers of incalculable richness. The rivers which the treaty with Brazil now incorporates into Bolivia are the Acre and Yacu with their affluents, the Upper Purus and Upper Jurua and their affluents. The rubber exported from the Acre and its affluents alone reaches three thousand five hundred tons per annum. The total export of rubber from the other rivers just named amounts to another five thousand tons per annum, and is increasing yearly. I am told that many rubber-planters from the Acre wish to sell their plantations. The Government of Bolivia has decided to establish and subsidise a line of foreign steamers to ply between European ports and Para. There is no contract yet for this project, and the Bolivian Government is disposed to accept the best proposal which may be presented.

TO INDIA IN EIGHT DAYS.

Since we published the article, 'The Quest for India: the World's New German Highway,' in the *Journal* for 1900 (page 311), further information has transpired as to the route of the Bagdad Railway. The route now decided upon is an amalgamation of the English proposal with the original German route. It passes from Konia to the neighbourhood of Aleppo, and thence through Mosul, on the Tigris, and Bagdad to Koweit. When the line is complete it will be necessary to link up Koweit with Kurrachee, either by a railway or a fast line of steamers plying in the Persian Gulf. The journey to India will then be accomplished in about eight days instead of fourteen as at present: London to Constantinople, seventy-two hours; Constantinople to Konia, twenty hours; Konia to Koweit, thirty-five hours; Koweit to Kurrachee, sixty hours.

THAMES SALMON.

Great hopes have been aroused with respect to the possibility of restoring the 'Silver Thames' to its old position of a salmon river, and thousands of young fish have been turned into the stream in the belief that they will grow and multiply. Such a scheme would have been vain a few years ago, when the water was so polluted with the sewage of a big city; but now this has been so far remedied that the lower reaches of the Thames are fairly pure. That the fish are thriving is shown by the circumstance that early in March an angler at Teddington, fishing with worm for bait, caught an undoubted young salmon. He tried to keep it alive with a view to returning it to the water after verification by the Thames Conservancy officials, but failed. A smolt which measured eight inches in length was also caught, during the same month, at Richmond, and was carefully returned to the river. 'It is tolerably safe to assume,' says the *Field*, 'that these fish are members of the batch turned into the Thames in the middle of February by the association, and that they are the first salmon caught with rod and line in that river for close upon a hundred years.'

SOUND-SIGNALS.

Under the auspices of the Trinity House, a number of experiments were carried out last year at the fog-signal station on St Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight, with a view to ascertain the best form of signal with which to warn vessels at sea. No fewer than four thousand six hundred observations were made and recorded, and some of the results were given in a paper recently read at the Society of Arts by Mr E. Price-Edwards. A sound-signal in foggy weather has the great advantage over one conveyed by means of wireless telegraphy in that the receiver can tell approximately the direction from which it emanates, and can thus keep his ship away from danger. A siren giving a low-pitched note was heard in fine clear weather at a distance of twenty miles, while higher-pitched notes were lost at ten miles; but on another occasion, when the wind was high and the sea rough, the low note was inaudible at a mile and a quarter. It was proved to be important to use trumpets the proper notes of which were in unison with the sound-producers, whether sirens or reeds. In certain states of the atmosphere there was a silent area, the sounds dying away completely at a mile and recovering their strength at three miles. It may be remembered that the same phenomenon was noted in the case of the minute-guns fired at Portsmouth on the occasion of the late Royal funeral.

ACID RAIN.

According to a recent consular report a remarkable phenomenon occurred last year in Naples, and in the neighbourhood generally of Vesuvius. This took the form of rain which was charged so heavily with hydrochloric acid that considerable damage to vegetation was the result. The volcano is always pouring out from its summit a cloud of steam, and it is known that this vapour is charged with acid exhalations; but there seems to be no previous record of this acid contaminating the rainfall. The phenomenon lasted for about a month in the spring of last year, and during this short period the leaves and buds of the sprouting vines were caused to shrivel up, and had the appearance of being burnt. The cereals grown in the villages adjacent to the mountain also suffered severely from the acid rain, and the mischief reached as far as

Palma, near Nola, where hazel-nuts are grown in large quantities for export. These nut-plants were practically ruined, all the young shoots being destroyed. By an old law sufferers from volcanic action can get a remission of part or even the whole of the land-tax, and there are many applicants for relief on account of this acid rain.

ELECTRICITY *versus* STEAM.

In an interesting article in *Cassier's Magazine* on 'The Growing Use of Electric Power in American Cotton-Mills,' the author, Mr Whaley, has some convincing arguments as to the superiority of that method of driving machinery as compared with steam. The power is conveyed from floor to floor, in any direction, by means of wires; thus there is not only the absence of pulleys and belts, but also of friction-clutches and other devices for disconnecting continuous lines of shafting. Then there is no weight in transmission due to belting, shafting, head-gearing, &c., which means that there is decreased consumption of power due to friction. Dust and dirt of various kinds are eliminated, so that the bearings are kept clean and do not become hot. There is no necessity for belt-guards or safety devices. The motors take up no floor-space, for they are fixed overhead and quite out of reach; the risk of injury to workmen is therefore reduced to a minimum. If for any purpose temporary power is required at any point of the factory, a portable motor is employed which can be quickly coupled up to the nearest wires. The saving in friction alone in an electrically worked factory is no less than 20 per cent. Lastly, no special lighting machinery is required for such a building, as the wires may be tapped for lamps as easily as for motors.

THE AURORA.

In the discussion of a paper read at the Camera Club, London, by Dr Lockyer, which dealt largely with meteorological photography, it was stated that the aurora borealis, which has hitherto eluded capture by the camera, had at last been photographed. In spite of travellers' tales as to the wondrous light given out by this phenomenon, it has been shown that the radiance is very feeble with regard to chemical action. Sophus Tromholt, who went to Lapland eighteen years ago with the express object of making a study of the aurora, failed altogether in photographing it, and gave the matter up as an impossibility. With the advances which have been made in photographic methods, the difficulties seem to have been surmounted. The Antarctic Expedition now on its way southwards carries a supply of special photographic plates with the hope of securing some records of the aurora australis. There are few subjects which have successfully defied the camera-worker, and the aurora has been one of the last to yield. The feeble displays of the aurora seen in these latitudes would certainly never tempt an experienced photographer to point his camera northwards; but doubtless many enthusiastic beginners have done so.

SENSIBILITY TO PAIN.

The recent prosecution of a dealer for keeping fish in a tank so small that they were deprived of the necessary supply of oxygen has raised the question as to the susceptibility of these cold-blooded creatures to pain. A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* relates an experience which is worth recording. He was fishing for pike, and had left out at night a large float, with a dead bait on a double hook. The next morning he found the line broken and the bait gone; but shortly afterwards he caught a pike, which turned out to have the missing hook embedded in its eye, and about six yards of line trailing from it. He pertinently asks if there is any warm-blooded animal which would be on the alert for food with a sharp hook freshly embedded in the most sensitive part of the body?

POISONOUS CONFETTI.

A house surgeon in one of the Paris hospitals has raised a scare with regard to paper confetti, which, it is said, were first used in the streets on Mid-Lenten Thursday in 1892. According to this authority, the confetti bring with them influenza, pneumonia, ophthalmia, and various other ailments affecting the throat, nose, eyes, and lungs; and the season when they are most used is invariably followed by a tenfold increase of such diseases. These alarming assertions led to experiments, and it was found that eight guinea-pigs which were made to swallow or were inoculated with a decoction of confetti picked up on the Place de l'Opera on Shrove Tuesday (the exact mode of administration is not stated) expired in a few hours. A long list of the different kinds of pathogenic microbes found in confetti winds up a statement which is calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the Parisians. The reason why bits of coloured paper should have the property of absorbing and nourishing the germs of all these formidable diseases is not given; but if the indictment be true, the dwellers in all modern towns and cities must be subject to the same risks without any indulgence in confetti; for bits of posters, scraps of newspapers, tramway and omnibus tickets, handbills, and fragments of paper of all kinds are too commonly seen disfiguring our thoroughfares.

OXYGEN REGENERATOR.

An apparatus named as above has recently been invented by M. Degres, a professor of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, in partnership with M. Balthazard, a house-surgeon in one of the hospitals of the same city. Possibly the term 'air regenerator' would have been a better one,

as will be seen from the short description of the apparatus which follows. It consists of an aluminium box connected by two breathing-tubes with a kind of diver's helmet. This box is charged with sodium peroxide, which is made to drop at regular intervals and in small lumps into a vessel containing water. Now, this chemical has the property when wetted of absorbing carbonic acid gas, while at the same time it gives off oxygen. In this way the expired air from the lungs of the man wearing the apparatus is cleansed of its noxious properties, while the oxygen which has been absorbed by the blood is replaced. Thus the same air is breathed over and over again until, say in an hour's time, the chemical contents of the box have become exhausted. The apparatus will be invaluable for life-saving purposes in such places as coal-mines filled with choke-damp, where the atmosphere has become irrespirable. It may be mentioned that the method seems to bear a close resemblance to that of Fleuss, invented in England about twenty years ago; but Mr Fleuss employed caustic soda for the absorption of the carbonic acid, and compressed oxygen to supply the loss of that consumed by the lungs.

FOG DISPERSAL.

At a recent lecture in the Royal Institution Lord Rayleigh showed an experiment which demonstrated the effect of a brush-discharge of electricity upon smoke. A large glass globe was first of all filled with the dense white smoke from burning phosphorus. Within this globe was the necessary apparatus for causing a brush-discharge when connected with a Wimshurst machine. Directly the machine was set in motion the discharge took place, and the smoke at once began to disappear, the explanation being that the discharge caused the tiny particles of matter constituting the smoke to cohere, and to be deposited in a solid form on the sides of the glass globe. The experiment is not a new one, but it was presented in a very convincing form. It at once raises the question whether fog, on the wholesale scale which London and some other of our big cities periodically enjoy, cannot be dispersed in like manner by the employment of electricity. With the gigantic dynamo machines now in use, it should be possible to produce a discharge which would be powerful enough to dissipate the fog in a large room, and the experiment would be worth trial.

LIQUID FUEL FOR SHIPS.

At the recent meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects a paper was read by Sir F. Flannery, M.P., upon the important question of liquid fuel for ships. For a long time difficulties of supply stood in the way of the common adoption of this fuel; but now that oil had been discovered in Borneo and Burma, and more recently in Texas and California, the conditions had changed. There were now twenty vessels under the British flag running regularly under liquid fuel, and many more were on the stocks. The Admiralty were giving the new system most exhaustive tests, both on destroyers and battleships. There were now about forty ports where storage and supply of oil had been established, and similar arrangements were projected at various South African and South American ports. The saving of space, the extra rapidity of raising steam, and the ease with which a ship could be supplied with oil-fuel, as compared with coal, were some of the chief advantages claimed for the new system.

'THE SLIDING HEADLINE COPY-BOOK.'

Every teacher is aware of the tendency of the pupil, when writing in an ordinary copy-book, to copy his own penmanship rather than the model set before him. He thus unconsciously imitates his own mistakes, with the natural result that the quality of the writing steadily deteriorates as the bottom of the page is approached. The inventor of *The Sliding Headline Copy-Book*, Mr G. L. Hodges, believes that he has overcome this difficulty. By a simple yet ingenious contrivance, the headline is movable, and is so arranged as to cover the line last written by the pupil, who is thus compelled to keep the model constantly before his eyes. The series, which consists of eight numbers, is published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited. It should be added that while the cover and headlines are permanent, the copy-books themselves are renewable, thus leading to economy of expenditure.

THE SILENT LOVER.

No lark am I, but just a crooning dove;
No mighty river: just a babbling stream.
Though bold enough to try to sing of love,
I have not wit sufficient for the theme;
Yet, if the unsung song may sweetest be,
My gift of silence let me bring to thee.

Nor would I move thee by the power of sighs,
Though I could sigh for ever and a day;
With the mute passion of imploring eyes
For thy dear favour I would humbly pray,
Till, as the needle thrills towards the pole,
Turning thou'lt hear the music of my soul.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

***** TO CONTRIBUTORS.**

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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A COMEDY OF PEARLS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By A. H. Norway.

CHAPTER I.—HOW THE PEARLS CAME.

ONE August evening not very long ago, three people were sitting on the terrace at Holy Well sipping their coffee. The air was warm and sultry; indeed, the sun had been so hot all day that the dark shadows on the terrace were very grateful. Far away, at the foot of a long, wooded hollow, lay the sea, bearing one or two little gleaming lights from fishing-boats at anchor, while at slow, steady intervals the red flash of the light-house on the point struck clear and sharp across the darkness. On the left of the broad terrace rose a hill behind which the moon was climbing. Every moment the silver brightness on the ridge grew stronger; and the fir-trees standing out against the pale sky turned soft, impalpable, swimming in a magic light.

Rosamund Curtis, who had been watching silently the growing strength of the illumination, jumped up with an impatient cry, upsetting her cup in moving. The china rattled on the gravel. Rosamund stood looking down at it a moment, and then turned to the hill again.

'It will be up before he comes,' she said pettishly; 'I know it will. And I did so want the place to be looking pretty.'

'My dear Rosamund,' said the old lady sitting near her, 'if your father were not coming home to-night I should really speak severely to you. He can't possibly be pleased to find you in this state of excitement. Look at me. He is my only brother, and I haven't seen him for five years. Yet I don't go about in a fever of agitation, upsetting coffee-cups, and quarrelling with the moon because it comes up too fast.'

'No, Aunt Catherine, you certainly do not,' said Rosamund fretfully. 'In fact, I noticed that you were asleep.'

'Well, my dear,' was the drowsy answer, 'you can wake me when he comes.'

'I shall do no such thing,' cried Rosamund vehemently. 'I shall let you go on sleeping there hour after hour. You've no natural feeling, Aunt Catherine; and I don't believe you care a bit about father's coming home.'

She waited for a disavowal of this charge; but the old lady had dined well, and her only answer was a drowsy chuckle. A young man who had stood a silent spectator of the scene came forward and picked up the cup.

'It is not broken,' he said consolingly; on hearing which remark Rosamund turned irritably towards him.

'What do I care whether it is broken or not?' she cried. 'Do I keep a china-shop, Charles? You are as bad as Aunt Catherine, every bit. Neither one of you has the feelings of a jackdaw. Can't you see I am thinking about father?'

Charles slipped his arm confidentially through hers and drew her out along the terrace.

'I am not sure what a jackdaw would feel upon a similar occasion,' he said modestly; 'but if I were Colonel Curtis, and were coming home after five years' absence, it would not be of moons or terraces or views or sisters that my head would be full.'

'What in the world would it be full of, then?' demanded Rosamund, pausing midway in the terrace walk. Charles stopped too, looked at her fresh round cheek and the brown hair coiling prettily about it, and then laughed a little.

'It would be full of Rosamund,' he said rather low, 'and nothing else in the wide world would matter one copper button.'

'Don't be silly,' was Rosamund's only answer; but she was smiling too; and she did not move on at once, but stood with parted lips, watching the flood of silver light filling all the meadow dip which ran down to the sea. The moon had not yet climbed above the hill, but her shining had flooded the whole valley, and one could see

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that she must shortly win the summit. The shadows of the coppice stood out sharp and black. One or two stars hung large and golden in the sky.

'You seem very confident,' said Charles after a little pause. There was in his voice an undertone of surprise which Rosamund detected at once.

'Of course I am confident,' she answered. 'You will credit me with knowing what my own father is likely to approve or disapprove.'

'With all my heart,' he said, 'in any ordinary matter. But if you and Colonel Curtis see eye to eye in affairs of this sort you will be the first father and daughter who ever did so since time began.'

'He will be content with my choice,' Rosamund broke in rather hurriedly, as if she wanted to restore her confidence by positive assertion. 'And then,' she added rather inconsequently, 'what is there that he can possibly object to?'

'Poverty,' was the brief answer. 'Greenbank is heavily embarrassed. I count my income by hundreds, and by few of those.'

'Well, I know that!' answered Rosamund impatiently. 'Of course father knows it too. But what can that matter? If you haven't much, I shall have plenty; and if Greenbank is embarrassed, this house is not. We couldn't in any case use two houses so close together.'

'A speech which must appeal to any prudent father!' the young man answered bitterly. 'And then I am afraid Colonel Curtis has heard stories to my discredit. Oh! don't shake your head and purse your mouth up in that scornful way. There were such stories circulating, even before he went out to India; and I'm not going to say there mayn't have been some basis for them.'

'How dare you say so?' demanded Rosamund, turning on him with eyes flashing brightly in the moonlight, and lips that trembled with indignation. 'There wasn't as much basis for those stories as you could cover with a threepenny-bit. How dare you depreciate yourself to me? All those stories were wild exaggerations of quite harmless things. I know it.' She stamped her foot. 'Admit it!' she cried. 'Admit it at once!'

Charles shrugged his shoulders.

'What is the use of trying to prove too much?' he asked. 'You claim far more for me than I should for myself. I did play heavily, and lost. I don't now, and I never shall again. That's the whole truth.'

'And if you did, it was years and years ago!' said Rosamund, trembling on the verge of tears. 'Nobody shall throw that up against you before me. Where is there a man who has never done a foolish thing?'

Charles shrugged his shoulders again.

'These are among the things that prudent fathers recollect,' he said. 'The coolness of Colonel Curtis's letter did not surprise me in the least.'

There was silence again for a few minutes. The headland of white limestone where the lighthouse stood had just caught the silvery moonshine, and gleamed with a curious impalpable radiance, almost like a web of gossamer.

'I don't think that letter was meant to be cool at all,' said Rosamund, speaking very low. 'It is father's way never to show any feeling. He hates anything like emotion. That's why he wouldn't let me meet him at the station. But he's the very kindest and the best of daddies.' She was silent again for a moment, and then added in a still lower voice, 'I do so wish he'd come!'

The air was very still. In the heavy shadow of the shrubbery some night-bird emitted from time to time a low twitter. Across the hollow they could see the drive winding white and silvery towards the lodge. Nothing was in sight.

'I know he won't be unkind,' whispered Rosamund, spreading her arms on the top of the low fence; and her companion, seeing that she turned to him for confirmation of the hope, smiled and nodded cheerfully, though in his heart he held a different conception of the Colonel, and felt no security that the gallant officer might not elect to be very unkind.

So these two culprits stood in silence awaiting the arrival of their judge, the guilty feeling deepening in both their hearts with every moment that he tarried. Somehow the heads of their defence seemed to neither quite so strong as they had appeared an hour earlier. Confidence was giving way to a wild hope that the Court would be merciful: not by any means the best attitude for successful defence. Rosamund was in the better case; for her woman's heart told her constantly that in the last resort she commanded resources which were not those of argument; but both stood with knocking hearts, and the silence grew oppressive. On the terrace they could see Aunt Catherine sleeping peacefully.

'Say something—do!' cried Rosamund fretfully.

Charles started. 'I think—I think his train must be late,' he stammered.

'You owl!' said Rosamund, turning her back on him, 'is that the best thing you can find to say?'

Before Charles could collect his wits sufficiently to discover some more comforting remark, Aunt Catherine's voice was heard calling from the terrace.

'Rosamund, Rosamund,' she cried, 'I hear wheels!'

The old lady was sitting up, fumbling for her glasses. The cord was tangled—it always was in moments of emergency. 'There is a dogcart turning into the drive!' she exclaimed in an agitated, helpless voice. 'It must be your father, and I can't get my glasses out. Run and get me another pair, Rosamund. No; cut the cord! What! not hear the wheels, when the noise

woke up an old woman like me? But there, you children think of nothing.—Oh, thank you, Mr Henderson! I always said you had very clever fingers. And I'm sure I hope Colonel Curtis will be pleased to see you; else I don't know what any of us will do.'

'Why, I hope so too,' answered Charles, helping the old lady to get up, and giving her his arm; 'and, in fact, I rely a great deal on your tact and judgment to remove any little dissatisfaction there may be lying in his mind.'

'Oh, my dear boy!' replied the tactful aunt, not without nervousness, 'if there's dissatisfaction in his mind, depend upon it we shall all be made uncomfortable. Where's Rosamund?'

Rosamund was flying along the terrace towards the little wicket, her white dress gleaming in the moonlight.

'I can see the dogcart,' she cried, in high excitement. 'He's almost here!'

'Don't go that way, Rosamund,' shouted Charles; 'you'll startle the horse.'

'Come back, come back!' piped Aunt Catherine. But Rosamund was at the gate already, fumbling with the latch. The heavy plodding of the horse's hoofs was close at hand, and peering over the gate, Rosamund could make out the small, withered figure of her father on the box, unchanged since last she saw him, very upright and impassive, his trim gray moustache just catching the moonlight. The latch stuck; the dogcart came on steadily.

'Daddy, daddy, I'm here!' shouted Rosamund, waving her arms frantically.

Colonel Curtis had seen her, though he appeared to be looking neither to the right nor to the left. The dogcart drew up suddenly; he tossed the reins to the man who sat beside him, and jumped out lightly; and as the dogcart moved on Rosamund burst the gate open and threw herself into his arms, crying out:

'Oh daddy, daddy, don't ever go away any more!'

Charles stopped dead in the shadow of the trees, and then turned and led Aunt Catherine back upon the terrace.

'I think we'll wait a bit,' he said. 'See! the moon is up at last.'

Hardly five minutes passed before Colonel Curtis came out upon the terrace, cool and imperturbable; and with him Rosamund clinging to his arm.

'Well, Catherine, here I am again,' he said cheerfully. 'Bless my soul! it seems only yesterday that I went away. You're not a bit changed, notwithstanding all the trouble this wild girl has given you.'

'I feel a great deal older, I assure you,' said Aunt Catherine plaintively. 'Nobody but myself knows.'

'I shan't forget it. You won't find me ungrateful,' broke in the Colonel rather hastily, embracing his sister as he spoke. But Rosamund had slipped away, and now brought up her lover, who had been hanging about uneasily at a little distance.

'Daddy, here is Charles,' she said, with a ring of triumph in her voice. The Colonel made two steps forward and held out his hand.

'Ah, Henderson!' he said, not without a trace of stiffness, 'I am glad you took the earliest opportunity of coming up to see me. We shall have much to talk about.'

'Very much,' Charles answered. 'Many things have changed since we met last, Colonel Curtis; and mostly for the better.'

'I am only too anxious to be assured of it,' was the dry answer, given with a little bow which was irreproachable in manner but distinctly formal.

'The assurances are at your service, Colonel,' said Charles, with even temper; and Rosamund, who still held him by the hand, looked up at her father appealingly.

'I can't tell you how good he is. You'll like him awfully,' she said.

'Why, child, I knew him years before you did,' said her father testily; 'you mustn't think we're strangers to each other. But what a woman you've grown into, child! When I went away you were still young enough to search my pockets for chocolate sometimes. I suppose you wouldn't dream of such a thing now—eh?'

'Oh, what have you brought me, daddy?' cried Rosamund, all eagerness directly.

'Something much more valuable than chocolate,' said the Colonel, feeling in his breast-pocket; 'so valuable that I dared not trust it in my bag, but carried it myself all the way home.'

He brought out a long, flat case of leather, curiously stamped. Rosamund caught it out of his hands and opened it with a cry of delight. There lay, upon a bed of crimson velvet, a double string of pearls of considerable size and purity, ending in a pendant.

'There,' said the Colonel; 'I doubt if there's another necklace so fine as that in all the county. The Maharanee wanted it, and was so furious because I forestalled her that she tried to poison me. But I kept it tight, and here it is.' He turned the pearls over with his finger as he spoke. 'Of course the pendant is the most valuable part,' he said. 'Those black pearls of themselves are worth a lot of money.'

'Oh daddy, daddy! Did you really run all that risk for me?' cried Rosamund reproachfully. 'Oh, how could you? And what should I have cared for the pearls if—— Oh daddy! you don't think she'll try again, do you?'

'Pooh, pooh, child!' said the Colonel; 'it all happened three years ago. She gave it up as a bad job long since, and transferred her affections to a ruby peacock which came into the market in the nick of time. Now I'm going in

to have some supper, for I see Elliot hovering about, trying to catch my eye.—When I've done, Mr Henderson, we'll have our chat, and get all our business over.—Take care of the pearls, Rosamund, for nobody'll buy you such another set if you lose these.'

As her father went off towards the house, Rosamund drew the necklace from its case and held it up in the light of the moon.

'I think it's the loveliest thing I ever saw in my life,' she said ecstatically.

'Almost too fine for a poor man's wife,' said Charles very low; but Rosamund looked up at him and laughed.

'But I like your presents best,' she said, 'though they don't cost so much as this.' And with that they strolled away together, and the terrace was left empty.

THE PURCHASING OF ANTIQUES.

IN London thirty years ago there were many 'curiosity shops,' 'curio dealers,' and 'old furniture shops,' mostly clustered together in Hanway Passage and Wardour Street; and delightful, dusty, dirty old places they were to rummage for bargains, in that happy time when such things were still to be obtained. The true dealers or experts in antiques, however, were then as few in number as now; and these, with one or two exceptions, were located in the West End.

At the present day it is customary for small furniture brokers and others to style themselves either antique dealers or antiquaries; but it is hard to give a reason for this change of designation. Perhaps the twentieth-century trader is unaware that the term 'antique' applies only to productions prior to 1700, or, knowing this, has merely followed the lead of those large drapery and furnishing houses which boast of 'antique departments' and 'season sales' of their 'old' wares. Possibly the great increase of buyers with some artistic taste, and the many young couples starting life in their suburban villas with what they call their Sheraton dining-room and Louis Seize drawing-room, may, by their indiscriminate appreciation of doubtful relics of the past, have created a demand which commercial enterprise has elected to fill and dignify by a better title than 'old furniture.'

It must not, from the foregoing, be supposed that it is impossible for a man in a small way to be expert in this business; but the inexperienced amateur, when purchasing goods assumed to be old and of value, would do well to consider, apart from his own knowledge and judgment, the reputation of the vender, and whether that person has enjoyed opportunities of acquiring even a general knowledge of a business which, if properly understood, attains the dignity of a profession.

Still, it is not the purport of this article to disparage a hard-working and useful class of men who, taken as a body, are as honest and straightforward as any other; but the unfortunate fact remains that, to safeguard the amateur collector, honesty in the seller is not infallible unless accompanied by knowledge and judgment, it being equally dangerous to the pocket to purchase from a vender totally ignorant of what he is selling as from one who possesses a superficial knowledge only.

The practice that now obtains in the daily press and other publications of noting prices realised at the leading auction-rooms is a doubtful boon to either the amateur or small dealer. Like most things, it is far from new, auction prices having been chronicled, more or less, during and since the eighteenth century; isolated instances occurring earlier, as in the case of the dispersal of the collection of Charles the First. Until recently these records of prices rarely interested any but those persons able to understand and appreciate their value; and it should be remembered by all who attach importance to such notices that it is impossible to determine authenticity or value from description only or by learning the price articles to all appearance similar realised at sales by auction. Books of reference, reports, and current prices of antiques are useful to a person having the opportunity of seeing and handling the goods, and who is prepared to take up the subject seriously; but otherwise they are of extremely doubtful value, excepting in the case of books.

Two recent examples of this haphazard acquirement of the knowledge of prices being wrongly applied were related to the writer by a dealer from his own experience during a run through the provinces. This dealer, who is a good all-round expert, and sells to the 'trade' only, had been in the habit of calling every four months upon a broker located in Birmingham, a person from whom he occasionally purchased a late bronze and now and again a few pieces of china, but more often quite ordinary trade goods, such as 'tall-boy' chests of drawers, wardrobes, and such pieces as, when 'beautified' with inlaid lines and banding, would find a resting-place in those shops where it is always possible to acquire 'Sheraton' bedroom and other furniture.

However, to come to the tale. The dealer noticed, on calling at the shop referred to, that the

broker evinced a decided disinclination to show his stock, and when he grudgingly did so, the prices of articles similar to those purchased on previous occasions were found to be doubled. Upon an explanation being demanded, the broker stated that he 'wasn't going to be done any more,' and also intimated that 'you chaps up in London must have made fortunes out of poor people like me'! 'Whatever do you mean?' was the astonished query. 'Mean? Look here, mister,' replied the other, getting angry. 'The last time you called, you bought a cup and saucer for two pounds, and the same things, or things like them, sell in London for twenty'! To prove his assertion he produced a list of current auction prices. Now, the cup and saucer in question were a Coalport imitation, and the lot the paper referred to had consisted of old Sèvres. The dealer could not explain the difference to the man, as he was too angry at what he termed being 'done;' neither did the former attempt to do so, as he thought it was not his province to teach others their own business. So the broker, through a little knowledge but no experience, imagining himself a very injured man, insulted and lost a good customer.

However, the evil does not end here. Early Coalport and French imitations of Sèvres are continually turning up; and it is possible that broker may acquire another piece perhaps at an enhanced price, and, aided by the evidence in black and white, sell it to an amateur for considerably over its value. Then, should this perfectly honest mistake be discovered after some time has elapsed, how is the purchaser to extract his fifteen or twenty pounds from a man in a small way?

The other case occurred in a town farther north. In a small curiosity shop presided over by a lady the dealer noticed a pair of Chelsea-Derby figures in more or less damaged condition, asked the price, and was requested to name the amount he would give. This he declined to do, as he could hardly be expected to act the parts of buyer and seller. The owner then frankly stated that she had read of the high prices Lord Thynne's china realised at 'Christie's,' and as her figures were 'real old Chelsea,' she did not know what to ask, being afraid of selling them too cheaply. Now, as some of the pieces of Chelsea china referred to ran into four figures, one can understand how an inexperienced person is misled into rating quite ordinary specimens above their value. The writer's friend attempted to explain that her pieces were not Chelsea, but Chelsea-Derby, and the difference between them and the pieces sold; but, as usual in such cases, his explanations were met with thinly veiled disbelief. Eventually a firm offer of four pounds was made, and received with contempt; and, prompted by a desire to see to what lengths ignorance and cupidity would go, he produced gold and notes, and gradually rose to ten, twenty, until actually the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds was offered and refused. 'No,' said the good lady; 'if you will give that, they are worth more.' Then she declared her intention of taking them to London the next time there was an excursion, and comparing them with those exhibited in South Kensington Museum.

The writer does not agree with his friend's method in this matter. Although to meet with this sort of experience is certainly annoying, it does one no good to bolster up expectations of value that may eventually cause a great deal of harm. Many misguided enthusiasts stupidly set their hearts upon some object possessed by persons in humble circumstances, who, not wishing to part with their household god, refuse perhaps a liberal offer, which, as a tempting bait, is increased and increased beyond all reason, and still refused; then, when an evil day comes and the money is really wanted, the treasure looked upon as always worth so much cash is found to be unsaleable, and vexation and heart-burning and family quarrels result, for in the majority of such cases it is the woman who loves the family treasures, and has prevented their dispersal.

Two years ago the writer noted an instance of this kind of folly whilst strolling through a village in Cumberland. Calling at the principal inn, and being invited to sit in the parlour, he saw hanging upon the wall three mezzotint engravings. They were dirty, damaged, and had been 'cut down,' but if properly cleaned and framed, would be worth some twelve pounds. Referring to the prints in conversation, the landlord said that a neighbouring squire had offered as much as eighty pounds for them; and upon inquiry this statement was found to be true, one of the gentleman's daughters with a taste for old things having persuaded her father that they were worth that amount. Unfortunately for the landlord's heirs, the old man declared that they should never be sold during his lifetime, evidently thinking they would always be worth the amount named. Let us hope that they will not be left as a nest-egg for one of his own pretty daughters. In cases of this sort one should not attempt to purchase, for it is quite hopeless to combat the ignorance and prejudice of some of the people who hold these old goods; their ideas have been fostered by tourists and others as ignorant of values as themselves.

Occasionally one hears of an apparently honest countryman who plants sham antique oak in inns, farmhouses, and cottages to ensnare the unwary; and then the prices that are obtained, after the reluctant consent of the family to part with the treasure 'that belonged to grandmother,' or 'came from the big house,' would gladden the heart of many a poor struggling broker who is trying to earn an honest livelihood.

One of our leading artists told the writer that he had been 'had' by a man dealing in pigs in X., a small village three miles from any railway, a very quiet place, and certainly one where the victim did not expect to find guile. This countryman would have dower-chests made from old oak, taking care that parts showing rottenness and age could be pointed out as a proof of genuineness, a place having been cut out for one of the large old locks and then partly filled up, a small lock some forty years old fitted, and half-broken old hinges added to secure the lid. These pieces would then be exposed in the yard leading to the sty as though of no value in their owner's eyes, and the action of the weather, mud, and filth soon completed the artistic effect. Now, oak chests with quaint carving are always desirable pieces to possess, and when the artist, who was in the neighbourhood sketching, casually asked a resident if he knew of any old oak, he was told that the pig-dealer had a rare old chest in his yard, which no doubt could be bought cheaply enough.

Away went our connoisseur of oak, and found what purported to be a fine old chest decorated with most unusual carving, and having, moreover, linen-pattern panels. From the position it occupied, he imagined he could buy it for a sovereign; but the owner, used to dealing with men in various markets, chaffed the artist in bluff, honest fashion, and told him plainly he had thought nothing of it, but he was a dealer—a pig-dealer—and sharp as any one, and knew an artist chap wouldn't want to buy an old thing like that if it wasn't worth more than he knew; and so on, until eventually he extracted twelve pounds for the *trouvaille;* and, after an attempt to extract another five shillings for cartage, delivered it to the railway company, who forwarded it to the artist's address in London. When, in the privacy of the studio, it was thoroughly washed and cleaned, it stood revealed a 'fake;' and a dealer, who eventually purchased it from its disgusted owner for three pounds, candidly observed that he had given a very good price, as such things cost from the maker when new, and in proper condition for sale, four pounds ten shillings.

If intending collectors, before purchasing, were either to pay for expert advice and judgment, or deal only with established firms of reputation, such sales of spurious rubbish (especially imitations of the various old china factories) would be greatly restricted. For trade purposes, a piece of china may be more saleable if it bears a factory mark; but a dealer does not attach undue importance to this, being aware that genuine pieces are what is called 'marked all over,' and therefore unmistakable. In view, however, of the many persons who take all marked pieces to be genuine, it is as well to point out that it is quite within the law to add to reproductions the marks of extinct factories, such as Chelsea, Bow, &c.; and this, of course, can be done but with one intent, and that to deceive. On the other hand, it has been decided that it is illegal to sell or expose imitations of Worcester china which bear any of the marks of that factory. The poor reproductions of old Staffordshire so much in evidence in country shops hail from France; but, as these rarely sell for more than a few shillings, little harm is done by them except the slight annoyance experienced on finding that one has been taken in.

As with many other things, the Flowery Land may claim to have been first in the field with spurious goods, for imitations of antique porcelain were common amongst the Chinese at quite an early period. Marryat mentions two artists in particular, Tsoui-Kong (1522–72) and Tcheou (1567–1619). The latter, he says, was 'an original character, and delighted in carrying his counterfeit ware to antiquaries, whose passion for collecting he well knew, and the cleverest connoisseurs were often duped in their purchases.'

The manufacture of various spurious works of art flourished also in other countries at a fairly early period; but it was not until the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when it was the fashion for the sons of wealthy men to make the 'grand tour,' that the English market was much affected by foreign imitations. Many references may be found in old books of that time to these frauds, principally in pictures, prints, and bronzes; and Horace Walpole mentions in his chatty manner not a few of the actual perpetrators. Two of them will serve as illustrations.

John Pieters, a Flemish painter, died in England about 1727. He was employed by Sir Godfrey Kneller to paint the draperies of his pictures; but his chief business was in mending drawings and old pictures. He excelled in copying Rubens, and even passed off several prints, which he had washed, for original drawings of that master. The Sage of Strawberry Hill then caustically observes: 'This cheat is not so great a proof of Pieters' abilities as of the ignorance of our collectors, who are still imposed upon by such gross frauds.'

Another sinner was Pope, who had an original picture of Bishop Atterbury, painted by Kneller. Of this picture he used to employ Worsdale the painter to make copies for three or four guineas, and whenever he wanted to pay a particular compliment to one of his friends he gave him an 'original' picture of Atterbury. Of these 'originals' Worsdale had painted five or six. From another source we learn that about 1789 a Mr Parsons, an ingenious picture-cleaner (originally intended for the Church), 'copied a vast number of Sir Peter Lely's pictures, which have deceived connoisseurs and have been taken for originals.'

With regard to our own period and the works of art now being produced, it is interesting to note that pessimism has always been common.

The late eighteenth century writer who compared the productions of former years with those of his own time thus:

> Yet sure one more distinction may be told:
> Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old!

and Madame de Staël—who says: 'This passion for antiquity is no idle prejudice; we live in an age when self-interest seems the ruling principle of all men: what sympathy, what enthusiasm can ever be its results?'—belong to the same type of connoisseurs that decry and contemptuously pass by all the productions of the present day, many of which, no doubt, will eventually be sought after as eagerly as those of former centuries.

CLIPPED WINGS.

By Mary Stuart Boyd.

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CHAPTER XVIII.—MR PAUL RUDDENHEIM.

MR RUDDENHEIM belonged to a type common enough in cosmopolitan London. His foreign descent was so remote as to be unnoticeable save when revealed in a certain Continental sprightliness of demeanour, a buoyancy of deportment infrequent in the more stolid Englishman. His Jewish origin lent him a slender advantage in business without hampering him in matters of creed; religion, according to Mr Ruddenheim, being a good servant but a bad master.

The opinion thus bluntly expressed would assuredly have shocked Mr Seton-Lorimer, who, without putting the thought into words, had successfully acted upon Mr Ruddenheim's maxim. For with the removal to Queen's Gate he had left the Congregational chapel at Norwood wherein he had been a leading member, and had joined a fashionable church in the vicinity, where Mr Ruddenheim was a churchwarden.

It was during service at St Theodosius's on the first Sunday morning after the close of the Christmas vacation that the happy thought of making Miss Seton-Lorimer mistress of his mansion in Pembridge Square first occurred to Mr Ruddenheim. His boys had just returned to boarding-school, and—his home once again deserted by all but himself—Mr Ruddenheim felt sentimentally inclined to bewail his loneliness.

His pew was within easy view of the Seton-Lorimers', and his gaze falling upon the correct outline of Honoria's profile, and his alert mind noting the completeness and depth of her Royal mourning and the unvarying serenity of her deportment, the thought flashed to him that the second Mrs Ruddenheim might not be hard to find.

The time that should have been devoted to prayer and humiliation was given up to a close scrutiny of Miss Seton-Lorimer's attractions, among which, it must be confessed, Mr Ruddenheim catalogued the details of her admirably appointed dress.

As she passed out of church, the swish of her silken-lined skirts and the subtle odour of violets that attended her presence pleased him. More fastidious folks might have told him that society had elected to abjure silk linings as vulgar and noisy, and that the best people had condemned the use of perfumes as in vile taste. But Mr Ruddenheim knew what he admired, and had the courage of his opinions.

Mr Ruddenheim was not the man to allow grass to grow under his feet. 'Shouldn't have been where I am now if I had,' he used to say. At a church gathering he had already made Mr Seton-Lorimer's acquaintance; thus, to accost him in the porch and secure an introduction to Honoria was a matter of five minutes.

In the course of the succeeding week a second church meeting brought the gentlemen together, and Mr Ruddenheim, having escorted Mr Seton-Lorimer to the portal leading to his Queen's Gate flat, artfully opened a topic of special interest at the moment of parting—a piece of diplomacy which, as he had rightly calculated, gained him an invitation to finish the discussion over a cigar in Mr Seton-Lorimer's house.

The fact that, though Honoria was alone, she was arrayed in full evening-dress, completed the conquest of Mr Ruddenheim, who had suffered from the tendency of his late spouse towards reserving her gorgeous apparel for company, and for home-life attiring her affluent proportions in dowdy raiment.

Learning that Mr and Miss Seton-Lorimer intended spending a few weeks on the Riviera, Mr Ruddenheim announced it as a wonderful coincidence that he purposed going to the south of France about the same time, and would probably run against them somewhere: a promise which he fulfilled far beyond the letter, for not only did he run against them at Hyères, but he bumped them at Cannes and rigidly adhered to their company at Nice.

So, the culminating point of the wooing having been reached, it was small marvel that, until the critical question had been asked and answered, Honoria should deem it wiser to keep her attractive young cousin out of the way.

Two more tedious days had passed, and the autocratic Fredoline, for once condescending to act with amazing celerity, had sent home the

pioneer of the new gowns. It was afternoon, and Lucie was in her room happily engaged with the aid of a sympathetic maid in trying it on.

Mr Ruddenheim had dropped in to pay a call; and Honoria was closeted in the drawing-room with her visitor, who, having done good business that morning, and indulged in a little champagne at luncheon, was viewing life through rose-coloured glasses. He felt affectionately inclined towards his hostess, who was looking her best in delicate half-mourning worn in memory of her late Queen. The transparent yoke and sleeves gave a hint of a white skin beneath, and her manner was sweetly seductive.

Miss Seton-Lorimer was so certain that Mr Ruddenheim must be exhausted with the fatigue of that ghastly City that she suggested a brandy and soda to precede tea; and when Mr Ruddenheim declined the liquor, she ordered tea and iced coffee to be brought at once. Under the pleasing influence of her solicitude for his comfort, Mr Ruddenheim's feelings, already warm, became distinctly amorous. Even a novice would have guessed that he was on the verge of a declaration: an avowal that Honoria—who awaited it in a carefully studied attitude, leaning gracefully back in her low chair, her head resting on a pink satin cushion, her expensively shod feet supported on a plush footstool—was graciously prepared to accept.

Mr Ruddenheim had just cleared his throat, for even the most self-possessed of men can't avoid feeling a little nervous on such occasions, and was wiping his moustache with a handkerchief heavy with the scent he loved, when, without warning, the door flew open and Lucie burst impetuously into the room.

'See, Honoria! isn't it *lovely*? Isn't Fredoline a dear?' she exclaimed; then, catching sight of the visitor, stopped, covered with confusion.

Meeting Honoria's disapproving glance, Lucie, murmuring apologies, would have retreated in precipitate confusion, but that Mr Ruddenheim, jumping to his feet, insisted upon her remaining. It takes a very ardent lover to face the ordeal of a proposal with equanimity, and Mr Ruddenheim was by no means an ardent lover. So the entrance of Lucie filled him with a sense of sudden relief.

'Don't let me frighten you away, Miss Lucie.—It is Miss Lucie from New Zealand—isn't it?—You see, I know you better than you know me. Do sit down in this nice chair, and let us admire that pretty frock.' The tea-tray chancing to be brought in at that moment gave Lucie, who was all eagerness to have her bravery appreciated, a second excuse for remaining.

The swift alteration in her swain's mood imperceptibly communicated itself to Honoria, rendering her manner towards Lucie distinctly condemnatory. But it failed in its effect, for already Lucie was accustomed to her cousin with the chill on; and, having never been indulged with those honeyed smiles and encouraging words wherewith that lady greeted a few favourites, Lucie took Honoria's coldness as a matter of course. Unconcernedly sipping her tea, she rejoiced in Mr Ruddenheim's commendations of her frock.

She was on the point of risking Honoria's extreme displeasure by offering to fetch a hat for the friendly critic's approbation, when the door opened and Mr Muter, looking as awkward and ill at ease as mortal could, was shown in. Lucie, who was laughing at some playful sally of Mr Ruddenheim's, had not heard him announced, and did not know of his presence until Honoria, in a tone that seemed to have come straight from a refrigerator, said, 'Lucie, I think this—gentleman—must have come to see *you*.'

Lucie, turning sharply, saw her friend standing in the middle of the room blinking behind his spectacles in a passion of self-consciousness. For a moment she felt disconcerted; then, welcoming Mr Muter as warmly as possible, she introduced him to her cousin, who responded with a frigid bow.

'I took the liberty of calling. I was at the Natural History Museum; and, knowing you were living near, I took the liberty of calling,' he stammered at length, in tardy explanation of his visit.

Had Lucie guessed the actual pain this incursion into unknown lands had entailed on one of his ultra-sensitive disposition, she would have sympathised with him even more deeply than she did. As it was, Honoria's rudeness annoyed her to the exclusion of all other sensations. She was anxious to show her appreciation of Mr Muter's kindness; but his presence was distinctly inopportune.

'I wish he would go,' she kept thinking when, having asked for his health, given him messages to Mrs Denman, and spoken of the weather, her subjects of converse were exhausted. Her conscience rebuked her for disloyalty to one who had been a refuge in her time of trouble; but the matter that affected her most was the studied insolence of Honoria, who, beyond her icy recognition, affected not to see Mr Muter. She did not offer him tea, an omission that made Lucie hot with anger. 'If she had been our guest and somebody had called for her we would have treated him differently,' she thought, and hated her cousin accordingly.

'My dear Lucie, what a dreadful creature!' Honoria exclaimed languidly when Mr Muter, in a fresh access of shyness that made him drop both gloves and a small parcel in succession, had achieved his departure. 'Where did you pick him up?'

'We met on the ship coming to England. He was a fellow-passenger.'

'He is aboriginal, then? He looks it. If they

are all like that out there I pity you, for he is simply too ghastly for words.'

Lucie flushed scarlet. 'Mr Muter is a Londoner. He rescued me when I was penniless. But for him I should have been homeless. You don't know,' she began, turning to Mr Ruddenheim, 'that when I arrived in London I was robbed of all my money and things'——

'Pray spare us.' Miss Seton-Lorimer's tone skilfully succeeded in conveying a command to Lucie and sympathetic commiseration with Mr Ruddenheim. 'I'm sure we have all heard enough of that matter, and the chivalry of your friend's nature neither excuses his choice of a tailor nor mitigates his ignorance of the laws of ordinary politeness.'

'Mr Muter is a gentleman. I don't care what his social shortcomings may be. When I needed help he did not laugh at me because I was not dressed in the latest fashion. He treated me as though'——

'I think you forget that you were trying on dresses just now,' Honoria's most arctic notes interrupted Lucie's protest. 'I am sure Mr Ruddenheim will excuse your leaving us.'

When Lucie, crestfallen, reached the door Mr Ruddenheim stood ready to open it for her.

'Miss Seton-Lorimer and your uncle are coming to dine with me at the Welcome Club at Earl's Court Exhibition next Saturday, and you must come too, Miss Lucie. I'll take no denial, and you must wear that pretty frock. It's lovely.'

The hand wherewith Mr Ruddenheim grasped Lucie's might be short and podgy, but its pressure was warm, and suggested a sincere and comforting sympathy with the vanquished alien.

Honoria had resumed her interrupted smiles, her most seductive key; but after the natural spontaneity of Lucie's manner and her fresh colouring, Miss Seton-Lorimer's artificial attractions palled upon the widowed stockbroker, and his attitude remained far from that tender point whereat the advent of the luckless Lucie had surprised him.

TWO LITTLE-KNOWN STATES OF SOUTH MEXICO.

By W. H. Rundall, A.M.I.C.E.

MEXICO has progressed so rapidly during the last twenty years—thanks to the long period of peace and freedom from revolutions enjoyed under the firm rule of President Porfirio Diaz—that the tourist, who nowadays travels in a magnificent Pullman-car through the northern states of the republic, meeting everywhere with the luxuries and comforts of civilisation, obtains but a poor idea of the country and its inhabitants as it was twenty years ago, and as one still finds them in the more remote states, where the shriek of the locomotive and the glare of the electric light are as yet unknown.

The two southern states of Tabasco and Chiapas—situate just to the east of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and embracing a wide stretch of country from the Gulf of Mexico on the north to the Pacific Ocean on the south—remain as yet untouched by the wave of progress which has spread so rapidly over the northern states. The traveller, therefore, who would take a trip through this part of the republic must be prepared to accept the *cayuco* (native dug-out canoe) and the mule as his only means of locomotion, and must make up his mind to put up with very bad accommodation and peculiarly cooked food.

The state of Tabasco is low-lying, extremely well watered, and has a hot, moist, and not too healthy climate. Its principal port is Frontera, and its capital the town of San Juan Bautista. It is a wealthy state, its wealth being derived from the exportation of mahogany and logwood, and the cultivation of coffee, cacao, sugar-cane, &c. Its productiveness is, however, limited by the want of labour; and many of the *hacendados* (planters) have but small portions of their land under cultivation for this reason.

The conditions under which the *peon* (labourer) works for the *hacendado* are really not very far removed from slavery. The latter advances to the *peon* a small sum of money—say twenty dollars—which the *peon* contracts to repay by labour, for which he is to receive, say, five dollars a month and his keep. He then becomes the *mozo* (servant) of the *hacendado*, and is compelled to work for him until the debt is paid. This the *hacendado* takes care to make impossible by supplying him with clothing and rum, principally the latter, to a greater value than his earnings will pay for, thus continually increasing his indebtedness and making it more and more impossible for him to obtain his freedom by liquidating the debt. As the *mozo* is almost invariably utterly ignorant, and unable to read, write, or sum, in a short time he finds that his debt amounts to one or two hundred dollars, without having handled a coin since the small preliminary loan; and he cannot calculate if he has received the equivalent of this, for him, considerable sum of money in clothing or other commodities. If married, his wife and also his children, if big enough to be of any use, are compelled to work in return for the increased ration which he will be allowed for the maintenance of his family. The law protects him to this extent: should he be dissatisfied with his master,

he may claim a period of eight days every year in which to look for some one else willing to pay his debt and take him over; and the *hacendado* is compelled, should he be offered the full amount of the debt in cash, to accept payment, and the debtor then becomes the *mozo* of the man who pays up his debt.

Should a *mozo* at any time attempt to run away, he would be hunted like a criminal, brought back, have at least ten dollars added to his debt for 'expenses,' and probably soundly thrashed into the bargain.

When estates change hands the *mozos* are usually sold with the estate; thus on a fair-sized estate, with forty or fifty *mozos*, these alone will represent a capital of seven or eight thousand dollars.

It used to be the custom to make the debt hereditary; but this is now illegal, and the son of a *mozo* on reaching manhood becomes a free man, and can only become a *mozo* by contracting a debt on his own account.

The system, although apparently iniquitous according to our British ideas of freedom and justice, has its good points, considered from the standpoint of the country and the people—a people naturally so indolent that, unless compelled, they would not work at all, or only just enough to satisfy the barest necessities of life. Of course, a dishonest and unscrupulous *hacendado* will often swindle and maltreat his *mozos;* but as a general rule they are sufficiently fed and fairly well treated. The system also differs widely from slavery in respect that there is no forcible separation of parents from children or husband from wife, which caused so much indignation against slavery as practised in the Southern United States.

Frontera is a port of call for the Mexican National Line steamers running weekly from Vera Cruz to all the Gulf ports south of Tampico, and also for a light-draught steamer which makes connection at Campeche with the New York and Cuba mail steamers from New York and Havana. From Frontera a few hours' steaming up the river Grijalva brings one to San Juan Bautista. This is a town of some importance commercially, being the distributing centre for practically the whole of Tabasco and also the northern departments of the state of Chiapas. It is hot, with the humid, enervating heat of the Gulf coast; and, like all old Mexican towns, it is quite destitute of drainage or sanitation, such matters being exclusively attended to by that hideous but most useful scavenger, the black-hooded *zapalote* (vulture).

Owing to the constant rain and the low-lying, swampy nature of the country, the roads in Tabasco are bad, except during the months of April and May, at the close of the dry season. The best—it may be said the only—mode of travelling in the northernmost portions of the state during the rainy months is by river in a *cayuco*, propelled by pole or paddle. Owing, however, to the heat of the sun by day and the plague of mosquitoes by night, a few days of this mode of locomotion are quite sufficient to wear out the patience and try the temper of the sweetest disposition; and the feeling of relief is great on changing the *cayuco* for the saddle, even though the roads be knee-deep in slush and your mount a spiritless but plodding mule.

The uninitiated foreigner, riding for the first time through a plantation of cacao, and with his attention riveted on the great deep-red pods hanging in profusion from the trees, may feel a quiver of dismay, if not of actual alarm, on looking up and perceiving a gang of half-a-dozen men approaching, each armed with an ugly-looking sword or cutlass; but their innocent and unmenacing demeanour will soon convince him that he has nothing to fear. They are, in fact, a gang of *mozos* carrying the *machetes* with which they mow down and clear away the soft, sappy undergrowth and scrub which, in this moist, hot climate, springs up and covers the ground in a few weeks.

In the small *pueblos* or villages the houses are not built of stone or of the *adobe* (sun-dried brick) so universal on the high plateaus of the northern states, but of *ceto*, a species of reed somewhat resembling the bamboo in appearance. These reeds are closely laced together, vertically, on the stout wooden framework that supports the roof, the latter being a very thick thatch made of the *platanillo* leaf, a long, broad leaf, almost exactly resembling that of the banana-tree. The thick thatch keeps off the heat of the sun, and the free access permitted by the construction of the sides of the structure to any breeze that may be moving makes these houses delightfully cool even at midday. Of course, at night, with darkness outside and a light within, there is as little privacy in these houses as in a room with unclosed Venetian blinds; but, as the natives usually retire soon after sunset and get up at dawn, such considerations do not trouble them at all.

On arriving at one of these *pueblos*, the traveller, if he intends to camp there for the night, inquires where they give *posada*—that is, lodging and food. This is usually the principal house in the village, with a small *tienda* or shop attached to it. The contents of the shop are generally several huge glass *garrafones* cased in wickerwork and containing *aguardiente* (rum), a few tins of very inferior sardines, and a roll or two of unbleached calico.

Having given your *mozo* money to purchase maize and grass for the mules, and taken good care to see that they get it, and that the money has not been pocketed instead, you swing in a hammock or sit on a stool, usually surrounded by an open-eyed group of small fry. Your host, having cross-questioned the *mozo*, and found out as much as possible about you, then comes in and proceeds to roll cigarettes and chat familiarly. Having spotted you for a foreigner, he will ask

your nationality, what your country is like, how much it costs to get there, how long the journey takes, what kind of crops are grown, and so on *ad infinitum*. In return you will learn something about the locality and its products, interlarded with a good deal of local gossip, which to an outsider is most uninteresting, but is intended to convince you that your host is by far the richest and in every way the most important and influential individual in the place.

Shortly after dusk you will be informed that your supper is ready. There may or may not be a table to eat it at, and there may or may not be a knife and fork to eat it with; but there will certainly not be a tablecloth. The meal will consist of two or three earthen bowls containing, severally, eggs fried or made into an omelette, meat stewed or fried, black beans first stewed and then fried, and a piled-up dish of *tortillas* (thin round cakes of maize-flour), which take the place of bread throughout the country. The first thing to do is to send the *tortillas*, which are usually served just lukewarm and flabby, back to be toasted until quite crisp; they then taste like biscuits, and are very nice.

To the uninitiated it will appear akin to impossible to eat fried eggs without a knife, fork, or spoon; but when you know how, it is easy enough. The secret is this: break off a piece of a flabby, untoasted *tortilla*, and double it over to form a scoop or spoon; and, with another piece in the left hand to act as a fork, the eggs can be conveyed to their destination without so much as soiling the fingers. The same method will successfully dispose of the beans; but the meat, unless chopped up small, has to be tackled with the fingers. As, however, the meat has usually been preserved by being cut into long strips, salted, and hung up to dry in the sun, it is usually about the consistency of shoe-leather; and, especially at night, it is better left severely alone.

After supper there is nothing to do but to retire to bed, and after a long day's ride one is usually only too glad to do so. The bed will consist of a rectangular frame, strung crossways and from end to end with rope or thongs of rawhide; and over this is laid a rush-mat, or *petate*, as it is called. Nothing in the way of bedding is ever supplied; you always carry your own blanket strapped behind the saddle. Such portions of clothing as you remove before retiring will, when folded up, serve as a pillow; or, better still, an air-pillow can easily be carried with the few other necessary articles in the saddle-bags.

One great advantage of this simple form of bed is that there is nothing to harbour vermin. Where mosquitoes abound the bed is usually provided with a mosquito-curtain, suspended from the roof or carried on a light framework attached to the bed. The supper, lodging, and a bowl of coffee in the morning will usually cost from three to four *reals* (ninepence to one shilling at the present rate of exchange). Fodder and corn for a couple of mules will cost the same, or a trifle more; and you will allow your servant about three *reals* a day to purchase food for himself.

Taking the most direct route from San Juan Bautista to San Christobal, the capital of the state of Chiapas, one enters the latter state shortly after passing through the little town of Teapa, a very old and somewhat dilapidated township, picturesquely situated at the foot of the rugged mountain-ranges which, rising from the flat, swampy alluvium of Tabasco, stretch right across to the Pacific coast.

The road now becomes a series of very steep ascents and descents, and the scenery extremely grand, the limestone hills rising peak upon peak to heights of from two to three thousand feet above the river, a tributary of the Grijalva, which the road more or less follows. Sometimes one is in the river-bed, then again five or six hundred feet above it, where the road crosses a main spur to avoid some huge curve in the river.

The whole country is thickly clothed with dense tropical bush; and only the summits of the hills, which often culminate in sheer walls of white limestone rock some hundreds of feet in height, rise bare and magnificent amid the mass of foliage. Cultivation there is none, except where an occasional clearing, often far up the mountain-side, stands out a brighter green than its surroundings by reason of the young maize shoots showing up against the dark background of the hillside and the fallen timber; the latter lying where it was felled, the constant rain and heavy dew making proper burning-off an impossibility. In other places, at a bend in the river, an alluvial flat has been formed which has been cleared, fenced, and turned into a *potrero* for running a few head of stock.

In the midst of these everlasting hills, some twenty-five miles from Teapa, British enterprise has established a mining company. The Santa Fé Mine, the property of the Chiapas Mining Company, has been working with some measure of success for the last ten years, and here is to be found a considerable camp and quite a little British colony. As you listen to the roar of the stamps and gaze at the maze of belts and whirling wheels, or look at the piles of concentrates containing copper, gold, and silver being sacked-up ready for their long voyage by pack-mule, river, and ocean steamer to the Swansea smelters, you feel that here is an example of that patient industry, grit, and perseverance which in other lands has so greatly helped to build up the splendid Empire of which we are all so proud.

The road, which at the Santa Fé Mine has attained an altitude of fifteen hundred feet above sea-level, now begins to ascend very rapidly and becomes in many places so steep that only a mule could tackle it. The great superiority of the mule over the horse for a steep or rocky

road lies in the fact that a mule, which never becomes excited, picks his way with the greatest care, his small hoofs seeming to give him a foothold where a horse would invariably slip; whereas a horse, if urged up a steep place, always tries to rush it, and this over slippery rocks generally leads to mishap.

A striking feature of these roads is the number of human 'beasts of burden' you meet. The roads are so bad that there is very considerable risk in conveying goods of any kind—risk both to the goods and the pack-mule that carries them; consequently large numbers of Indians make a living by carrying. The Mexican Indian carries his load on his back, slung by a broad leather belt across the forehead. Thus all his limbs are perfectly free, and he carries a long, light stick, like an alpenstock, to steady himself in going down steep places or in crossing streams. These men will in good weather carry a load of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds, over the worst of roads, for a distance of twenty to twenty-five miles a day. They wear no clothing except a pair of cotton breeches rolled half-way up the thighs and a pair of leather sandals on the feet; and each man carries a blanket to roll himself up in at night. They eat no meat, their only food being *posol* (boiled maize ground and mixed with sugar, then rolled into a ball and carried moist). This they break into a bowl of water, mix up well to the consistency of thin gruel, and drink; and their only food consists of this *posol* and *tortillas*. The power of endurance displayed by these carriers is wonderful. What would a British Tommy say if he were asked to march twenty-five miles a day, even on a good level road, with one hundred pounds on his back, and a ration of *posol* and *tortillas* for his sole food?

Shortly after passing the village of San Bartolo, and at a distance of about one hundred and ten miles due south from San Juan Bautista, one crosses the highest point of the main range separating the plains of Tabasco from the high interior plateau of Chiapas. The point where the road crosses must be at least five thousand feet above sea-level; and the sudden change in the whole appearance of the country on crossing from the north to the south side of the range is most striking. The dense tropical bush, huge forest trees, thick undergrowth, and tangled masses of creepers give place to pine and oak of somewhat stunted growth, and the dry, porous soil is covered with bracken and short grass. The dense foliage on the north side of the range seems to condense and catch all the moisture from the saturated air brought up by the prevailing northerly winds from the Gulf; and this, combined with the change from limestone to porous volcanic ash and tufa, causes a complete change in the vegetation and in the whole aspect of the country. The scenery now becomes grand, almost awe-inspiring. One looks down upon what must have been in bygone ages the scene of the wildest convulsions of nature, gigantic masses of scoriæ and volcanic conglomerate forming hills and peaks of a ruggedness that baffles description. The sweet scent of the pine, the dry clear air feeling cool and even sharp after the hot, moist air of the northern slope, the ring of the mules' hoofs on the dry hard soil—these combine to produce a feeling of intense pleasure and exhilaration; and when you suddenly catch sight of a bush laden with ripening blackberries, you can almost imagine—but for the mountainous nature of the country—that you have been suddenly spirited into the south of England.

After another two days' journey through some very lovely country, in places almost park-like in appearance and an almost ideal region for raising cattle and stock, one reaches San Christobal, the capital town of the State, though not the seat of Government, the latter having been removed during recent years to Tuxtla Gutierrez.

San Christobal—a very old town, having been one of the earliest settlements formed by the Spaniards—is situated in the midst of an extensive, undulating plateau at an elevation of over seven thousand feet. The population is estimated at about eighteen thousand. It is a clean, well-kept little town, and has a very nice *plaza*, two sides of which are taken up by the Cathedral and the Palacio (Government buildings) respectively, and the other two by the usual shops and *cantinas*. The whole of the centre of the *plaza* is laid out as a flower-garden, with an elaborate band-stand in the centre. On a Sunday afternoon it is the resort of quite a well-dressed crowd, and is rendered picturesque by the young-bloods, got up in full Mexican *charro* costume, riding their prancing little horses, with Mexican saddles and handsome trappings. A trio which greatly took the writer's fancy consisted of a young fellow in full Mexican rig and riding a very handsome horse; another dressed in immaculate riding-breeches, gaiters, and a bowler hat, and mounted on a big raw-boned steed, with an English saddle and bridle; and between them a young fellow on a bicycle!

A considerable tract of country in the neighbourhood of San Christobal is occupied by the Chemula Indians, an industrious and peaceful tribe, speaking their own language, and understanding little or no Spanish. They are all dressed, men and women, in a sort of woollen blanketing, coarse and black, woven by themselves; their curious hats, low-crowned and broad-brimmed, which they also make, are plaited from strips of the leaf of a species of palm, and adorned with five little bunches of ribbons of various colours, one in the centre of the crown and the other four arranged symmetrically round the brim. They own numerous sheep; and on

their little farms, which are models of neatness, they grow all kinds of vegetables, as well as maize and wheat.

The main road into San Christobal during the early hours of the morning is a sight worth seeing. Imagine a broad and well-kept highway without a single wheeled vehicle of any description in sight, but with a constant stream of trotting, chattering Indians, men, women, and children, their heads down and arms swinging, each bearing a load of some kind on their backs—bundles of firewood, huge bundles of maize-straw, crates filled with vegetables, pots and bowls of baked clay, sacks of corn, and crates containing cocks and hens alive and crowing vigorously—all going to the daily market.

The climate of San Christobal, owing to its great altitude, is quite cool and bracing; and the abundance and variety of fresh vegetables and the good quality of the meat render the food quite excellent in comparison with that obtainable in *tierra caliente*. Curiously enough, the money in circulation is not Mexican, but Guatemalan, Chilian, Peruvian, &c. Mexican silver or paper is at a premium. This is accounted for by the fact that the bulk of the trade is with Guatemala.

The two towns Chiapas and Tuxtla Gutierrez rank next in importance to San Christobal in the state of Chiapas. From a business point of view Tuxtla Gutierrez is the most important of the three, as being nearest to the port of Tonala on the Pacific coast. It does a big business as a distributing centre for all classes of goods, and since it has become the seat of Government, has almost come to be considered as the capital of the state, though in point of size and situation it is very inferior to San Christobal.

A *camino carretero* (coach-road) has been recently completed all the way from San Christobal to Chiapas. It is in some respects a very fine piece of work; but the late Governor of the state, who personally directed the work, started with the idea that if he stuck to a grade not exceeding 2 per cent., or 1 in 50, the road could at any time be converted into a railway. As there is a fall of some five thousand feet in a distance, as the crow flies, of about thirty miles, and as the road has to cross some deep ravines, this policy has led to the construction of a very roundabout, lengthy road, with many sharp curves, so that it would be impracticable for a railway and is most unnecessarily long for a cart-road. In consequence the new road is almost unused, and people stick to the old mule-trail, which makes the distance fourteen leagues instead of twenty-two by the new road.

Chiapas is on the south bank of the Mescalapa, a river of considerable size, having its source on the Guatemalan boundary. It is parallel with the Pacific coast for about one hundred and fifty miles; then, turning north, it skirts the mountainous country of the central portion of Chiapas and flows through Tabasco into the Gulf. Tuxtla Gutierrez is situate north of the river, and about three leagues distant from Chiapas. The climate of this locality is hot, but not so humid as that of Tabasco. Mangoes, bananas, and tropical fruits are grown, and in the hilly country separating the plains from the Pacific coast considerable areas have been planted with coffee. Most of the people in these two towns are quite white-skinned, owing probably to their being originally of Spanish stock, which had not intermarried much with the Indians.

There are very few foreigners in the state of Chiapas; but of late years several Germans have taken up the cultivation of coffee with considerable success. The writer was much impressed with the splendid pasture-land of the high plateau, and is inclined to the belief that there is a good opening for the employment of capital. By the importation of some really good stock to improve the breed, and by starting grazing farms, numbers of cattle as well as horses and mules could be raised, for which Guatemala, Cuba, and Yucatan afford a high-priced and never-failing market.

REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN MILITARY POLICE OFFICER.

By 'JUNGUL WALLAH.'

I.—A SUCCESSFUL CHASE.

AFTER the capture of Lucknow, military police battalions were raised to perform a large part of the duties entrusted to the native army before the Mutiny. I had been serving with the brigades of Havelock and Outram, as a volunteer in Havelock's cavalry, better known as Barrow's Horse; and for my services had been rewarded with an adjutancy of the military police, an appointment which in those days was considered one of the plums of the service. On joining the head-quarters at Chuckmuckpur, I found that the corps consisted of over a thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry, with a fair number of native officers; besides the commandant, a full colonel, and a second in command ranking as major. As adjutant, I held the rank of captain.

Our duties were to guard the treasury, jail, and all the Government offices, and to hunt down the

numerous mutinous native soldiers and gangs of noted dacoits or highway robbers who were creating great havoc all over the district, which was a very extensive one. It took us a good part of the year 1858 as well as the whole of 1859 and 1860 to clear the country of these scoundrels.

Having described our formation, duties, &c., I now proceed to give a brief account of our doings and the life we led for over two years. It is to be hoped that Baden-Powell's military police in South Africa will not have such a rough time as we had.

In September 1858, a month after I had joined, information was brought in to us by a native spy that a noted leader of rebel cavalry, named Feroze Shah (our Indian De Wet), had crossed the Ganges the previous night, and was making for Gwalior to join the native general, Tantia Topee.

Feroze Shah had got across at a ford some four miles above Futtygurh, having the previous day met Sir Colin Campbell's forces at Shahjahanpur in Rohilkhand, and received a good drubbing for his pains. So he had made up his mind to make a dash for it, and reinforce Tantia Topee. To effect this he had to cross two large rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna, which were about a hundred miles apart; but the country he had to traverse was perfectly flat, and this was in his favour. He had some five hundred men with him, all of them mounted, and was putting on the pace as much as his horses and men could stand, doing thirty or forty miles a day; so it stood to reason that if we were to come up to him we must be pretty sharp. We therefore decided not to take any infantry with us, and within half-an-hour from the time that we received our information we were off.

Our commanding officer judged that our only chance of closing with the enemy was to cut him off from the ford he was making for. This ford on the Jumna was some thirty miles from Chuckmuckpur. After getting over the first sixteen miles at a steady trot, we arrived at a village where we had a strong military outpost, and halted for the first time; but within an hour we were on our way again, having given our men a light refreshment of parched peas and sugar-balls, and the horses a good feed of grain.

Before starting we made the native officer in charge of the outpost fully understand that Feroze Shah was in the neighbourhood, and that it would be as well for him to be on the alert. After we had got about eight miles from the outpost, we came across the main road that runs from Cawnpore to Agra, when we observed that some three or four hundred natives had collected about six hundred yards down the road towards Cawnpore. A halt was sounded, and a couple of scouts sent to find out whether any of the men seemed to be armed. In a very short time the scouts returned and reported that the men were unarmed; that, in fact, they had collected round two stage-coaches without horses, and that somebody had been killed. After receiving this information we proceeded; but I accompanied the commanding officer at a trot ahead of the regiment, and quickly got amongst the crowd, which we found were collected around two *dak gharries* (stage-coaches). To our horror, we saw the bodies of two British officers and several men of the native rebel cavalry lying near the coaches.

The headman of the village came up at once, and said, 'This is the work of Feroze Shah and his party, who came down the road about half-an-hour ago from the Futtygurh direction, and overtook these officers, shooting both of them and a driver. The party went straight towards the Jumna.' He added that the deceased officers had made a desperate resistance, having shot no less than eight of Feroze Shah's followers and three horses. These were all lying dead on the road. We found out later that the officers were travelling from Cawnpore to Delhi to join their regiment, and that they had been warned by the civil authorities at Cawnpore that the road was not safe, as rebel cavalry were prowling about; but the keenness of the poor fellows to get to their regiment, which was on active service, was so great that they made up their minds to take their chance. Alas, such is fate!

We were not long in starting after Feroze Shah, and the pace had to be made pretty fast if we were to overtake and cut off the rebels before they reached the Jumna; in fact, we rode as if for our very lives. Instead of going by the usual direct route we took one across country, hoping thereby to get first to the ford. This we did not actually succeed in doing; but we overtook the enemy crossing the ford. Then such a mêlée took place as I had never seen before, though I had been through a good deal of severe fighting with Havelock's force at the relief of Lucknow and at the final capture of that city under Outram.

The river was only four feet deep at the ford; but here and there deeper pools had been formed by the current, and in these many men and horses on both sides were drowned. The enemy dashed into the river at a gallop, and we followed close at the same pace. In a few minutes there was a mass of glittering swords, men slashing at each other, horses neighing, troopers shouting, surrounded by wounded, dead, and riderless horses; in short, it was a scene quite beyond my powers of description. The rebels were principally on the defence, we on the attack; and right well did our men do their duty, though in the rebel ranks were many of their blood-relations. Feroze Shah was cut down by one of our native troopers named Azeem Khan, who did not get off scot-free, as he had his sword-arm disabled by a bullet; but that had no effect on

the brave fellow, as he still rode on cheering his comrades to follow him. I am glad to say that he was awarded the Order of Merit (First Class)—the Indian Victoria Cross.

The enemy suffered severely, and so did we. Amongst our losses was our beloved second in command, who was cut down by Feroze Shah just before Azeem Khan got up to him. However, I will not enter into a detailed account of the casualties, for the list would be heavy; but this brilliant affair put a stop to any of those who escaped ever assembling again against the British Government.

Having ridden over thirty-two miles in three hours, and fought a hard battle against great odds, our commanding officer decided that we should bivouac for the night on the banks of the river, and accept of the kind hospitality offered by the inhabitants of the surrounding villages: grain for our horses, and flour, rice, milk, and fowls for ourselves. We certainly enjoyed what we could get, and after refreshing the inner man we lit our pipes, and talked over the camp-fires of the events of the day, as soldiers always do, until midnight, when we wrapped our 'martial cloaks around us' and slept the sleep of the just.

The next day we started back to headquarters; but we took three days to get there, as our men and horses had had enough of rapid marching. *En route* we had some good shooting at black-buck, snipe, hares, partridges, &c. On arrival at Chuckmuckpur, we found some more work before us — namely, the capture of a noted dacoit, a Dick Turpin sort of chap, and the breaking up of his gang; but I reserve my account of that affair for a future occasion.

II.—THE INDIAN JUDGE AND HIS LEOPARD.

I MUST relate an amusing event that happened in our lines the day after our return. I was sitting in my tent smoking a pipe when I saw an orderly running as hard as he could towards me, with uplifted arms, no turban on his head, and horror depicted on his face, shouting out as he came along, 'Sahib, sahib, juldee; cheetah!' ('Master, master, quick; leopard!'). I rushed out of the tent, and asked him what was the matter. His reply was simple and straightforward. A wild leopard, he said, having got into the cavalry lines, had sprung on a horse's neck and killed it, and half of the horses of the regiment had broken away from their heel and head ropes, and were scampering across country, with a number of troopers after them.

In a very short time I got into uniform and started for the lines to investigate. On arriving I found over a hundred men surrounding what turned out on inspection to be a dead leopard. I got in amongst them, and saw six or seven men standing over the animal with drawn swords; but I observed at once that only one man's sword had blood on it. The other men now rushed up to me, and each of them swore he was a hero, and goodness knows what feats he had performed in killing the leopard. Then the man with the bloody sword walked up quietly and respectfully, and said, 'I am the man who killed the leopard single-handed, as it slew my horse. The others who claim to have done so came after it was all over. Your honour will be pleased to make a strict inquiry into my statement.'

The reason why so many claimants came forward was that the Government of India granted rewards for all wild beasts killed, and each of them wanted to get his name put down for a share of the reward. Of course I made full inquiry, and told them that the commanding officer would be informed of the result of my investigation, and that he would most probably visit the lines the next morning and give his decision as to who was entitled to the reward. Red-tape prevented me from telling them who I thought deserved the reward.

After this I returned to my tent, dressed, and proceeded to dinner at our judge's, where I had been invited as a guest. My commanding officer had also been invited, so I briefly reported to him what had happened in the lines. The judge evidently overheard me, as he came up to us and said, 'By Jove! I believe that's my sporting leopard which escaped from my place early this morning.' 'Well,' said the commanding officer, 'I have to go down to the lines in the morning to investigate the case, and you had better come as well.' So it was decided that we should go.

It may be explained here that a sporting leopard is one trained to run down wild black-buck. It is taken out hooded on a cart, and when within a hundred yards of a buck the hood is slipped over the back of the leopard's head, and it is then let loose. As a rule the leopard never misses a buck; and as soon as one is caught the leopard sits down to suck the blood from its captive's throat. While it is thus engaged the keeper creeps up from behind and replaces the hood; and the fierce animal, being completely blindfolded, lets go its hold, and is easily led back to the cart.

Well, to proceed with the story. The next morning the colonel, the judge, and I went to the lines to settle who was entitled to the Government reward for killing the leopard. Of course the whole regiment was drawn up in line on foot. No sooner did the judge see the leopard than he exclaimed, 'That's mine. Examine its mouth, and you will see that it has one of its molar teeth broken.' This was done, and all doubts as to ownership were cleared up, as one of its teeth was awanting and another broken. Several of the judge's servants also

recognised it as their master's leopard. After this the judge, in a very angry tone, said to the colonel (in Hindustani), 'Please order the men who killed the animal to fall out.' The colonel then directed me, as adjutant, to produce the men; but it will hardly be credited that the only man who responded to my order to fall out and come to the front was the man I had spotted the day before with his sword marked with blood; all the rest were in too great a funk, when they heard that the leopard was the judge's, to persevere with the false claims they had made the day before.

The judge said, 'Are you the man who killed my leopard?' 'Yes,' replied the man, 'I am; but let me explain how it happened. The leopard came into the lines, leapt on my horse's back, and began tearing its throat open. I drew my sword and went for it'—here he showed his sword still deeply marked with blood—'and cut it down with one blow. My horse died last night, and I am now a beggar, having no money to purchase another horse, which would cost me three hundred rupees,' a sum that in those days amounted to about thirty-five pounds. In all native cavalry regiments each trooper provides his own mount, so the horse did not belong to the State, as in British cavalry regiments.

To the astonishment of all of us, our dear old judge said, 'Well done, my man! Come up to my house and I will make you a present of the amount you will need to buy another horse. I will do this because I consider you to be a brave and truthful man.' It is easy to imagine how popular our judge became with the regiment after this kind act.

I am glad to state that at the next battle in which we were engaged, the 'Leopard Slayer,' as he was nicknamed—his proper name was Hazara Sing—displayed such bravery that he was promoted to the rank of a native officer, and held that rank until we were disbanded at the end of 1860.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

PRINCE AND STEWART OF SCOTLAND.

MR W. MOIR BRYCE, whose experience in searching records is second to none in the Scottish capital, lately furnished the *Scotsman* with an excellent article on 'The Prince and Stewart of Scotland and his Principality.' The accession of King Edward VII. and the elevation of the Duke of York to the dignity of Prince of Scotland recalls, he said, one of the few links which connect the present Royal House with the ancient royalty of Scotland. The formation of the principality, we are told, was a device of the Stewart kings, with the view of providing their eldest sons, as Princes and Stewards of Scotland, with the means of supporting the dignity of their position as the second persons of the realm. Certain territories were assigned to them as long as they retained the position of eldest surviving sons of the king. The present King was followed by his son, the Duke of York, now Prince of Wales, as Prince and Stewart; but the income from lands is merely nominal. The seal was returned to London upon the King's accession; it is made of silver, weighs fourteen pounds, and cost over one hundred pounds. It was made in London in 1863, and shows the Prince on horseback, dressed in Highland costume, a claymore at his side, and his plaid flying over his shoulders. On the right front is a peep of Holyrood Palace, and in the background there is a view of Arthur Seat. On the counter seal the Arms of Scotland and Great Britain are displayed, with the Scottish Lion on the right and the Prince of Wales's Feathers on the left. The old seal used by George IV. when Prince of Scotland has been adapted for the present Prince George. Mr Bryce points out that it has the incongruity of containing the Fleur-de-Lis of France dropped from the Royal Arms in 1801, and the White Horse of Hanover which fell from the British Crown on the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837. The proceeds of the principality are annually transmitted to the Prince's Secretary of the Duchy of Cornwall in London. The feu-duties now amount to little more than sixty pounds a year. The only feu-duty exacted in the city of Edinburgh consists of a pair of gloves, now commuted to five shillings sterling, paid by the proprietors of the Grange Cemetery. The casualties, however, sometimes amount to a few hundreds per annum.

THE CUCKOO'S VOICE.

SWEET southern winds made all the branches thrill;
And, standing rapt beneath the boughs of thorn,
Afar I cast my gaze where fresh young corn
Rose glinting in the beam, so fair, so still!
When, hark! from o'er the rising flower-sprent hill,
A startled voice, of hope, of love, of fear,
That seemed to fill the spirit's atmosphere,
Again, again, repeated quick and shrill!

O God, within that tone what thoughts uprose!
What kindly morns, of aspirations fair!
What musings dead, what vistas of despair—
Old youth, old longing, and delights' repose!
The cuckoo's voice tells summer's glory nigh,
Yet in its pulse love's tear bedims the eye!

W. J. GALLAGHER.

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ETYMOLOGY IN CARPET SLIPPERS.

HE was a sane critic who first said that Shakespeare wrote *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* in carpet slippers: in the poet's brain there existed a plot worked out to a fitting conclusion; but after writing the first part Shakespeare donned his carpet slippers and turned out such admirable nonsense that many people wish he had produced more. Much in the same way learned etymologists relieve the tedium of a hard day's work by a relapse into the carpet-slipper side of their science, though some start on that side and never get beyond it, a long time usually elapsing before the fact is discovered. Philology and etymology have given valuable information to various historians in determining, for instance, to what state of civilisation some obscure tribe had attained before migrating to fresh soil and intermarrying with the tribes already established there; yet, on the whole, they are dry sciences, engaged for the most part in digging over the arid Hindu-Aryan desert, and, though gold is occasionally found, dividends are the exception and not the rule.

The man on the omnibus is responsible for most of the problems connected with language. A word is invented; the man on the omnibus mispronounces it, slurs it, shortens it, alters it beyond recognition, and occasionally gives it a fresh meaning; sometimes he leaves it as he first found it. Thus cabriolet has become cab, and omnibus has been shortened to bus; but, as has been observed, the conductor of the latter vehicle has never in the course of his profession been called a 'duck.' The word villain has altered in meaning; and though an idiot was originally a man who did not undertake his civic and imperial duties, it is now used only to designate a class of persons the greater part of which is confined in lunatic asylums—the suggestion, emanating from Scotland, that the rest should be captured and confined in a country house five miles from the London market-place not yet having been put into practice.

This popular government of words is the excuse of the ingenious etymologist when attacked for his sins. In most countries the people alter the words according to their own sweet wills; but in model Germany the process is performed for them. In 'learned, indefatigable, deep-thinking' —we might add automatic—Germany, a year ahead of all creation, such things are managed by the police. A word is muzzled there in the same way that our Board of Agriculture treats a dog; and you discover that on and after 1st April next such-and-such an expression will be incorrect, and you shall say so-and-so: By Order. Probably the proprietor of the *Daily Universal Register* would have gladly welcomed some police regulation whereby to stop the liberties which the public took with the title of his paper; in fact, he felt so strongly on the subject that on the first day of the year 1788 his paper appeared as the *Times*, which, he announced in his indignation, 'being a monosyllable, bids defiance to the corruptors and mutilators of our language.'

The old monks were adepts at carpet-slipper derivation. Unfortunately most of these derivations only appeal to the professor with a dull lecture to enliven; and, therefore, out of these wide fields of fancy only one flower is culled. The Greek word for deacon is *diakonos*, derived according to the present authorities from a word meaning to pursue or to go after. The monks, however, derived it from the Greek *dia*, through, and *konis*, the dust; because, as they said, the deacons in the course of their administration had to go 'through the dust.' Though this derivation would not appeal to the working world of to-day, it does not require a great effort to imagine how forcibly it would strike the more leisured orders of the monks leading their cloistered lives. Sometimes a word has two derivations found for it, which entirely contradict one another. Thus the Ayrshire Irvine, according to some, is so named from the Celtic *arav*, gentle; whilst others assert that the people who christened the river named it after the Sanscrit verb *arv*, to destroy.

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There existed a certain similarity between the two old churches of Fulham and Putney. This similarity was accounted for by an old legend which said that the churches were built by two sisters of gigantic stature, which was only equalled by their imprudence, for they had only provided themselves with one hammer. This hammer was tossed across the river from one sister to the other as occasion required; but the record is not recognised by the present athletic authorities. One of these lady-builders, whenever she required the hammer, shouted across to her sister, 'Put it nigh'—whence Putney; while the other always asked for the hammer to be sent 'full home'—whence Fulham. One day the hammer broke, and the sisters, or the one on the Fulham side, took the pieces to a smith who lived higher up the river. The smith mended the hammer; but it was such an arduous task that he was ever afterwards called the Hammer-smith, which was the name subsequently given to the surrounding district.

It seems almost incredible that such derivations could have been put forward except as a joke; but we are told that at one time they were accepted by the inhabitants of the districts in all seriousness, until a book was written which devoted several pages to the solemn refutation of these erroneous opinions. Hammersmith is more soberly derived from the Saxon *ham*, a town or dwelling—whence home; and *hythe*, a harbour. Therefore '*ham-hythe* signifies a town with a harbour, which here connects the river with the centre of the town, and forms a convenient quay for the landing of merchandise.' If this harbour ever existed, it is gone now; but it is a significant fact that the business part of this suburb, together with the principal roads, is to this day situated at a considerable distance from the river, the road to the bridge being comparatively a by-road. It is difficult, however, to see how *ham-hythe* was changed to Hammersmith. Saint Botolph's Town, we know, has got shortened to Boston; and few Londoners would recognise the place called Cantelow's Town though they might pass through Kentish Town every day of their lives. But these changes are fairly intelligible; and one would imagine that *ham-hythe* would have become Mythe or Myth rather than Hammersmith. With regard to Fulham and Putney, Norden, following Camden, says Fulham signifies 'the habitacle of birds, or the place of fowles. Fullon and fuglas in the Saxon toong doe signifie fowles.' Another etymologist, Somner, the author of a Saxon dictionary, gives a very different derivation: Fullanham or Fulham, says he, as if Foulham, from the dirtiness of the place. In Doomsday Book Putney is called Putelei; in subsequent records down to the sixteenth century it is spelt Puttenheth or Pottenheth. Putney Heath is still one of the open spaces on the road between London and Kingston.

According to an old account, the Thames was crossed at Windsor by means of a ferry-boat worked by an endless rope and crank from the Eton side; this was when there were only two bridges over the Thames—London Bridge and Kingston Bridge. The rope was fastened to the boat, went across the river, round a grooved wheel, and back again to the crank. Any one on the Windsor side wishing to cross the river would get into the boat and shout out as loud as he could, 'Wind us o'er.' 'And hence the name of the town,' says the etymologist, putting his slippered feet on the fender; whilst the unimaginative person, not necessarily a millionaire, in which rôle he is too often represented nowadays, points out that the Saxon name of the town was Windlesora.

It is perhaps worth noting how etymologists connect the various parts of England. To the Norse god Odin—*wuotan*, or movement—we owe first our Wednesday; then the names of the towns Wednesbury, Wanstead, and Wandsworth. Carlyle was thankful that we have in these names some memorials of the earnest Norse: 'Odin grew into England too; these are still leaves from that root.' From the Welsh *taenan*, to expand, etymologists derive the Tavy, the Dee, the Tay, the Teign, and the Thames. The Thames, or Tamesis, finds another derivation in the wedding of the Thame with the Isis; but we are asked not to pursue the derivation of the former of the two united rivers any further. In the same way, through a Gaelic word, the Leam at Leamington, the Dorsetshire Lyme, the Devonshire Leman, and the Kentish Limen are all connected by high-road or low-road with the Scottish Loch Lomond. The Sanscrit *ri*, to flow, is responsible for the German Rhine, the Worcestershire Rea, the Devonshire Wray, and the Irish Rye; apparently the fact that these rivers actually flowed was considered worthy of commemoration in their names. There is in England a very sluggish stream known to many of its frequenters by the endearing name of 'the Ditch.' Geographers know it as the Cam, 'so called,' once said an undergraduate who came from a Scottish university, gained honours, and went back again, as most of them do, 'because at some remote period it came to the town and has not yet got far beyond it.' The name of this tortuous stream, however, is connected with the Gaelic *cam*, to bend.

In most of the evening newspapers, so called because they begin to appear in the morning, there is a column headed 'Latest News,' which is either empty or contains the result of some horse-race. In the old days the type to print the news in this column, if any, was fixed into the plates with great difficulty when the paper was already in the press. The result looked like the work done by a typewriter with loose or bent levers, and the critical printers were so dissatisfied that

they called this class of work fudging. It is now done by means of a box, into which the type is fixed with greater accuracy and expedition; but the box is known as the fudge-box, or more generally as the fudge. In a pamphlet of the date 1700, entitled *Remarks on the Navy*, the word fudge is traced to the name of a commander in the merchant service who lived in the writer's time. Captain Fudge, 'how ill fraught soever his ship was, always brought home his owners a good stock of lies; so much so that now aboard ships the sailors, when they hear a good lie told, cry out, "You fudge it!"' The Welsh for a lie is *ffug*, and some derive fudge from it; but the word is now usually considered to be connected with the provincial French *fuche*, an exclamation of contempt equivalent to our Pish! or Bah!

Rome is connected with the number seven, Galway with fourteen, and Lochleven with the mystic eleven; in fact, we are told that the loch is named from its connection with that figure. There are said to be eleven hills around it, it is eleven miles round, fed by eleven streams, studded with eleven isles, and peopled, or originally peopled, with eleven kinds of fish. Whether the etymology was made to fit the facts or the facts to fit the etymology is a moot point.

The filbert is named after St Philibert, whose day fell in the nutting season; at least this is the derivation usually accepted now. The Germans call the nut St Lambert's nut, the only name, I think, they possess for it. The old derivation was different, and was trotted out as the stock example to show how a word changed in the course of time. The filbert, it was said, came from Abella, a town in Campania: it was called nux Abellana, or Abellana nut; this became avellana-nut, then avel-nut, vel-nut, fil-nut, fil-but, and finally filbert. A much simpler change, yet bringing with it an entirely new signification, is to be found in the name of one of the streets of Kingston-on-Thames. This street in olden times formed one of the boundaries of the Jews' quarter, and was generously named Heathen Street. Changed by municipal order or popular will, it is now called Eden Street, and has in it a Congregational chapel, a Friends' meeting-house, a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a brewery. Heathen, by the way, means a countryman, a heath-dweller; though some find the derivation in the idolatrous Danes who came from Hoedreland. Pagan, too, means a countryman, a villager, as opposed to a townsman.

The word cotton was in use long before the arrival of the vegetable product now known by that name. In the fourteenth century a colony of Germans was brought over from the Continent by Edward III. and established at the village of Manchester, in the midst of a wild and barren tract of country, to spin and weave woollen stuffs, which we are told were known for two hundred years after as cottons; but I remember reading of a case where a man was hanged for wearing cotton instead of woollen clothes. However, the words cot, cottage, the English coast, the French *côte*, and cotton all mean things laid alongside of each other, like the fibres in cotton and the sea and land at the coast. The primitive cottage of the daub-and-wattle period was built of rough-hewn timber, brushwood, and clay. Just as the metal framework of an American sky-scraper is first erected, and the masonry put in at a later date, so the corner-posts, roof-tree, and main timbers of the primitive cottage were first put into position, and the spaces filled in with twigs or wattles, 'laid alongside of one another,' and covered, or daubed, with clay. There are modern examples of this style of architecture at East Ruston, Dilham, and other villages in Norfolk. Possibly one has been lately built in some Norfolk village; and in Paris, by the substitution of metal-work for wood and twigs, the buildings of the 1900 Exposition were run up on exactly the same principle. To return to etymology: it is needless to say that all the above-mentioned words have had different derivations assigned to them. The botanical name of the cotton-plant is *gossypium*, from which some derive the word gossamer. Professor Skeat, however, thinks it is a corruption of goose-summer, or summer-goose; and he believes it is so called from the downy appearance of the film. The Germans have several expressions for this phenomenon besides the prosaic 'thin-gauze;' some of these names are 'summer-threads,' 'maiden-summer,' and 'Mary-threads.' The connection of Mary with one of the German names attracted the attention of an etymologist; and after considerable exercise of his ingenuity he suggested that the English word was derived from the expression 'gauze o' Mary.' I do not know if any one has suggested 'gauze of summer.'

Facetious etymology has centred round the fair sex. Many of these derivations were collected by a gentleman who once, in replying for 'the Ladies,' ended his speech with the following words: 'Woman is the morning star of our youth, the midday sun of our manhood, and the evening star of our old age—and may she always remain at telescopic distance.' He said that the proper derivation of the word virgin was from the Latin *vir*, a man, and the English *gin*, a trap; but if this was not accepted he had several other caustic etymologies to fall back upon. The origin of girl is uncertain: some take it from the Latin *garrula*, talkative; the more serious from the low German *gör*, a child, with the diminutive *-l;* as botte-l, or bottle. Others say it is connected with *gerula*, Low Latin for a young member of what 'inexperienced bachelors call the gentler sex'—to quote the above-mentioned gentleman, whose mind, I fancy, is rather reproductive than creative.

There is a certain mystery about a lad and a lass, even in etymology. The word lad may be connected with the Irish *lath*, a champion, or the German *lode*, a young shoot; or it may mean a child under the leading of his parents, or a youth under the leading of a lord. Lass may be a shortened form of laddess, or it may have something to do with the Scandinavian *laskw*, unmarried.

Etymologists unite with lawyers in worshipping the verb 'I think,' just as sub-editors bow down before 'it is alleged.' On the whole, however, etymologists are harmless members of society; but on occasions they can bite. A certain Barnabas Lemon proposed to publish an *English Derivative Dictionary* by subscription, at that time the usual method. Amongst the various persons approached was a corpulent alderman of Norwich, whose name was Beseley. This gentleman refused to give any help to the publication at all. Either Lemon expected a great deal from Beseley or the latter's refusal must have been couched in strong language, for when the book eventually appeared the last of several derivations of 'obesity' was '. . . or, oh, beastly! a natural exclamation when we see old Beseley.' On one occasion Jowett, who could be very satirical, had been listening to some prosy remarks from Jex B——. When B—— had at length finished, Jowett relieved his impatience by saying, 'I have long known that "law" comes from *lex*, but I never knew before that "jaw" comes from *Jex*.'

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XIX.—DREARY GAIETY.

THE surprise of Lucie's first weeks in Queen's Gate was the discovery that her life, as the Seton-Lorimers' guest, even in the height of the London season, was an infinitely quieter and duller existence than that she had abandoned in New Zealand. Auckland society had been free from the paralysing influences of an aristocracy. There had been no Upper Ten, no smart set whose presence detracted from the importance of lesser folks. There social selection resolved itself into a question of liking, liberality, or locality. Lucie had imagined that life in London meant a succession of lively functions. She did not guess that in London a girl whose relatives are connected with trade—except it be trade on so large a scale as to form some huge monopoly — has no more likelihood of being in the swim than might a Hottentot. Probably she has less, for many society dames there are who assuredly prefer to receive a picturesque savage than an eminently reputable but commonplace City lady.

Had her uncle continued to reside at Norwood, Lucie would have found the position completely changed, for each London suburb has an aristocracy of its own—a nobility whose standing ranks principally upon the size of its dwellings, the number of its servitors, and the supposed magnitude of its invested funds. At Norwood, Lucie's appearance would speedily have been followed by invitations to join in all the local festivities, where the advent of a new and charming girl would have been welcomed. Had she even come to a family occupying a similar position in a large provincial town, Lucie would have had no cause for complaint. As it was, Honoria, on whose good offices she was entirely dependent, passed her time adorning her person, ordering her household, and in keeping up an affectation of gaiety when in reality she was deadly dull.

There is plenty of entertainment in London for those who pay for it; but these stereotyped amusements were not the kind that Lucie craved. Honoria made a point of seeing all the plays that public opinion deemed successful. Her reading was confined to the new novels that were talked about. Every afternoon during the season, from five till half-past six, she drove in the Park, having out the victoria in bright weather, the brougham were it chilly or damp.

It was the height of the London season; yet Lucie, peeping into the engagement-book which Honoria sedulously kept, found that her only prospective gaieties were a morning concert at the house of a Duchess, for which she had taken guinea tickets, a dinner-party at Hampstead, an afternoon reception with tennis at Norwood, another with music at Bayswater, and Mr Ruddenheim's little dinner at the Welcome Club.

'You must point out all the people you know,' Lucie had said, as, clad in one of Fredoline's new frocks, she drove to the Park with her cousin; but on their return it was with a little shock that she remarked that Honoria had not appeared to see anybody she knew.

When they were blocked twice before reaching the Park gates, Lucie was rapt with pleasure. How wonderful it seemed!—the constant succession of handsome equipages, the costly robes, the kaleidoscopic effects of the ever-moving crowds, the far-reaching Park with its masses of flowers and the blue haze of distance suggesting that all the world beyond was park, though the intoxicating murmur of London encompassed them. The murmur that had seemed to Lucie so harsh and menacing a roar during the hours when she was an outcast upon its stony bosom seemed to have

softened to a purr now that her circumstances had changed.

Lucie tried to model her deportment upon Honoria's air of languid satiety as being the correct thing, but found it difficult to refrain from voicing her delight. The gorgeous harmony of the azalea-beds drew an involuntary cry of pleasure.

'Oh, how beautiful! Just look at those flowers, Honoria. Did you ever see anything more exquisite?'

'Yes, very pretty,' drawled Miss Seton-Lorimer. 'Don't go into such transports, unless you wish everybody to think you a country cousin,' she added in a sharp undertone.

With a swift flush of mortification, Lucie sank back into her seat. The carriage had gone once round the drive, then, at Honoria's command, pulled up by the railings of the spot where for the nonce the smart world had agreed to promenade. Lucie soon forgot her annoyance at the snub in amusedly watching the flirtations that the radiant beings who occupied the green-painted chairs were carrying on under the noses of their chaperons.

With a tiny heart-twinge she caught sight of some one who for the moment vividly recalled Challoner; but a second glance told that it was not he, and before the evening was over she had discovered half-a-dozen fac-similes of the volatile lieutenant. 'And I believed him unique!' she thought, with the self-contempt a maiden feels when she discovers that her erstwhile idol is cast in no original mould and has many duplicates.

Lucie wondered sarcastically if all Challoner's counterparts shared his gift of poesy, and if they required the soothing of feminine influences to the extent that that gallant officer had done. Judging from the way these male butterflies fluttered from flower to flower as they did, from the depths of her ignorance Lucie summed them all up as mindless beings whose sole aim in life was frivolity. She did not guess that one beardless boy had succeeded in cramming into the half-score years that elapsed since he quitted the hands of his tutors a brilliant career as a parliamentarian and diplomatist, or that the youth who was miserable because his necktie showed a restive tendency to curve towards his left ear had lately won the Victoria Cross for a deed of daring that would be the boast of his descendants to all time.

Suddenly some subtle influence moved the assemblage. There was a rustle through the crowd, a quick uprising of the occupants of the green-painted chairs.

'What is it? What is going to happen?' Lucie asked breathlessly, feeling the swift contagion of the excitement: a lifting of hats, the whisper of a refined cheer, the flash past of a carriage containing two sable-garbed and graciously bowing figures.

'Oh, only the King and Queen,' Honoria replied with calm indifference.

Only the King and Queen! Their presence might be an everyday sight to Honoria; but to Lucie it meant an aspiration fulfilled. 'If only mother and Kitty had been here!' she thought wistfully. 'How delighted mother would have been! How we should all have enjoyed it!'

Experience was teaching Lucie the preciousness of that family sympathy which, having always possessed it, she did not value until it became unattainable. Had she only wished it, they would all have journeyed to England together; and the knowledge that had they been in company her bitter lessons would yet have been unlearnt stung Lucie, as she remembered her selfish desire to arrive in London free from what she foolishly imagined the cramping influences of her own people.

Looking round the company, Lucie felt convinced that any attempt to search for her fictitious relatives among that gay crowd would be useless. She was just thinking that to look for anybody in London would prove a hopeless task, when Mrs Willie Delphin, driving a pair of spanking greys in a stanhope-phaeton, flashed past. That the man with her was not Challoner Lucie quickly noted, with a little thrill of triumph. 'Perhaps Mrs Delphin's little loves last only six weeks,' she thought.

'Do wait. Don't go so soon,' Lucie pleaded, as Honoria, finding that the hands of the carriage-clock pointed to half-past six, prodded her coachman in the back with her parasol and said, 'Home.' But Honoria's laws were irrevocable: they dined at a quarter to eight, and no power on earth would have induced Miss Seton-Lorimer to devote less time than an hour to dressing for that function.

Although the first evening in the Park had appeared to Lucie like a fairy dream, she found the second merely a repetition of the first; and with the third the glamour had fled, and the routine had become almost boring. To sit silent and unnoticed amidst a throng of people who were evidently on more or less intimate terms with one another seemed to Lucie almost intrusive. She felt like an interloper at a party to which she had not been invited.

Had Honoria proved a congenial companion, all would have been different: they would have been happy in discussing their surroundings, and in comparing notes of impressions; but, apart from resemblance of feature, the cousins had nothing in common. Honoria had no emotions. Her soul was as small as human soul could be without reaching the vanishing-point. The cut of a sleeve was more to her than a monarch's death. She had no impulses. Lucie's impetuous way of rushing to conclusions and acting thereon irritated her, just as Lucie's fresh young charms seemed to mock her fading beauty. She was absolutely

devoid of humour. The fact that, when rendering an account, Fredoline had described a gown sent her as a 'walking-costume' rankled in her mind for days.

'Walking!' Miss Seton-Lorimer had indignantly exclaimed on reading the bill. 'A walking-costume! How absurd! Surely Fredoline ought to know that we keep a carriage!'

As they were driving homewards along Knightsbridge Road from their third evening in the Park, a broken-down motor-car retarded their progress; and in one of two men who anxiously consulted together over the vagaries of the hissing, insurgent machine Lucie recognised Lieutenant Challoner. Chancing to glance up as their carriage passed on, he caught Lucie's eyes, and, flushing a little through his bronze, bowed with all *empressement*.

'Did that man bow to you?' Honoria demanded sharply. 'Who is he?'

'An old friend of mine. His name is Challoner,' was Lucie's nonchalant reply.

'I don't think father would approve of your recognising strange men in the street. Who are his people? Are they quite respectable?'

'I really can't tell whether uncle would consider them respectable or not,' Lucie answered demurely. 'Mr Challoner's father is the Earl of Beddoes.'—'I know I'm a little snob,' she told herself as she witnessed Honoria's discomfiture; 'but I think that counts one to me.'

The days passed slowly. The cousins shopped a little in the mornings, paid calls, and drove in the Park in the evenings. Once, under Mr Seton-Lorimer's care, they attended the theatre that chanced to be most fashionable, and because it was fashionable sat out a dreary problem-play. They attended a Charity Concert held in a ducal mansion, where they made two items in the mob that had cheerfully paid a guinea a head for the gratification of being able to talk familiarly of the Duke of Acrefield's home. Neither of the entertainments had proved amusing to Lucie, whose heart burned within her to think that all this time her bogus relatives were enjoying their ill-gotten gains, and laughing—she could hear the woman's giggle yet—to think how easily they had duped her.

Her uncle and Honoria, but especially Honoria, remained resolute in their determination to take no steps towards a public outcry; and any private attempts to trace them had ended in failure. Mr Elgood on his return to business had shown some energy in making inquiries at the Post-Office, and in personally visiting the firm of Lorimer & Wisdom, kauri-gum importers, also domiciled in Chancery Lane, with the idea that, from the similarity of name and address, Mr Peter Lorimer's letter might have strayed into their hands; but though they acknowledged having many dealings with and receiving many communications from New Zealand, Lorimer & Wisdom professed utter ignorance of any letter not intended for their firm. Then even the zealous Mr Elgood was forced to confess that his attempts to trace the missing letter had proved futile. Lucie felt sincerely grateful to this man, and hoped that she would some time have an opportunity of thanking him personally for taking this thought and trouble on her behalf.

One day, by special invitation, she had visited Mrs Denman at Haverstock Hill, and found that for once the hospitable establishment was endowed with its proper staff of servants, though even to the casual visitor signs of imminent mutiny were not lacking. The chief luncheon fare consisted of a gruesome compound called a vegetable pie, which Mrs Denman declared tasted exactly like meat and had richer strengthening qualities. Lucie thought that there might certainly exist meat that tasted like the pie; but if so, she was thankful she had never before encountered it. Luncheon over, Lucie induced her hostess to accompany her to St John's Wood to see if she could identify the house of surprises.

Taking the vicarage of Saint Angels' as starting-point, Lucie, after following several false scents, succeeded in reaching the road she remembered; but the house she expected to recognise presented an entirely different appearance from that imprinted on her memory. It was evidently untenanted; even the blinds were gone, and the uncurtained windows met her questioning gaze with a blank, unrecognising stare. A small army of painters was busy redecorating the exterior, and a gang of labourers was hard at work turning the garden into a series of clay embankments.

A respectable-looking foreman, when accosted by Mrs Denman as to the ownership of the house, was unable to satisfy her on that point, though he volunteered the information that the property had been sold lately, and that his master had got the contract for the installation of electric light. Baffled on all hands, Lucie turned away almost persuaded to abandon her hope of tracing the offenders whose tracks skill or luck seemed so completely to have obliterated.

One afternoon in Piccadilly, Lucie caught sight on the pavement of a man whom she felt convinced was her spurious uncle. The carriage was in the middle line, and any attempt to alight would have been dangerous, so she was forced to satisfy herself with the interrupted glimpses she got of him among the moving crowd. She was certain there was no mistake. His frock-coat and tall hat had the formally respectable cut she remembered; and he walked wearily, as though exhausted by the summer heat. A moment later and the carriage would have been abreast of him, giving Lucie her earnestly craved opportunity of seeing his face, but at that instant a large white-gloved hand was upraised within a yard of the horse's head. At the policeman's signal the coachman pulled up with a jerk, and that particular

hat and coat became indistinguishable among half-a-hundred others, leaving Lucie defeated in her purpose, but with a strengthened conviction that the enemies she sought were within reach, could she but lay hands upon them.

'And suppose it had been the right man: what could you have done?' Honoria demanded when Lucie told her supposition.

'I would have got hold of him and called for a policeman,' declared Lucie valiantly.

Miss Seton-Lorimer laughed sarcastically. 'Pretty scene it would be—a young lady in the middle of Piccadilly clutching on to a struggling man and screaming for help! Really, I don't understand how you can make such a fuss about a paltry sum. It's so *sordid*.'

'It isn't the money'—— Lucie was beginning; but she held her peace, knowing the hopelessness of getting Honoria to understand that it was for robbing her of her illusions, for blunting her sense of security and trust in mankind, that she desired the punishment of her defrauders. A finer nature might have understood; Honoria's never.

In the days succeeding her casual encounter with Challoner, Lucie felt so proud of her insensibility to his once powerful influence that she longed for an opportunity of revealing her indifference. Her transient admiration, which owed its origin solely to gratified vanity, had fled, and she pined for the chance of showing that she had ceased to be his victim.

The occasion was not long in coming. One evening, as Miss Seton-Lorimer's carriage stood by the Park railings, the volatile sailor approached, with every expectation of entering into conversation with its occupants; but his intention was frustrated by Lucie, who, throwing him a cheerful little nod, quickly turned her attention to the other side of the drive. Piqued by this unexpected coldness, Challoner, who was unaccustomed to being slighted, experienced a return of his vagrant fancy. He took to courting Lucie as ardently as he had once coldly neglected her. The little victoria rarely appeared in the Park without Challoner's making his presence known; but Lucie, much to Honoria's indignation, absolutely refused to allow her cousin to invite him to call, and carefully ignored all his hints on that subject, though she treated his advances with a friendly nonchalance that successfully kept him at arm's-length.

The night of Mr Ruddenheim's little dinner at the Welcome Club arrived, making a break in what Lucie was already beginning to feel the monotony of the days. The ladies, attired according to the exigencies of the occasion, wore demi-evening dress and their smartest head-gear. Honoria, in a becoming picture-hat and with her very sweetest expression, was affability itself. Mr Seton-Lorimer was as dignified and courteous as ever.

The host, beaming plumply—his extensive shirt-front already rumpled in the plenitude of his exertions in preparing for their comfort—awaited his guests at the club entrance. The best table in the most conspicuous part of the veranda was secured for the use of his party. The magnum of champagne was iced to exactly the proper temperature, and a head-waiter who did not possess a soul above bribery had pledged his marketable honour to allocate to Mr Ruddenheim's table all the specially choice tit-bits of the comprehensive *menu*.

The many-coursed dinner left Lucie a little bored. Mr Ruddenheim's talk was not inspiring. When not criticising the fare, he prattled of scrip, of stocks and shares, all Greek and Hebrew to Lucie. A gay boy-and-girl party under the care of a ridiculously juvenile chaperon occupied the adjoining table, and Lucie longed to join them. She was growing impatient of the society of her elders. Since coming to England she had spoken to but few of her own years. She seemed to have left youth behind.

The lively party had scampered through their meal in eagerness to exploit the Great Wheel, the Water Chute, and the minor attractions of the show. Listening with hungry ears, Lucie could hear them arranging a programme that left out nothing—not even the hackneyed joys of the Switchback Railway. Lucie's quartette were already at fish when the last of the others had rushed up breathless to join the waiting group; but Mr Ruddenheim, who thoroughly enjoyed the pleasures of the table, and would have thought it a wicked waste of money to neglect any item of a dinner for which he had paid a fixed price, was still trifling with cherries and dessert biscuits when the other party, hastily finishing their ices, rushed off with a gay clamour of voices in search of fresh distractions, whither Lucie would fain have followed them.

'Now we shall go out and see something,' she thought when only the bill remained to be served; but Lucie had reckoned in ignorance, and nothing was farther from the intention of her companions than jostling among a heated mob for the purpose of visiting sights that had long ceased to be considered smart.

Leaving the table with its garniture of flowers and scarlet-shrouded lights, they strolled across the lawn to the place reserved amidst the phalanx of bamboo arm-chairs whither Mr Ruddenheim had ordered their coffee and liqueurs to be brought. Mr Ruddenheim, who was an admirable and painstaking host, had seen to it that their seats were placed on the verge of the lawn directly opposite the bandstand. Between their chairs and the low rustic fence lay a ribbon of velvety turf vividly green under the artificial light; to the right was a bed of gay flowers. Beyond the paling a narrow space hedged in by the backs of an unbroken line of benches kept the populace a few feet farther off, and

added to the exclusive feeling that was so dear to Miss Seton-Lorimer's soul. All around hung festoons of emerald lights. Red and yellow flame outlined the bandstand. High in air the Great Wheel, profiled in golden light, swung slowly round. Higher still stars twinkled unheeded in a blue-black sky. Above the sound of the music arose the murmur of countless voices—the happy, irresponsible racket of a holiday-keeping throng.

Mr Ruddenheim was radiant with gratification; the situation entirely satisfied him. Two attractive women were his guests; their seats were placed in the full glare of the public eye. The music was popular; and, like many another who would blush to confess it, Mr Ruddenheim most enjoyed the familiar tunes of the pavement, the airs that, whistled in variant keys or rattled out by piano-organs, had saluted his untutored ears at every street corner for months.

Surveying the trio as they sat contentedly sipping their coffee—Mr Seton-Lorimer beaming benevolently on the world at large through his gold-rimmed spectacles; their host garrulous, self-congratulatory; Honoria pretentious, egotistic as ever—Lucie felt her besetting impatience wax strong within her as she realised that, with a plethora of new sensations awaiting her just outside the rustic fence, she was condemned to sit still all evening listening to sheer twaddle.

'What I always say is,' Miss Seton-Lorimer was remarking complacently, 'that wherever I am, and under whatever circumstances, I am always myself.'

The selection from *San Toy* had ended with a crash, and the band of the Grenadier Guards was softly accompanying a piccolo solo. With the opening strains of 'The Guardian Angel' a half-silence had fallen upon the crowd, when, through the hush, a woman's laugh smote Lucie's ear. To other hearers there was nothing in the sound; but to Lucie, from whose memory the echo of a foolish giggle would never entirely fade, it told that the eagerly-watched-for opportunity was at hand. Trying to locate the sound, she gazed in the direction whence it had seemed to come. A moment later it was repeated; and within a few yards of her, over the fringe of lawn and the dividing rustic fence, she saw the fictitious Honoria. She had been sitting on a bench in company with a man in a sailor's hat; but just as Lucie sprang from her chair and rushed forward to the fence the bogus cousin stood up as though on the point of departure.

'Honoria! Honoria!' Lucie cried eagerly, stretching out her hand in a desperate attempt to prevent her escape.

At the first word the make-believe Honoria turned round with a start. For one brief moment her eyes from across the few feet of intervening space looked right into Lucie's; then, with a nervous giggle, she turned and vanished in the crowd.

For one mad moment the idea of leaping the yard-high fence and rushing off in pursuit of her despoiler dominated Lucie; then, realising its impracticability, she took a hurried run to the right with the intention of getting out through the club entrance, and of following in the direction in which the false Honoria had disappeared; but with the second step she crashed into the flower-border, and would have fallen but for the assistance of Mr Ruddenheim, who, perceiving his guest bolt off at a tangent, had darted after her.

'Hallo, hallo! What's all the hurry about?' he remarked cheerfully.

Lucie was panting. 'Mr Ruddenheim—don't prevent me! I must go! I saw her a moment ago—that woman, you know, who helped to rob me!'

'Most likely it wasn't she at all. Difficult to tell in this light,' judicially replied her host, who certainly did not wish his party to develop into a thief-chase.

'But she was quite close. I spoke to her. I said "Honoria." She knew me, and ran away in that direction.' Lucie pointed vaguely beyond the bandstand. 'Oh, do let me go! I'm sure to find her.'

'My dear child, it wouldn't be a bit of use. By this time she's clear of the Exhibition, and away somewhere by underground railway. But we'll keep our eyes open; a better chance is certain to come.'

He spoke kindly, paternally; and looking at the swaying multitude, Lucie saw the wisdom of his advice. The solo had ended, and among the moving crowds progress would have been difficult, search impossible.

Humiliated that yet another opportunity had escaped her, Lucie returned to her seat. Mr and Miss Seton-Lorimer, who were exchanging polite nothings with acquaintances seated near, appeared to have seen nothing of the little byplay, so that she was, at least, spared Honoria's comments. Still, Lucie suffered acute mortification when she thought that the moment she had longed for, dreamt of, prayed for, had come and had passed simply because she feared to shock her relatives' sense of decorum by clambering over a yard-high fence!

ABOUT ALUMINIUM.

THE FALLS OF FOYERS AND THE PRODUCTION OF ALUMINIUM.

By Professor ANDREW JAMIESON, M.Inst.C.E., &c.

AT a meeting of the Glasgow Section of the Institution of Electrical Engineers in December last, Mr William Murray Morrison read a paper on 'The Production, Properties, and Uses of Aluminium.' As he is the general manager and engineer at the Falls of Foyers Aluminium Works, there can be no doubt that his statements are the latest and his statistics the most reliable.

It is well known that the Falls of Foyers are considered the finest in Scotland, and that the scenery and foliage of the surrounding country are unsurpassed; therefore, shortly before the harnessing of these falls to the work of converting the alumina derived from the raw bauxite of County Antrim, Ireland, into the pure white metal of commerce, the imagination of the public was distressed by the many and dismal statements of the dire effects that would ensue. Even quite lately, in Edinburgh, Marie Corelli drew a highly imaginative picture of the spoliation of these falls; but the photographic lantern-slides which Mr Morrison showed at the lecture, of the falls, the works, and the foliage when the process was in full swing, refuted these apprehensions.

The lecturer stated that the water-power is derived from the river Foyers, which has a catchment-area of about a hundred square miles. To equalise the supply, two lochs have been joined together by the raising of dams and embankments, thus making one continuous loch between five and six miles long and half a mile broad, containing a sufficient quantity of water to run the entire plant of the factory for fifty continuous days and nights. The water from the river Foyers is passed through a tunnel eight and a half feet in diameter, cut through the solid rock to a chamber from which separate cast-iron pipes lead it downhill to the turbines in the factory, situated on the shore of Loch Ness. These turbines work under a water-pressure equivalent to a vertical height or 'head' of three hundred and fifty feet of water. Their discharge is passed directly into Loch Ness by a tail-race without being contaminated by any foreign matter. There are seven large Girard turbines driving seven continuous-current low-pressure dynamos of seven hundred electrical horse-power each, for the sole purpose of actuating the electrical furnaces. Besides these larger turbines, there are two small Pelton wheels for driving electric-light dynamos and small motors throughout the factory. The whole plant has worked night and day without trouble in the most satisfactory manner, and the proportion of the work got out of it to its fullest capabilities was 90 per cent., which ratio has been termed the 'load factor.' It will thus be seen that fully five thousand horse-power is employed day and night throughout the year in the production of aluminium—the lightest of all metals known to commerce; further, that these works can now turn out this metal in ingots at from one shilling to one shilling and fourpence per pound, whereas sixteen or seventeen years ago it cost about twenty shillings per pound by the old chemical process. Moreover, commercial aluminium is produced from day to day with a regular purity of 99·5 per cent., having only mere traces of iron and silicon for the remaining ·5 per cent.

Water-power, if skilfully applied, has, up to the present, proved by far the most economical means of generating electrical energy for the aluminium electrolytic furnaces. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the Falls of Foyers generate power at less than four pounds per electrical-horse-power-annum—that is, a year consisting of three hundred and sixty-five days of twenty-four hours each, or a total of eight thousand seven hundred and sixty hours work, at the rate of working of one horse-power passing through the furnaces. Although we are not informed of the actual output at the Falls of Foyers works, it is interesting to note that in 1888, when Professor Roscoe read a paper before the Royal Institution describing the Castner chemical process for the production of aluminium, he pointed out that the works were so large as to be capable of making fifty tons per annum. Now, the combined production during the year 1901 of British, American, French, and Swiss aluminium companies is more than five thousand tons, or at least a hundred times as much as Sir H. Roscoe considered a phenomenal quantity only thirteen years ago.

PROPERTIES OF ALUMINIUM.

Undoubtedly the chief characteristic of aluminium is its unusual lightness. If a certain volume of water weighs 1 lb. at a certain place and temperature, then the same volume of commercially pure cast-aluminium at the same place and temperature would weigh only 2·6 lb., whilst cast-iron would weigh 7·4, cast-copper 8·6, and cast-lead 11·4 lb. It is therefore, bulk for bulk, less than one-fourth the weight of lead.

In the electrolytic process of producing aluminium by the aid of the Falls of Foyers, nature seems to have come automatically to the aid of the electro-metallurgist. For, although the solid cold aluminium turned out at these works is *lighter*

than the Greenland cryolite—that is, the flux—or the mixture of cryolite and alumina from Ireland as put into the furnaces, yet in its fused, molten state, when in the highly heated electrical furnace, the aluminium is actually slightly heavier than these other ingredients, and thus it falls gradually through them to the bottom, where it can be run off into moulds and thus cast into what are termed ingots.

The tensile strength of pure cast-aluminium varies from five to eight tons per square inch, with only 2 to 3 per cent. elongation. But when this same casting has been properly rolled into plates or drawn into wire it will stand a stress of seventeen tons per square inch, with 2 to 4 per cent. elongation, before breaking.

Aluminium melts at 625 degrees centigrade or 1325 degrees Fahrenheit, and its shrinkage in the casting is next to that of lead and zinc, amongst the common useful metals, being practically one-fifth of an inch for every foot of length of the casting. It is the third most malleable and the sixth most ductile of the metals. It can therefore be hammered down to the forty-thousandth of an inch in thickness, and is now fast replacing silver-leaf; whilst wires of it are made less than one-hundredth of an inch in diameter. It conducts electricity with fully 60 per cent. of the ease of pure copper of the same dimensions.

USES OF ALUMINIUM.

Aluminium is an excellent substitute for iron and copper in the case of cooking utensils or for food plates, from the fact that it readily conducts heat, is very slightly tarnished or affected by acids, and its salts are absolutely harmless. The writer was astonished to find, from inspection, that the greater portion of the pots, kettles, pans, &c. on one of the great steamships conveying our troops to South Africa were made of aluminium; and, further, to learn that the men would be served with aluminium cooking-utensils and plates, &c., when in camp or on the veldt, just in the same way as our Indian troops have been and are now being supplied.

It is hoped that one of the great uses for aluminium will be that of acting as an electrical aerial conductor. Certainly it is less affected by dry or damp air at any atmospheric temperature than any of the other ordinary metals; but, with the exception of replacing copper and iron for heavy electrical engineering conductors, it has not hitherto been very successful, owing to a want of homogeneity when used for small telegraph or telephone wires. Manufacturers and electricians are, however, busy investigating the properties and behaviour of several of the aluminium alloys, for this and for other kindred applications. One of these alloys, composed of 1·29 per cent. nickel, 1·08 per cent. copper, and 96·8 per cent. pure aluminium, with ·4 per cent. silicon and ·1 per cent. iron, gave the very high breaking load of 45,900 lb. per square inch. Another of the largest and most useful applications of aluminium is attained by its addition in very small quantities to iron, steel, brass, and certain other metals or alloys before they are run out into moulds. This has the extraordinary effect of making these molten metals much more fluid, of reducing the blow-holes, and rendering the castings more ductile, tougher, and more homogeneous and uniform in every way.

A COMEDY OF PEARLS.

CHAPTER II.—HOW THE PEARLS WENT.

'IT is most odious,' said Rosamund, 'to have to wait.'

This was no great discovery of Rosamund's; but she felt it very keenly at the moment, and her fingers went on tapping fretfully on the ledges of the balcony where she sat waiting to hear the issue of the interview between her father and her lover. It was a pretty spot—the summit of the porch over the garden entrance of the house. Rosamund had long since claimed it for her own, set up glass screens at both ends to keep the wind off, and made a summer sitting-room of it. A large myrtle showed its snowy blossoms close at hand; and the scent of the roses climbing up the pillars of the porch was sweet and poignant. Down below upon the gravel path was a square patch of light which issued from the window of the library; and on this patch Rosamund's whole attention was fixed. From time to time she thought she heard low voices.

'What in the name of wonder can they be about?' she said irritably. '"Will you?" or "Won't you?" surely doesn't take so long to ask or answer. I suppose that question was more important to me than to papa; but I answered it in much less time.'

She pushed her chair back and leant over the edge of the balcony.

'I believe they've forgotten me, and gone on to talk of dogs and horses,' she said in a tone of despair. 'Perhaps they think I shall be quite happy playing with my necklace.'

She lifted the pearls from her neck and ran her fingers over them.

'I wonder whether they will bring me happiness, those pearls,' she mused. 'I almost wish they had come out of a clean English shop instead of from a hot Indian court. I shouldn't wonder

if they were steeped in tears and bloodshed—they're so beautiful. Lots of people must have coveted them besides the Maharanee who tried to murder daddy. Suppose'——

But at this point Rosamund, like a prudent girl, stopped supposing, and fell into a reverie, from which she was aroused five minutes later by a step upon the balcony behind her. It was Charles Henderson.

'Well?' she cried, turning round eagerly. 'Well, what did you settle? He agrees? Tell me, Charley. Don't keep me waiting.'

'He agrees,' said Charles coolly, 'upon conditions.'

Rosamund's face fell.

'Conditions!' she echoed. 'And what are they?'

Charles came up to the front of the balcony and leant his arms upon the ledge.

'They are not unreasonable,' he said in the same even tone. 'He insists that before any question of our marriage can arise the property should be cleared to the state in which I inherited it.'

'Would that be quite clear?'

'By no means.'

'And how long would it take?'

Charles turned his head and looked into her eyes.

'With the closest economy and the best luck, perhaps two years,' he answered briefly.

Rosamund gasped, and caught him by the sleeve.

'Two years!' she said faintly. 'But that is hopeless!'

'Oh no,' Charles assured her, with a hard laugh. 'To Colonel Curtis two years seems quite a little interval. It is only to impatient people like you and me, my dear, that two years seems an eternity.'

'But why—why?' demanded Rosamund. 'What is the reason of it all? Isn't there plenty of money?'

'I could hardly ask him that—could I?'

'To be sure you could. It's the whole point,' retorted Rosamund impatiently. 'Oh, you men, with your scruples and your hesitations! If you cared as much for women's happiness as you do for your fancies about honour, how much they'd love you in return!'

'Would they, Rosamund?' asked Charles wistfully. 'Would you have liked me any better if I had asked a question which would have lowered me in your father's opinion and in my own?'

'Not if you put the matter in that way, of course. Only, what in the name of common-sense is there in the question which anybody could reproach you with? But there—what is the use of talking about it? Did you accept the conditions?'

'What else could I do?' asked Charles, with a shrug. 'They were not what I hoped'——

'But you disputed them; you protested; you fought your best for us both?' she asked so impetuously that Charles looked up in wonder.

'Oh yes, little shrew,' he said, half-laughing; 'I did my best. I'm not easily abashed; and I'm not afraid of anybody.'

'Afraid!' echoed Rosamund. 'Wasn't daddy nice?'

'Nice is such a vague word. He was courtesy itself.'

'Oh, courtesy!' said Rosamund, with a hopeless gesture. 'Was there no good-will?'

Charles laughed again and shook his head.

'I'm not the son-in-law your father would have chosen,' he admitted. 'He doesn't break off our engagement, since it has gone on so long.'

'He couldn't,' flashed out Rosamund.

'But he imposes conditions which make for delay. He is quite right, dear; he wants to know me better.'

'It counts for nothing that I know you!' said Rosamund indignantly; and then they both stood silent for a while.

'Charley, I don't want to wait two years,' said Rosamund at last.

'Nor do I.'

'How much money would it take to put the estate in the condition that father wants?'

'About three thousand, or a trifle more.'

'Is that all? Does it all turn on no more than that? And he brings me these pearls, which are worth, I dare say, nearly all the money, gives them to me as a mere plaything, and then bids me wait till I'm gray before I can realise the happiness of my life.'

She pulled off the necklace as she spoke, and swung it to and fro in her hand.

'Look at them, Charles!' she said, with a curious flush of excitement on her face. 'There's our happiness! There's the last mortgage on Greenbank! There's papa's conditions!'

She swung them towards him, fixing her glittering eyes on his. When they swung back again she frowned and stamped her foot.

'Can't you take them? Aren't they mine?' she whispered angrily. 'Who else has a right to them? Must we wait till we have the capital twice over? Oh, why do you make me say the thing so often?'

But Charles's face grew very hard and cold.

'Think what you're saying, Rosamund,' he said sharply. 'You don't mean it.'

'I do—I do!'

'Then,' said Charles, moving a step away, 'you don't believe in me one atom more than your father. Like him, you, in your heart, think me capable of dirty actions.'

Rosamund dropped the necklace as if it stung her, looked at him reproachfully, and then burst into tears.

'I don't—I don't! How could you say such a cruel thing?' she sobbed. 'I only wanted'——

'There, dear, that's all right,' said Charles, consoling her. 'I know what you wanted, and I want the same thing just as much, only I had to show you that there are ways which no decent man could take. And now good-night; for it's very late. I shall come over in the morning, and we can talk the matter out then. Here, put the necklace on again. I like to see you wear it.'

'I feel as if it burnt me,' said Rosamund. 'I hate it!' But she let her lover clasp it on her throat, and bade him good-night tearfully.

When he had left her she went back to her position on the balcony, and watched till she heard his dogcart drive out from the stable-yard, and saw the lights go down the drive till they turned out on the road, and the sound of wheels died away in the silence of the night.

'Two years!' she said—'two years!' and a large tear splashed down upon the roses. 'I never thought daddy would be so unkind.'

A step sounded on the gravel, and the red spark of a cigar came round the corner of the house. The Colonel's quick eye caught sight instantly of the white figure leaning out from the balcony.

'What, Rosamund! not in bed yet?' he said. 'Tut, child! do you know the time?'

'I am not sleepy,' said Rosamund. 'I don't want to go to sleep. I want to go away and sell matches.'

'You want to do what?' exclaimed the Colonel, startled out of his suavity. 'My good girl, are you sure you are awake?'

'Yes, quite,' was the fretful answer. 'I'm too unhappy not to be awake.'

'And what, in the name of all that's absurd, have you got to be unhappy about?' snapped the Colonel. 'Not that it's a matter which there's any sense in discussing while you are up there and I'm down here. But do just tell me, without any more of that nonsense about going away and selling matches.'

'It isn't nonsense at all,' said Rosamund, leaning forward and speaking very positively. 'I want to go away and maintain myself. Then I shall be free to act as I please.'

'And a confounded mess you'd make of it!' retorted her father unsympathetically. 'Go to bed, child; go to bed. I understand you now. You think I'm a hard-hearted brute, whereas really—— But go to bed now, and I'll talk to you in the morning.'

He turned on his heel and went away without more words. Rosamund watched him go, and then turned dismally towards the house. She hesitated, gave a great yawn, shivered a little, and finally went indoors.

Five minutes later she rang her bell violently, and the maid who hurried in found her standing near the door nervous and excited.

'I've left my beautiful pearls upon the balcony,' she said. 'Go and get them at once. Stay, I'll go myself.'

'On the balcony!' exclaimed the horrified Johnson. 'Oh miss, how could you?'

Rosamund caught up a wrapper and hurried out. The chairs and table stood just as she had left them. Of the necklace there was no trace.

'They must be here,' insisted Rosamund, searching everywhere in a fever of agitation. 'It is not five minutes since I left the place. Don't you see them, Johnson?'

'Where did you put them down, miss?' asked the maid.

'Put them down? Why, there's only one place where I could put them down—on the table, I suppose. Who's been here since I went to my room?'

'Only me, Miss Rosamund,' said the girl, beginning to be frightened in her turn. 'I didn't see no pearls. I didn't do no more than just straighten the chairs. I'll take my Bible oath there wasn't nothing left about. 'Twas all just so light as day, just like it is now.'

'I stood here,' said Rosamund, speaking thick and low, not heeding the girl—'just here—when he clasped it on my neck; and here when I said good-bye. Had I it then? I can't remember.' She stood passing her hand across her forehead for a moment. 'They must be found,' she broke out passionately. 'It is utterly, absolutely impossible that they can be gone in these few minutes. Who could possibly have taken them? Oh! it's like a bad dream. I wish I'd never seen them.'

Johnson began to whimper. 'It's a dreadful thing for a poor girl like me, miss,' she said. 'Hadn't I better call the Colonel?'

'No, no, no!' cried Rosamund; 'there's no need. They must be found. Don't stand whining there! Just look about and bestir yourself. Where did I go? What did I do? Look on the table in the corridor where the candles stand? Did you give me my candle? No; I remember I took it myself. Why weren't you there? Then you'd have seen what I had in my hand. There, don't keep on crying, girl. It's not your fault. Nobody blames you. There's no earthly good in crying.'

She hurried back into the corridor, searched the ground with candles step by step, went back into her room, repeated every action she could remember, turned over every piece of furniture, emptied drawers and wardrobe, all to no purpose. The pearls were nowhere to be found.

'Go to bed, Johnson,' said Rosamund at last, trying to speak cheerfully. 'It is past one o'clock. We can do nothing more to-night. Ten to one they're lying in some quite obvious place, where we shall see them at once when the daylight comes.'

'You won't let the Colonel think I took them, Miss Rosamund?' pleaded the girl, pale with fright.

'No, no, no!' was the impatient answer.

'Absurd! Nobody would suspect it. I tell you we shall find them in the morning.'

But when she was left alone all Rosamund's assumed confidence disappeared, and she began to sob.

'How shall I tell papa?' she said in a trembling voice. 'He kept them three years for me, and I've lost them in an hour. Oh! I was afraid of them from the moment I first saw them. It couldn't be that some Indian followed him all the way home. I've heard of such things. Oh, I'm frightened! There may be some one lurking about the house. Why didn't Charley take them? They're gone now just as much. Oh, how lonely it is! I wish I had somebody to speak to!'

She stood trembling and staring about her for a few minutes; and then, locking and bolting her door, she left her candles burning and got hastily into bed.

LIFE IN A CONVICT PRISON.

By an Inmate.

III.—PARKHURST.

IT was once said of certain people who 'knew not the law' that they were accursed. Doubtless this solemn declaration was true enough; but it is also true that mere knowledge of the law—anyhow, of the English code—does not always bring a blessing: as witness the number of legal practitioners who, having been 'hoist with their own petard,' are now lying high and dry upon that hospitable island in the Solent wherein dwelleth Royalty and convicts—the alpha and omega of our social system.

Besides Jabez Balfour of 'Liberator' fame, we had two men who were distinguished above their fellows, the one for his cubic measurement and the other for a notable trait of character. I use the word 'character' here in contradistinction to 'reputation,' which is too frequently 'an idle and unjust imposition, oft got without merit and lost without deserving.'

D., the first of this brace of worthies, was, and in fact still is, undergoing seven years of penal servitude for defrauding a ward in Chancery to the extent of twenty or thirty thousand pounds; such, at least, is the current report. He is a tall man—the tallest man I have ever clapped eyes upon outside an exhibition. He was employed in the printing department—that haven where all clerical convicts would be; and, dressed in the knickerbocker suit of classic gray, liberally decorated with that badge of infamy the broad arrow, he was the most conspicuous man in the prison.

The odd thing about D. is that, although the penal regimen has already told upon him, and he is no doubt fully alive to all that the loss of caste means to a professional man, his facial expression clearly indicates that happy frame of mind which enables a man to grin and bear his punishment philosophically. I have seen D. under every possible variety of circumstance at Parkhurst, and always wearing that smile which certain quidnuncs affirm is never seen on the visage of the habitual criminal. But that

One can smile and be a villain is an old poetic saw,
Is, moreover, physiologically true;
And the quidnunc's *ipse dixit* won't hold water, as a law,
Since they lie most when they say they never do.

D. is, however, by no means villainous; and it was always a source of pleasure to note his beaming countenance. The 'submerged tenth,' to be sure, put their own construction on the matter, and were loud in their denunciations of the man who was ever 'grinning all over his bloomin' dial.' As he was a 'red-star' prisoner—that is, convicted for the first time—I could never get an opportunity for a gossip with him, though I tried very often. In this connection, I may say in passing that the regulation affecting the 'star' men is the only attempt made to classify convicts, and it does not require very keen perception to discover that, as a moral safeguard, this classification is worthless, since it is not based on any moral or intellectual principle, but upon what may be considered a mere accident.

D. was not approachable for colloquial purposes; but it was quite otherwise with B. This man, who had been the junior partner of a well-known firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn, was now undergoing the terrible sentence of ten years' penal servitude. As the charge against B. will probably be again brought under the consideration of the Courts, it is not permissible to give details; but it may be stated that the prisoner stoutly maintains that he is innocent.

Of the many thousands of men I have rubbed shoulders with in a convict prison, I can only recall the names of three who could stand the test in comparison as to amiability with B. A highly educated man, his manners were distinguished by that 'repose' which was said to stamp the caste of a Vere de Vere. Under the supervision of Warder Croft—a humane and efficient public servant, who, by the way, has since retired from the profession—B. superintended the work of No. 23 party, perhaps the most cross-grained and cantankerous gang in the whole prison. A special 'light-labour' party, No. 23 was mainly composed of cranks and

imbeciles whose sole duties were to mend stockings and behave themselves; but in neither of these duties did they ever attain to any degree of proficiency. As one can easily imagine, the task of superintending such unpromising individuals was very trying; but although badgered, bullied, and sneered at daily, B. never once during my time allowed himself to be 'drawn;' his mental balance was never once upset. Whether this eternal passivity is a virtue or a defect need not be discussed. The fact remains that, whatever may have been the provocation—and the inventive faculty of the pronounced crank is indisputable—not once was this man's temper ruffled or disturbed; nay, more: it seemed as if, by kindness and courtesy, he had laid himself out to pile up coals of fire on the heads of his persecutors.

It is painful to have to record the fact that such a paragon of patience was victimised by an unscrupulous adventurer who pretended to be no less a personage than Sir J. M——, Bart., a wealthy landed proprietor, and owner of 'the only gold-mine in Britain.' This so-called baronet and Klondykian fraud seemed to have gained the entire confidence of B., who was, like many other simple-minded folk, unsuspicious of perfidy. In short, poor B. fell a victim because of his own trustfulness or ignorance.

Few things have such a depressing effect on the man given to meditating upon his environment as the consciousness of his own ignorance. When I look around and contemplate the host of potential enemies who hem me in on every side, and realise how many of these wild beasts I might defy had I but a little knowledge of their ways and tendencies, I recognise the hopelessness of the position which my ignorance daily causes me to take up, and seem to grasp the full meaning of that great indictment: 'It is a people who do err in their hearts because they have not known.'

The ignorance of the public regarding the internal economy of our prisons costs the country much more than we have any conception of. This could not be better exemplified than by giving the gist of a conversation overheard in a railway carriage on the Metropolitan line, the speakers being two respected members of London society. Jumping into a compartment one day at Gower Street Station, I found my fellow-passengers warmly discussing the past exploits and present position of Mr Jabez Balfour. One of these Nestors read a paragraph from a London newspaper published that day, in which the writer stated that the great head of the Balfour group was then cobbling shoes in the prison at Portland, and that, owing to the state of his health, release from durance could only be delayed for a very short time. To me, knowing how matters really stood, the whole conversation furnished an object-lesson not easily forgotten, and, as Carlyle would say, was symptomatic of much. Out of several propositions advanced not more than two of them would hold a drop of water!

Of the three statements made not one was correct. Jabez Balfour was not cobbling shoes, he was not at Portland, nor was he about to be released because of ill-health. This may appear to some a rather trivial objection; but that it is not so trivial will be clear enough to those who will but reflect; for, if misrepresentations are reported and discussed concerning a convict of world-wide notoriety, even more erroneous statements may be made regarding the convict prisons wherein only ordinary prisoners are hidden from public observation.

While I was talking to a well-known London editor one day about the noble lord referred to in my previous article, he said, 'What we want to know is: What are his lordship's habits and occupations? When does my lord get up in the morning? What does he do when he is up? When does he go to bed at night? What does he do when he does go to bed?' Well, as the same exacting curiosity exists regarding Jabez Balfour's doings in 'Quad Strasse,' I shall endeavour to gratify it as far as the 'statute of limitations' will allow; but one really must draw the line somewhere. Having brought my 'hon. member' to his den o' nights, given him his supper, put him to bed, and then turned out the light, I am afraid I must bid him 'Good-night' and leave him to enjoy his slumbers undisturbed.

By the way, what a hapless, hopeless state for any 'human' when he can place his hand upon his heart and honestly declare, in the face of all men, that, during the best years of his life, 'the only happy time he has is when he is asleep'! Yet such is the actual condition of thousands of our fellow-mortals at this present moment. My present purpose, however, is not to send Jabez Balfour to sleep, but to rouse him out of it. Therefore, we shall suppose that it is a fine summer morning, and about 5.10 A.M. —if you will add twenty or thirty minutes to this you may fancy that you hear the reveille during the winter months. The metal monitor at the front gate now strikes up the overture to the painful opera daily enacted in the 'Garden of England.' Thereupon Jabez Balfour steps forth to play his part, which, from Monday to Saturday, and from January to December, never varies, and is, as nearly as possible, as follows: Having donned the khaki suit, he proceeds to discharge those little domestic or cellular duties so distasteful to a mind given to 'speculation' on a large scale, but which are imposed by the sheer strength of brute necessity. Oh, thou heartless tyrant, Necessity! Dost thou not know that, albeit it is excellent to have a giant's strength, it is tyrannous to use it like a giant?

Well, having made up his bedding (with the exception of the sheets, which, for some occult reason

unknown to me, are supposed to be held up aloft for the inspection of the warder who first unlocks the cell door in the morning), swept the cell floor, performed his ablutions, &c., he awaits the arrival of Cerberus, who, as he trudges along the corridor, followed by three 'orderlies' armed with a huge tub and a water-can, opens each cell door and mutters some words, in a tone dearly loved of janitors, which always sounded to me like 'Cation! cation! cation!' but they are supposed to be 'Applications! applications! applications!' I may state that every prisoner, unless exempted by the medical officer, takes his turn as orderly.

Should Jabez desire an interview with the governor, doctor, chaplain, or 'other superior authority,' now is the time to make his wish known. His 'register number'—so thoroughly is a convict stripped of all ordinary 'distinctive marks and peculiarities' that he has ceased to be a person, and has dwindled to a mere numeral—is taken, duly forwarded to the proper department, and, later on in the day, finds its fruition in the desired interview.

Placing his pint mug and tin platter (cup and saucer, if you prefer the phrase) outside on the door-step, he closes the door and awaits developments. Presently much shuffling of feet, rattling of tin cans, and unlocking and slamming of doors is heard in the distance, and Jabez is then aware of the important fact that his breakfast is on the way. First comes an orderly bearing a large can filled with the delicious beverage which, if it were only strong enough, might really cheer and not inebriate, but which—more often than not—produces the very opposite effect, and sends you into a towering rage with the poor cook, who, it may be, is 'an absent-minded beggar,' and has forgotten to put the tea in the pot. The pint mug is duly filled and laid down again outside the cell door—possibly to cool a little, as hot liquids are, we all know, detrimental to the inner parts. Should there be a superfluity of 'screws' (warders) on the spot, the bread-basket now comes along, your door is opened and the regulation bun of eight, ten, or twelve ounces of brown 'tommy' is handed in. You pick up your pint of tea, close your door, and proceed to discuss the matutinal meal in peace ere the bell is tolled at 6 A.M.

Jabez Balfour is, I presume, an educated man. Anyhow, a certain work—Fénelon's *Télémaque*, in the original—which had come straight from his cell, was one day left for me; and I take it that his morning meal is graced with some literary *addenda* more 'grateful and comforting' than even Epps's cocoa is said to be.

At 6.45 A.M. the bell again plays up, the doors are once more opened, and, at a given signal from the principal warder in the hall—Jabez is (or was) located in the largest and best-ventilated wing of the prison—members of the Established Church are marched off, in single file, to matins (7 to 7.20 A.M.) in the chapel. Jabez Balfour is a member of the choir, a regular communicant, and, to his credit be it said, very devoutly disposed. I wish as much could be said of the whole congregation (numbering about five hundred) which assembles there daily.

Except on Sundays—when there are two services (10.30 A.M. and 2.30 P.M.) always conducted by the chaplain or his *locum tenens*—the early functions are led by one of the schoolmasters, generally the organist, or, to be more exact, the 'harmoniumist' (for I regret to say that the good people at Whitehall are not yet aware of the potentiality of the 'king of instruments' as a possible factor in inducing the wicked man to turn from his wickedness and do the thing that is lawful and right). Occasionally, however, the Tuesday and Thursday services are taken by the honoured and amiable governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Plummer, who, after a simple hymn, delivers one of those impressive 'addresses' which it is impossible for any man with the least spark of spirituality in his composition to sit and listen to unmoved. Indeed, there are many in Parkhurst who through the ministrations of this Governor have had the divine afflatus breathed into them. What is it to me that some good soul may here ask, 'Is Saul also amongst the prophets?' I am writing history; stating facts which cannot be gainsaid or explained away; and, as a faithful chronicler, necessity is laid upon me to state, in the most emphatic manner, that, important as are the salaried duties of the Governor, these services for which he receives neither fee nor reward must some day be recognised as the one single item in the daily programme of convict life at Parkhurst which preserves that penal settlement from putridity. Atomic in a sense, they vitalise the otherwise dead carcass of the penal regimen; and although 'brute circumstance' of one kind or another may at times appear to neutralise or even nullify the influence exercised on particular individuals by those morning addresses, the ultimate results are as certain as the operations of the law of cause and effect.

Service over, the congregation file out as they filed in; but, instead of returning to their wards, they pass on to the yards, where the various working gangs or parties form up in double file. The roll is again taken, and each man is searched—that is, the warder, with one hand behind and the other in front, rubs him down from top to toe. It may interest the curious to learn that every convict is thus overhauled five times daily, plus the usual fortnightly inquisition, when the whole party is marched off the parade-ground to the basement cells of their respective halls and subjected to an inspection *in puris naturalis*, or nude—an ordeal which I am glad to be able to state one has been instrumental in effectually blocking in more than one prison within the past

five years. This inane performance over, the various gangs are marched off to their respective labours—the chief warder standing at a given point taking the roll as they pass out.

Jabez Balfour was attached to a tailoring party, which carried on its operations within the precincts of the prison, on the top landing of 'A' Hall, where he was located; and, instead of going to work at once, proceeded to take the first of the two periods of exercise allowed to his party daily. When he had thus taken the air, he was marched back to the landing; and, having placed his stool outside his cell door, and seated himself thereon, his sartorial labours commenced. As he sat thus pilloried, I have often watched the ex-'hon. member' from the lower landings whilst he was busily plying his needle and thread.

To a man of his calibre such work, although by no means laborious, must be monotonous enough, and by 11.20 A.M., when the signal is given for packing up his traps and betaking himself to his den for dinner, he must, one would think, be heartily glad of the respite. He seems somewhat stoical; but no credence whatever should be given to the absurd rumours published some time ago as to his cheerful and happy-go-lucky acquiescence in his fate; he has, however, apparently become somewhat more accustomed to his circumstances and surroundings.

Well, dinner over, Jabez rejoins his party at 1 P.M., and is again 'rubbed down;' and after taking another mouthful of fresh air he returns to the stool of repentance, where he sits perched till 5.20 P.M., when all convict labour is supposed to cease for the day.

Supper is served at 5.45; and from that hour until 7.45 P.M., when the cells are finally double-locked for the night, Jabez Balfour may do whatever he pleases, except go to bed, which, I suppose, he often enough wishes to do. But, as some sententious quack has said, 'all things come to him who waits.' Precisely at 7.45 P.M. the doors are once more thrown open; the principal warder flies like a young (or old) man in a hurry; and Balfour says 'All right'—which is the official way of saying 'Good-night'—then shuts his door, makes down his hammock or plank bed as the case may be, tumbles in, and pays court to 'tired nature's sweet restorer.' When the avowed enemy of all imprisoned flesh and blood strikes 8 P.M., the night-guardians take possession, the lights are extinguished, and the curtain falls upon the dismal, gloomy, and confused medley of the convict's daily life.

Jabez Balfour was not a popular man at Parkhurst. He was the target at which all sorts and conditions of men who fancy they can hit the bull's-eye—but who oftener than not can only hit the clouds—were wont to have 'a go;' but, thanks to the armour in which the star-man is encased, not the slightest impression was made.

So far as I know, Balfour has a 'clean sheet'—that is to say, he has not run amuck against the constitution; but he managed—or some enterprising biped managed it for him—early last year to get 'reported' for some alleged breach of prison discipline; and the last time I saw this once honoured 'philanthropist' and distinguished financier, he was standing like some refractory schoolboy, with his face to the wall, outside the 'adjudication room,' awaiting his turn to appear before the Governor under report, to answer some frivolous charge of conspiracy with a fellow star-man named Rose. Whether these conspirators were minded to blow up the Houses of Parliament or the Hotel Cecil in the Strand I cannot undertake to say; but evidently the trial ended in the good old Scottish verdict of 'Not proven,' as I received a heliographic message that afternoon to the effect that Balfour was seen perched on his stool on the top landing, and having the look of a man who, like the Miller of the Dee, 'cared for nobody—no not I,' &c. That he does care for somebody—and for many—is, I think, very certain; and if one-half of what I heard about him be true, the day will come when the victims of the Liberator Company will wish he had been left on that picturesque island to work out their salvation and his own.

THE SHEPHERD'S WARNING.

A SONG OF SUTHERLAND.

Dunrobin shall hearken! Dunrobin shall hear!
Wild Scotia shall quail at the legends of old!
When witches and wizards, like wolves in a lair,
Once haunted her hillsides; so fable has told.
For luck or for favour, for good or for ill,
The fairies then governed, the pixies held sway;
And shepherd and crofter, on Sutherland's hill,
Would bow to the magic of elfin or fay.

Oh! mock not the name, for our forebears held faith
That fairies, who flit through the moonlight or shade,
Ruled over the fate of the crops and the kine,
Could destiny curb, or bring gloom to the glade.
Wee bairnies may scoff; but in ingle-nook warm,
Where old folk cower close o'er the peat fire's red glow,
They name not the pixie, they mock not the sprite,
Else cattle would stray, e'en the bairnies might go!

The moon sails a queen o'er the ocean of heaven,
She shines for the crofter on mountain-side steep;
But her sweet mystic rays make just ladders for elves,
And shepherds ne'er scoff, for, while mortals all sleep,
They know the wee 'hill-folk' are coming and going,
And science but fades 'fore that faith they held dear;
They mock not the sprites, speak not light of their power,
Else evil will follow, with sorrow and fear.

Oh, mock not the pixie! Hush, name not the fay!
O'er Highlander's homestead their magic holds sway.

KATE A. SIMPSON.

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SIXTH SERIES.

MRS HUGH MILLER'S JOURNAL.

EDITED BY HER GRANDDAUGHTER.

PART II.*

'DURING the first year of my residence in Cromarty,' the manuscript continues, 'with the exceptions I have mentioned, I saw nothing of Hugh Miller. Our spheres lay quite apart. I am afraid I loved as much gaiety as I could get, while he lived in his old contemplative, philosophic ideal. Gaiety seems a strange word to associate with this quiet little place; but occasionally it happened that war-vessels lay at anchor in the bay, and the officers were always hospitably entertained by the inhabitants. That year there were no less than three such vessels, so that dancing-parties, picnics, breakfasts, &c. were no uncommon affairs. The officers were great favourites ashore. One of them I remember in especial: Benjamin Fox, a fine young midshipman who had already won several medals of the Humane Society, and who was afterwards shot at the first siege of Canton—the only officer, I believe, killed there. But among the whole there were none of superior intelligence enough to seek out and converse with Hugh Miller, save one, whose story has been recorded in the *Tale of the Young Surgeon*. Often did he rehearse to me the conversations he had held with Hugh Miller, and speak of him as a very remarkable man.

'I do not know how or why it was that I never met "The Cromarty Poet," as he was called, anywhere that year, for the next I began to do so occasionally at the houses of kind friends. Our society was small, but good in every sense of the word. William C——, the young surgeon already mentioned, was struck with its superior tone, and the good sense and great intelligence common to the general conversation of the people. His captain (for whom, by the way, he had a profound contempt), he told me, had expressed a fear on his way northwards that he was coming amongst barbarians. The surgeon coolly told him that probably he would find fully as much of every requisite for good society as he brought with him. This superiority we always ascribed in great measure to the pulpit ministrations of the Rev. Alexander Stewart. They constituted what such seldom do: a mental education for his hearers. They were of such power that I believe they would have served to mould the thought and opinions of men of the first capacities, if such had been his hearers, and of so great simplicity that no Sunday-school child or poor fisherman could come away without having some divine thought or image impressed on his memory for life. People looked forward from Sunday to Sunday for these sermons, and they formed the topics of conversation with high and low, even in casual forenoon visitings.

'In person Mr Stewart was tall, and in the pulpit extremely dignified, animated without noise, his gestures rare but emphatic. The conscious dignity of his position as ambassador for Christ overpowered every other feeling. Earnestness is not the word that embodies him: it is too poor. He was not himself, but another. All personalities (and he was very singular), all vanities, all littlenesses were not so much forgotten as absorbed. Thus he hated anything that recalled himself to himself in the pulpit.

'Mr Stewart was no visiting minister in the modern sense of the term. He would sit an hour or two—three when in a mind to engage in interesting conversation; but he could not endure close places and bad smells, and never tried. His mission was preaching, and that he fulfilled nobly. Dr Chalmers had long before pronounced him the first preacher in the Church of Scotland. But he had no muscular Christianity—had a feeble, feminine constitution; consequently was not a

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model pastor in the presently understood sense. Yet what a noble intellect, ever engaged with great problems and great thoughts! What an interesting companion!—sometimes, indeed, amusing you with whims and eccentricities, but often pouring out a wealth of originality. Such was the man under whose ministry Hugh Miller sat for years; with whom he used to take long walks, most frequently along the Cromarty shore; and who often, in our married life, sat for hours together at our fireside. I love to linger on his memory. He was one of those bright spirits about whose brows there seems wreathed even in this life a garland of immortal amaranth.'

It will be remembered by those who know the story of Miller's life that he confessed himself more indebted intellectually to Mr Stewart than to any other man he ever knew, with the sole exception of Dr Chalmers; yet the one bore 'a name known wherever the English language is spoken,' while of the other it is only remembered, and by comparatively a few, that the impression did exist at the time of his death that

> A mighty spirit was eclipsed, a power
> Had passed from day to darkness, to whose hour
> Of light no likeness was bequeathed—no name.

Some one has lately defined genius as the capacity of becoming a boy again, a definition which is remarkably applicable to Mr Stewart. Stories of his extraordinary humour and unbounded joyousness and hilarity, his hugely witty nonsense, are still told among northern ministers. Once some stern Puritan took him to task on what he called his unseemly behaviour, though no fun was ever more innocent. Mr Stewart turned to him with a sudden sadness. 'Ah, Mr ——,' he replied pathetically, 'if you knew my hours of depression you would not grudge me this.' This minister, I have been told by one who knew him, was profoundly touched by the look and tone, and never ceased to regret having called them forth.

To his old aunt who kept house for him Mr Stewart was intensely devoted, his greatest dread being that she would die before he did. When on Dr Chalmers's death Dr Candlish was called upon to succeed him in the New College, Mr Stewart was in his turn called to succeed Dr Candlish in St George's, Edinburgh; and although he was prevailed upon, sorely against his inclination, to accept the call, the agitation and suffering his sensitive spirit endured at the thought of the onerous duties before him brought on a fever from which he died. His aunt—too old and dazed then to understand the calamity—continually looked and waited for the return of him whom she always called her 'boy:' one of the wisest, most eloquent, yet most eccentric men the Church in Scotland produced in the century just past.

'Holding a foremost place in our little community,' Mrs Miller writes, 'was Captain Mackenzie, of the Scatwell family, and his lady, only daughter of that Mr Forsyth whose memoirs my husband wrote. "The Captain," as he was called, was a loyal, frank, easy gentleman of the old school, who had served in the navy. He loved of all things to have his friends about him, seeming to dislike nothing so much as a dinner-table without guests. His lady, although but the daughter of a man who made his own fortune, had the finest manners I ever saw. Of a tall and commanding figure, reserved and dignified conversation, she had the art—said to be impossible to those to whom it is not hereditary—of keeping people in their place by a look or by the gentlest word. Yet she was essentially most kind, and when a friend a very true one. They possessed the only carriage in the place, and kept not only a plentiful but a most elegant table.

'The only time I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Dunbar of Boath was there. I had just written some verses on the departure of my most beloved friend for another continent: one who occupied a place in my heart and life which scarce anything could fill. Miss Dunbar felt some sympathy for a sister-dabbler in the poetic art, and requested that I should be invited to dinner to meet her. Hugh was there, and we passed a pleasant afternoon. I had known her early friend, Mrs Grant of Laggan, in her later years, and we had many other sources of mutual interest. She was a person verging upon fifty, slight and thin, with features rather plain than otherwise, but redeemed by a great amount of sprightliness and wit.

'The Cromarty estate was at that time under trust, and a law-suit was pending, not, I believe, to determine the heir, but whether it was possible for the heir to take possession. This peculiar state of matters arose from an enormous debt, which amounted to more than the estate was worth, and the question was whether the debt was contracted before or after the entail. If the former, the proprietor would be liable after his accession; in the latter case, he would be free. I don't know what the funds did in the hands of the lawyers; but sure enough the land enjoyed a Sabbath. Fishermen enjoyed the freedom of shore, and baited their lines in peace. Poor people took away burdens of sticks from the woods unmolested. Cromarty House was then let to Mrs Colonel Graham, of the family of Graham of Drinie. She died, and her son, Captain Graham of the Hanoverian Service, purchased one of the largest houses in town, while *the* House was let to one tenant after another, none of whom remained in it very long. One of Colonel Graham's daughters was married to Sir Michael Clare, and afterwards to Sir Hugh Halkett, Commander of the Forces in Hanover. There were other members of the family more stationary, all amiable, kind, and good, who always added to the charms of our little society.

'Then there were two delightful old ladies—

aunts of Sir Henry Barclay—thoroughly of the old school, who possessed a liberal income and spent it most generously. Their house was like a dispensary—not of medicine. Their table groaned with good things; and in those days it was no easy matter to rise from the table of old-school folks without something very like physical suffering. Whether there is as much genuine kindness in the modern let-alone fashion it is not easy to say; but it is vastly more agreeable.

'Our good and true friend, Mr Ross the banker, was a prominent member of this circle. Then a shrewd man of business, he had served in early life in the navy, was particularly partial to the service, and had stored his mind in the most extraordinary way with the history of every naval engagement that ever took place in the annals of our country. Possessed of a great share of general information, he made that his hobby. Not the name of a single vessel in any engagement, or its commander, escaped his memory, and when he got upon that subject especially he was truly entertaining.

'If any of those good people ever entertained a notion of patronage in asking a working-man to their tables I know not; but certain it was that if there was any condescension at all, it was in the other direction. Hugh was essentially an aristocrat of the aristocracy of genius. He was born so; he could not help himself. He lived by himself among the great men of the past. Pope, Addison, Swift, Goldsmith, Burns, were his companions, his real friends. He knew their histories intimately, and conversed with them perpetually in their works. Working, walking, visiting, he was seldom without some volume in his pocket. When dining out or at an evening party he was usually silent if the conversation were of a gossiping or personal description; but when an opportunity occurred for him to lead conversation in his own way he never failed to embrace it, and the book in his pocket was often brought out to illustrate his ideas. His reading was remarkably pure and distinct, little tainted with any provincial accent. Except for the peculiar pronunciation of some of the vowels, it would have been nearly free from this. It was always a treat to hear him read; if poetry, one which the hearers would not readily forget. He had the faculty in a very singular degree of bringing the people to whom he spoke *up* for the time to his own level. His language, like his writing, was so simple and forcible that it was not possible to be stolid or impassive while listening to it. Nevertheless, he had the habit of regarding men either as in masses or as individuals. For any man who had the individuality of genius about him he had an almost exaggerated respect; but the result of passing an evening in the society of commonplace people was always weariness, sometimes to an excessive and painful degree. I never was so sensible of this, however, in Cromarty as afterwards in Edinburgh, where the people were neither intimate friends nor notabilities. These last served to take him out of himself, to rouse and keep him up. It was impossible for him to form any intimate friendship where the intellect did not in a great degree predominate. Thus I should say his closest intimacy in Cromarty was with the widow of an Established minister—a venerable lady resident there after her husband's death, and descended by her mother from the old Urquharts of Cromarty—and her youngest daughter Catherine. He has mentioned Mrs Allardyce in his *Traditions of Cromarty* as the authoress of some very pretty pieces of poetry. She was imbued with the thoroughly literary taste to be found, I think, more frequently in the last age than in this, with all its magazines and digests of all manner of subjects. She knew Pope, Addison, and Swift as well as he did himself, and had a peculiar elegance of mind derived from long familiarity with the poets and writers, especially of the reign of Queen Anne. Her daughter had a strong love of natural science, kept aquariums before these things were common, and educated herself without being indebted to any schoolmasters for that sort of smattering information now so generally imparted. I think she must have followed Hugh in his earlier explorations, and understood them a great deal better than I did. In the circle of our acquaintance in these days at Cromarty were the various members of the minister's family who preceded Mr Stewart. One was married to the worthy doctor of the place, another to the principal merchant, and so on. The two youngest daughters were yet unmarried. Of these two, the elder one was what is called the most *superior*. She loved the deep things of Calvinism, enjoyed an argument (the more metaphysical the better), and was a devoted admirer of Mr Stewart, of whose sermons she took copious notes. The younger, who was of my own age, overflowed with what, for want of a better word, I must call *human nature*. She had warm, sunny affections, genuine humour, and an uncommon talent for mimicry which hurt no one. If she took off her mother or sister before their faces, they could not resist the fun. She would sit up all night with a sick child if it belonged to the most miserable creature in the town. She was my most beloved companion. How the woods used to echo with our laughter on these long sunny afternoons! Happy days! which come in a lifetime but once.

'It was not, however, my friend but her sister who best loved conversations with Hugh. He worked at tombstones in the churchyard beside the old parish church, into which the pretty little secluded dell of the Ladies' Walk exactly led. It happened sometimes—not very often—that the young lady and I used to take a little stroll together. She wished to engage me in deep discussion, which I, on the other hand, sought to avoid.

I liked a *raid* into the metaphysical territory, but did not care to abide there. When it did so happen, however, the end of the discussion was frequently carried on with Hugh as a third party. Sometimes I broke off from the conference or became impatient. Once I remember getting up on a tombstone and taking a private skip, as I thought unobserved, from one stone to another. When I drew near once more, Hugh looked up with a smile on his face, and said very gently, in a tone that might be meant as half a rebuke, "Youth, says Bacon, is a natural drunkenness."

'It was this Miss Smith who fell into Fathie Burn on the occasion of some picnic or exploring party. The place was rather deep, the water reaching about up to her waist. I can scarcely account for Hugh's behaviour on that occasion, unless it were from a fit of abstraction. Instead of helping, he stood with arms folded contemplating the lady in the water; and when she had got out by herself he was asked why he did not assist. He replied that he was calculating the force of the current. If it had been strong enough to carry her away he would instantly have gone to her assistance; if otherwise, he thought she could do without him! Of course he was well rallied for many a day on his ungallant philosophy. Miss Dunbar got hold of the story, and did not spare him.'

A fit of abstraction must certainly have been the explanation of this amusing story, for Hugh Miller was usually one of the most courteous of men. In a letter to Miss Dunbar he gives a somewhat different account from Mrs Miller's recollection. 'How defend my conduct in the burn?' he writes in a half-humorous vein. 'Very easily. Never was there young lady so woefully in danger of falling a martyr to a classical association. You remember the old mythological story of Venus springing from the waves of the sea. On seeing Miss Smith rising out of the stream, instead of thinking of the best means of extricating her, I could think of only the story. And I could not help that, you know! If Miss Smith, however, will but favour me by falling into the burn a second time, no association, however classical, shall come between me and my duty.'

Two other letters of this time, both written to Miss Dunbar, give us a glimpse of Hugh Miller's thoughts. In the first he alludes to Miss Fraser, and the second was probably prompted by the thought of her. 'I had the happiness a few evenings since,' he says, 'of falling in, during my usual walk, with our common friend Miss Smith, accompanied by another young lady (by far the most intellectual of her companions), and had a long and very amusing conversation with them; so long, indeed, that at length the stars began to peep out at us, as if wondering what we were about. We differed and disputed and agreed; and then differed and disputed and agreed again. We of the rougher sex arrogate to ourselves the possession of minds of a larger size than we admit to have fallen to the share of the members of yours. True, indeed, we have not yet thought proper to produce the data on which we found the opinion, and are far too strong to be compelled to it; but should we once seriously set about it, Cromarty would prove a desperate bad field for us. By much the greater half of the collective intellect of the town is vested in the ladies.'

The other extract was written almost at the same time. 'For my own part,' it runs, 'though no one can surpass me in the esteem I entertain for the better sex, and though perhaps not naturally unsusceptible of the softer passion, I deem myself as much tied down to a life of celibacy as if I were a Romish priest. A refined taste and cultivated understanding I have vainly sought for in women of my own sphere; and though I have sometimes found both in those of another, I cannot seriously think of such as objects on which to fix a hope. No one of a superior station could become my wife without making a sacrifice, which I could not permit in the woman I loved; I could not wrong her so much as to make her the wife of a poor mechanic. But friendship still remains for me—some of the best of my species do not disdain to be connected to me by this tie; and with the help of God it is my purpose so to live that their kindness to me shall be no sacrifice.'

(To be continued.)

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XX.—A BONE OF CONTENTION.

LUCIE was sitting alone in the dusk one July evening. Honoria and her uncle were dining at Campden Hill; and, her solitary meal over, Lucie was re-reading a very long letter from Kitty which had arrived that morning by mail.

Significant of Lucie's heart-hunger was the avidity wherewith she devoured the scraps of news that filled Kitty's epistle: those insignificant items of home gossip that half a year ago she would have esteemed too paltry for consideration.

Lieutenant Tresscott, so the letter ran, had got his step and eight weeks' leave, as he had been four years abroad, and was sailing for England in the vessel that carried the news. He had

promised them that he would call at once at Queen's Gate, and report fully on how he found Lucie. Miss Santhem's niece, Kitty was certain Lucie would be amused to hear, had blossomed out astonishingly since her aunt's departure. Last Thursday she had called for them wearing a stylish new hat, and looked quite pretty. There was a rumour that a young lawyer was paying her attention. Kitty had seen them at the theatre together. What would Miss Santhem say if she knew? Kitty wondered; and Lucie shared her curiosity. David Straight had already been nominated as a parliamentary candidate for a vacant seat. Father had taken mother and herself to one of his meetings, and they were pleased to find that he made a good appearance on the platform and spoke well. His constituents thought he had a splendid chance of winning the seat.

'Poor Kitty! She was always fond of David,' Lucie thought, with the affectionate pity of the sister who is chosen for the one that is left.

They all missed Lucie dreadfully, the letter went on, and were already counting the weeks that must elapse before her return. Lieutenant Tresscott would be sure to give Lucie the very latest news of them. He had often visited Ingarangi since Lucie and Challoner left, and they all—even father—liked him so much. And, by-the-bye, why had Lucie not mentioned Challoner in her recent letters?

Mother was not very well, Kitty reluctantly admitted in conclusion. She thought it was only a little cold; but the long hot season had been so relaxing. She sent her dearest love, and she hoped Lucie would excuse her not writing this mail; she would send a long letter with the next. And she wished Kitty specially to say that the house was very dull without Lucie, and that they missed her all the time.

Sitting alone in the half-light, tender memories beset Lucie of the home she had been so eager to leave. Regret for her selfishness and compunction for her scornful treatment of Straight, whose attentions she had at first heedlessly encouraged, assailed her. She tried to comfort herself with the promise that when again she had the happiness to share the shelter of the cosy home nestling at the foot of the old Maori *pah* they would find her changed.

Recent events had shaken Lucie's faith in the stability of things human. The mention of her mother's illness filled her with haunting fears. The thought that Kitty had purposely made light of any domestic trouble to avoid arousing her apprehensions tortured her; and the dread that she might never again see that mother laid a clammy hand upon her heart. Twelve thousand miles of turbulent seas separated her from the home she had once affected to despise. Suppose she returned to New Zealand filled with new desires only to find her mother gone!

Impelled thereto by an unwonted agony of remorse, Lucie registered a vow that if on her return to Auckland she found her mother well, and all as she had left it, she would please her parents and show her gratitude by making a burnt-offering of her heart and marrying her flouted suitor, David Straight.

It was one of those unconsciously impious vows launched by contrite, apprehensive mortals into space in the forlorn hope of a Higher Power hearing and condescending to bargain. But, sitting alone in the stillness, Lucie pledged herself in all sincerity; and the very fact of her voluntary promise of penance tended towards the lightening of her heavy heart.

Intensity of feeling had brought unwonted moisture to her eyes, when Mr Ruddenheim was announced.

'Hullo! hullo! hullo! All alone?' was his buoyant greeting. 'Not moping, surely? Eh—what?' he added, seeing Lucie's wistful expression.

'A wee bit homesick,' Lucie confessed, blinking her wet eyelashes in the attempt to banish the unshed tears. 'I've just had a home letter, and it seemed'—she gulped a little—'to bring everything back, you know.'

'Um! Been anywhere to-day?'

'Nowhere,' Lucie confessed dismally. 'We started to go to the Park, but it was so wet that we came back.'

'Suppose I take you out a bit? It's too late for a play now; but we might do a music-hall for an hour, and come away whenever we've had enough.'

'Oh, how lovely! I never was in a music-hall; but wouldn't Honoria and uncle'——

'Not they!' retorted Mr Ruddenheim cheerfully. 'Everybody goes to the halls. Last time I was in one a bishop and his wife were sitting next me.' Probably the desire to overcome Lucie's conscientious scruples rather than strict adherence to veracity governed the statement; but the most successful arguer is ever he who does not hesitate, when the exigencies of the case necessitate, to invent his facts. In any case it certainly proved effective in banishing from Lucie's mind any lurking objection she had retained.

Had Lucie been more sophisticated, better versed in the 'Thou shalt nots' of the polite world, she would not have accepted Mr Ruddenheim's invitation. Had he even been younger she would not have dreamt of doing so; but, in the estimation of a girl of twenty, a man of forty-five—especially if he be portly and bald—attains brevet rank as a patriarch. Apart from that, Lucie regarded him solely as Honoria's property; and the notion of poaching upon her cousin's preserves by accepting any attention from Mr Ruddenheim never occurred to her. So, leaving a message in case she might be late, Lucie threw a mantle over her simple evening-frock, and set off with every expectation of enjoyment.

London streets still held a revelation to the

Colonial-born girl. Lucie's unaffected interest in the passers-by, her naive delight in the stirring sights and sounds, gratified her companion, who was pleased to act as her guide and instructor. Many of the girls he knew had lived all their lives in London and were already cloyed with its attractions, and a mere man is never proof against the unconscious flattery paid by a maiden who regards him as the possessor of extensive worldly knowledge.

Speeding along the Knightsbridge Road in a hansom as quickly as the traffic would permit, Ruddenheim found himself looking with vast approval at the slender girl, with the sparkling gray eyes and cheeks rose-flushed with excitement, who sat beside him. His only regret was that her dress was quiet. His taste inclined to the florid; and though her cloak of white lined with pink, he knew, was in good style, he would have preferred her to wear something more ornate, some rich material that glittered with a wealth of sequins.

'When she is married,' he thought, 'she'll dress better.' And remembering the little store of diamonds that, locked away on the demise of his wife, had for the last half-dozen years paid no interest on the money invested in their purchase, he tried to picture the necklace round Lucie's white throat, the stars in her sunny brown hair. There had been no doubt as to their probable suitability for Miss Seton-Lorimer's adorning; but he could not help feeling that pearls would better enhance Lucie's girlish beauty.

Within the last few weeks Mr Ruddenheim's affections, unknown to himself, had shown indications of veering round from Honoria to her guest. Probably this incipient divergence was owing to the strong facial resemblance between the cousins, and there also youth gave Lucie the advantage. It was as though a purchaser, entering a shop with the intention of procuring an article that had long been exposed for sale in the window, saw a duplicate fresh from its enwrappings, and naturally decided to select it instead of the shop-worn article.

Lucie was all-unconscious of the trend of her guardian's communings. Mr Ruddenheim, in tempting her to accompany him to the Palace, had added as an additional inducement the probability of her there seeing her 'wicked' uncle; but a single glance round that brilliant, laughter-loving audience convinced her that it was not there that he would cross her path. The memory of his care-worn face, of his weary steps when he imagined himself unnoticed, assured her of that. The garish daughter might find fitting background in the smoke-tinctured atmosphere of the gilded hall; not so the sad-eyed father.

'Why, how late it is! After eleven o'clock,' Lucie observed, with tardy contrition, as they drove homewards. 'I'm so glad I left a message. I do hope uncle won't be angry. I had forgotten all about time. I wonder what Honoria will say?'

When they re-entered the flat at Queen's Gate Lucie was not long kept in doubt as to the tenor of Honoria's thoughts.

Miss Seton-Lorimer had not enjoyed the Campden Hill dinner-party. The rooms were hot, and a dilatory guest kept dinner waiting nearly half-an-hour. The absolutely uninteresting man who took her in had—under the mistaken impression that she was a matron—persistently addressed her as 'Mrs;' and the after-dinner entertainment consisted solely of 'ping-pong'—a muscle-racking form of amusement detested by the rigidly corseted Honoria.

Seated in her corner of the brougham as they journeyed home, Honoria, mentally reviewing Mr Ruddenheim's suit, from its promising opening to its present deadlock, traced the apparent falling off in his attentions to the first appearance of Lucie; and her heart waxed hot within her against the cousin whose unexpected coming had checked her glowing anticipations of a speedy and affluent marriage.

She was still brooding over her grievance when, on arrival, the information that Lucie had gone out some hours earlier with Mr Ruddenheim, and had not yet returned, confronted her, and seemed to strengthen her conviction of underhand dealing on Lucie's part.

They had reached home early, and Honoria had ample time to aggravate her wrath by influencing her father against Lucie's frivolity before the culprit-in-chief, still happily excited by the recollection of past enjoyment, and quite unconscious of the impending storm, entered, accompanied by her fellow-sinner.

During Mr Ruddenheim's stay Honoria diplomatically preserved an outwardly suave demeanour, accepted graciously his apologies for taking Lucie out without her uncle's knowledge, and bade him an affable farewell. But the moment the door had closed upon his exit the corked-up vials of her indignation were opened; and the usually languid Honoria, abandoning the drawl that she considered good form, spoke her mind freely and with vehemence.

'No *modest* girl would have gone out at that hour with a man she scarcely knew—and to a music-hall, too. Neither father nor I can understand how you have been brought up.'

'But, Honoria—uncle—I never thought I was doing wrong. If I had I would never have gone. You believe that—don't you?' Lucie, anxious to conciliate, pleaded, turning from the adamantine Honoria to her uncle for sympathy.

Mr Seton-Lorimer had been primed by his daughter, and felt it his duty to lecture Lucie upon her shortcoming.

'Well, Lucie, I regret to say that in my opinion your cousin's view of the case is perfectly correct,' he began pompously. 'No—um—*nice* girl,

no girl of proper breeding, would go out alone with an unmarried man. Your action in so doing was certainly most indiscreet.'

'But he is a widower, and, oh! ever so old,' Lucie cried. 'Besides, I never even thought of him in that way. Why, I might be his daughter!'

To stand by and hear the marauder depreciate the spoil she all-unwittingly had pilfered incensed Honoria beyond bearing. She voiced her anger in words so sharp that they cut Lucie to the quick.

'I shall never speak to Honoria again,' Lucie promised herself in a frenzy of indignation when she reached the shelter of her room. 'And I won't stay a moment longer in this house than I can help. I'll get money from uncle, and go home at once.'

THE ALL-BRITISH CABLE.

By JOHN MUNRO.

THE great submarine cable to connect England through Canada with Australasia was promoted by the well-known engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Sir Sandford Fleming. Even in the seventies, while constructing a telegraph line from Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the Atlantic, to Victoria, Vancouver Island, on the Pacific, he was thinking of its ultimate extension to Australia and New Zealand. In those days a cable direct through the Southern Pacific was believed to be impracticable; therefore the first plan of the promoter was to cross the Northern Pacific, by way of the Aleutian and Kurile Islands, to Japan, where the line would meet the Far Eastern cables to China, Singapore, and Port Darwin. Messages between the mother-country and Australasia were to go through Canada, thus avoiding the Continent. Later information regarding the South Seas was, however, more favourable to the direct route, and the proposal was discussed at a number of preliminary conferences. At Ottawa, in 1894, it was resolved that the cable should be free from foreign control, and a neutral landing-place secured on one of the Hawaiian Islands; but, owing to an agreement with the United States, the Government of Hawaii could not consent.

In 1896 the whole question was referred by the Imperial Government to a committee, under the presidency of the Earl of Selborne, which met in London and examined a large number of experts. It was then decided that the cable was practicable, and that it should be owned and worked by Government, under the management of a Board representing the owners—namely, the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. The all-British route selected was from Vancouver almost due south to Fanning Island, and thence in a zigzag south-west to Fiji, then south-east to Norfolk Island, from which it would branch to Australia and New Zealand.

The total length of the cable, allowing 10 per cent. of 'slack,' would be about seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-six nautical miles. The longest span, between Vancouver and Fanning Island, is about three thousand five hundred and sixty-one miles, including slack. The depth of water on this section is about three thousand fathoms, or three miles. Much of the bottom is globigerina ooze, a raw material of chalk, consisting of the shelly cases of minute organisms which flourish at the surface, and on dying sink to the bottom. The ooze is an excellent bed for the cable, especially as the lime in it preserves the iron-wire of the sheath. In the greater depths of the Pacific the globigerina-cases are dissolved by carbonic acid before they reach the bottom, which is covered with a soft red clay, also a good bed for a cable. Submarine hills, banks, and shoals are dangerous, and it is usual to avoid them. When a cable is laid over the top of a hill or the edge of a bank it hangs in a long bight, and is apt to break with the strain of its own weight either in the laying or after the sheathing has corroded. An Atlantic cable, we are told, hung for over twenty years on a ledge, and eventually was broken. On shoals and coral reefs, again, a cable is likely to chafe through, owing to the action of the waves and tides. Deep holes are troublesome, because it is difficult and sometimes impossible to lift the cable from them for repair; and great pits five miles deep have been found to the north-east of New Zealand. However, such abysses are few and far between. It is probable that hills and hollows exist in the Southern Pacific, and a ship has been surveying the route very carefully, to mark them on the charts, so that the cable-ships may give them a wide berth when they submerge the line.

The section from Fanning Island to Fiji is about two thousand and ninety-three miles long, including slack, and the depth for a considerable part of the way is two thousand seven hundred fathoms, more or less, for the bottom is uneven, and there has been a good deal of volcanic disturbance towards Fiji. The section from Fiji to Norfolk Island is about nine hundred and sixty-one miles, and those from Norfolk Island to Australia and New Zealand are respectively eight hundred and thirty-four and five hundred and thirty-seven nautical miles, including slack. The depth on these latter sections is about two

thousand six hundred fathoms, and the bottom is generally soft, being ooze or clay.

Cables are sometimes ruptured by earthquakes and landslips—for example, in the waters of Greece and the Eastern Archipelago; but there is little evidence of recent volcanic activity along the route of this cable. Even in the neighbourhood of Fiji it is doubtful whether any interruptions will arise from this cause.

The cable is, however, liable to damage by the *Teredo navalis*, or shipworm, which abounds in the shallows, and may be expected in the Pacific. The mollusc perforates the gutta-percha sheathing through to the copper-wires, thus causing a leakage of the current; but by winding a brass tape round the gutta-percha such damage is prevented. Cables are also bitten by some fish with very powerful jaws, on the coasts of China, Brazil, and East Africa—for instance, between Zanzibar and Mozambique, where a bite was picked up in four hundred fathoms; but apparently the cables on the west coast of South America and from Australia to New Caledonia have not been attacked by these unknown pests.

In the early days of Atlantic telegraphy, Lord Kelvin showed that the time taken by an electrical signal to travel through a submarine cable increased not in proportion to the length, but the square of the length. Thus, when the length is doubled, the signal takes four times as long to travel from one end to the other, nine times as long when the distance is trebled, and so on. The speed of signals on the longest section of the Pacific cable, then, will be much slower than on the shorter sections; but for through-traffic the speed of the longest section determines the speed of the entire line.

As the local traffic will not be great, the answer to the question, Will it pay? depends on the speed of the Vancouver to Fanning section. For a given length, the time taken by a signal in passing through a cable increases in proportion to the total electric resistance and the total electrostatic capacity of the insulated conductor—namely, the copper-wire coated with gutta-percha, technically called the core. A small wire thinly coated with gutta-percha has a high resistance and capacity, and consequently a signal takes long to pass—in other words, it gives a comparatively slow speed; but a stout wire thickly coated with gutta-percha gives a comparatively high speed. Therefore, in designing a cable to carry a certain number of words a minute the weight of the core per mile has to be calculated. If the core is too light, the speed will be too slow and perhaps the gutta-percha too thin for insulating purposes; if it is too heavy, the speed may be more than is wanted, should (as in this case) the cable be not altogether intended for commercial gain. A cable unnecessarily heavy would also be too expensive to make, and too unwieldy to lay and repair. A core weighing five hundred and fifty-two pounds of copper and three hundred and sixty-eight pounds of gutta-percha per mile would not be too slow and light for the Vancouver to Fanning section. According to Lord Kelvin, it would give sixty and possibly eighty letters a minute. Again, a core like that of the Anglo-American Atlantic cable of 1894, weighing six hundred and fifty pounds of copper and four hundred pounds of gutta-percha, would not be too fast and heavy. According to Dr Alexander Muirhead, it would give about ninety-five letters a minute. The average English word has five letters; but the tendency to 'skeletonise' and 'code' telegrams makes the average telegraph-word of from eight to ten letters. Moreover, a certain deduction has to be made for signs and short words used by the operators in sending a message, so that the actual number of paying words that such a cable would carry is about eight per minute. At this rate, working eighteen hours a day and three hundred days a year, the cable would carry over two and a half million words per annum. As the through-traffic expected was put by the committee at seven hundred and fifty thousand paying words a year, such a cable is amply sufficient. Unfortunately the Muirhead duplex system of working, which nearly doubles the carrying capacity of a cable, was not considered of much avail on this line for through-transmission, as there is a difference in time of ten hours between Great Britain and Australasia, and hence there are only a few business hours in the day common to both places. The duplex system, however, will be adopted on the shorter cables at the southern end of the line. These cables, of course, not being of the great length of the Vancouver-Fanning section, require only lighter cores. On a basis of seven hundred and fifty thousand words in 1896, with an increase of 10 per cent. per annum, and a through-rate between England and Australasia of three shillings and threepence a word, the committee, allowing for interest on the capital, expense of working and maintaining the line, and providing for a replacement of the capital in fifty years, estimated that the scheme would pay from the very outset.

A Pacific Cable Board was formed, with Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B., as chairman, and including Lord Strathcona, as well as other agents for the colonies interested in the project. The specification for the cable was drawn up by the engineers to the Board, Messrs Clark, Forde, and Taylor, perhaps the oldest consulting firm in the electrical profession. Mr Herbert A. Taylor, from his wide and varied experience in the design, testing, and laying of cables, is regarded as the highest practical authority on the subject; and his partners, Mr R. E. Peake and Mr Arthur Dearlove, are also well known for their experiments and cable-work in different seas.

The contract for the manufacture and laying

of the cable was given to the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company of Greenwich, who supplied the Atlantic cables of 1865 and 1866, laid by the *Great Eastern*, and represent the original firm of Glass, Elliot, & Co., who made part of the first Atlantic cable of 1858, submerged by Sir Charles Bright, in a memorable expedition vividly reported by Mr Nicholas Woods. Their tender, it has been stated, was one million eight hundred and eighty-six thousand pounds for the work.

The section between Vancouver and Fanning, from its great length and depth, is the exceptional feature of the cable. It is, we understand, very like the Anglo-American 1894 Atlantic cable, already mentioned. The process of making a submarine cable has been often described, and is given in much detail by Mr Charles Bright, F.R.S.E., in *Submarine Telegraphs*. The gutta-percha is repeatedly masticated to purify it; then while it is plastic with heat the copper-wire is passed through it and the proper thickness of the coating is given by a die-hole. The core thus made is cooled in water, and if it is destined for seas infested with the *Teredo navalis* a brass tape is wound over it. A layer of tanned jute serves as a bed for the iron or steel wires of the sheathing wound spirally round it. These wires in the deep-sea part of the cable are light and strong to withstand the great strain on the cable due to its own weight in laying and repairing. To keep the water from rusting them, a compound containing gutta-percha and a waterproof tape are employed as a cover. The sheathing for the shore-ends and intermediate or moderate depths is of a heavier type to resist anchors, shocks from boulders, or other disturbances.

All the materials and every part of the cable are carefully tested from the beginning to the end of the work, so that any flaw may be discovered and remedied before the cable is laid. A tiny air-bubble or a delicate fibre in the gutta-percha is enough to spoil the entire cable, and the repair may cost many thousands of pounds. The pressure of the sea at great depths, as in the Pacific, forces the air-bubble into the gutta-percha, thus tearing a hole in it, which allows the electricity to leak. The fluff also causes the current to leak, and as the leakage gets stronger a hole is burnt in the core by electrical action. Accordingly it is now the practice to subject the drums of core while in the factory to a pressure of water equal to or exceeding that of the greatest depth it is likely to lie in, so as to burst any air-bubbles in it; and also to send alternating currents of six or seven thousand volts through the conductor in order to burn out any fibres or similar flaws in the gutta-percha before it is passed to the sheathing-machines.

After it is made, the cable is coated with whitewash and coiled in tanks under water until it is transferred into the tanks of the cable-ships.

The contractors have built a new cable-ship, the *Colonia*, to help in the work. She is the largest vessel of the kind, and will submerge the Vancouver to Fanning section. We are informed that the *Anglia*, another of the contractors' vessels, the next largest cable-ship afloat, began the laying of the southern sections first. By March of this year the s.s. *Anglia* had laid the two southern branches of this cable—namely, to New Zealand and Australia—upon which an exchange of messages took place between the Postmaster of New Zealand and Mr Chamberlain. It had touched Fiji in April. The whole is to be finished by the end of the year.

A provisional landing-place for the northern shore-end was found at Kelp Bay, about a hundred miles from Victoria, Vancouver Island, but may be abandoned for a better. The least promising place to land at is Fanning Island, an atoll not unlike a pie-dish, with a narrow rim of land surrounding a lagoon filled with coral. Suva in Fiji, Norfolk Island, the northern end of New Zealand, and Southport near Brisbane are, it appears, favourable for the laying of the shore-ends.

A 'curb-key' will be used in sending the signals, at least on the longer sections. This device, originally suggested by Lord Kelvin, curbs the sending current so that no more enters the line than is needed to make a readable signal on the receiving instrument at the far end, thus quickening the speed of a message. The receiving instruments will be the 'mirror' and 'siphon recorder' of Lord Kelvin. Dr Muirhead's artificial line will be employed in duplexing the southern sections.

The staff at the isolated stations will live in quarters and mess together. Many telegraph clerks are located in queer places. Cocos Island, on the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company's new line to Australia, will be pretty bad, since the highest point is said not to rise more than five feet above the sea; but Fanning Island, with its rim of land shaded by coco-nut palms, will certainly rival it.

The cable will be maintained in working order by two repairing-ships. In time of war the stations will be protected by troops, and fast cruisers will doubtless patrol the line in order to prevent hostile ships from cutting it. As soon as convenient, a duplicate cable will be laid, either along the same route or *vid* Honolulu, unless the wireless or ether telegraph is taken into service.

A COMEDY OF PEARLS.

CHAPTER III.—SUSPICIONS.

ROSAMUND tossed about unable to sleep till near dawn, when she fell into a heavy slumber just as the early thrushes began to sing. At seven o'clock she woke up and rang her bell. Not till she heard Johnson fumbling with the lock did she remember that she had bolted herself in.

'See if the Colonel is awake,' she said as she admitted the maid; 'and if so, say I should like to speak to him.'

'He've gone two hours ago to the meet of otter-hounds at Begbie,' said the girl, whose red eyes testified to a night as restless as her mistress's. 'And oh, Miss Rosamund, have they pearls turned up?'

'I meant to have searched as soon as it was light,' said Rosamund, her agitation returning; 'but I overslept. I had such dreams! Go and look round the balcony, Johnson, while I dress.'

Five minutes later she was bustling out into the corridor, when she cannoned into Aunt Catherine, whose one energetic virtue was the habit of getting up betimes to feed her chickens. She held in her hand a platter of Indian corn; her face was anguished.

'Oh Rosamund, find me my glasses!' she implored. 'There are nine new little ones, and I can't see how they're marked.'

'But, Aunt Catherine, my pearls are gone!' wailed Rosamund; and the good-natured, indolent old lady, caught by the fright and distress which trembled in her niece's voice, stopped and turned pale.

'Gone! How gone?' she gasped. Rosamund burst into tears.

'I don't know. I can't think,' she sobbed, clinging to the kind arm stretched out towards her. 'I had them in my hand last night upon the balcony—and Charley clasped them on my neck before he went—and then I went to bed and found I hadn't got them. And I came out and looked, and Johnson looked; and oh, Aunt Catty, we can't find them anywhere!'

'Why, child, you've put them somewhere safely and forgotten it,' suggested Aunt Catherine cheerfully. 'Come, come, you mustn't frighten yourself like this. That's just the very way to forget everything you did. You know they can't be gone. Who could have taken them?'

'It warn't me, Mrs Hambledon,' broke in Johnson. 'I take my gospel oath I never see'd them.'

'Hold your tongue, you foolish girl!' said Aunt Catherine sharply. 'If you didn't suggest that, nobody would ever think of it.—There, there, Rosamund! cheer up,' she went on; 'we shall find them right enough. Do you know, I've got an idea already. You say Mr Henderson clasped them on your neck'——

'Yes; I had them in my hand.'

'Well, I suspect he didn't. Probably he saw they weren't very safe with you, and took them away to keep them safely till the morning.'

'Do you think so?' asked Rosamund, catching at the hope. 'But no, he wouldn't do that, because'——

'Because what?'

'Because I said something that made him angry. I can't tell you what.'

'Well, it can do no harm to ask. I'm going to send a note over to him at once. I'll come back in a few minutes, and then we'll search everywhere together.'

The second search failed like the first; and two very glum-faced ladies sat down to breakfast that morning, trembling at the knowledge that the whole story must now be told to the Colonel. The meal was scarcely touched by either, and it was over before Aunt Catherine's messenger returned to say that Mr Henderson had gone into Exeter, and would not be back until the afternoon.

'Unlucky!' observed Aunt Catherine. 'We must do our best without him. I think I hear your father driving up. Courage, child; I don't see that you're to blame, and I won't have you bullied.'

'Well, Rosamund! Well, Catherine!' cried the Colonel, bustling in with high good-humour. 'I've brought back Captain Hicks to breakfast. We've had a splendid morning, and Hicks is very hungry. By-and-by you must show him the pearls, for he knew the Maharanee, and has a story about that very set, which he'll tell you when you've fed him, I dare say.'

'The pearls are gone, daddy!' blurted out Rosamund.

Aunt Catherine broke off in the midst of her cordial welcome to the Captain. Colonel Curtis fell back a step and looked from one to the other with a changing face.

'Gone! What do you mean?' he asked testily. 'How frightened you look, child! Speak out. What is it?'

'You don't mean stolen, surely, Miss Curtis?' demanded Captain Hicks, pressing forward eagerly.

'I don't know, daddy; I don't really,' Rosamund protested. Then, as she saw how stern the Colonel's face was growing, she broke out, 'Oh, don't be angry with me! I meant to take care of them. I did indeed.'

'Gently, James; you must be gentle with her,'

said Aunt Catherine, slipping round to stand beside the culprit.

'Pshaw!—nonsense!' snapped the Colonel. 'She must tell me what has happened.—My good girl, do you know the value of those pearls? They're worth a little fortune. Tell me exactly what you did with them.—I say, Hicks, what a fool I was to let her have them!'

'They might have gone from you just as easily,' replied his friend, bristling with excitement. ''Pon my soul, I thought those pearls would make more bother some day. Let me ask Miss Curtis a few questions. It's my business as Chief Constable. And do send a groom on your fastest horse for my man Wilkinson.'

'I'll send for the Archdeacon if you like,' said the Colonel, shrugging his shoulders. 'He'll be just as much use. If the pearls are gone, I know well enough where.'

But he rang the bell and gave the order.

'Now then, my dear Miss Curtis,' said the Chief Constable, 'don't be frightened, but just tell me where you saw the pearls last. Were you indoors or out?'

'I was on the balcony,' Rosamund answered shortly. She resented the intrusion of this stranger element into a domestic trouble, and thought Captain Hicks would have shown good taste if he had gone away.

'Yes, yes,' noted the investigator with eagerness; 'out of doors, in sight of the shrubbery. Just as I expected. There was a full moon—a good light—wasn't there? Ay, ay; and you were wearing the necklace'——

'I had it in my hand at first.'

'Of course—of course. And then you put it on.'

'What in the name of wonder is there remarkable in that?' demanded the Colonel, who was strutting up and down, trying to curb his impatience. 'Why can't you let the girl say simply what she did?'

'Sh! sh!' said Captain Hicks, far too much preoccupied to pay the least attention to his host.

'My dear Miss Curtis,' he said, 'if you'd known what I know about those pearls, the last thing you would have thought of doing would be to show yourself out of doors alone wearing them.'

'But I wasn't alone,' answered Rosamund crossly; 'Mr Henderson was with me. And oh! if you know where to look for my necklace, I wish you'd do it without all these questions.'

'Then Henderson was there! That's rather lucky for you, I suspect. If you'd been alone there might have been a worse story to tell.'

'Pooh!—nonsense!' broke in the Colonel angrily. 'How fanciful you are, Hicks! I tell you I wasn't followed. Do you think I'm a greenhorn in these matters? Should I have given the child those pearls if there had been an ounce of danger clinging to them?'

'I quite believe you thought there was none,' said the Chief Constable dryly. 'You don't know those devils at the Maharanee's Court as I do. Good heavens! to think that old tale should dive up after all these years, and here in quiet Devon!'

'It hasn't dived up! It's all decently buried,' insisted the Colonel in a tone of weary patience. 'Rosamund, tell me where you put the pearls when you went to bed.'

'I didn't put them anywhere, daddy. I was just going to lock them up when I felt for them and found I hadn't got them.'

'That's it; that makes it all clear,' cried Captain Hicks in high excitement. Aunt Catherine gazed at him as if he had gone mad. 'You laid them down on the balcony, without thinking what you were doing, left them for a few minutes, and in that short interval Jungar Dass, who had been watching from the shrubbery'——

'Oh, you fantastic fellow!' said the Colonel, shrugging his shoulders, 'you've got the truth under your eyes and you won't look at it.—Why in the name of all folly didn't you call me last night, child? There, don't cry; I'm not angry with you. You're more sinned against than sinning.'

'What do you mean by that?' Rosamund flashed out, catching some inkling of what he meant. 'You can't think of accusing Charley.'

'I accuse no one,' said the Colonel. 'But I mean to know where those pearls went.'

'Now, you two very clever people,' said Aunt Catherine, 'I think we'll leave you to have your breakfast and talk this over. Each of you seems to know quite well where the jewels are; so Rosamund and I may just as well go and rest. We don't want to talk about it any more just now, Captain Hicks. I'm sure you will excuse us.'

'Don't let any of the servants go out,' called the Colonel, while Captain Hicks opened the door and let them pass with a few words of politeness.

'Upon my soul,' he said as he came back, 'this case has brought back my youth.'

'It's my belief you're glad the pearls are gone,' observed the Colonel, watching him sourly.

'Glad? Infernally glad! So would you be if you knew the kind of cases I spend my time on here.'

'Well, you're a nice friendly fellow! I gave the best part of four thousand pounds for that necklace, and you're glad it's gone.'

'Yes, yes, because it proves me right. I'm sorry for your misfortune, of course; but you know I wrote to you when I first heard about the sale, and warned you not to touch them.'

'I'd buy them again to-morrow if I could,' said the Colonel, setting his jaw obstinately.

'Of course you would. Because you're a pig-

headed old chap who's never in the wrong. Now, if you formed your judgments as carefully as I do'——

'Oh, do eat your breakfast, man!' implored the Colonel. 'That's just the way you used to talk when I first joined, and I never listened to you.'

'That's true enough; and allow me to remark that it was not I who suffered by the neglect.'

The Colonel growled. 'What do you know of Henderson?' he asked.

'Why can't you stick to one subject?' demanded his friend. 'That's just like you—always wandering from point to point. Why, Henderson is exactly the fine, good-hearted fellow that his father was, only a long sight more straight and cautious about money.'

'You're full of original views to-day,' observed the Colonel sarcastically. 'You never heard he was a gambler, I suppose?'

'Now, I do wonder, Curtis,' said the Chief Constable, laying down his knife and fork—'I do really wonder whether you've got into your thick head the notion that Henderson had anything to do with this affair.'

'And if I had, what then—eh?'

'Why, nothing much,' spluttered his old comrade; 'only it would convict you of an astounding lack of all power of judging men, and it would show that you possess a capacity for stringing facts together in the wrong way which is nothing short of marvellous; and I'm not sure that it wouldn't reflect seriously on your heart and your kindness and your charity. Yes, my good fellow, and on your common-sense too; I give you my word for it. But that's all; and if you don't care for that, there's no reason why I should.'

'Now, to me,' said the Colonel, going on with his breakfast coolly, 'that idea—which I don't say I hold—seems a good deal less wild than your own notion about Jungar Dass.'

'Wild or tame, it's all infernal nonsense,' said Captain Hicks.

'Well,' said the Colonel, 'of all the wrong-headed, positive people'—— His sentence remained unfinished, for the footman, opening the door, announced 'Mr Charles Henderson.'

'Here he is to answer for himself,' cried the ruffled guardian of the county's peace. 'My dear Henderson, you come in the nick of time, and we're both delighted to see you.'

'Yes, delighted,' echoed the Colonel, getting up more slowly. He had a little frown upon his face. 'You weren't at the meet this morning, Henderson. I thought you were so keen after otter.'

'I had to go into Exeter on business,' said Charles shortly, glancing from one man to the other, with a consciousness that storm was in the air. 'I'm sorry for it, if you had any occasion for desiring to see me. I found a message from you waiting for me on my return, and came over at once.'

'Thanks!' said the Colonel; 'but it was from Mrs Hambledon. No, don't go to look for her just yet. I want to tell you that Rosamund has lost her pearls.'

'Lost her pearls! In this short time! Impossible!' cried Charles. 'She had them all right when I went away last night.'

'Not impossible at all, my dear boy,' interposed Captain Hicks, 'but all quite simple, if you'll just listen for a moment to the past history of those jewels'——

'Be quiet, Hicks,' said the Colonel, thrusting him back. 'Before he hears your theory I want to know whether he can suggest any other explanation.'

Hicks turned away with an impatient exclamation. Charles gazed from one to the other in perplexity.

'Sit down, Henderson,' said the Colonel, cool and courteous as ever. 'Take a cigar—those may be rather mild for you. You see, Rosamund can't remember in the least what she did with her pearls after you left her. She saw no one after you had gone until she went to her own room and found she had not got them. Now, you were with her for some time. Have you anything to tell us that will help to a solution of the mystery?'

Charles hesitated for a moment. Instantly there flashed across his mind the memory of Rosamund, as she leaned towards him on the balcony, swinging the necklace and offering it to him. Was it possible that she herself——

'I should like to see Rosamund,' he said, half-rising.

'I should prefer your answering my question first, if you will be so very good,' said the Colonel, quite unable to keep out of his voice a slight ring of suspicion and dislike. Charles caught the intonation, though he did not fully understand the cause.

'I am afraid I can tell you nothing that is likely to be of use,' he said rather stiffly. 'I made her clasp the necklace on her neck before I went. Of course I never saw it afterwards.'

'It was rather odd that you should have to make her do that,' suggested the Colonel. 'Why was she unwilling?'

'That I can't tell you.'

'But I think you must know, my dear Henderson,' insisted the Colonel, with a deadly courtesy, 'you really ought not to keep back from us anything that may be important.'

'I am not at all likely to do so,' retorted Charles, not without hauteur. 'Rosamund was a little distressed. She was in many moods. I can't trace or account for each.'

'I didn't ask that. But surely you can tell me'——

'My dear Colonel Curtis,' said Charles, getting up and speaking very frigidly, 'you must forgive me if I tell you that you are not entitled to know what passed between Rosamund and myself.

Moreover, sir, I can't help feeling that your questions set towards a certain suspicion of my own action in this matter.'

'Not at all—not at all,' protested the Colonel, shocked to hear his half-formed thoughts expressed so plainly.

'If that suspicion is ever formulated,' Charles went on, 'I shall know how to deal with it. In the meantime I shall prefer to stand aside altogether.'

'My good fellow!—my dear Henderson!' cried the Chief Constable, 'let me assure you that nobody could possibly suspect'——

'If nobody does, that's all right,' rejoined Charles in his most icy voice. 'Meanwhile I don't see that I can be of the least use here, and as I am much occupied this morning, I shall take the liberty of attending to my own affairs.'

With the slightest possible bow he left the room, leaving behind him two men who gazed at each other in blank dismay.

'Well, you have made a ghastly mess of it!' observed the Chief Constable irritably. 'I'm sure I wish I hadn't let you say a word. What made you fly out at an upright gentleman like that?'

'I'm sure I never let out what was in my mind,' said the Colonel penitently. 'I only wanted to reassure myself.'

'He'd have been a blind ass if he hadn't seen what you meant. But, thank Heaven! here's Wilkinson. Now we'll examine the servants and make some progress.'

WITH DICKENS IN HATTON GARDEN.

MY client, Mr James C. Fairfield, of Chicago, U.S.A., rose to go; but his eye fell upon Gray's Inn Hall, and he stood gazing on it out of my office window as if loath to depart. He had come to me as a stranger upon a formal matter of business relating to his identification at a mercantile house in the City; and, as his credentials were unexceptionable, I had seen the thing through for him.

There was not much of the typical American in his speech or manner; but it must be confessed that he showed a reluctance to disclose his second Christian name, and he pronounced the word Chicago in a way that defied the imitative powers of an Englishman. His countenance, though remotely suggestive of the Red Indian type, was refined and gracious; his more than fifty winters had dried him up rather than aged him, and his tall form was spare and willowy.

To-day he had asked for my bill of costs; and, after glancing at the total, he had paid the amount. At the same time he had hinted with perfect taste and manifest good faith that he feared he had been more trouble to me than he was worth. Then he had settled himself down to read the items. They certainly were rather wordy, and as he waded through them I fancied, from the expression of his face, that he was still a little sorry that I had gone through so much to get so little. As he continued to read he now and again made a pause as if dwelling upon a word or phrase; and at length he said, as if to himself, 'The English law language is very suggestive; it reminds one of the Sonnets.' I knew that Peacock, my costs-clerk, was an extremely old-fashioned person, and loved to use words and phrases only to be met with nowadays in deeds; but I felt that, though these might have an Elizabethan smack about them, a client who could trace a connection between old Peacock's entries and the Sonnets of Shakespeare was no ordinary person.

So it was not without interest that I watched Mr Fairfield gazing across the placid square upon the old hall of Gray's Inn. Nor was it without sympathy; for the lack-lustre eye with which most of my visitors regarded that prospect had often chafed me not a little.

'It's more than three hundred years old—isn't it?' he said at length.

'Yes. It's more than that since it was "re-edified"—whatever that word may mean,' I answered.

'Folks say that Shakespeare once acted in it,' he continued.

'Yes, they say he helped to perform the *Comedy of Errors* there; and certainly Queen Elizabeth has been there, to say nothing of Bacon, and scores and scores of other eminent persons. It has, too, been used as a court of justice. An old clerk of mine remembered Lord Chancellor Eldon sitting there.'

Mr James C. Fairfield drew a deep breath, and there was a wistful look in his eyes as he continued to gaze across the square.

'The lines have fallen to you, sir, in pleasant places,' said he at length, with evident sincerity. After another pause he added abruptly, 'But Charles Dickens did not like your Gray's Inn. He called it one of the most depressing institutions in brick and mortar known to the children of men.'

'He had reason,' I answered. 'He remembered it as a place of servitude! But it was a pity that he kept on hating it all his life.' I spoke with some feeling, for the Inn holds a warm corner in my heart, and the unkind things said about it in the *Uncommercial Traveller* are hard to bear. Mr Fairfield gazed at me with an unmistakable accession of interest, and, with a shyness of manner quite new in him, asked me if I had

ever seen the Hatton Garden police-court. 'I know it has been shut up for many years,' he added; 'but I want to find it.'

I had heard of the police-court in question, but I had no notion of its whereabouts, so I merely shook my head.

'The truth is,' said my client, with a sudden effort, as if he had determined to make a clean breast of things, 'some of us in Chicago think a deal of Dickens. I'm badly bitten myself, and I've spent a lot of time in your City here following up his tracks. I've covered most of the ground; but I've not located the police-office where Mr Fang bullied Oliver Twist, and what's more, I don't know anybody who has. Maybe some of the books on Dickens tell one all about it; but I haven't come across any such. I've no doubt all the detail set out in the book was photographically correct—trust Charles Dickens for that!—and I want to find the place if it's to be found. But I dare say your *clientèle* doesn't bring you near police-courts,' he added politely, with a return to his ordinary manner.

'It must be sixty years since *Oliver Twist* was published,' said I.

'Dickens wrote it in 1837. He actually had both that and *Pickwick* in hand at the same time, and was not even a week in advance of the printer with either. Think of that, sir! It's plain from Forster's *Life* that the court was in full blast then, for he tells us that Dickens was smuggled into the place so that he might study Fang's ways. The man's name was really Laing, and Dickens's description led the authorities to take an early opportunity of showing him the door.'

'Let us go and find the place,' said I, and I took up my hat.

I did not make this offer entirely in my client's interest; for, if a man should speak truly, I am a bit of a Dickensite myself, and it struck me almost as a reproach that, though for many years I had practised within a stone's-throw of Hatton Garden, it had never occurred to me to ascertain where the police-office described in *Oliver Twist* used to stand.

Mr James C. Fairfield accepted my offer with grave politeness, but without any show of enthusiasm. I noticed, however, as we turned out of the Inn into Holborn, a gleam in his eye which betokened that the hunt was up with him, and that any trail, however faint, would be followed up to the death. Before starting I had stipulated that I should be allowed to conduct the chase in my own way; and, somewhat to my companion's surprise, I headed not towards Hatton Garden, but in the opposite direction. When, however, he found that I had conducted him to the library of the Law Institution in Chancery Lane, and had entrenched myself behind a rampart of old Law Lists and Post-Office London Directories, his doubts vanished, and, peering over my shoulder, he followed my quest with evident eagerness.

It was not long before we found something. The Directories did not begin until the year 1840, but the Law Lists went back for many years earlier. I began at 1836, and the Law List for that year showed that there was then a Hatton Garden police-court in existence, and that three magistrates, one of whom was A. S. Laing, Esquire, were attached to it; but there was no information as to its exact locality. The Law Lists for the four succeeding years were no more explicit on this point, though they showed that between 1836 and 1838 A. S. Laing, Esquire, had ceased to administer justice in Hatton Garden. This greatly excited my client.

'Dickens had smashed him sure enough,' he said.

I put the Law Lists aside, and broke new ground with the Directory for 1840. Here we drew a blank, for though the police-court was mentioned, no address was given; but the Directory for 1841 made amends for all. No sooner had I turned to the page relating to police-offices than my client's eye travelled over it with lightning rapidity, and I heard in my ear an excited whisper, 'No. 54 Hatton Garden.'

Before long we were in the street, on our way eastward; and the long thin gentleman in the closely buttoned frock-coat and sharply pointed patent-leather shoes had regained his composure, and was outwardly as calm as Fate and as cold as Charity.

With malice aforethought I led him down Southampton Buildings and through Staple Inn. Here he seemed on familiar ground, and as he drew near No. 10 he put on a *pince-nez* and let the conversation languish. When we got opposite to it his face lit up; and, fixing his eyes on the tablet over the doorway which bears the inscription, 'P. J. T. 1747,' he waved a greeting to it. But he did not stop nor did he say anything. His thoughts were with Mr Grewgious and the other characters in *Edwin Drood;* but he kept his illusions to himself. I honoured his reticence, and even felt it a little difficult not to let him know that I too loved the Master's unfinished book, and never passed that old house without a mental greeting.

We passed under the old gateway of Staple Inn into the roar of Holborn, and made our way towards the Circus. My client knew as well as I did where Hatton Garden lay; and when we came to the statue of the Prince Consort which is just in front of it, he said, 'There are many of the original houses still left, though they look so stout that one can hardly believe that they are the very buildings of which John Evelyn saw the foundations laid in sixteen-fifty-nine. He said they were designed for a little town, and that the place was lately an ample garden.'

He had culled this fragment of guide-book in-

formation from a little sheaf of notes which he had been consulting as we came along. I received it without protest, but made a mental note to give him a Roland for his Oliver before I had done with him.

Hatton Garden lay before us. It was true that many of the houses were old; but some of them had been modernised almost out of recognition, and at anything but rare intervals an unmistakably new building showed itself. The shop-fronts which had taken the places of many of the original ground-floors, and the trade advertisements which met the eye on every side, to say nothing of the bustle of the traffic, made the street as unlike the fashionable thoroughfare of Evelyn's day as that thoroughfare was unlike the ample garden which he remembered and which Shakespeare knew.*

Mr Fairfield was deep in his memoranda. 'The Dodger and Charley Bates,' said he reflectively, 'picked old Brownlow's pocket on Clerkenwell Green. I have identified that place: the Clerkenwell Sessions House stands there. The police-office was quite near at hand, and this points to it being some distance from Holborn.'

As I could see that the numbering of Hatton Garden began on the east side of the end at which we were standing, and that the numbers ran consecutively, there was no disputing the justice of Mr Fairfield's conclusion. We proceeded along the east side of the street, and found that many tokens of its former stateliness still remained. Some of the elaborately carved and fluted doorways would have made suitable and most imposing entrances to family vaults; and here and there, through open doors, we caught glimpses of tessellated marble pavements and the heavy carved balustrades of ancient staircases.

At the corner of Charles Street I paused to administer my topographical tit-for-tat.

'That tavern,' said I, pointing to the Globe Restaurant on the other side of the way, 'is not without historical associations. When Sir George Barclay was hatching his plot to assassinate William III., that house was one of the places at which he and his fellow-conspirators used to meet.'

My client regarded the structure with much interest, and proceeded to add a note to the sheaf of memoranda which fluttered in his hand. When, however, he sought to cross-examine me for further particulars, I thought it wise to confess that the *State Trials* was my sole authority, and that I could add nothing to what I had said, and could not even vouch that the tavern before us was the actual structure in existence in 1696.

'I will look further into the matter,' he said. 'I will drop in some evening and question the landlord; no doubt he will know all the traditions of his house.' The promise of this scheme seemed so fair to my client that I thought it would be unkind to cast a doubt upon it.

As we drew near the northern end of Hatton Garden, and the numbers were nearly approaching the fifties, Mr Fairfield showed signs of severe mental strain. Whenever we passed a newly built house he eyed it mournfully; and when we reached No. 50, and found it to be brand-new, and a few houses ahead saw another undoubtedly modern structure, his countenance was wrapped in gloom. Even I was conscious of a slight feeling of apprehension. The next three houses were all old. No. 52 arrested our progress for a moment, as it bore a coat-of-arms carved on the pediment of its doorway, and a little above it the shield was repeated in miniature on each side of the house-front.

At the next house but one we stopped, and a sigh of relief burst from my companion. It was manifestly a very old house, and under the spacious double fanlight over the entrance were the figures 54. It was a substantial dwelling of three stories, each one of which showed a line of three windows warped with age, and on the ground-floor the space of the third window was taken up by the doorway. The door stood open, and beyond it, at the end of a short entrance-hall, somewhat poorly panelled, was another door crowned with a fanlight through which could be seen part of an old-fashioned staircase. The house was divided from the pavement by a railed area of no great depth, and the whole of the premises were apparently in the occupation of a commercial firm.

'It's the place sure enough,' said my companion breathlessly. 'Let us step just inside.'

The hall was by no means impressive; but the door-chain, which was an iron cable of very fair thickness and of sufficient length to extend across the full width of the entrance, and also certain evidences which the door itself presented that at one time it could be secured from the outside by an iron bar, spoke eloquently of the fact that in former days Hatton Garden had for its immediate neighbour a district seething with crime.

'I want to trace the progress of events just as they are set out in the book,' said Mr Fairfield, whose usually placid countenance was flushed with excitement. 'My note says that Oliver was brought through two or three streets and down a place called Mutton Hill, when he was led beneath a low archway and up a dirty court into the police-office by the back way. We've got to find that back way, and I guess it's round yonder.'

He pointed northwards, and started off at a brisk trot. Twenty or thirty yards brought him to the corner of Hatton Wall, and he turned down it at a pace that recalled to my mind poor Oliver's dash for freedom. Fortunately no one

* My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.
Richard III., Act iii. sc. 4.

cried 'Stop thief!' after the American citizen as he disappeared round the corner, his shoes twinkling in the sunshine and his ample vestment blowing out behind him. By the time I too had turned the corner he was thirty or forty yards ahead. In another instant he had come to a sudden stop, and, regardless of appearances, was waving me forward with his hat. When I got up to him I found that he was standing in front of a tavern, and that under a portion of the premises there ran an archway giving access to a narrow passage called Hatton Yard, which evidently led to the backs of the houses in Hatton Garden. At the end of the side-street in which we were standing, and only a few yards ahead of us, ran Great Saffron Hill.

We were both through the archway in the twinkling of an eye, and found that the passage into which it led was bordered on one side by stables, and on the other by certain low, irregular structures which had evidently been built in recent times over the back-gardens of the houses in Hatton Garden. It was easy to see that when that street was a residential quarter of some pretension the houses were provided with stabling in the rear, and that the passage in which we were standing gave access to it. The place was decidedly unlovely, and my companion's face was very downcast as we examined it; for, though it was easy to locate with tolerable accuracy the back of No. 54, no trace of an entrance was visible.

'Oliver was taken into a small paved yard at the back of the police-office, where the cells were,' said he, with a melancholy visage; 'but it seems clear that we can't follow him. Some accursed buildings must have been erected over the yard, or at all events over the approach to it. The place was open enough when Dickens saw it, for when Nancy was sent to find out what had happened to Oliver at the police-office, she went in by the back way and tapped with her keys on the cell doors, and made inquiries of the occupants. It was a nice, free-and-easy way of keeping prisoners,' he added.

We made our way back to the main thoroughfare, and stood once more in front of No. 54.

'The police-office,' said my companion, consulting his notes, 'was a front parlour with a panelled wall. Can there be any doubt that the room before us is the parlour in question?'

I applied the full force of my mind to this knotty problem, and at length felt justified in intimating with proper judicial gravity that I thought the matter admitted of no doubt whatever. Mr Fairfield bent himself over the area railings and peered through one of the windows of the ground-floor.

'The room *is* panelled,' he gasped; 'I can see it distinctly. It is panelled all over. In that very room, sir, the magistrate sat behind a bar at the upper end—that means the end farthest from us—and on one side of the door—the very door that gives upon the entrance-hall—was a sort of wooden pen in which they put Oliver; and standing by the bar was a bluff old fellow in a striped waistcoat. Man alive! can't you picture the whole scene?'

I did not answer this question. Out of sheer perverseness I preferred to stir up the enthusiast rather than sympathise with him, so I made a philistine remark to the effect that the whole scene was fictitious. But, though the enthusiast was in a state of considerable exaltation, he was not to be drawn in this fashion. He turned a quick, suspicious glance upon me; and my face betrayed me. The wrath in his eyes gave place to a twinkle, and something not far removed from a wink fluttered in one of them. I had fully expected to be denounced for a soulless hog; but he kept silence for a few moments, and then, clothed again in his wonted placidity, he said, 'It isn't so much because Dickens has described these places that we take an interest in them. It's not so much because he used them as a stage for his characters. It 's because we know that he went over every inch of the ground himself. So when we see these places they seem to bring us near *him*. I feel that way now, sir, for'—here he placed a hand on my arm and pointed to the windows before us—'Charles Dickens has been in that room.' He uttered this with so much reverence that I felt abashed.

'And are you going to knock at the room door and ask if you may enter it?' I asked at length.

'No, sir, I am not,' was the Johnsonian answer; and after a pause he added, 'The Dickens folks in Chicago will be pleased to hear that I did not try to force my way inside.'

THE SONG OF THE CHILDREN OF RHODES.

A VERSION FROM THE ORIGINAL GREEK.

THE swallow is here
With the sweet of the year,
The beautiful spring.
Snow-white is his breast,
Dark as night is his crest.
Of your courtesy bring
Out a cake, and explore
Your bountiful store
For a goblet of wine.
A basket of cheese
Too, and porridge of peas,
With bread kneaded fine,
The swallow requests.
If you grant our behests
We'll be good. But say nay,
Then lintel and gate,
Nest and snug little mate,
We will carry away.
But if you are kind,
Good luck you shall find.
So, doors open all
To the swallow to-day!
'Tis children at play,
Not grown-ups, who call!

OLIVER GREY.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE BUYING OF PICTURES: ITS THEORY, PRACTICE, AND ROMANCE.

By HARRY QUILTER.

I.

OF all things which are not actually necessary to daily life, pictures are perhaps those most frequently purchased without special knowledge and adequate selection. The whole business is conducted in a hugger-mugger fashion, without consistent principle or given plan. The object of this paper is to suggest that such principle is not only desirable but necessary, and that such plan can be formulated in simple English and without undue complexity.

The first necessity is to clear our minds of cant and our actions of pretence. In other words, we must decide only to have the pictures that we like, whether our tastes accord with those of the majority or not. Otherwise the fine-art dealer and the well-informed friend have us at once in their grip. They will insist on our having such-and-such an example of this or that popular painter; and the picture, when bought, will consequently mean nothing to us but a conviction, somewhat insecurely founded, that we have bought what we ought to have bought, ere we 'coom'd awaay.'

We will not even pretend to ourselves that the pictures we buy are necessarily the best. Why assume a good taste to which we cannot live up, if we possess it not? I think it probable that a person will get more good, as well as more happiness, out of a comparatively indifferent picture which he really likes, than out of a first-rate one which says nothing to him.

Remember also this: that pictures are painted, so to speak, in many languages, and can only be appreciated by those who know the tongue. This is to say, that if a picture depends for its beauty on certain refinements of colour, and we are insensitive to such subtlety, it is not one which we should wisely purchase. The same, *mutatis mutandis*, is true of form, and again the same of chiaroscuro—this last, especially, which gives the greatest delight to many people, being absolutely repulsive to others. Without analysing the various dialects, we may sum up this portion of the matter by saying that the picture-buyer should take every lawful advantage to ensure his future enjoyment. He should look for what specially interests and pleases him, entirely neglecting that which pleases and interests others.

Let me be clearly understood. This advice is not given with the idea of training the æsthetic faculty. It is simply the common-sense method of proceeding by which the man in the street can extract from his picture-purchases the utmost amount of satisfaction possible to him. Were I to deal with the question from the point of view of what is ideally desirable, a very different series of considerations and principles would have to be suggested. But I am simply exploding a fallacy skilfully concocted by shopkeeper and journalist for the confusion of the vulgar; that fallacy being that people ought all to buy, because they ought to like, the same pictures. They ought to do nothing of the kind. Let us take an average couple of the upper middle-class, and see what help can be given them which shall be, so far as it goes, applicable, without knowing their personal tastes. Let us, in short, struggle for two or three first principles in the purchase of pictures.

Now, to some extent, the same problems will await all such people. They must determine for colour or black-and-white; for oil-painting, water-colour drawing, or reproduction; the questions of size and shape will come in, and that of expenditure; the number of rooms in their house must be considered, and whether each chamber is to have its set of pictures; the rank of their friends and themselves will also be a factor in choice; and it is only when all these considerations have

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been given their due value that those of personal idiosyncrasy will come up for solution. From the above list one point of primary importance has been omitted—as it is, indeed, usually omitted by the picture-buyer—and that is the question of decoration; but this more properly belongs to the subject of the right hanging and disposition of pictures in a dwelling-house.

Let us return to the young couple whom we have kept waiting so long. We will give them an income of one thousand pounds and a double-belled house in a desirable locality, and suppose that they wish to make that house into their home. What, so far as the purchase of pictures is concerned, should be their first step? I suppose it will sound very Irish to say that they should not buy any. Certainly such omission will provoke a howl from prudent relations, and a discreet smile from æsthetic friends. Yet it is evidently best to start with none at all. Reasons? Oh yes, plenty of reasons. Till you have lived in a house a short time (to take the first), you do not know what the light is like; and till that knowledge is obtained you do not know what kind of pictures are the most suitable. Again, most houses have papers on the walls, or at all events some colour, distemper, or paint; and till you know this accurately you cannot tell the picture which will be in or out of harmony with it. Anyway, it needs some little time to find out in which room you will *live*. No matter how many rooms there be, only one will be lived in. Special things are done in other rooms, and may, indeed, take up three-quarters of the time; but *life* goes on only in one; and where the life is, there should the pictures be: 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.'

Then, supposing this to be an open-minded couple, and one fresh to life, they will have to deal with the great question, which cannot be determined absolutely — the question of oil or water-colour. There is still another question left unconsidered here intentionally — namely, the choice between colour and monochrome work. I omit it because the object of this paper is to suggest points concerning the purchase of original work, not reproduction, however accomplished. There are far too many thousands of pounds wasted in the purchase of etchings, engravings, photogravures, &c., which are frequently bought by people who do not appreciate them and are ignorant of the subjects they represent, thinking that because popular they are safe purchases, and that no one can criticise such except favourably. These buyers are like the foolish women who go into a linen-draper's shop and buy a thing because they are told it is much worn. Indeed, they are worse, for the woman has this excuse: her fellow-creatures may criticise her unfavourably for not having the article in fashion; and this would not happen to the same extent in picture buying owing to the enormous number of what are termed 'stock' pictures. However, to return to our non-picture-hung house, which by this time is beginning to cry aloud for some wall decoration; let us imagine that we have decided, as is on the whole most wise for adequate or moderate incomes, on having water-colours rather than oil-paintings. Other questions now follow, of almost equal importance: Are they to be figures, or landscapes, or both? Are they to represent things of the present or some other day? Do we want the utmost amount of variety or the greatest obtainable harmony? Is our room soberly or smartly furnished? For it will not be a satisfactory result to contradict its taste. How are we to select pictures we shall not become tired of? And—since, though we may be one flesh, we have two sets of sympathies—which is to be the predominant partner in the selection of the work? Or shall we adopt the mean, and say six qualities dear to the husband and six to the wife? But all these are matters which intelligent beings can really determine if they begin to give them attention; and to them must be added the subsidiary but still important question of what our friends and relations will like, what they have themselves, and the extent to which we wish for their approbation. Are we going to buy, in fact, for show, to get the utmost social advantage from our purchase, or shall we be content to have what will give ourselves pleasure? Personally, I am of opinion that since the majority of people live a good deal in the prejudices of their neighbours, it is wise to make concessions to those prejudices, but in the less important parts of the house. I don't think it is worth while to buy our chief pictures for the sake of friends, since, after all, they will only see them occasionally, while the purchaser will be worried by them every day. It is equally certain that no pleasure we should get from a work of art which was obnoxious to the majority would make it worth our while to hang up such a picture where the majority would see it. For this reason, the whole range of the nude is unsuitable in the ordinary dwelling-house; and so too is the religious picture once so much in vogue.

You will find by experience that figure subjects are more attractive and interesting to people in general than landscapes, yet they are far less easy to obtain of a satisfactory quality. The shortcomings and excesses of an artist are bound to show in his figure-work; and though they exist in his landscape, they are not nearly so evident. Besides which, the atmosphere of the studio does not refine upon nature, and those who paint habitually in studios do become, on the whole, less delicate-minded and more blatant than landscape painters. They acquire a definite manner earlier; they are not brought face to face with a different set of difficulties each time they set to work; they are not kept humble by

the absolutely infernal difficulties they encounter. Another point: figure pictures are not only more difficult to procure of good quality, but they are considerably more expensive; the difference may be said to be more than five-and-twenty per cent. in favour of the landscape purchaser. Lastly, while an indifferent landscape is almost certain to possess some points of interest or beauty, to be at least tolerable, an indifferent figure picture may very well be the reverse. The result of all this is, not that the picture-buyer should confine himself entirely to the purchase of landscapes, but that he should be content to have these predominate. In a room containing, say, twenty pictures, four figure subjects as against sixteen landscapes would be quite sufficient to prevent the latter appearing monotonous; and it is a curious fact that while landscapes rather help one another than not, figure subjects in juxtaposition frequently injure one another considerably. This is due to their more marked individuality and frequent trickiness.

Proceeding to the question of subject, there is still some guidance to be obtained from first principles. Apart from personal idiosyncrasy, one may say broadly that subjects of the heroic character, and historical, religious, or abstruse compositions, especially such as are of a mythological or allegorical nature, are not specially good to live with. The mind needs to be carefully attuned to them; they are unsuitable for moments of relaxation, and, generally speaking, unsympathetic. On the other hand, there is a range of subjects of the domestic kind whose very banality and triviality are even more unendurable than those just spoken of. Pictures of the 'Daddy won't buy Me a Bow-wow' type and, generally speaking, incidents of infant and domestic animal life, whether or not they be given alluring titles, are apt to pall upon close acquaintance; all such are more or less of the confectionery-box order, and are seldom based upon the realities of life or concerned with its deeper feelings. Moreover, they yield up their secret readily, and it is an exasperatingly insignificant one. This is not to say that commonplace occurrences, whether of the house or street, form essentially bad subjects; they do so only when dressed up for representation. The truth is, that for ordinary artists' work, the literary intention of the picture should seldom be allowed to override, or indeed greatly to interfere with, its æsthetic motive. It may be granted, perhaps, that where the two factors obtain in perfect balance, the highest art results, or at all events the picture which gives the greatest pleasure to the greatest number; but in ordinary cases the literary motive may be almost non-existent without loss. This is not to say that the picture may be meaningless, but that its meaning must be a derivative force, allied to and growing out of technical excellence. In this way it happens that, for continuous pleasure, small subjects of faultless technique are the perfection of excellence; few pictures, for example, are better to live with than subjects of still life by old William Hunt.

Again, in choosing drawings for permanent pleasure, there is much to be said in favour of purchasing the suggestive rather than the highly elaborated and completely expository work. A picture which has to be looked at many times should be able to lend itself to several interpretations, and to none which are demonstrably right. For this reason, suggestive pictures of sea, stormy skies, and landscape of evening and morning, or even night, are to be generally preferred to those in which the revelation of full daylight is complete. The latter have their value as contrasts and foils to the former; but it will be found that a number of them together are comparatively uninteresting.

Proceeding to the consideration of the kind of landscape most suitable for house decoration, I have noticed that all the worst pictures are those which are concerned with mountains, and all the best those which are concerned with plains. Between these there comes an infinite variety, in which cottages and palaces, trees and gardens, scenes of city, suburb, and seacoast, offer themselves in endless profusion. If there be a rule, it is that the more mixed a subject is the less admirable is the result. The so-called classical composition was perhaps the worst type of landscape the world has ever known; though it was frequently used with transcendent ability by admirable artists. My experience of pictures tells me that it is quite possible for an incident in a landscape to become irritating and almost intolerable, while the picture itself remains always admirable. Turner's water-colours afford many instances of this, and there is nothing more conspicuous in the philosophy of landscape painting than the extent and manner in which incident ought to be used—the human element introduced. The most perfect example the present writer remembers was in a large picture by the late Henry Moore, A.R.A., entitled, if I recollect aright, 'The Beachèd Margin to the Shore.' This was a great stretch of wet sand and shingle, with the sea beyond, and a vast sky of cumulus clouds through which spread a stormy yellow sunlight; in the middle distance, close to the edge of the waves, there were a cart and horse, and a man gathering seaweed, so perfectly placed and introduced, and so suffused with light and atmosphere, that though they were in the middle of the picture, the forms only revealed themselves slowly, and as it were hesitatingly, after considerable examination; yet the extent to which they improved the work was extraordinary, not only by giving it scale, but by contrast and significance; most of all, I think, by suggestion of the world beyond and outside nature, to which the painter and spectator belonged.

Choose, therefore, your landscape not so much for the picturesque portions of the subject-matter —the purple mountains, hawthorn-blossom, or this and that sentimental episode or charming detail — but rather for its dealing with the larger facts of nature: elementary beauties, skies of tender gradation or overspread with clouds of magnificent form, long sweeps of land or sea gradated by light, or the contours of the water and earth beneath; mysteries of dawn and twilight, effects of sunlight and shadow, but especially those which suggest unexpected qualities of colour and form—not commonplace things. Similarly, in pictures which deal with cities, do not seek for a categorical statement of monument, church, or castle—for panoramic views of park or boulevard; but for those fortuitous combinations of nature, personality, and architecture which are the essence of metropolitan life: the trivial modern incident flung, as it were carelessly, in the face of a building centuries old, the manifestation of nature frescoing with light or darkness the works of men, the indications of human energy in street or river, the shifting contrasts of poverty and wealth, youth and age, law and disorder, which make up the drama of the street: these are the subject-matter of interesting urban pictures which are good to live with. They need not be of a didactic kind, need not enforce any lesson in distinct words or forms. It is enough that they suggest trains of thought and form a peg for fancy.

Consider now, when you are buying, that if you would get the utmost value for your money (æsthetic, not pecuniary) you must seek in your whole collection something of the mingled variety and concentration which you seek in your life. In other words, that while one meaning runs through and informs the whole, it should not always be evident, nor always on the same plan. That 'there are many roads to Rome, and many more to heaven,' is as true of picture-buying as of places, only it is also true that some ways distinctly tend in the opposite direction. Before any money is spent upon a picture, the buyer should ask himself why he wishes to possess it; whether there is any reason which he can trust to be permanent. Is it only that something attractive for the moment has tickled his fancy or pleased his eye, some novel contrast of colour, some surface ingenuity? For such reasons pictures should never be bought. Still less should they be bought because of the artist's name, or from any fancied idea that because he has the reputation of being a good artist the picture is necessarily a good picture. Unhappily, this by no means follows. Even artists are men like other people; and when pressed, or harassed, or base in any way, frequently fall below the level of their genius and do work quite unworthy of their name. Besides which, most painters' work the amateur buyer has the opportunity of acquiring has been done more or less to order for the dealers; is that worst species of pot-boiler—the pot-boiler which was never intended to do anything but boil hastily the smallest of pots; the least the artist could produce for an exiguous sum offered him by a tradesman. Nor should one who is buying pictures for his own pleasure ever purchase them because they are cheap. In the first place, he will probably be wrong in thinking so; in the second, it is an unworthy notion, and one which, if once accepted as a ground of acquirement, will end by reducing the amateur to the morality of the dealer. As a matter of detail, good pictures are scarcely ever to be bought cheap. I would say, as a first ground for buying, that any picture which appeals to you as being a specially true representation of nature, or a specially significant one in relation to human intercourse, is worthy of consideration. But I will go a step farther and say that you must then consider whether it will come into the scheme of your collection; whether you will like it in conjunction with what you possess; whether it will not even be too good, if it be not too bad for them. For it is not desirable to disturb the general quality of a collection, even for the better; and it is unfortunately most true that if you have one *very* good thing you are no longer content to give it indifferent companions. There may be a gain in such disturbance, but only if you are content to 'throughly purge your floor'—to set up for yourself a stricter standard. When these considerations have been given their due, then and not till then ask the price of the picture; and even then do not buy unless you can afford the price so easily that it will pass from your remembrance. I knew an old gentleman once—very estimable he was, too, in many respects—who used to say, pointing to one or other of his collection, 'It costs me thirty pounds a year to look at that picture,' or whatever the sum might be. He calculated 5 per cent. interest on whatever he had given; in fact, I am not sure that he did not allow a sinking fund, based on the term of his probable life. 'That 's villainous!' as Hamlet says.

Many other points there are, in connection with the purchase of a few water-colours for a sitting-room, which might usefully be dealt with; but this paper is too long already, so I will sum up the whole matter in a single sentence, which is: Buy what you like, what you mean to keep, what you can easily afford, and only think of the value when the picture has ceased to give you pleasure. When that takes place, get rid of it at any cost.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XX.—(*continued*).

WITH the morning came cooler reflection. Lucie realised that suddenly cabled news of her return would alarm and distress her parents. Besides, all their friends in Auckland knew that she had intended remaining in England until September, and they would gossip unpleasantly if she quitted London so soon after her arrival.

Apart from these considerations, Lucie felt that she would rather endure much than leave England without first discovering and exposing her bogus relatives. So, taking all these reasons into account, she decided to remain and make the best of things by propitiating Honoria and carefully avoiding future offence.

Under her accustomed mask of suavity Honoria hid a sullen temper and a malice-harbouring disposition, which made Lucie's resolution hard to adhere to. Under the plea of a headache she remained in her room all morning, and Lucie breakfasted alone with her uncle, who, to her grief, seemed to have accepted his daughter's opinion of her behaviour. Perhaps it was only natural that Mr Seton-Lorimer should endorse Honoria's estimate of her cousin's character; but to Lucie it seemed a grave injustice. 'I wouldn't have minded enduring Honoria's sulks a bit,' she thought, 'if only Uncle Andrew had been on my side.'

Just before luncheon Miss Seton-Lorimer condescended to appear; and, acting upon her good intention, Lucie forced herself again to express regret for her unconscious transgression. However, there was not an atom of generosity in Honoria's nature; she received her cousin's plea in forbidding silence, and replied only in monosyllables to her further attempts at conversation.

The weather was unpleasant. A drizzling rain fell persistently; and, sitting in that atmosphere of disapproval, looking out at the wet street, Lucie felt as though the iron bars of some cage enclosed her.

'I think I'll go round to the Natural History Museum for a little—that is, if you've no objection, Honoria,' she added, remembering the necessity for walking delicately in the presence of one with so many prejudices ready for unwary feet to tread on.

Miss Seton-Lorimer, with a look betokening utter indifference, replied, in a tone that was meant to be dignified, but only succeeded in sounding spiteful, 'You are your own mistress. You are free to go where you choose.'

So it was a dismal Lucie, clad in a waterproof-coat and carrying an umbrella, that, in search of distraction, went down in the lift. As she descended the outer steps she encountered some one ascending.

'Why, Miss Lucie! I say, this *is* luck! If I'd been a minute later I should have missed you.'

It was Lieutenant Tresscott; and to see again the frank, sunburnt face that for her held only memories of her far-off home, brought a sudden lightening of Lucie's troubles.

'Oh! I'm so glad—so glad,' she faltered, scarcely able in the agitation of the moment to control her voice. 'It seems so like a bit of home to see you here.'

'But you are a little off colour—aren't you?' Tommy was observing her anxiously. 'You look thinner, and not quite'——

'Happy?' Lucie supplied the word he hesitated to use. 'Oh! never mind me. Tell me all about everybody, and when you sailed, and how you left mother. I'm hungry to hear, for Kitty's letter said she hadn't been well.'

'Mrs Lorimer had been out of sorts,' Tresscott admitted; 'but Miss Kitty came down to the boat to see me off, and she expressly asked me to tell you that she was ever so much better—nearly all right that day. She thought you'd like to know the latest news.'

Lucie's nerves were still unstrung, and she found it hard to speak her relief.

'But I'm keeping you standing in the rain. You were going somewhere. Let me take you there. I can make a formal call on you to-morrow.'

'I was only taking refuge in the Museum because Honoria—that's my cousin, you know—is in a vile temper to-day, and I can't live in the house with her.'

'Your cousin's inclined to be a bit crusty, then?' queried Tommy.

'Oh, Honoria is so perfect that she's simply detestable!' Lucie answered hotly. 'If you can imagine a malicious iceberg—that's Honoria. She was angry at some stupid thing I did last night, and set uncle against me. I apologised—though I really shouldn't, for I hadn't been committing a crime—and did all I could to soothe her, but she's in a fit of black sulks. So, in desperation, I thought I'd go to the Museum, where the beasts and fishes can't look disapproving if they try.'

They had turned as she spoke and were walking down the street. 'Suppose we go into the Museum and have a quiet talk. You can tell me everything, and we'll see how things can be put right,' suggested Tresscott. He had always thought Kitty the more amiable of the two sisters; but to the sailor's warm heart any damsel in distress found an open way.

'There is so much to tell. You don't know what you invite when you say "everything,"' Lucie retorted, feeling more cheerful already under the influence of his confidence-inspiring presence. 'I suppose the letter telling of my arrival had not reached Auckland before you sailed. So I warn you, if I begin at the beginning, it will take hours.'

Save for the bored custodians, the wide galleries were nearly deserted. Finding an empty bench in a quiet nook, they sat down, and Lucie unburdened her soul, opening the recital with the base treatment by her 'wicked' uncle, and ending with the recent contumely thrust upon her by her 'good' cousin.

Listening, Tommy glowed with a righteous indignation that was as balm to the forlorn maid.

'This won't do; this won't do at all,' he declared when she ceased. 'Those people were villains, and your cousin is a fool. You mustn't be left at her mercy another day.'

'That's all very well. But where can I go?' Lucie asked. 'I don't want to go home before September. It would look so queer. Everybody would wonder why. You know how people gossip, and one can't complain of one's own relatives.'

'Wait a minute—let me think.' Pushing back his straw-hat, Tommy fixed his eyes on his outstretched tan-boots, and for the space of two complete minutes frowned darkly. Then the frown relaxed into a beam as a way out of the difficulty presented itself.

'My old dad—you don't know him, but he's a dear old boy—well, he's got a little place up the river, on an island. We're going there to-morrow, and if you don't object to living in a tiny bungalow and sleeping in a bunk, you might come with us.'

'Mind? Oh, I should love it!' cried Lucie, to whom any shelter other than that which housed Miss Seton-Lorimer would have seemed a haven of rest.

'Suppose we go now and arrange with your cousin? From what you told me, I imagine she'll be jolly glad to get rid of you.'

'But I'm afraid—don't think me stupid; but Honoria is such an absurd stickler for etiquette—that if we walked in together she would pretend to think I had come out to meet you. And if you asked me to go to your father's, she'd be horrified at my accepting a young man's invitation. Oh! you've no idea how hateful she is, or what a narrow, mean mind she has.'

Tresscott, who was never loquacious, considered before speaking. 'Well, this will make it all right, I think. The dad's in town—came up to meet me. I'll see you home, then run down to the club and bring him up in a hansom. He's a dear old chap; he'll support us like a brick, and if you pack up some duds and get ready we'll go down to the island to-morrow, and forget all about this cruel London.'

Even Honoria could not fail to notice a difference in her cousin's bearing when, having taken off her damp coat, Lucie rejoined her in the drawing-room; and the knowledge that during her cousin's temporary absence her spirits had mysteriously brightened added fresh fuel to Honoria's displeasure. Her ignoble fancy had pictured Lucie stealing out to meet Ruddenheim, and the glad elation of her expression, and the returned lightness of Lucie's step, she held as proof that her suspicions were right. She knew the character of her guest well enough to know that had she condescended to ask she would have received a truthful answer; but pride prevented her, and she contented herself with sitting watchful, ice without, a slumbering volcano within.

Tommy lost no time. Lucie palpitated at the sudden vibration of the electric-bell, and Honoria's steely eyes, noting her flush, concluded that she had merely left the house to send a message to Ruddenheim, and that probably this was he come in response to her telegram.

To Miss Seton-Lorimer's surprise, complete strangers entered the room: two men so much alike that but for a hint of gray in the ruddy hair and a few lines on the tanned face of the elder, she might have imagined them twin-brothers.

'Commander Tresscott and Lieutenant Tresscott.'

The gallant little Commander had taken upon himself the task of 'belling the cat.' The introductions and preliminary greetings over, he, artfully addressing himself to the mistress of the house, mentioned warmly the many kindnesses shown by Lucie's family in Auckland to his son, and trusted he would be permitted to show a faint return for their kindness by having Miss Lucie for some time at his little bungalow up the river.

'Bravo! good old dad,' Tommy applauded mentally. 'She can't refuse to say yes to that!'

But unfortunately Miss Seton-Lorimer both could and did.

'It would indeed be a charming change for Lucie,' she acquiesced sweetly. 'May I ask what ladies there are of your party?'

With her question the sailors almost owned themselves defeated. Here, then, was a contingency against which they—acting with the genuine simplicity of refined natures—had not provided. The Commander, who had borne a brave front before foes both by sea and on land, felt a cowardly inclination to turn tail and run before this subtle feminine antagonist, who, at the first thrust, had pierced the one weak point in his armour.

Tommy's lips had unconsciously curved into a noiseless whistle, and for a brief instant Lucie saw her promised heaven vanish. It was for a moment only, for Tommy, speeding to the rescue, lied bravely.

'There will be no other lady except Aunt

Sarah—my father's sister, Miss Tresscott, that is. She asked us to say she would be delighted to chaperon Miss Lorimer. She would have called with us this afternoon'—he was tempted to add, finding perjury amazingly easy—'but she had promised to spend the day with a sick friend.'

The Commander drew a deep breath of relief and furtively cast a glance of pride at his son, who in the hour of need had so valiantly set aside all his father's carefully inculcated beliefs in the sinfulness of bearing false witness. Mr Seton-Lorimer chancing to enter at that moment, and Honoria failing to find further ground for objection, it was arranged that on the evening of the next day Lucie would travel to Punter's Island to spend a week or two at the Tresscotts' little riverside bungalow.

'You managed that capitally, Tommy. I felt proud of you, my boy,' confessed the Commander when they had reached the outer world. 'But'—a shade of concern clouded his jubilant tone—'I must say I wonder what Aunt Sarah will say when she hears about it.'

'So do I!' said Tommy.

THE TOBACCO WAR.

NOT an edifying spectacle is that provided by a couple of powerful trading concerns engaged in flourishing their long purses in each other's faces; and the undignified dangling of the same before the eyes of thousands of retailers, with the object of retaining or gaining their custom, is, to those of us who take time to think, a matter for uncomfortable, if not absolutely depressing, reflection. The writer of this paper, wherein he will endeavour to set down a simple and general impression of the present disturbance in the tobacco trade, has employed the word 'war' in the title, not for the sake of sensation—familiarity has divested it of that—but rather apologetically; for war, with all its harshness and horror, still suggests chivalry, generosity, and even unselfishness. In the 'wars' between capitalists, however, one looks in vain for virtues, and encounters the worst of vices—the vices of cold blood.

To put it quite plainly, we are to-day witnessing a deliberate attempt on the part of an American company possessing great resources to acquire control of the tobacco trade in Great Britain and Ireland, either by forcing the manufacturer here to sell his business, by frightening him out of it, or by actually ruining him. The company has a huge capital but no conscience; it desires the British trade, to secure which it is prepared to spend vast sums of money and to employ every tactic permitted in modern commercial 'warfare.' The invader has not landed on the British Isles with samples of tempting novelties; he has not come to offer the public an improved quality of goods, and he does not pretend he has done so; but he has arrived with letters of unlimited credit and a determination to stay. Already he has established himself in a house from which for years the late owners proclaimed themselves British to the very labels on their threepenny packets of cigarettes. There never was such a British house; and yet the invader had only to jingle his dollars and add a threat or two, and, behold! the door flew open.

This was the first move in what promises to be a long and costly game, and it was made by the American Tobacco Company of New York in the purchase of Ogdens Limited, Liverpool, a company with a capital of £400,000 and £60,000 of debentures. The deal was undoubtedly a surprise to British manufacturers; it had been carried out both swiftly and secretly. The annual meeting of the shareholders of Ogdens Limited was held in Liverpool on 9th August 1901, when a dividend of 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares was declared, and the vice-chairman concluded his remarks by stating his firm conviction that the directors would have 'as good, if not a better report to present to the shareholders next year.' Within six weeks—on the 17th of September, to be precise—a circular was issued to the shareholders submitting the offer of the American Tobacco Company—namely, £1, 5s. for each £1 preference share, £2, 10s. for each £1 ordinary share, and £111, 10s. for each £100 debenture, provided 75 per cent. of each class of stock could be purchased; the cash to be paid over within a fortnight. Three days later, at a specially convened meeting, the offer was formally accepted. One shareholder ventured patriotic objections, and these were answered by the officials of the company, whose utterances were strange mixtures of worldly wisdom and what the schoolboy baldly terms 'funk.' The chairman spoke of intertwining the Union-jack with the Stars and Stripes, a remark which was greeted with applause; and certainly one of the features of the deal, wherein the directors made such a good bargain for the shareholders, was the arrangement whereby the officials and employees retained their posts in the business. Nevertheless, it would have been a truer if a less happy remark had the chairman substituted 'entangling' for 'intertwining.' It may be said, and with perfect justice, that had Ogdens Limited kept its door closed some other British manufacturer might have opened one to the invader; but the fact remains that Ogdens Limited did open the door, and sold not only a British business but also a British name to the

capitalists of an American Trust, who under that British name are at present working for the extinction of the British manufacturer and for their own monopoly.

The next important move by the invader consisted in an outpouring of imposing advertisements, intimating large reductions in the prices of the Ogden specialities, and reiterating with unwearied but rather wearisome fervour the fact that such goods were made by British labour; also that certain brands of imported American cigarettes—which had their day in this country years ago—were on sale at something like half the old prices. If the American methods were sadly lacking in delicacy and dignity, they were certainly not wanting in energy and assurance. The morality, however, of selling goods under cost price, with the express object of breaking a rival's pride or ruining him financially, cannot be discussed here. Though not a new question, its ugliness is fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, not yet properly appreciated on this side of the Atlantic.

Before proceeding to consider the first efforts made by British manufacturers to check or repulse the invader, some few details of the American trade in recent years may be given, and also some points in connection with the Tobacco Trust itself. The following figures are the total outputs of the United States for the fiscal years ending 30th June 1891 and 1901:

POUNDS OF TOBACCO.	
1891	243,505,608
1901	294,101,715
POUNDS OF SNUFF.	
1891	10,390,219
1901	16,691,844
NUMBER OF CIGARS.	
1891	4,474,892,766
1901	5,770,934,369
NUMBER OF CIGARETTES.	
1891	2,864,538,760 *
1897	*4,153,252,470* †
1901	2,277,069,819 ‡

It will be observed that tobacco, snuff, and cigars exhibit substantial increases, while cigarettes, having in 1897 reached the enormous record total of over four thousand millions, suffered thereafter a severe decline.

Going back for a moment to 1881, we find the American cigarette business quite a small affair, the total output for that year being a trifle over five hundred millions. Cigarettes were then made entirely by hand, and were subject to an internal revenue tax of $1·75 per thousand. Two years later the tax was reduced to 50 cents, and the consumption began to rise, slowly at first, then by leaps and bounds. From 1885 till nearly the close of the decade fierce competition raged between the manufacturers; and in 1888 the five leading firms amalgamated their interests, that of Mr J. B. Duke being the greatest, and formed the American Tobacco Company of New York.

Machinery was introduced, and for a few years handsome profits were obtained. The manufacturers of cigarettes added plug-making to their businesses; whereupon certain plug manufacturers added cigarette-making to *their* businesses. Again a wild and ruinous competition took place, bringing the cigarette output up to the record total of 1897. Then came somewhat of a lull in hostilities, while the tax was raised to $1 per thousand cigarettes. Next year 50 cents more were added on account of the war with Spain, and the decline was started. Another cause for the decline was undoubtedly the anti-cigarette legislation. The falling off in exports to this country had begun earlier—nearly ten years before, when British manufacturers applied themselves to cigarette-making in earnest. But the exports to this country were never of serious importance to the Americans, while any possible profit was swallowed up in advertising.

The capitals of the American Tobacco Company and its allied concern, the Continental Tobacco Company, amount together to about £50,000,000. A large proportion of the stocks is owned by the Consolidated Tobacco Company of America, which was formed last year. During the past few years the American Tobacco Company has been making considerable profits in its home trade, and these profits may be sacrificed in the effort to capture British trade. The company has already secured more or less control in Japan and in Australia; a factory has been purchased in Germany, another in Belgium, and a third in Russia; while Canada has been invaded, and the principles of boycotting have been taught to the retailers there. The latest report—a very wild one—is to the effect that an American syndicate with millions upon millions is to be formed for the purpose of acquiring control of all the French Government factories! So it looks as if the American Trust desired not only the trade of Britain, but of the world. Yet British manufacturers are not altogether panic-stricken.

A history of the rise of the American Trust would, if space permitted, provide some entertaining and even sensational reading. The writer heard a little story lately which may serve to illustrate at least one of its methods. An unimportant personage, to whom, however, existence was sweet, set himself up in business upon a few square feet of the land of the free, and made one kind of cigarette which attained quite a popularity in the district, and yielded him a modest recompense. Matters looked bright indeed, but unfortunately so bright that the watchful eye of the great Trust was attracted. 'This will never do,' said the Trust to itself, and proceeded to set up a kiosk hard by the unimportant personage, from which it gave away its cigarettes for love. But, after all, the unimportant personage was not snuffed out. His customers proved faithful, and he made something extra out of the free cigarettes of the Trust.

* Leaf-covered as well as paper-covered cigarettes.

† Includes about two hundred and fifty million leaf-covered cigarettes.

‡ Paper-covered cigarettes only.

The American Tobacco Company has, in short, reached its exalted position chiefly by extravagant advertising, selling goods below cost until weaker opponents were bought or broken, and then raising its prices far above the true value of the goods. Yet it and its ally are not the only tobacco manufacturing concerns in the States to-day. There are still firms and companies which have not succumbed—one of them has lately paid a dividend of 65 per cent.—and which are quite capable of holding their own. Rumours have gone abroad that the recently formed British combination will join forces with the American Universal Company and others, and carry a 'war' of retaliation into the States; but so far nothing definite can be said on the subject.

Mr J. B. Duke, the president of the American Tobacco Company, and the 'general' in the 'war,' is a big man in every sense of the word. He is barely fifty, and his assurance is immense. With millions of dollars behind him, he has announced his intention of expending millions to capture the British trade. Many stories are told of his inexhaustible resource, or rather 'bluff,' shown at different critical points in his career, from the time when he, with four other cigarette manufacturers, formed, as has already been stated, the American Tobacco Company of New York. One of his latest smart coups was the registration in this country of The British Tobacco Company, Limited, with a nominal capital of £100! Boers in khaki could hardly be more trying! Mr Duke has never been seriously defeated in his ambitions, and does not expect to be, though an American newspaper recently anticipated that 'Napoleon,' as it sarcastically dubbed him, would find his Waterloo in Britain. But then Mr Duke in all his glory is not greatly loved in the land of his birth. It is characteristic of the man that, when asked his opinion of the British combination formed to oppose his company's invasion, he coolly remarked that the amalgamation of the thirteen businesses merely simplified matters, as, instead of having to 'take' them singly, he would be enabled to 'take' them conveniently 'in the bunch.'

The tobacco trade of Great Britain and Ireland is worth having, and the enormous stride made by it in the last decade must have tempted the American Trust to our shores. In 1891 the total quantity of leaf tobacco imported was practically seventy million pounds; in 1901 it was nearly ninety-seven million pounds. During that period the production of cigarettes showed an annual increase which, were the figures available, would be found to be perfectly startling; and it is scarcely necessary to suggest that the Americans, whose output had such a fall from the record of 1897, should be desirous of recovering that branch of their trade at this country's expense.

Two months after the American acquisition of Ogdens Limited, the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, was formed to carry on business as tobacco manufacturers, and for the purpose of acquiring thirteen English and Scottish companies and firms at a total purchase price of £11,957,022, over £7,500,000 being for goodwill. The share capital of the combination was fixed at £15,000,000, and the debentures were limited in amount to 50 per cent. of the cumulative preference share capital for the time being issued. Three million 5½ per cent. cumulative preference shares and a million of first mortgage debenture stock were offered for public subscription, and were over-subscribed. The preliminary expenses, including stamp-duties, amounted to £150,000. The average yearly profits, calculated from the last three years, were certified to be slightly over £1,000,000 sterling; and, after paying the interest on the debenture stock and the dividend on the preference shares, there would be an estimated surplus of £751,672.

The Imperial Company at the outset proclaimed itself the champion of British Trade for the British People, and intimated its intention of issuing a bonus scheme for giving to the customers a direct interest in the prosperity of the company; whereupon patriotic retailers praised the Imperial Company, and looked forward eagerly, yet patiently, to the issue of its bonus scheme. It was issued in March 1902. It consisted of a document of an autocratic nature—so autocratic, in fact, as to suggest that the Imperial Company, or the thirteen firms and companies contained therein, controlled the whole tobacco trade of the British Isles, instead of less than a half of that trade. According to the bonus scheme, retailers who purchased certain goods from the Imperial Company were to participate in one-fifth of the profits earned by the company, while the amount to be distributed for the first six months was guaranteed to be not less than £50,000. But the retailers, aware that they were exceedingly numerous, were not fascinated by the offer. Nay, they were disappointed; and they were even annoyed and angered when they read that, to participate in the bonus, they must qualify themselves by boycotting the goods of the American Tobacco Company, including those of Ogdens Limited, in the American Tobacco Company's own fashion, and also the goods of any other firms or companies to which the Imperial Company might have objection. The retailers were invited to sign an agreement to the foregoing effect. Altogether it was a sorry performance for the directors of the Imperial Company. The circular, with its Yankee boycotting clause, was a deplorable mistake, and cost them dear. The idea of the champion of British Trade for the British People making the first important move after an American pattern!

Within a few hours of the appearance of the Imperial Company's circulars, Ogdens Limited was despatching telegrams broadcast through the

kingdom begging retailers not to sign the agreement until they heard what Ogdens Limited had to offer. Next day the retailers received circulars from the House of British Labour and American Capital, offering participation in a bonus of £200,000, together with *all* the Ogden profits for the next four years, with freedom of trade into the bargain; the boycotting principle being virtuously set aside by the agents of those who upheld it in other lands to their own aggrandisement and the obliteration of weaker traders.

The Imperial Company replied with a conciliatory circular, stating that the stocking of American goods would not interfere with a retailer's right to share in the Imperial bonus so long as they were not shown in the shop-window, and that the company had no objections to the goods of other British manufacturers. Other circulars have since been issued by the rival companies; but it is an unfortunate fact that the Imperial directors have not yet issued one which has not been improved upon by the invader. It is a pity. The Imperial Company's sense of dignity and importance has evidently blinded it to the necessity for delicacy and consideration in its early operations. Another move which has further alienated the sympathy of the retailers from the combination was the acquiring of a control over the one hundred and forty London and provincial tobacconist shops belonging to a well-known company of retail 'cutters,' in the belief that the arrangement would 'tend largely to protect the interests' of its (the Imperial's) customers. In answer to this deal, Ogdens Limited naturally took the opportunity of informing the retailers that it had and would have no connection with any retail shops; and later it announced to the Wholesale Tobacconists' Protection Association that it was prepared to do better than the Imperial Company, no matter what terms the latter might offer.

Up till now, so far as words are concerned—and words are almost better than deeds at the moment—the invader has had the best of the encounters; and he may well be satisfied. Regarding the actual progress made by the American Tobacco Company, any attempt at estimating it by an outsider would be foolish; but it may be mentioned that the cigarettes imported from the States during the first quarter of this year reached the insignificant value of £3677.

After all, the struggle has only begun. What the next moves of the rival companies will be it would be vain to guess. Much may be done, and much is likely to be done, in the way of underselling, and the consumer may find certain cheap tobaccos and cigarettes a trifle cheaper than heretofore. Among the retailers considerable confusion still exists: few have signed agreements; some are holding aloof from the blandishments of both companies, unable to decide which to favour, and waiting for further offers and concessions; many others have decided to favour neither company, and are inclined to stand by the firms who are not in the combination, but who represent, not in numbers but in actual business, nearly two-thirds of the British manufacturers.

On the existence of the independent manufacturers rests the consumer's chance of being able to purchase his tobacco at fair prices in the future. Should the independent manufacturers go under, to put it in the plainest fashion, there will remain two huge concerns scrambling for *all* the trade and straining to secure it at all costs. Then, indeed, the consumer may enjoy a period of low prices; but only a brief period. The two huge concerns cannot continue giving away their wares for next to nothing. One is bound to be broken or bought up. And then—a long farewell to any consideration for retailer or public. The survivor will naturally insist upon recovering his costs—and something more; and the consumer will have to pay, or give up smoking. In the meantime, however, it does not look as if the independent manufacturers were in any danger of going under.

A COMEDY OF PEARLS.

CHAPTER IV.—CERTAINTY.

'DADDY,' said Rosamund a few days later, 'this hasn't been a very happy home-coming.'

There was a certain wistfulness in her tone which struck the Colonel. He paused for a moment in the middle of examining a bad case of blight on one of his rose-trees, and cast a shrewd glance at the corner of the terrace where she sat leaning forward watching him, her book open on her knee.

'Hasn't it, child?' he said. 'Well, you know, things don't always turn out quite so pleasant as one plans; you'll find that out often enough as you grow older.'

'Yes,' answered Rosamund thoughtfully, as if this view of the case were by no means new to her. 'But I've been thinking that perhaps I might have been nicer about it all'——

'Pooh, pooh, don't be morbid!' broke in the Colonel, dreading a scene.

'All right, daddy,' she said, nodding at him cheerfully. 'There shan't be any ecstatics. But I do want to tell you that I've been thinking it all over these last few days, and I do see your side of it; and I'm sorry I said some of the

things I did; and I don't think you were unkind, though I do think you were a little, little bit more suspicious than was necessary.'

She came sidling up to the Colonel, slipped her arm through his, and pulled him away from his rose-tree.

'There, let it be!' she said coaxingly. 'You've only one child, and the rose-tree doesn't want to say it's sorry.'

'The blight is very bad,' said the Colonel, with a lingering look. 'Oh, well! it will wait. But don't be sorry, child; I want you to be glad.'

'Then I will be,' declared Rosamund dutifully —'as glad as I can be, that is; for until the necklace is found I can't be quite happy again.'

'I hope you're mistaken there,' said the Colonel, 'for I never expect to see the pearls any more.'

'You haven't any news?'

'Oh yes!' laughed the Colonel scornfully; 'I have a letter from that fantastic fellow Hicks. He's wandering about the moor in search of a troupe of conjurers. Where's his letter? Oh, I have it: "Dear Curtis,—Jungar Dass was at Bovey yesterday, swallowing swords with a troupe calling itself the Arabian Conjurers. The man's description is exact, down to the sword-slash over the right eye, which he got on the occasion we remember." And so on. Really, the man's a monomaniac! Jungar Dass died, to my knowledge, four years ago.'

'Did you tell him so?'

'A dozen times,' fumed the Colonel; 'but he won't listen. I shouldn't mind his wasting his own time in this wild-goose chase; but paragraphs get into the papers about it. There was one yesterday in the *Exmouth Courier*. It's all so ridiculous!'

'Well, never mind!' said Rosamund, wheedling and coaxing him along the walk; 'let him gambol about after conjurers all the rest of his life. He shan't spoil our happiness, daddy? Don't you think we can manage to be a good deal happier than we have been these last few days?'

'Why, it depends on you,' said the Colonel.

'Does it?' answered Rosamund, wistfully as before. 'Then I won't be angry or cross any more because you don't like Charley as much as I do. After all, how should you? And you don't forbid our meeting; only Charley stays away, and won't tell me why.'

'I'm afraid he took offence at something I said,' remarked the Colonel uneasily.

'If that's all, couldn't we tell him it wasn't meant?' suggested Rosamund. 'And then in time I think—no, I know!—you'll find out what a patient, uphill struggle he has had to clear his property, and how well managed it is now, without an agent, and—oh! lots of things that will alter your opinion altogether. Because you're not unjust, or prejudiced—are you, daddy?—but you only want to know, and to be sure, so that you can take proper care of me.'

'Why, child, how did you find all that out?' asked the Colonel, pleased and rather touched by her confidence in him.

'I didn't find it out. I always knew it,' she retorted. 'Only sometimes I am cross, and then I don't see things quite so clearly.'

'Well, you know, I have been hearing things to Henderson's credit,' said her father, pushing back his cap and rumpling his hair. 'How would you like to drive over with me and call upon him?'

'I should like it above everything,' said she emphatically.

'Very well, we'll go this afternoon. And now let me finish with my roses; for if I don't do that before lunch I shall have to begin again afterwards.'

Rosamund retreated to her seat. The Colonel moved about among his rose-trees, grumbling and grunting as he detected sign upon sign of carelessness in pruning or neglect in treating the first indications of blight. 'James will have to go!' he snapped out. 'It's easy enough to keep roses clean; a child could do it; and the man has been using his knife like a scythe. Oh, I must get rid of him!'

He gazed from bush to bush and found nothing good. The climbing roses provoked him especially.

'I'll stake my salvation he cut out nothing last autumn—not a stick; not a twig! The lazy brute was afraid of tearing his hands! Look at this noisette!—really, it's scandalous.'

The noisette hung down in trails from Rosamund's balcony. It was of uncommonly thick growth, and had clearly been allowed to spread at will. Underneath the pretty blossoms was a thicket of dead wood. The Colonel, lithe and active, swung himself up on the supports of the balcony to see more clearly the extent of his gardener's neglect, and stood there growling and muttering beneath his breath, till suddenly he gave a sharp cry, and thrust his hand into the midst of the thorns.

'What is it? What have you done?' called Rosamund from her corner; and the Colonel, withdrawing his hand hastily and thrusting it into his pocket, leapt down on the gravel.

'Nothing, nothing, child!' he said hastily. 'Don't worry me. I've torn my hand upon the thorns. Nonsense! I don't want any sticking-plaster. Let me be, child!'

He hurried off towards the house. Rosamund gazed after him in astonishment. 'It must have been a very bad scratch to upset him like that,' she said. 'But those thorns do hurt!'

With that she gathered up her book and work and went in to lunch.

Colonel Curtis as a rule was punctuality itself; but Rosamund waited full five minutes after the gong sounded before he appeared. They were alone; for Aunt Catherine had gone to Llandrindod to nurse her rheumatism.

The Colonel was very silent, and appeared to be thinking deeply. From time to time the ghost of a smile crossed his face, but it never settled there; and Rosamund, finding her efforts at conversation falling flat, ate her cutlet in silence and thought the more.

'Does your hand hurt you very much?' she asked at last.

'Pish!' said the Colonel impatiently, and pushed back his chair.

'Don't go yet,' pleaded Rosamund. 'There is the first blackberry-tart.'

'Rosamund,' said her father, walking over to her chair, 'sometimes I think you are nothing but a child still, and that a woman's head is a thing you still have to wait for, whatever may be the case with the woman's heart. That's why I hesitate so much about your marriage.'

'But, papa,' said Rosamund demurely, 'a woman when she marries is not supposed to steer herself.'

'That's true,' the Colonel answered, with a sigh. 'And what will it be like here in this house, madcap, when some one else has steered you to another port?'

'Will you care very much?' asked Rosamund, rubbing her head against his sleeve. 'But what if the other port were very close—say as near as Greenbank?'

'Ah, well! it is the common round with all of us: first to desert and then to be deserted. Well, child, I find I can't go over to Greenbank this afternoon — now don't look disappointed before you hear me out—but I have sent over a note asking Henderson to come here at four o'clock upon important business. So just tell Eliot to deny you to any visitors; for I shall want you when Henderson arrives.'

Rosamund could get no further information out of her father, who shut himself up in his study, refusing to see any one. She could not help feeling that something had occurred of more importance than the projected reconciliation with her lover, and she wandered about the house excited and impatient till her ear caught the sound of wheels driving rapidly up. She ran to the door just in time to see Captain Hicks toss the reins to his servant and leap out of the little Raleigh cart which he drove, waving his hand to her and calling out in excitement:

'They've got him! He's in jail! Great news, my dear Miss Curtis.'

'Got whom? What do I care who's in jail?' she answered, disappointed not to see her lover.

'Who? Why, who should it be but Jungar Dass himself, the man who stole your necklace, Miss Curtis! And a bonny chase he gave us!'

'Oh!' shrieked Rosamund, 'you don't mean to say you've got my necklace? Give it me, dear Captain Hicks! You don't know how much it means to me!'

'Why, of course it is worth a lot of money,' chuckled the Chief Constable, in high delight.

But Rosamund stamped her foot impatiently.

'It isn't that! You don't understand. If it was worth a hundred thousand pounds I shouldn't care. Oh, give it me! Don't keep me waiting.'

'But I haven't got it yet,' said Captain Hicks. 'In fact, you know, we may never get it.'

'Not got it?' cried Rosamund, in dismay. 'Then what in the name of all that's wonderful are you so exultant about? Oh, you are exasperating!' She bit her lip, and had much ado to keep back a burst of tears. Captain Hicks looked at her in perplexity, and shook his head.

'I never could hit it off with women,' he muttered disconsolately. Then, more cheerfully, he tried again. 'You understand that we've got the thief, don't you?'

'Gracious goodness! What's the comfort of that?' demanded Rosamund. 'I suppose you'll want to bring the nasty black man here for me to see. If he hasn't got my necklace you may let him go for all I care.'

At that moment the Colonel, hearing the sound of voices, opened the library door and came out into the hall.

'What is this noise?' he asked peevishly. 'There's no peace. Ah, Hicks, I didn't recognise your voice. Come in. I'm glad to see you. In fact, I should have asked you to come over if I'd known where you were.'

'I didn't waste a moment in coming to you,' said the Chief Constable consequentially. 'We've great news, my dear Curtis. We've got Jungar Dass.'

'Got the devil!' he cried, falling back a step.

'Yes, under lock and key at Ashburton.'

'And had he got the necklace?' asked the Colonel, with a grim smile.

'Pshaw! You and Miss Curtis are just alike. I tell you we shall have the greatest case of the century, necklace or no necklace.'

'And you'll go down to posterity as the cleverest Chief Constable!' said the Colonel, with something very like a sneer. 'Well, I don't grudge you your triumph. But come in.—Rosamund, won't you come and listen?'

But Rosamund had run out upon the drive, and her father, following a few steps, was just in time to see a meeting which perhaps he ought not to have seen, and came back shrugging his shoulders.

'It is Henderson,' he said. 'Wait a moment, Hicks, and we'll have a larger audience for your tale.'

In another moment Charles Henderson came in, courteous but not more. The Colonel came to meet him with great friendliness.

'I am very glad to see you, Henderson,' he said. 'I believe I owe you some amends. At all events, I have something particular to say. And here comes Hicks, just in the nick of time, to tell us how he caught the man who stole the necklace. Come in, all of you.'

He led the way into the library.

'Now then, Hicks, you begin,' he said, with a curious trace of repressed triumph in his voice.

'There isn't much to tell,' began the Chief Constable, feeling a trifle damped, he scarce knew why. 'I was out all night. The blackguard had got wind that he was wanted, and left the fellows he was with; but we ran him down upon the moor near Dartmeet, and now he's safe in jail at Ashburton. I feel a bit tired, of course, but that doesn't matter now.' He looked round in the expectation of sympathy.

The Colonel chuckled. 'What are you going to charge the rascal with, Hicks?'

'Why, what a question! With stealing the necklace!'

'Wouldn't it be well to find the necklace first?'

'Of course it would, if that were possible,' said Hicks, with a shrug; 'but I fear the knave has taken care that we shall not do that.'

'Well, I think I can help you,' said the Colonel, and with that he lifted a piece of embroidered silk that lay upon the table.

'It is the necklace!' shouted Charles Henderson.

Captain Hicks ejaculated something which shall not be recorded; but Rosamund, grasping her father's arm with a scared face, asked, 'Oh daddy, daddy! you hadn't got it all the time?'

'Well,' said the Colonel, 'of all the unreasonable suggestions! No, you suspicious little spitfire, I had not got it all the time. In fact, I've not had it more than three hours; and I'm not sure that I shall give it to anybody again.'

'But where did you find it, sir?' asked Charles.

'Come here,' said the Colonel, 'and I'll show you.'

The whole party trooped after him to the foot of the balcony.

'There,' said the Colonel. 'I found it hanging in the middle of that tangle of prickly stems; and if any one of you likes to thrust his hand in at the risk of tearing it as I did mine, he can find the very place.'

'But who could have put it there?' demanded Rosamund.

'Why, you, foolish child,' said her father; 'or you and Henderson together, for I believe you were both in it. No, don't scowl at me. Henderson clasped it on your neck. He's probably more used to handling cartridges and rods than ladies' jewels, and doubtless he didn't fasten the clasp properly. Then you got into a towering rage with me, leant over the balcony to revile me, and in your indignation let the thing slip without noticing it. Let it be a warning to you never to scold your father any more.'

'I shall make no promises,' said Rosamund. 'I shall see how you behave.'

'Well, if I'm to be watched,' said the Colonel, 'I may as well begin to amend at once.—Henderson, I'm sorry for my unjust suspicion of you; and if you'll accept my assurance that it has left my mind entirely, I see no reason why we shouldn't be the best of friends.'

'There is nothing I desire more,' said Charles, and shook hands cordially. 'Then nothing remains but to apologise to Jungar Dass?'

'Pooh!' said the Chief Constable, 'you've none of you the least intelligence in detective work. I see it all. The rascal was climbing down the balcony with the necklace in his hand when Miss Curtis came back and disturbed him. This explains the only thing that puzzled me. It's clear now why he hadn't got the necklace. Miss Curtis must see for herself'——

But Miss Curtis was at that moment disappearing in the shrubbery, and the Chief Constable found himself talking only to the Colonel, who, instead of replying, burst into a short laugh and led him back into the house.

'It shall be as you please, old friend,' he said. 'But have a whisky and soda, just to celebrate the end of all our troubles. And, Hicks, if Jungar Dass, or the man to whom you give that name, brings an action for false imprisonment, you may charge me with the damages.'

THE END.

AROUND WOOLWICH ROTUNDA.

By ERNEST R. SUFFLING.

N the very prettiest corner of Woolwich Common, nearly hidden by fine forest trees, and where one would least expect to find it, stands a building which is unique among the public edifices of the world. It is called the Rotunda; but, unlike other places with similar appellations, it has a history and a purpose all its own.

In 1814, when peace was proclaimed—premature peace, as Quatre Bras and Waterloo the following year proved—a grand gathering was held in London in a gigantic pavilion, many crowned heads being present, including the Czar of Russia, the King of Prussia, and others, together with a galaxy of the great men of all nations; and there Wellington and Blücher stood side by side, surrounded by hundreds of persons entitled to wear diadem and coronet.

Such a brilliant gathering the world has seldom seen, and there was little wonder that the nation was anxious to preserve the canvas pavilion which for a brief hour contained the cream of the regal, military, diplomatic, and scientific power of Europe.

With that view the pavilion was erected in a little space of ground between two wooded glens in a corner of Woolwich Common.

During his stay in Antwerp the great Napoleon, when gazing upon the wondrous beauty of Antwerp Cathedral tower, remarked, 'It is lacework in stone! It is too fine a production to stand bare to the spite and indiscrimination of the elements. It deserves a glass case.' With this in mind, those who wished to preserve the canvas pavilion, and make it at once useful as well as ornamental, erected it in a dry spot, and built over it an outer casing of brick, timber, and lead; and so we see it at the present day: canvas walls within brick walls, and a canvas canopy within a leaden roof of substantial structure, rising to a cupola and vane over a hundred feet above the ground.

The outside circumference of the Rotunda is nearly four hundred feet, and at the back it has a small annexe. The curator and his two assistants, all military men, are indefatigable in explaining to visitors the uses and capabilities of the hundreds of items with which the museum is crammed. As a military museum it is in no way inferior in interest to either the collection at the Tower of London or that in the United Service Museum in Whitehall.

Before entering the Rotunda itself we will glance at a few of the many interesting objects strewn broadcast in the grounds surrounding the building. Guns, mortars, bombards, howitzers, shells, armour-plates, and strange weapons of all countries lie around everywhere. We will briefly mention a few of these.

Here is a cannon or bombard used at the siege of Constantinople in 1453. It is an immense weapon, being 17 feet long and about 4 feet in diameter; its calibre is 25 inches, and its weight 18 tons 13 cwt. We have guns at the present day weighing upwards of 100 tons, but with a bore of only 17 inches. This Turkish gun is cast in two pieces, which screw together, the pieces being left asunder for the inspection of visitors. The gun being almost entirely of copper, its present value as old metal would be very considerable. Near it is a pile of the stone balls which were the missiles of the day, each weighing about 600 lb. Truly, when we remember that artillery was in 1453 only about a century old, this was a very formidable weapon.

Two centuries ago the military mind was alive to the fact that the gunner who could fire twice while the enemy fired only once had a great advantage; and to attain this end we perceive in a pair of beautifully made brass guns the means which the artillerists of the period adopted. Instead of the repeating-guns of modern days, a plan was adopted of casting three barrels in one mould, so as to form a triplicate cannon, each with a separate vent. Such are the guns we now refer to. Despite the apparent gain, the weapon does not seem to have been adopted by any European nation, but only by the Chinese, who adhere to anything curious and likely to strike terror into the breasts of their adversaries, however ineffectual the particular article or weapon may be—as, for example, the hideous faces on their shields and flags. The pair of triplicate guns before us were captured by the Duke of Marlborough at Malplaquet in 1709, and were made only five years previously.

Next we have a fine French 12-pounder field-piece taken at Waterloo, and complete with its limber. It was, for the period, a very fine weapon, strong, mobile, and efficient. One wonders when gazing at this gun and at Napoleon's private field-oven—which stand hard by and are both covered with lead-coloured paint—that two such valuable curiosities should be allowed to stand in the open air, the sport of wind and weather. Surely curios which cannot be replaced should be kept under cover.

Now we inspect a 32-pounder gun from the *Victory*, which helped Nelson to win the great naval fight off Trafalgar; and near it, and like as one pea to another, is a 32-pounder which, after a fighting career on the *Orion*, was transferred to the *Reynard*, a vessel which unfortunately was lost on the Prata shoals in the China Sea, and found in the Ta-kû forts when they were captured by the allies in 1860. It was smart of the yellow men to dredge up our guns and use them against us!

In 1545 England boasted of a very fine ship-of-war called the *Mary Rose*, which was sunk off Spithead by the French admiral Annebant, carrying with her Sir George Carew and seven hundred men. There she still lies; but many of her guns were recovered by divers in 1836, and four of them lie side by side before us, little the worse for being submerged for two hundred and ninety-one years. One gun has the respectable length of 11 feet, a bore of 5·26 inches, and a weight of 43 cwt.; so we see that guns in those days were anything but the toys we imagine them to have been. Near the *Mary Rose* guns is one from the *Royal George*, which sank in 1782, also at Spithead, when Admiral Kempenfelt and eight hundred men perished. This also was recovered by divers whilst at work off Spithead in 1836.

Burst guns lie around in all directions, silent witnesses of many a dreadful tragedy. One we notice is a Chinese gun, which was apparently made in a great hurry, for the component parts were not allowed sufficient time to fuse and melt into one liquid mass, as half-melted metal can be seen in various parts of the fracture. One wonders at the havoc such a burst must have wrought!

We come now to an historic gun. Up to 1716 the Royal Gun Foundry had been at Moorfields in London; but inattention to duty caused both founders and foundry to be removed. The story is told that a Swiss founder paid a visit to the Royal Moorfields Works, and whilst looking

on he noticed the careless methods of the workmen. 'Why, friend,' he said to the foreman, 'thy mould is damp! This casting must needs prove a failure.' Heedless of the practical warning, the casting was carried out; and it proved a failure, as the visitor had predicted, the steam from the damp mould having forced a hole in the side of the cannon. That cannon now lies at the Rotunda for the visitor's inspection.

Luckily certain persons were present when the Swiss founder expressed his opinion, and this was the sequel: the Swiss visitor, Andrew Schalch, was interviewed, and finally, after many inquiries as to his abilities, &c., he was made head of the Royal Foundry, with power to select a site within ten miles of London for a new foundry. He chose Woolwich Warren, as it was then called, and there is situated the National Ordnance Foundry to this day; but it is now called Woolwich Arsenal. Many fine guns made by Schalch between 1720 and 1740 lie near the burst cannon of 1716, as memorials of the ability of the foreigner. He was master-founder for sixty years.

Having for the present seen enough big guns, we will move forward and enter the Rotunda. Before entering we notice two huge spheres of iron flanking the portal on both sides. These are 36-inch shells made about the time of the Crimean war; but it was found they were too large for use. Each shell had a loaded weight of from 21 to 26 cwt., and required a mortar weighing 42 tons. The conveyance of such weapons and shells over rough roads was too arduous for the force of artillery available. As an experiment, one of these shells, weighing 2395 lb. (over a ton), was fired with 80 lb. of powder, and travelled the respectable distance of 2759 yards before it buried itself deeply in the earth. What would be the result of the explosion of such a shell charged with lyddite one can hardly imagine. Not many were cast, and of the number several are dotted about Woolwich Common as gate-posts and dumb sentinels at important doorways, warranted not to desert their posts on any consideration whatever.

We now enter the great Rotunda; and, face to face with its vast wealth of curious weapons and inventions, we pause in wonder as to how we can inspect everything here in a single afternoon. Then at the very outset we give up the hope of accomplishing so much.

We approach a set of life-size effigies of warriors of days gone by. There are a dozen of them, a mounted figure wearing a fine suit of armour of the fifteenth century being very conspicuous. It is the *cap-à-pie* armour of a knight, and that knight, it is said, was no other than the great French mediæval warrior the Chevalier de Bayard. Sir Samuel Meyrick, the great authority on armour, whilst not denying the accuracy of this statement, points to the fact that no acknowledged *authority* can be cited to prove that this suit once belonged to the chivalrous Bayard. However, it is a very fine suit, and undoubtedly of Bayard's period, if not actually worn by him.

Another figure in complete fifteenth-century armour stands by the right side of Bayard's charger—which, by the way, is a model of Wellington's horse Copenhagen; and on the left is a man of the period of Charles I. in demi-armour and buff-leather continuations. Perhaps the two figures that will claim most attention are an artilleryman of the time of Crécy and a long-bowman of the period of Agincourt. We will take the latter first. The figure represents a stalwart bowman accoutred in the actual armour of the period. On his head is a helmet of somewhat globular form, coming well down over the neck, and known as a *salade;* the body is clothed in pliable leathern jerkin laced up the front, and with plate-armour covering only the loins and stomach, leaving the upper part of the body and arms free to get the necessary pull and swing at the powerful bow. In modern archery the bow is only half-round; but the true English yew-stave was quite round, and measured about four and a half inches in circumference at the thickest part. Tight-fitting long-hose and square-toed laced boots complete the costume. When in action the cloth-yard arrows were either stuck in the ground at the archer's right side if the ground was soft, or placed on the ground under his left or forward foot if it was hard. Such was the English bowman of King Edward's time, who could probably have held his own with the flintlock men of Wellington's army.

We will now look at the first artilleryman and his gun. His helmet is similar to that of the archer, but his body is more invulnerable to sword and arrow by reason of a coat-of-mail worn over his short tunic of homespun linen. His neck is guarded with a leather gorget laced in front, and his legs, in their coloured long-hose, are guarded by a thick leather apron like that of a blacksmith, only longer. In his right hand he carries an implement for discharging his piece—one well known to modern folks—a red-hot poker!

The cannon—or, as it was then termed, bombard—which the figure is supposed to be about to fire, is of the early fifteenth century, probably about 1410–25, and was brought from Bodiham Castle, Kent, after being for many years at Battle Abbey. It is a remarkable weapon, about 3 feet long, and has a bore of some 10 inches; but the diameter of the gun suddenly contracts and runs back into a powder-chamber 14 inches deep and of 4 inches bore. As the gun is much decayed, it gives us a capital idea of its manufacture. The inner tube is of cast-iron, and outside there are lateral plates of wrought-iron to strengthen the gun, with wrought-iron rings shrunk on round these, binding all closely together, and making a weapon quite capable of withstanding the force of the poor powder of the period.

Probably the powder in use was of the coarsest and worst description, similar to the trading-powder now sold to barbarians, and gave more flame, smoke, and soot than propelling power; hence the leathern gorget and apron of the artilleryman, and the hand thrown up to protect his face from the flame and fumes which flew from the large vent at each discharge of the bombard. Shakespeare in his day, nearly two hundred years later, refers to powder as 'villainous saltpetre;' he may have been present at a 'review.'

There is another cannon which should not be overlooked—one of the famous leathern guns of Gustavus Adolphus, and a very fine, light weapon, too, for the period when powder was weak. It is 6·5 feet long, has a calibre of 2·17 inches, and weighs only 119 lb. The cylinder or lining is of copper, increasing in substance towards the breech, and is firmly covered with tough leather, and tightly bound with hempen cord about as thick as ordinary blind-cord, the whole being covered with varnish or some resinous compound as protection from the weather. Such were the 'leathern jacks' which frightened the enemies of Adolphus.

On every side are cannon, many of them unique and of very great value. For example, a large Japanese gun, near the centre of the Rotunda, is made of a composition the chief ingredient of which is platinum, a metal far above gold in value.

Ask any of your friends the question, 'When was the system of breechloading for either cannon or hand-guns invented?' Nine out of ten will answer, 'I do not quite know; but it was certainly within the past forty years.' A visit to the Rotunda would show them their error. In racks beside the central support of the building will be seen a fine collection of muskets, and among them a fowling-piece of the time of James II. which is not only a breechloader, but, *mirabile dictu*, its breech mechanism is closed with the supposed new invention of an 'interrupted screw'!

In a glass case is a Chinese revolving gun with four chambers, several centuries old; and on every hand we find ancient mechanical contrivances appertaining to weapons which modern gunsmiths fondly imagine they have invented during the degenerate years of the nineteenth century. An upright case contains a Moorish revolver and a musket of the fifteenth century! Did Moncrieff invent the system on which he worked his guns for the purpose of loading and sighting? Scarcely, for the Rotunda possesses examples of weapons of the kind which were in existence many years before he was born!

Many of us appear to associate the invention of breechloading cannon with the name of Armstrong and his contemporaries; but the Rotunda has a pair of Venetian brass cannon dating from the sixteenth century, which were loaded from the breech; while another even older specimen is shown working on the very same principle, and made as early as the reign of Edward IV. (1442–83). The mode adopted was extremely simple. On the upper portion of the breech a broad slot was made—that is, a slice was taken out of the gun some nine inches long and four inches broad (the width of the bore), and into this was dropped the breech-block cast in brass and in shape and size like a quart pewter-pot, but of very thick metal. To load, the breech-block was removed by its handle and filled with powder by a gunner. At the same time a round-shot was dropped into the breech and pushed forward; then the filled breech-block was dropped in place, a wedge slipped in behind it, and the gun was ready for firing, as we have mentioned, by means of a red-hot poker. Rifled arms date, not, as is commonly supposed, from the eighteenth century, but from the sixteenth.

In looking at this vast collection of military curiosities one cannot help repeating Solomon's words that there is 'nothing new under the sun.' So it would seem when one's preconceived notions are thus upset at every turn.

A case of very handsome petronelles should command some attention, if only for the beauty of their workmanship and the wonderfully fine ivory inlaying of their stocks. The petronelle was the weapon of the fine gentleman of the seventeenth century, and was never used by troopers. It was a cross or link between the musket and the pistol, being from two feet to nearly three feet in length, and was fired from the breast, not from the shoulder or at arm's-length.

This article might be prolonged indefinitely in describing the warlike wonders of the past ages; but probably enough has been written to whet the appetite of visitors to the Metropolis who are of an inventive or curious turn of mind; if so, they should certainly not neglect to visit that little-known museum of military curiosities, Woolwich Rotunda.

SHADOW IN SUNSHINE.

Oh, Voice of Summer! chide me not to-day,
Because my heart is gray;
Oh, little birds! I hear your endless raptures,
And know the spell—believe me, know it well—
The ecstasy that every fibre captures,
Only to see the white bloom on the may,
Only to live to-day.

Oh, psalm of joy! I too have taken part,
And sung for ease of heart;
I too have listened by the silver fountain,
And know the song—ah me! have known it long—
The cadences flung far from dreaming mountain,
The melodies that in soft twilights start,
And, lingering, fill the heart.

Oh, God of pity! who Thine own Son gave
All wounded souls to save,
Forgive us if, when in its garb of glory
Thou deck'st the land, we far apart should stand.
Thou step by step hast learnt our bitter story:
How that, at times, we wot of nothing save
The silence of one grave.

MARIE BAYNE.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

DELHI—1857.*

By MAJOR-GENERAL TWEEDIE, C.S.I.

THE rescuing from oblivion of these simple and unstudied passages in the letters and diary of a distinguished soldier of the Delhi Field Force is primarily due, as is stated in a brief and modest Preface, to his widow's desire that his children and friends may be able to read them. We hardly know whether to admire most the principal editor's wifely devotion in carrying her labour of love to a successful conclusion, or General Sir Henry Norman's fine spirit of camaraderie in 'esteeming it a grateful duty,' for the sake of a 'dear friend,' who died forty years ago, to lighten with his graceful pen, and out of his full stores of knowledge, the editorial labours of one who is probably not so well versed as he is in undertakings of this description. The original intention was to print the records for private circulation only. But gradually the view prevailed that, apart altogether from the Colonel's children and friends, there were still many living who had borne 'an active part in the brave endeavour to quell the Mutiny, and restore right and order; and many others either connected with India or having friends who were in the country during that troubled time, who still took a deep interest in those years of anxiety and suffering, followed by righteous retribution.' This wider survey led naturally to the conclusion that the papers in question should be not merely printed, but published; from which, as a matter of course, it follows that the reviewers are now free to bring the book up for judgment on its merits. Let us see for ourselves, then, what is to be said of it. Does it form a sound and permanent contribution to literature? Or, to borrow a word of Carlyle's, is it but a 'dud,' notwithstanding all the external helps of introductory memoir and appreciation by perhaps the greatest soldier-statesman that the Sepoy army of Bengal ever produced.†

First, then, with regard to the reason given for publishing yet another piece of Mutiny literature: surely the editors of the book before us take too modest a view. To interest and please a few of those persons who are not too respectfully denominated 'Old Indians' is, after all, but a small matter compared with the presentation of a number of new facts and experiences illustrative of perhaps the chief episode in a great drama on which, though the curtain went down more than forty years ago, a final judgment has yet to be pronounced. In truth, it were hard to find in all the annals of the Victorian period any event more far-reaching in its consequences, or, in a word, more epoch-making, than that great hurly-burly and commotion which cost the East India Company its dominion. The revolt of the Sepoys formed the probably inevitable collapse of that military system under which during more than a hundred years each fresh territorial acquisition of the Company had been entrusted, in the main, to the keeping of Hindù and Moslem mercenaries. Inseparably blended with its military aspects were the numerous and complex political dénouements which the Mutiny precipitated; not to mention its real or supposed connection with all the deeper questions of civil administration. Thus, on the whole, it may be said with safety that the lessons in empire which this whole series

* *Delhi—1857: The Siege, Assault, and Capture, as given in the Diary and Correspondence of the late Colonel Keith Young, C.B., Judge-Advocate General, Bengal.* Edited by General Sir Henry Wylie Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.S.I., and Mrs Keith Young. With a Memoir and Introduction by Sir Henry Wylie Norman. With Illustrations and Maps. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers, Limited, 1902.

† Some may need reminding that when, during Mr Gladstone's last term of office, the Viceroyalty of India fell vacant, it was offered to General Sir Henry Norman, whose modesty, however, stood in the way of his accepting this highest possible honour.

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of events is fitted to teach concern not only the Anglo-Indian reader, but every student of human history.

Further, and in the same connection, there is no blinking the fact that the Mutiny still awaits its final historian. The period stretching from 10th May 1857 (the date of the outbreak at Meerut) to 1st November 1858 (when the Queen's direct rule was proclaimed) has still to be penetrated into and explained by some one raised above the general level. We have, it is true, Sir John Kaye's elaborate compilation in three large volumes, coming down to the capture of Delhi; with the late Colonel Malleson's continuation of the same work, also in three volumes, but under a different title, and with admitted and characteristic divergences of opinion. But, apart even from the clumsiness and incongruity of such a union of labour, it is impossible to assign a higher place to those two narrators than that of collectors and rough-hewers of materials on behalf of the genuine historian who is yet to come. This being so, we are the more disposed to welcome the record of his experiences, which no mere professional bookmaker, but a simple and veracious man of duty and action, without a thought of instructing or informing or convincing any one, save his own wife and a few intimate friends, flung down piecemeal on paper in his soldier's tent on the fateful Delhi Ridge.

It is now time to speak more particularly of Colonel Keith Young and his Mutiny budget.

As a nursery of paladins, or mounted swordsmen and lancers, the Indian Service yields the palm of precedence to no army in the modern world; but it is not among the knights of fame in this sense that the author of the latest Mutiny record is to be mustered. He was not a leader of Irregulars, like Hodson of 'Hodson's Horse'—the Claverhouse of the Delhi Field Force. To him it was not given to win the praise which the first Lord Napier of Magdala once bestowed on General Sir William Olpherts—namely, that he never took his guns into action without earning over again his Victoria Cross! A moralist has said that a deed makes a habit, a habit a character, and a character a destiny. Thus it was with Keith Young. By accepting in his early prime the appointment of Deputy Judge-Advocate General of Division, he transformed himself from a man of the squadron and the sword into one of the paper and the pen. This destiny deprived him of the opportunity of winning renown in the battles of the Dalhousie period; but by way of compensation it brought him, as the responsible adviser of four successive Commanders-in-Chief on points of military law and the proceedings of courts-martial, excellent mental equipments for the sifting of evidence, the interpretation of facts, and the rejection of over-sensational representations. His letters bespeak the man of culture. He writes without falling into that slipshod jargon, much interlarded with corruptions of Hindùstànì words, which in the pre-Mutiny days even high officials used so freely in their private correspondence.

In the spring of 1857 General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, when on his way from Calcutta to Simla, halted for some time at Ambàlà, the great military cantonment at the foot of the Himalayas. In attendance on him, as Judge-Advocate General, was the author of the records now for the first time printed; the very earliest of which, consisting of the following brief entry in his diary, under date the 24th of February 1857, strikes the keynote of much that follows: 'Sepoys at Barrackpore dissatisfied with the glazed paper used for the Enfield rifle cartridges, saying that there's pigs' or cows' fat in it.' A month later the Colonel writes to a friend in England as follows: 'What think you of the mutinous proceedings of the native regiments at Berhampore and Barrackpore? . . . So far as we know yet, the whole business has been caused by an idea that got into the men's heads that pigs' and cows' fat was used in the preparation of the cartridges for the Enfield rifles; and I believe that there was some foundation for the report—hog's-lard being the proper thing, I fancy, to use. Of course this was put to rights; but their suspicions once roused, the men took to examining the paper with which the cartridges are made up, and they found that some of the paper was highly glazed, and would not take up water readily when soaked in it. This was enough: there must be fat of some kind in the paper; and it was found impossible to disabuse the minds of the men of this strange notion; and hence the disaffection; which it remains to be seen how Government will dispose of.'

Thus far there is no theorising and no speculation, but, rather, a manly reticence and a plain deduction of opinions from facts. The Judge-Advocate General of the mutinous army would, however, have been more than mortal if he had been altogether proof against the tendency to quit the firm earth for cloud-land. In a letter to a friend in London, dated Simla, 2nd May 1857, after remarking, as well he might, that his 'old chief, Sir Charles Napier, would be the man for the present occasion,' he throws open the door for 'surmises,' and at the same time brings out and gently exercises a few of his own pet hobbies. Here is the passage, or, rather, the first portion of it, for it is impossible to make room for long extracts:

'There is no doubt of the fact of the Enfield rifle cartridges having been served out in the first instance reeking with all kinds of abominable grease stuff that was supplied to the Arsenal by contractors; and very much to blame are Government and all the authorities whose duty it was to have had things better ordered. These

cartridges are made the rallying-point on the part of the disaffected, but there must be other causes for the widespread feeling of disaffection existing in the minds of the Sepoys; but what these causes are no one has been able yet to ascertain from themselves, and we are left to our own surmises on the subject. To my mind, the one great cause of complaint is the difficulty there now is for a man, native officer or Sepoy, getting on the pension establishment; and there is no chance whatever of his being granted a pension as long as he can put one foot before another. So a commanding officer of a regiment, do what he will, cannot get rid of useless, worn-out men, who are sent back to him by the invaliding committees, to become a source of discontent in the corps.'

While fully aware of the anxiety felt by the commanders of 'crack' Indian regiments to weed their ranks of men whose 'bent backs,' as the Persian poet says, 'are making *salàm* to Old Age,' we never knew till now that a hankering after the pension-list possessed either the native officers or the rank and file. When one of the former calls to congratulate a British officer who has succeeded to his 'Colonel's Allowances,' or has been 'permitted to reside out of India,' his compliments are usually paid in the same dubious and half-hearted manner as when he comes to wish him joy of the birth of a female infant. Indeed, we had always imagined that every Indian soldier past the age of fifty dreaded the annual Invaliding Committee as he did the day of judgment, and sedulously strove by means of hair-dyes and otherwise to keep himself on the effective list. But even supposing this impression to be erroneous, how stands the matter? The main representation contained in the last-cited extract may be read in this way. After the war with Russia it was decided that the Enfield rifle, for the loading of which a lubricated cartridge was essential, should be supplied to the Sepoy regiments of the Bengal army. Of course the carrying out of this measure devolved on the Military Department of the Government of India, acting chiefly through the Ordnance authorities. When cartridges to suit the new rifle were being manufactured in Bengal arsenals, no superior and responsible officer seems to have bestowed the smallest thought on the composition of the mixture which was used for the 'greasing' of them. With the usual insouciance of the 'upper ten thousand' in India, this piece of detail was left to 'get itself done somehow;' perhaps by 'the contractors,' and perhaps by the Arsenal workmen—natives, of course. The net result, as it unfortunately happened, was the preparation of a cartridge the use of which meant, for the Hindù, loss of caste—that is, social extinction—and for the Moslem self-expulsion from the great brotherhood of Islàm. Yet, as if this appalling prospect were not of itself sufficient to create a panic* resembling that which sometimes sends a flock of silly sheep headlong over the brow of a precipice, there is placed alongside of it, as has been seen, in one and the same letter, a reference to a real or supposed 'difficulty of getting on the pension establishment,' as a contributary cause of the Mutiny. It is easy to be wise after the event; but if the date of Colonel Keith Young's letter had been only a few months later, the fact would have been before him that the Sepoys of the pension establishment, notwithstanding their having all to get and nothing to suffer from remaining passive, threw themselves in large numbers into the Mutiny movement; the natural force of *bhài-bandi*, or bond of brotherhood, working in them like barm, owing to the prevalent delusion that an insidious scheme had been launched by Government for the conversion of an army of caste-bound Brahmans and creed-hampered Moslems into an army willing to embark on transports and eat and drink European rations, that every man engaged in resisting this machination of the devil was fighting for his *din* or religion, and that even the weak-kneed pensioner living peacefully in his village was under a sacred obligation to 'beat the drum of endeavour.' India is not the only country in the world in which men and women have made of themselves 'martyrs by mistake.'

The writings before us recall the Munchausen story of the horn-player in a time of frost, whose notes were frozen in his instrument, to issue harmoniously when the thaw came! Even so do these fascinating records come out from their long imprisonment, in all their first freshness, with even the old-fashioned spellings of Indian proper names left unaltered. Take as an example the following obituary notice of General Anson, recorded on the day (27th May) of his death from cholera, when, in obedience to the behests of the Governor-General, he was bearing down from Ambàlà on Delhi, at the head of a force which in his professional judgment was wholly inadequate:

'Poor General Anson! . . . Chester [Adjutant-General of the Bengal Army] tells me that he must have felt himself quite unequal to the present emergency; and anxiety of mind has had much to do with his fatal illness. He seems to be popular with very few; and the Native troops have apparently a great hatred for him, honestly thinking that he was commissioned to convert them.'

Some will remember how Anson, when dying, handed over the Delhi Field Force to Major-General Sir H. Barnard; while the command of

* In the case of the Sepoys, as will be readily understood, the 'panic' was not unmingled with a deadly resentment, born of the delusion that more than a hundred years of faithful service had not saved them from being ordered to put to their lips a polluting cartridge.

the Bengal army passed by routine to Major-General Reed, C.B., of the Company's service. Five marches brought Barnard, and Keith Young with him, to Alipur, near Delhi. Here a reinforcement from Meerut, under Brigadier Archdale Wilson, made up his numbers to about six hundred horse, two thousand four hundred foot, twenty-two field-guns, and twenty-four old-fashioned siege-guns. Barnard was not exactly a Sandhurst professor, but he had served in the Crimea. He was of the same *en règle* school as Anson, holding the tradition — not invariably verified, by the way, in South Africa — that 'Providence favours the heaviest battalions.' It is easy to imagine him, as his eye ran over his thin ranks, wondering, like Dugald Dalgetty among the 'Children of the Mist,' that he had lived to witness such a romantic style of warfare. But had not the prince of all those who 'knew the natives'* pronounced the opinion that 'no real resistance at Delhi will be attempted;' and that 'on the approach of our troops the mutineers will either disperse, or the people of the city rise and open their gates'? Was not the general voice exclaiming, 'Have at the black miscreants before the whole of India rises. Jump over the city walls and hammer them! They can burn, destroy, and massacre, but not fight'? This forecast was strong with the strength of that masterful spirit which helps to uphold our Indian Empire; but it left out of view some points of importance. For one thing, the fiendish murders with which the Sepoys began the Mutiny were deliberately intended to close against them, both individually and collectively, the door of repentance and forgiveness; and proofs were being given daily that men over whose heads the noose is dangling will sometimes court death with the bravest. For another thing, no possible form of campaigning suits the Hindùstànì soldier better than to sit beside his cooking-pots inside of a fortified city, go out occasionally for a few hours' fighting, and when he has had enough of it retire within his stronghold; and this fact also was becoming every day more apparent.

But it is impossible within the present limits to indulge in so slow a pace. The reader must learn from Keith Young's own writings how it fared with the heroic Field Force when, after repulsing splendidly two onsets, it pitched its tents on the long and sinuous ridge of rock, raised about sixty feet above the city, and separated from it by an interval of from twelve hundred yards to two and a half miles, whereon was to be maintained that three months' conflict which, notwithstanding its many historians, has still to find its Homer. Room must here be made for one or two characteristic notices by the Judge-Advocate General, who seems to have acted from beginning to end of the operations as an ungazetted aide-de-camp to successive chief commanders—a rôle for which he was admirably fitted by his placid contentment with all the surrounding conditions, the climate not excepted; his absolute impenetrability to lying rumours; and his immovable assurance that to bring down the walls of Delhi patience alone was needed. When, on July 5th, Barnard also was dying of cholera, the official bulletin of eulogy which doubtless awaited him was thus discounted beforehand in Keith Young's daily letter to his wife at Simla: 'He is the kindest, most amiable old man that ever was, but most utterly useless as a General, and altogether misplaced in his present position.'

About a month before Barnard's death the Provisional Commander-in-Chief had come to Delhi; not to grapple personally with the situation, but merely to afford support and counsel. Here is Keith Young's account of him: 'General Reed has bought Chester's other horse, . . . but there is very little chance of his ever riding it. He is still confined to his tent, and looking very ill. . . . He is a poor, infirm old man, and seems as if a puff of wind would carry him away. It was a terrible trip he had down here, and he was sick when he started. I almost wonder at his surviving it.'

If it should be asked what interest now attaches to such personalities, the answer may be put in this form: Is it absolutely certain that in the little wars of the last ten or fifteen years in India independent commands have never been given to men who, from whatever causes, were the merest wrecks of their former selves? Be this as it may, when, after Barnard, General Reed assumed the leadership of the army of lions, the point of lowest depression was touched. Nor was the situation at first much altered when, after a little time, the infirm commander was, in the elegant phraseology of medical officers, 'evacuated' with a sick convoy. The command then passed to that Archdale Wilson whose good fortune it was eventually to deliver the great assault; and this selection Keith Young pronounced 'the wisest that could be made.' Wilson was, however, a man on whom a sense of his responsibilities weighed heavily. Trained in the artillery arm, he was always searching for supposed historical parallelisms. Even the arrival on the Ridge (September 4–8) of Sir J. Lawrence's final succours, including an adequate siege-train, failed to satisfy him that all the principles of warfare were on the side of forward action. But when his Chief Engineer and responsible scientific adviser, Colonel Baird Smith, reported to him that the time for the supreme effort had come with the siege-train, he thought it only in accordance with precedent that he should accept his report and recommendation, and order the breaching batteries to be constructed. And then began

* Viz., Sir John (afterwards Lord) Lawrence, Chief Commissioner of the Punjàb.

that most brilliant feat of arms, the bombardment from within grape and musketry range of the north front of Delhi, culminating in the grand assault by four columns. At the first view of Keith Young's letters the thought occurred that, with every one's eyes fixed on South Africa, the time was not the most appropriate for bringing out details of the war of the Mutiny, even when derived from original sources; but, on the other hand, it is appropriate to show the present generation that the men who defended Ladysmith and Mafeking are no more than the descendants of those who held the Ridge and stormed the towers of Delhi.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XXI.—H.M.S. 'BOMBAST.'

LUCIE LORIMER, experiencing something of the elation of a released convict, had travelled under Commander Tresscott's escort to the up-river station where Minns, the only servitor of the bungalow, was waiting with a wheelbarrow in readiness to convey her luggage thither.

After a short walk along a quiet road, where villas lurked behind dusty shrubbery, a path flanking a potato-field brought them to the river's edge, where a clumsy green punt was moored. Near the farther side of the broad stream lay the little willow-fringed island whereon, among half-a-score of others, perched the Commander's bungalow.

Each of the dwellings was marked by originality, but probably the Commander's was the most eccentric of all. It had been built entirely after his own design; and, in common with most amateur architecture, the result held much of the unexpected. H.M.S. *Bombast*, as the Commander had christened his home after his last ship, had something vaguely amphibious in its aspect. It looked like a house designed to float, or like a portion of a ship that had drifted to land. Originally, the chimneyless rounded wooden erection, perched on a platform surrounded by an iron rail, had distinctly resembled a chart-house, though now that the roses had grown up the resemblance was not so pronounced. The many-windowed chart-room facing the river served as parlour. Behind were two apartments fitted as cabins with berths, and further adorned with an amazing assortment of space-saving arrangements.

A ladder piercing the white-painted awning, which gave the effect of a veranda, led up to the flat roof, whereon perched a telescope. The unornamental but necessary cooking-shed (referred to by the Commander as the galley) stood apart in a corner of the kitchen-garden; and the whole establishment was as dazzlingly brilliant as lavish gold beadings and an unlimited supply of white paint could render it. White paint was the Commander's one extravagance, and even he would have been ashamed to confess how large a proportion of his yearly income was dissipated in the purchase of that alluring pigment.

'Just a little bachelor establishment, Miss Lucie,' the owner had remarked as the green punt neared the island.

There was no need for apology. To Lucie, fresh from the restrictions of the Queen's Gate flat, the quaint little bungalow, with its feet in the water and its head rose-wreathed, seemed the perfection of a summer retreat.

For a time the Commander's nautical traditions had warred with his love for the Queen of Flowers. The roses conquered; and, revelling in freedom of growth after the severe prunings to which for two years they had been subjected, they rioted in beauty, as roses seem to do only on the banks of the Thames. Great trails of the Crimson Rambler climbed the supports of the awning and essayed to spread over the canvas roof. The orange-yellow blossoms of William Allen Richardson played hide-and-seek about the ascetic iron rail. Athwart one end-wall the crimson of a Cheshunt hybrid had thrown a radiant flame; the seductive lilac rose of La France draped the other. On the cooking-shed a grand Gloire de Dijon demonstrated through the opening lips of a hundred blossoms the justification of its claims to admiration.

H.M.S. *Bombast* looked like the summer palace of a river nymph, and Lucie said so; though in her secret heart she could not help marvelling how so circumscribed a dwelling as the little white-painted, flat-roofed bungalow was to shelter so many people.

Certain inventions of the Commander were his especial pride. The two-berth cabin set apart for the use of the ladies boasted a cunning arrangement calculated to delude any one not in the secret into the belief that water was laid on. In a corner of the cabin stood a basin and a tap; outside on a little shelf was placed a tiny barrel, and from the barrel the tap was fed through a short length of zinc tubing.

'So simple,' the Commander said when he proudly exhibited this contrivance to his guest. 'Minns just climbs the ladder and empties a pail or two of water into the barrel every morning, and there the water is, ready to hand all day when you want it.'

Another of the ingenuities upon which the

Commander prided himself was what he termed his own patent refrigerator. It consisted of a wooden box sunk into a hole dug in the ground, and served the purpose of keeping any perishable article placed therein deliciously cool. The Commander felt decidedly crestfallen, however, when, on taking out a plate of butter the better to demonstrate to his visitor his claims for the utility of his invention, his fingers came in unexpected contact with a fine plump slug which was reposing on the under side of the plate. He hastily brushed the intruder off; and Lucie, grown tactful, affected not to have noticed.

The *Bombast* kitchen-garden, which attained the dimensions of quite a large tablecloth, lay behind the bungalow, and was divided into vegetable and fruit departments. The fruit section, consisting mainly of a flourishing strawberry-bed, was neatly partitioned off with espaliers supporting gooseberry, currant, and raspberry bushes; while carefully trained tomatoes and cucumber-plants made a low hedge round the other portion. All gross-growing vegetables, such as potatoes, cabbages, marrows, or greens, the Commander rigidly excluded. His peas and beans were all dwarf, his beets the Egyptian turnip-rooted, his lettuces Tom Thumb, his carrots Early Horn, and his turnips Orange Jelly. Measured by square yards, the Commander's kitchen-garden was scarcely worthy of mention; but in point of fruitfulness it was a notable example of the magic wrought by painstaking culture and the cunning of a master's hand.

Lucie and her host had made an exhaustive tour of the premises, and were concluding with an examination of the cooking-shed, wherein, with the aid of an extensive paraffin-stove and a spirit-lamp, Minns attended to the culinary department, when a stentorian '*Bombast*, ahoy!' recalled them to the river-front. The green punt, propelled by Tommy, was approaching the lawn. It conveyed his Aunt Sarah and a multifarious heap of luggage, which included a bird-cage and a wicker-work erection wherefrom issued plaintive mews. Miss Tresscott firmly grasped the sides of the boat, in evident oblivion of the fact that even a submarine explosion combined with a tidal wave would hardly have succeeded in overturning so unemotional a craft as the stolid, flat-bottomed punt.

Life of late had held so many uncongenial acquaintances for Lucie that it was with concealed apprehension she had anticipated Miss Tresscott's arrival; but one glance was sufficient to reassure her. Aunt Sarah was a neat little lady, who passed her uneventful days on a neat little income, in a neat little cottage, in a neat little village in Surrey. Her leading characteristics were soft brown eyes, abundant gray hair, a tendency to express her thoughts in parenthesis, and a mania for knitting socks.

Aunt Sarah confided to Lucie, when they were unpacking in their little two-berth cabin, that never in her life had she had such an experience as that of the previous night.

'Thomas—whom I had not seen for four years—burst in upon me when I was in the garden gathering the rose-petals—I always make the *pot-pourri* myself; I am quite noted for my *pot-pourri*; I have two great jars full—and insisted—you know how impetuous men are, dear—upon carrying me off next day to the island; and I assure you—confidentially, of course, my dear, for I don't wish my brother or Thomas to guess it—that there is nothing I dread like water. I know it seems queer, because all the menfolk in our family are in the navy; but I must confess that to set my foot in a small boat, or in a large one either for that matter, is to me a torture that words fail to express. But you must not hint that to my brother or Thomas, dear. I wouldn't for worlds that they suspected what I suffered in crossing the river just now.'

Miss Tresscott had hung away her neat tussore silk dust-cloak, and was drawing off her green kid gloves. 'I invariably select green kid because the colour wears better than any other,' she explained to Lucie as she blew into the glove-fingers, then smoothed them out before carefully folding them away in tissue-paper.

'How sweet it is here!—how cool and restful after the heat and bustle of town!' Lucie exclaimed involuntarily as she looked out at the great river rippling slowly by.

'Very sweet indeed, dear,' Aunt Sarah agreed. 'If only it were not an island. There's something uncanny in being surrounded by water. Suppose another flood came—I read that there was a great one in America last week—how could we escape?'

'By taking to the boats, of course,' replied Lucie, who failed to grasp the gravity of such a situation.

'But if the boats were swept away?'

'Climb the trees and sit in the branches till somebody rescued us,' Lucie suggested gaily.

'My dear, I never could climb. I shall certainly be drowned,' said Miss Tresscott, with a sigh of resignation.

When the ladies appeared tea was already laid on the rose-girdled platform that, except in the worst of weathers, served as family sitting-room.

'Minns, tea!' shouted the Commander as his guests appeared.

'Ay, ay, sir,' came an answering hail from the back premises, speedily followed by the appearance of the Commander's old naval servant carrying a huge teapot.

'It is so nice to see Minns still with you, Herbert,' Miss Sarah remarked kindly.

'Yes. Minns and I are old shipmates.—Aren't we, Minns?'

'Which we've sailed under the same colours twenty-two years, if so be as we're spared till

the eight of September, sir,' replied Minns, saluting. 'Fifteen of 'em by sea, and seven by land, sir.'

'Ay, Minns and I are old comrades,' repeated the Commander as they watched the figure of Minns—a figure whose bulk several years of comparative ease had tended to increase—descend the short ladder leading to the lawn. 'Gunroom steward Minns was, and I was lieutenant, when we sailed together in the *Ferocious*. Then I got my command, and took him on as my personal servant. When I retired on my pension, Minns retired on his. The old chap's in smooth water like myself now. I spend my summers here, my winters at my club. Minns spends his summers here, his winters at his club. The one club is in Pall Mall, and the other in a village inn in Dorsetshire. And we meet here in May as jolly as boys out on a holiday. We're riding at anchor now, and quite happy.'

'You've earned your leisure,' Lucie said softly.

'Leisure! Bless you! there's no leisure in a place like this,' retorted the Commander briskly. 'What with fishing, gardening, painting, housekeeping, marketing, and boating—why, bless you! there isn't an idle moment in the day.'

Having written a duty-letter to Honoria telling of her safe arrival, and another to her uncle thanking him for his kindness, and imploring him to lose no time in communicating with her should anything transpire regarding her bogus relatives, Lucie set herself to forgetting all the annoyances, big and little, that had dogged her footsteps in England, and began to enjoy the comical, picnicky existence at the *Bombast;* and exceedingly pleasant did she find the free-and-easy life they led on the island, that was like a flowery, leafy bower moored in the wide river. Heart-hunger led Lucie to make the interests of the little household her own. She relieved the Commander and Minns of the cares of marketing, and in the cool of the mornings Tommy and she used to paddle up to the riverside town where they did their shopping, and return with the stores for the day. It was a different Lucie from the one who had repined beneath the grasshopper burdens of her antipodean life. She watched the growth of the Commander's tomatoes as eagerly as did their owner; and when the finest cucumber turned sallow and revealed a lackadaisical inclination to pine on the stem, her regret was as sincere as the Commander's, her interest in the discussion as to the probable cause of the decay, and the best means of insuring against its future recurrence, quite as genuine.

Several mornings a week the Commander, attended by the faithful Minns, and supplied with enticement for the fish in the varied forms of gentles in a tin, red worms in earth, and live bait in a pail, and further provided with human sustenance in the shape of sandwiches and beer, would set off in the clumsy green punt. A mile farther down the river lay their favourite fishing-spot, where, with the punt securely moored by a pole at either end, they would spend the tranquil hours smoking and watching their scarlet floats bobbing serenely on the surface of the water.

At such times the *Bombast* was left in the unquestioned possession of Tommy, Lucie, and Aunt Sarah; and, Lucie's Colonial training coming to her aid, she took pride in cooking dainty messes for their lunch or in preparing inviting dishes in readiness for the evening meal that found the household again united.

The *Bombast's* boats comprised only the green punt and a skiff; but during the day the punt of a young City man who owned the adjoining bungalow was at their disposal; and on their going round to the quiet backwater that lay on the farther side of the island, Tommy taught Lucie the secrets of punting, a science she readily mastered; though but for the timely aid of the instructor the first lesson would have left the pupil clinging to the pole in the midst of the backwater.

As nothing short of strong coercion would have induced Aunt Sarah to trust herself in a boat, her position as chaperon was almost a sinecure. In company with her cat and her bird, she sat and knitted socks on the rose-entwined veranda that overlooked the ever-changing life of the river. It was her affectionate boast that she had knitted all the hose her nephew had worn since his infancy; that her handiwork had followed him to the ends of the earth. However, Tommy admitted in confidence to Lucie that his boxes were full of unworn thick worsted socks woven by his aunt under the mistaken belief that if worn in the tropics they would prove a sure protection against chill.

Time passed tranquilly until one Friday afternoon a serpent—disguised in boating flannels and a straw-hat begirt with a cheerful ribbon—intruded into their Eden.

(To be continued.)

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

By HARRY F. WITHERBY, F.Z.S.

THE migration of birds at certain seasons of the year has excited the notice and the wonder of mankind for ages. That the hawk is wont to 'stretch her wings toward the south' was as well known to the writer of the Book of Job as it is to the Nile boat-traveller of to-day. Aristotle quotes the proverb, 'One swallow does not make a summer;' and Homer compares the noisy march of the Trojans to the clamorous flight of a flock of cranes, 'which flee from the coming of winter and sudden rain.' The Arabs are said to have been helped in the compilation of their calendars by noting the times of arrival and departure of migratory birds; and the Redskin of the far North-west has received much the same aid from the birds of another continent.

In spite of this ancient and world-wide observation, the migration of birds is even yet a profound mystery; in the words of Professor Newton, 'perhaps the greatest mystery which the whole animal kingdom presents.' Theories there are by the score, some of them plausible, many of them improbable, and not one entirely satisfactory. This result is undoubtedly due to the want of sufficient knowledge. Since the days of dear old Gilbert White much advance has been made; but, notwithstanding all the careful records and the laborious work of ornithologists during late years, much more evidence must be collected before we can hope for a solution of our difficulties. Even now the myth that cranes, eagles, and other large birds transport smaller ones on their backs is almost as popular amongst educated people as it is amongst the peasants of Egypt. The idea that swallows and other birds hibernate during the winter and awake again in the spring has found in later years supporters as firm as Gilbert White a century and a half ago; but superstitions and fables are slowly passing away, and are now superseded by a desire for facts. The study of migration, as far as actual observation goes, is even now almost in its infancy. Records of the movements of migratory birds in the southern hemispheres are still so meagre that no general deductions can be drawn from them; but as regards the northern hemispheres of both the Old and the New World, a mass of records by innumerable observers has been gradually accumulating; and it is on these observations that our present knowledge is based.

Although much good work has been done in North America, on the continent of Europe, and even in Asia, the observations have not as yet been sufficiently continuous to lead to more than general results; while, because of the restricted area in which they were conducted, the observations made by the late Herr Gätke during his fifty years' residence on that famous ornithological observatory, the island of Heligoland, are somewhat inconclusive. However, Gätke's observations, both in number and continuity, considerably exceeded any previous work of the kind.

By far the most important and valuable results ever achieved in any country have been gained from the enormous mass of information collected during eight years by a special committee appointed by the British Association in 1880. The committee were greatly indebted to the keepers of the lighthouses and lightships round the coasts of the British Isles, these men having most cheerfully and very intelligently filled in the schedules sent to them, and in this way no less than one hundred thousand detailed observations were recorded in the eight years covered by the inquiry. The originators of the idea of utilising the services of lighthouse-keepers for this purpose were undoubtedly the late Mr John Cordeaux and Mr J. A. Harvie-Brown, who made a very successful attempt to procure such information in 1879. Mr W. Eagle Clarke, a member of the committee, undertook the formidable task of arrangement; and after years of labour he was able in 1896 to present a digest of the observations to the British Association. This valuable work deals with the history of the migration of birds in general, as observed in the British Isles. Later researches, and an addition of thousands of observations extracted from published records, have resulted in Mr Clarke's latest work on the subject, which is a complete and authoritative history of the various migratory movements of four British birds: the song-thrush, the white wagtail, the skylark, and the swallow. Mr Clarke is still at work, and we heartily join with him in the hope that before long he will have completed the histories of the migrations of every British bird. However, the investigations already accomplished make it now possible to give an accurate survey of the main facts of the migrations of birds.

It is common knowledge that the swallow, the cuckoo, and many other birds travel northwards in the spring and return southwards in the autumn; that they have their nesting-places in the north and their winter quarters in the south. This is true of all strictly migratory birds breeding in the northern hemisphere; and the observations so far made prove that individuals of every species, even the most sedentary, migrate to some extent at a certain season. It must not be supposed, however, that all birds perform the

same migrations, or that all the individuals of any particular species resort to the same breeding-grounds and the same winter quarters. That this is not the case will be made clear by a more extended view of bird-migration than, owing to our insular position, we are apt to take. A few examples will serve to show how varied are the distances traversed during migration by even one family of birds, the waders. The woodcock, although essentially a migratory species, affords an example of comparatively restricted migration. It breeds as far north as the limit of tree-growth in Europe; but its migrations in winter barely reach to Africa, or a distance of at the most two thousand miles. On the other hand, the jack-snipe, a near relation to the woodcock, although going as far north to breed, pushes its migrations in the winter to Abyssinia. A much more remarkable journey is performed by the gray plover. This bird breeds in Siberia and in the barren wastes of arctic America, nowhere south of about latitude sixty degrees north, yet in winter it is found as far south as Madagascar, Guatemala, and even Australia.

We cannot ignore these well-ascertained facts; but we do not always fully realise the significance of such an occurrence until it has come under our personal notice. Thus it was not until I had seen a remarkable, though by no means an extreme, instance of the long journey performed by a small and feeble bird that I fully appreciated the wonderful feat. Far to the south, in the spring, I had often seen birds which I knew only bred far to the north; but, as these were all birds of strong flight, their long journeys did not seem very remarkable. However, in the year 1900, on the White Nile, many miles south of Khartoum, I shot a red-throated pipit—a delicate little bird, smaller than a lark, a feeble flyer, and, as far as I could see, quite alone. A year before I had found the nests of the same species north of the Arctic Circle, and I knew that the bird had never been known to breed many miles south of the land of the midnight sun. Here, then, was subject for thought; and the more I thought about it and recollected my own journeys to and from the same points, the more I wondered at the bird's extraordinary power.

The distances covered by birds are often very difficult to determine accurately, owing to the extended areas over which many species are distributed in summer and winter. We cannot say, for instance, with any certainty that the same swallow that nests under our eaves winters at the Cape, for these birds breed all over Europe, northern Asia, and northern Africa, and winter all over Africa as well as in India. There is a theory, supported by a certain amount of evidence, that among the birds of a particular species those that winter farthest south breed farthest north, and that the individuals thus performing the longest journeys are those with the longest and broadest wing-feathers. Again, taking the swallow as an example, this would mean that birds wintering at the Cape breed near or within the Arctic Circle, while our swallows would winter about the middle of Africa; and, to carry the theory to a logical conclusion, the swallows breeding in the south of Spain would only need to cross the Straits of Gibraltar to their winter quarters. This may be the case with certain birds; but more information regarding the times at which they leave their winter homes is needed before we can be certain. That some birds—song-thrushes, for instance—differ in this respect Mr Clarke has already proved. Many thrushes which have bred in the British Isles move southward during September and October to winter in warmer climes, and their places are taken by numbers of thrushes from north-western Europe, which invade the north-east coast of Great Britain and spread over our islands. The thrushes, therefore, shift their quarters by replacing each other in an orderly sort of progression southwards in autumn and northwards in spring. The skylark and a number of other birds with a widespread breeding-range undoubtedly do the same. To ascertain the exact journeys of individuals of widely ranging species it would be necessary to adopt some such plan as that of fixing suitable rings, such as are often used for carrier-pigeons, to the legs of a large number of birds. These rings, which might be of aluminium, should bear appropriate marks by which they could be easily identified, and a great number should be systematically fixed. This being done, and supposing there were a sufficient number of interested persons in the birds' winter haunts, some of the birds bearing rings might be shot, and then by publication of the marks on the ring the journey of the bird would become known. Most readers will remember that Slatin Pasha, when a prisoner in Omdurman, got into serious trouble about a ring attached to a crane. The crane was shot by one of the Dervishes near Dongola, and on its neck was found a ring containing two small papers, which were brought to the Khalifa. Slatin was bidden to translate the writing on the papers. Luckily his manner and the wording of the translation allayed the suspicions of the tyrannical Khalifa, ever suspicious of treachery. The paper merely said that the crane was bred at Ascania Nova, in the province of Taurida, South Russia, and asked that whoever killed the bird would communicate with its owner, Mr Falz-Fein. The Khalifa, after due consideration, remarked, 'This is one of the many devilries of those unbelievers, who waste their time in such useless nonsense.' Slatin, however, repeated over and over again the name and address on the paper to imprint them upon his memory. Soon after his escape and return to Cairo he remembered the crane and the message, and communicated full particulars of its capture to Mr Falz-Fein in the Crimea. Failing

sufficient evidence of this character, we cannot yet say whether the individuals of widely ranging birds perform equal journeys or not; but in any case it is clear how varied in extent are the migrations of different birds, and how diverse in character can be those of a single species.

On the other hand, it cannot be doubted that the movements of individual birds are conducted with the greatest regularity, both as regards time and place. Those least observant of bird-life must have noticed how punctual is the return to this country of the swallows, the cuckoos, the landrails, the night-jars, and other migratory birds; how regularly they leave us; and, moreover, how persistent they are in resorting again year after year to some favourite nesting-site. A most extraordinary instance of this persistence is referred to by Professor Newton. A pair of stone-curlews, a migratory species, were in the habit of breeding for many years in an extensive and barren rabbit-warren. Gradually this ground became the centre of a large and flourishing plantation; yet these birds, which are essentially lovers of open country, continued to breed there. Such persistence, of which many instances might be given, shows a true love of home, and undoubtedly proves that the same birds return to the same nesting-haunt after a winter spent, perhaps, thousands of miles away. So punctual are migratory birds that dates can be fixed when they are due to arrive or depart, while in many places one species is heralded as the certain forerunner of another, and seldom are these prognostications at fault. This is especially the case on the north-east coast of Great Britain, where hosts of birds first strike after crossing the North Sea from Scandinavia. On the Yorkshire coast, for instance, the tiny golden-crested wren is called the woodcock-pilot, because a few days after the arrival of these little wanderers the woodcock may with certainty be expected. This idea is firmly implanted, and with good reason, in many of the inhabitants of the coast. I well remember tramping all one day with an old Yorkshire gunner in search of woodcock and never seeing one. At the end of the day the old man put his gun up and deliberately shot a tiny bird in the hedge. I asked him why he killed so small a bird. 'Dang 'er,' said he, ''er's a woodcock-pilot; I've shuten 'er for tellin' lies.' It was a golden-crested wren, and the hedges had been full of them for three days.

Too much stress has been laid by many writers upon the routes taken by the birds. On the other hand, it must not be supposed that, in journeying north and south, birds pass to and fro without any regard to order of route. The very facts just mentioned of the regular return to previous nesting-sites preclude such an idea; but as the distances covered by the different birds, and even by the different individuals of the same species, are exceedingly varied, so are the routes taken most diverse and intricate. Although it is true that certain routes are particularly affected during migration, these routes only become narrowed down to our idea of highways at points where a coast-line, a river valley, or some such natural feature of a country forms the only convenient road for the birds. In such cases a well-defined route is the result simply because the paths of a number of birds coincide at the point, and not from any desire on the part of the birds to follow one another. That this is a fact is evident from the way in which birds cross seas or land where no particular advantage is to be gained by following a definite line. The birds which visit us from Scandinavia, for instance, cross the North Sea in such an extended formation that they strike our eastern seaboard from Norfolk to the Shetlands. All these birds are going in the same general direction; but other birds, often of the same species, cross the same sea in other directions; and so varied are these routes, and so tortuous, although all leading eventually north and south, that could we only have an extended view of some such much-used highway as the North Sea, the birds would be seen flying from many points of the compass, crossing each other, intricately mixed and apparently in hopeless confusion.

The study of migration is still further complicated by the manner in which it is conducted. In some cases the males travel apart from the females, and in many instances the young make their first journey to the south alone. Nearly a century ago Colonel Montagu remarked that in the spring male nightingales always arrived in this country before the females; and since that time many observations have confirmed this statement regarding the nightingale and many other birds. Herr Gätke has gone beyond this, and affirms that the forerunners of the spring migration to the north are invariably old males, next come the old females, then younger males and females, and finally only birds of the previous year. Supposing these birds all start at about the same time, it is conceivable that during the long journey they would 'tail out,' and the strongest birds, usually the males, would gradually obtain a lead.

The usual order of arrival in the spring is generally reversed in the departure for the south in the autumn, as far as concerns the young and the old; while regarding the males and females there is little evidence, owing to want of observers at the southern termination of their journeys. In many cases of departure the young leave before the old, and perform the long journey alone, with apparently no knowledge, other than that which they have inherited, of the direction they are to take or the goal they are to reach. It is easy to understand that the old birds are often kept back by the cares

of a second brood when the want of food or some other cause induces the already fledged young of the first family to depart. Many instances have been recorded of martins, swallows, and other summer visitors to these islands staying long after the departure of the majority, to attend to broods which have been hatched abnormally late. A remarkable corroboration of this intimate connection between migration and the care of young is afforded by the anomalous case of the cuckoo. 'Come August, go he must,' is an old and true saying as far as the adult cuckoos are concerned; but the young are often scarcely fledged by this time, and do not all leave until October; but, as every one knows, the cuckoo takes no trouble in rearing its young, and is thus free to leave when it will. Besides the care of the young, there is another reason for the old birds delaying their departure in the autumn. Many birds moult part of their feathers twice a year, the larger quill-feathers of the wing being only shed once, and in the majority of cases this takes place in autumn before the birds' long flight to the south. The young bird, however, does not moult his large wing-feathers in the first autumn, and is thus not delayed like his parents by waiting for the growth of the quills.

The idea prevails that birds migrate in great numbers; but this is by no means generally the case. Sometimes they congregate before migration—the swallows, for instance, occasionally do so—and leave in vast flocks; but as a rule birds migrate in ones and twos or in small flocks. The great 'rushes' of migrating birds often noted in the autumn are caused not by any preconcerted action on the part of the birds themselves, but by the weather conditions prevailing at their starting-point. This fact has been amply proved by Mr Clarke, one of whose tasks has been to discover, by a comparison of migration and meteorological phenomena, the relations existing between the weather and the movements of the birds. On this point he says: 'During the cyclonic spell a weather barrier arrests the progress of and dams back, as it were, the ordinary seasonal migratory stream. . . . Upon the duration and severity of these preliminary conditions depends, to some extent, the magnitude of the emigratory movement that follows. The formation of the anticyclone removes the cyclonic weather barrier, releases the flood, and provides conditions favourable for migration, adding also an incentive in the form of a decided fall in temperature. Thus it is not a matter of surprise that such a combination of meteorological conditions in the north should produce a rush southwards of those vast numbers of migrating birds which appear during the hours of darkness on our eastern coasts at the fall of each year.'

Weather affects birds to an appreciable extent only at their starting-point. The weather may be entirely different and quite unfavourable at the place of their arrival. Thus birds often arrive on our east coast immediately after or during a strong easterly or south-easterly wind, and the conclusion that 'the wind has brought them over' is at once arrived at. Mr Clarke has proved, however, that these winds almost invariably prevail when the weather is clear and still to the north-east and east of the British Islands—that is, at the point from which the birds start. So that the direction of the wind in itself has no influence as an incentive to migration; but its force is certainly an important factor. Although moderate winds have little effect, a strong wind may make migration impossible, arrest its progress to a greater or lesser degree, or even blow the birds out of their course.

The 'rushes' of migrating birds have often been witnessed on a truly magnificent scale. Herr Gätke thus describes such a flight witnessed on Heligoland: 'The whole sky is filled with a babel of hundreds of thousands of voices, and as we approach the lighthouse there presents itself to the eye a scene which more than confirms the experience of the ear. Under the intense glare of the light, swarms of larks, starlings, and thrushes career around in ever-varying density, like showers of brilliant sparks or large snowflakes driven onwards by a gale, and continuously replaced as they disappear by freshly arriving multitudes. Mingled with these birds are large numbers of golden plovers, lapwings, curlews, and sandpipers.' During such a rush no less than fifteen thousand larks were captured in three hours on Heligoland. It is impossible to estimate the numbers of birds that are seen on such occasions, while of the multitudes that never come into view at all we can have no conception. That little indeed is seen of migration, and that all observations are based on the movements of but a fraction of the migrating hosts, there can be no doubt. This is especially the case in the spring, when the procreative impulse is so strong that the birds hurry on with the briefest delay, especially in the last stage of their journey, to their northern breeding-homes. Hence numbers of them escape observation. In the autumn matters are much easier. The great business of the year is done, food is abundant, and there is no particular hurry. Moreover, the number of birds is incomparably greater than in the spring, when a double journey and the winter have thinned their ranks. At all times of the year migration is usually carried on in the hours of darkness, and at such a height that we can see but little of it. From the observations of Herr Gätke it would seem that only the shorter and more local journeys are performed in the daytime, and that on these occasions the voyagers are at a comparatively low elevation. Herr Gätke maintains—and his conclusions are founded

on personal observation—that although differing greatly in the height which they attain, the majority of migratory birds travel at an elevation which represents the limit of human vision. The best evidence as to the actual height at which migrating birds fly has been furnished by the ingenuity of two American observers, Messrs W. E. D. Scott and F. M. Chapman, who have both made observations through astronomical telescopes of birds flying across the face of the moon. By careful computations Mr Chapman reckoned that the highest of the birds he saw were at an elevation of fifteen thousand one hundred feet, or nearly three miles. So clear a view of some did he obtain that he was able to recognise several Carolina rails and a snipe by their flight.

It is much more difficult to ascertain the time occupied by migrant birds in performing their journeys or the pace at which they fly than it is to determine the height. Indeed, as to their speed we have scarcely any reliable evidence. There are several instances reported, supported by good testimony, of enormous distances being traversed by birds in a single flight; and, did we know how long birds can exist on the wing without alighting, we should be able at all events to estimate approximately the time occupied in these flights. The American golden plovers, for example, seem to accomplish at a single flight the enormous distance of one thousand seven hundred miles. The birds breed in the Arctic regions between Alaska and Greenland, and when autumn comes they pass through Nova Scotia and strike boldly out to sea on the way to their winter quarters in the West Indies. A glance at the map will show that the Bermudas form the only land on which they could alight; but they are only seen there occasionally during unfavourable weather, and many witnesses have declared that they have seen flocks of these birds flying southwards many hundred miles to the east of the Bermudas. It seems incontestable, therefore, that the American golden plover usually covers the distance in a single flight.

It appears from Herr Gätke's observations that the stomach of the birds are empty when they migrate, and it therefore seems unlikely that the American golden plover can be long in accomplishing this enormous flight; but it would be unwise to attempt, on that basis, to estimate even approximately the bird's speed. That birds fly at a greater speed when migrating than at other times is quite probable; but we have no direct evidence that this is so, and at present we can only gauge the speed of birds by the performances of carrier-pigeons and by comparing the flight of various birds with the known pace of railway trains. It has been proved that the normal speed of the best carrier-pigeons is only some fifty miles an hour. It is a very common observation, too, that an express railway train will generally beat the swallow and the swift, and that a train travelling at ordinary speed will completely outstrip partridges and other birds flying parallel with it; but in both these instances the conditions are so artificial, especially in the case of the carrier-pigeon, that we must wait for further evidence on the subject before we can be at all sure what speed a bird can attain and maintain. That some birds fly at a great speed is undoubted, as is proved by the force with which they strike lighthouse lanterns, the thick glass of which is sometimes smashed by such a bird as the duck.

Whatever the speed attained and whatever the length of the journey, migration undoubtedly proves a considerable strain on the powers of a bird, and great mortality results from it. I have seen little goldcrests and robins, which had just crossed the North Sea and arrived on our east coast, so exhausted by their journey that they could easily be caught with the hand. There are many cases on record of birds expiring from exhaustion on the decks of lightships, and the lightkeepers have often seen the tired travellers fall into the sea and perish before they were able to reach the lightship, many miles from land. We have all heard of birds alighting in an exhausted state on vessels far out to sea, and on a long journey over the ocean many must find a watery grave. However, it is when they encounter gales or run into thick weather and are blown out of their course and lose their way when crossing wide stretches of water that birds suffer most. At these times the mortality is probably very great, and there are many instances of dead birds being washed up in great numbers after heavy gales.

There are other dangers to which great multitudes succumb during their migrations. The strange attraction of a powerful light causes thousands to dash themselves against the lanterns of lighthouses and lightships. It is curious that a light should have so peculiar a fascination for birds and insects. The character of the light, too, is an undoubted factor, since it has been well proved that fixed lights and white lights are much more destructive to birds than revolving ones and red ones. Moreover, Mr R. M. Barrington, who has lately published an exhaustive work on the migration of birds as observed at Irish light-stations, conclusively shows that at the moon's brightest phases the birds that strike the lights are much fewer than when the moon, in its first and fourth quarter, gives little light.

Great numbers of migrating birds are also killed by men who, in many countries, make a regular harvest by snaring and shooting the tired birds; and the small birds have enemies even amongst their own kind. Hawks and owls have often been observed accompanying the smaller birds and preying upon them during their overland journeys, and the larger gulls

chase and devour them at sea. From the observations of the lighthouse-keepers, Mr Barrington comes to the conclusion that 'the carnivorous habits of the larger gulls constitute a real peril to birds on passage.' In support of that statement he quotes, among others, Mr Stapleton, of the Arklow North Lightship, who says: 'Several large seagulls remain about the ship for the winter months; and by day, when they happen to notice a small bird such as a blackbird or lark, worn out after a long flight, they give it chase, kill it, and eat it, feathers and all.'

Such, briefly reviewed, are the main facts as far as they are known, connected with the phenomena of the migration of birds. We have considered how birds travel south in autumn and north in spring; how varied are these journeys in length and character; how intricate and indirect are the routes taken by birds of even the same species; how individuals return with the utmost punctuality year after year to well-known nesting-places; how the different sexes and the young often travel apart; how the weather affects migration and often causes enormous 'rushes' of birds; how little of migration we see; how that it is generally conducted at night and at great altitudes; and, finally, what mortality it causes.

From even a slight consideration of the foregoing such questions as these at once arise in the mind: What is the cause of migration? What first led birds to undertake these journeys? Why do they continue them? How do they find their way? As stated, many theories professing to answer these questions have been put forward; but the more we study the matter, and the more we learn, the more difficult does it become to adopt any of the theories, fascinating and plausible though many of them are. However, we can console ourselves with the certain hope that the collection of information, and the sifting and organising thereof, which is now going on, will lead us almost imperceptibly towards the discovery of this mystery of mysteries.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

ONE of the most important events of the Coronation year is the establishment at Teddington, Surrey, of a National Physical Laboratory. The idea is not a new one, for it was suggested many years back, and six years ago was made the principal topic of the presidential address to the British Association by Sir Douglas Galton. Owing to this address a committee was appointed to consider the matter and to report upon the success attained by a similar institution in Berlin. It was soon made apparent that this German institution had paid its cost over and over again by bringing scientific research into touch with the various manufactures of the country. The chemical industries alone are to-day worth the enormous annual sum of sixty millions sterling to the Fatherland. As an instance of German enterprise we may remind our readers that the discovery of the first coal-tar colours is due to an English chemist, Dr Perkin; yet upon this discovery the Germans have built up an enormous industry, and furnish the world with dye-stuffs. Let us hope that the new laboratory at Teddington will be instrumental in preventing another such prize from slipping through the national fingers.

A BIG KITE.

At the recent meeting in Edinburgh of the Scottish Meteorological Society, a kite fitted with apparatus for taking observations in the higher parts of the atmosphere was exhibited, previous to being handed over to the Antarctic Expedition for use in the regions of the South Pole. This kite is of the box or Hargreave pattern, and comprises a bamboo framework covered with cloth, being about seven feet square and three feet deep. Its 'string' consists of four miles of pianoforte-wire, which is both light and strong, and this wire is wound on a drum. The kite carries an aneroid barometer, a thermometer, an hygrometer, and a photographic camera with which bird's-eye views of the landscape can be secured. The three first-named instruments constitute a meteorograph, and their variations are continuously recorded on one drum turned by clockwork. The length of wire used will give the kite an altitude of fifteen thousand feet, and in strong winds it will be necessary to employ an oil-engine of two horse-power to turn the winch which brings it to earth. Hitherto no observations have been made concerning the condition of the upper atmosphere in the polar regions, and this kite will supply the deficiency.

EXPLORATION BY BALLOON.

A scheme is afoot in France to explore part of West Africa by means of a balloon; and the novel part of the scheme is the proposal to send forward a pilot balloon, carrying no passengers, as a kind of advance agent. This balloon will be of three thousand feet capacity, and will be fitted with various scientific instruments for different purposes of automatic registration. It will also carry a steel guide or trail rope weighing half-a-ton, and an automatic ballasting apparatus. The latter takes the form of a tank holding three

hundred gallons of water, which is fitted with a valve which will open whenever the balloon descends to within fifty yards of the ground. It is intended that this pilot, and the balloon to follow it later on, shall travel from Tunisia to the Niger, thus crossing the least-known portion of the Sahara. It has been ascertained that during certain months the wind-direction and its velocity are constant, and it has thus been calculated that the journey will occupy five days. The self-recording instruments in the pilot balloon are expected to indicate the exact route which it follows, for the guidance of the aeronauts who will later on make the same journey. The difficulty which naturally occurs to the uninitiated is that of catching the pilot balloon.

SKIN-GRAFTING.

Of late years many wonderful surgical operations have been performed, and among the most interesting are the cases where skin-grafting has been practised. A story is told of the colonel of an American regiment who ordered his men to contribute portions of their skin to patch up the integument of one of their comrades who exhibited upon his body a denuded area. But cases often occur in civil practice where it is difficult to find the necessary material to make good a wound, and the difficulty has been met in America, says the *Philadelphia Medical Journal*, by treating the skin as an article of commerce, just as in Russia and elsewhere girls are persuaded to sell their golden tresses for filthy lucre. A doctor in America recently paid five dollars for sufficient living skin to heal up a badly scalded limb, and this transaction will no doubt establish a precedent with regard to price. It must not be supposed that the skin removal involves an operation which can be in any way described as 'flaying;' for it is only the outside layer which is required, and this can be shaved off by a skilful operator almost bloodlessly. It is an old saying that every man has his price; but the new market for skin will not only regulate the price, but will collect it in small instalments.

DISPOSAL OF SEWAGE.

It would be interesting to search the newspapers of the last two or three decades to note and collect the various processes which have been brought forward during that time for effectively dealing with the sewage of large cities. One or two have been published which profess to point out how such refuse could be turned into fuel; but, like many other schemes, these have had a brief advertisement and have never been heard of again. Such a solution of the sewage question would be of inestimable value; indeed, one cannot imagine a better thing than the conversion of a noxious product into something commercially valuable. According to report, this desirable exchange has recently been effected by a German chemist named Erich Springborn, who has succeeded in producing a block fuel, while at the same time the effluent or waste water is converted into a liquid so pure that it can be discharged without offence or damage into any stream or river. The fuel is smokeless, devoid of any unpleasant smell in burning, and is said to be a quick steam-raiser. The invention is presently to be tried on a large scale, and hopes are held out that a waste product which has proved a stumbling-block to health and progress for many generations will be converted into a harmless substance of considerable value.

SOOT DISTRIBUTION.

An inquiry of an unusual kind has been taken up by Mr W. Irwin, who recently read a paper before the Manchester section of the Society of Chemical Industry, in which he told his hearers how he had determined the amount of soot which falls in that smoky city over a given area. He chose a time when snow had lain on the ground for a period of ten days. Taking a quantity of this smirched snow, he melted it, and examined and weighed the residue. Analysis showed that the grimy mass consisted of nearly half carbon, while the other half was ash combined with a large proportion of heavy oil and grease. This delectable mixture had been rained upon the city to the extent of 10·7 lbs. per acre, or three tons to the square mile. Supposing this condition of things to prevail for one hundred square miles round Manchester Town Hall, it is evident that in the ten days a fall of three hundred tons of soot had been distributed over that area.

MENDING A TALL CHIMNEY.

A clever instance of shaft reparation, which seemed to be almost impossible, is reported from America. A certain tall building, or 'sky-scraper,' was furnished with a smoke-stack or shaft, which, besides acting as a flue, carried steam, water, and drainage pipes from the top to the bottom of the edifice. This chimney, three hundred and twenty-five feet in height, was built of masonry; but it had a steel lining weighing no less than forty-eight tons, which unfortunately had been braced to the masonry too rigidly to admit of expansion. The result was that the metal tube separated at one of its lower joints and telescoped over itself, the entire stack dropping about three feet, with much damage to its contained pipes, &c. In order to lift the tube to its original position, the engineer placed a massive iron collar round its top, with arms attached which held it firmly to the masonry. Then the fires were drawn, and the tube allowed to get cold, which resulted in the metal contracting to such an extent that the telescoped portion was reduced to one-half its former extent. The tube was then clamped at the bottom; and, the furnaces being once more lighted, the expansion raised the top of the tube to its original height. Again the collar there was secured, and

the process repeated until the telescoping of the joint was entirely obliterated. New rivets were then put in to mend the broken joint, and adjustments were fitted to the chimney to allow of expansion, thus preventing any chance of a recurrence of the accident.

FLOATING GERMS.

A curious and interesting experiment was conducted recently by Professor McWeeney on the premises of a Dublin manufacturer, who was anxious to ascertain whether he ran any risk to health from the presence on a neighbour's premises of a refuse-heap, the intervening distance being eight hundred feet. Professor McWeeney first of all took a number of easily recognised microbes, which were not common to the neighbourhood, and sprayed them into the atmosphere over the heap of refuse, taking care that the wind was in the right direction. On the premises of the manufacturer culture-dishes were exposed for three hours, and at the end of that time examination showed that colonies of the newly introduced microbes were developed. It is noteworthy that rain was falling heavily during the progress of the experiment. We thus learn that even under untoward conditions germs can be conveyed through the air from a distant point, and that it is quite as necessary to see that the surroundings of a house are clean as to attend to its interior sanitary condition. We cannot, however, help thinking that the experiment would have been more convincing had pathogenic germs been recognised in the culture-dishes, when the wind came from the direction of the refuse-heap, without any artificial aid to their propagation.

THE FIRST IRON VESSEL IN GREAT BRITAIN.

A writer in the *Scientific American* draws attention to the fact that as early as the year 1809 Robert Dickenson suggested to the Admiralty a scheme by which the old wooden ships of the Royal Navy might be gradually replaced by vessels built of iron. Twenty-one years afterwards the Admiralty gave a deliverance that iron vessels would be practically useless in a line of action and unmanageable in a storm. This theory was supported by Dr Lardner, who said, moreover, that there was about as much chance of an iron boat reaching New York as there was of a voyage to the moon. Thomas Wilson, a young Scottish boatbuilder, thought differently; and in 1816 he began to build a boat of iron at Faskine, Lanarkshire, which he named the *Vulcan*. All her plates, rivets, and angle-irons were made over the anvil by Wilson and his blacksmith. This iron boat was specially constructed for passenger service on the Monkland Canal. Wilson was jeered at for thinking that iron would float; but when the trial day arrived the boatbuilder came off triumphant, and the *Vulcan* ran for sixty years. The Forth and Clyde Company ordered other vessels of the same material; and Wilson accepted a post in their service as chief engineer, which he held for fifty years. He died at Grangemouth on 1st November 1873, aged ninety-two.

BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES.

According to a report made by experts to the American Government, there is no longer any such thing as a really burglar-proof safe. The professional cracksman has been known to use the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe to burn through the steel walls of a safe, or the electric arc fed by the current which he finds convenient to his hand on the victim's premises. Now he has a simpler method of procedure in the use of a pyrotechnical compound which gives off such heat as to rob the hardest metal of its temper, thus enabling the burglar to penetrate it as if it were pewter. For this reason the American Government is advised not to expend large sums of money in constructing so-called burglar-proof safes in which to store its valuables. It is recommended that the best precaution against burglars is to be found in an elaborate system of electrical alarm-signals, which will make the depredators themselves give notice of their unwelcome presence.

COMPRESSED SAWDUST.

If sawdust is subjected to hydraulic pressure its particles will adhere so as to form a solid mass, heavier than a piece of hardwood of the same area. This fact has been utilised in Germany with very promising results in the manufacture of sawdust briquettes for fuel. The United States consul, in a recent communication from Bern, describes these briquettes, or sawdust cakes, as being of octagonal form and weighing each about half-a-pound. No binding ingredient is used, although in some kinds of sawdust such an addition might possibly be required, the sawdust being simply dried and pressed into shape; and, owing to this absence of any tarry or oily matter, the wood burns without smoke. Formerly sawdust was a waste product which could be obtained for the asking; but this new demand for it has given it a market price, and now it is necessary to obtain it from distant factories, for the local supply is not equal to the demand. Unfortunately the briquette factory has been burnt down, and for the present the industry has ceased. It will doubtless be taken up in other localities where a supply of the raw material is plentiful.

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING.

The Lightning Research Committee, which, under the joint auspices of the Royal Institution and the British Architects' and Surveyors' Institution, was organised more than twelve months ago to receive evidence and report upon the effect of lightning upon buildings, is still

engaged in its useful labours. No fewer than two hundred observers throughout the United Kingdom are in touch with the committee, and in addition to these it has many correspondents in our colonies and in foreign countries. So far, upwards of seventy trustworthy records have been received. Sixty were tabulated to the end of last year, and it is a curious circumstance that out of this small number of disasters to buildings brought about by lightning, no fewer than twelve refer to places which were guarded—we can hardly say protected—by some form of lightning-conductor. This fact seems to be in accordance with the opinion which has been expressed that the system of protection formulated by the Lightning-Rod Conference of 1882 is not to be relied upon. It would almost indicate that some lightning-rods attract the evil which they are supposed to avert, for one in five is out of all proportion to the number of lightning-conductors in general use.

THE AMERICAN BISON.

Of late years much discussion has arisen in America respecting the supposed almost total extinction of the bison, an animal which once roamed the prairies in countless herds. Many who claimed to be authorities on the subject have asserted that the popular notion is incorrect, and that in certain regions the bison is still plentiful. In order to settle this important question the Secretary of Agriculture was requested by the United States Senate to report upon the subject, and this report has recently been published. It shows that the bison is on the verge of extinction, only a very few of the animals being left, which at one time could be counted by millions. There are two small herds: one at Yellowstone Park, consisting of twenty-five animals; and the other at Lost Park, Colorado, which numbers from eight to ten. There are no wild buffaloes in Canada; but a number have been domesticated and half-domesticated. Of these there are at least three important herds known, and the American Government is advised to get possession of some of them, and place them on a reservation, under competent management, so that they can be properly protected and preserved indefinitely.

AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR AND THE BEGINNINGS OF LIFE.

The editor of the American *McClure's Magazine* seems to have the gift of securing suggestive, interesting, even sensational articles in modern science and invention. In the March issue the researches and discoveries of Dr Jacques Loeb, and his colleague Dr Matthews, of Chicago University, are discussed. It is impossible in a paragraph to do more than indicate the scope of what the writer believes Dr Loeb has discovered. For instance, he brings forward evidence that 'there is no complex structure in the germ-cells from which the lower animals spring, but that their varying form is simply a reaction between a specific kind of protoplasm and the physical forces of light, heat, contact, and chemism, which mould it this way or that.' The statement is also made that the beating of the heart is not due to some mysterious influence of the nerves, but to the presence of a minute quantity of certain salts. The 'ions,' as the electrically charged atoms are called, act, and cause the heart as a muscle to contract. The negative charges set them agoing; the positive charges stop them. The ultimate cause of muscular action of all life-processes is said to be electricity. Examples are given in which the Professor started life in eggs without the addition of sperm-cells, but by chemical means. The main action of food in the body is the production of electricity. The body is in some sort a dynamo, and food is of value according to the electricity it affords. We have heard something like this before. But have we got any farther into Nature's secrets: what lies behind the play of physical forces, and what are they?

ONE I KNEW.

He never tried to preach or set you right;
He thought all others better far than he;
And so he showed by life, instead of words,
The wondrous beauty of humility.

He did not worry to reform the world.
He knew God's ways, though slow, were always sure;
He only struggled to reform himself
By steadfastness and patience to endure.

He would not prate about the want of love,
Nor yet the lack of faith, in human mind;
He never spoke about these things at all,
Only he never failed in being kind.

One single passion held his heart in sway:
An earnest craving for the pure and true;
And though at times God's face felt far away—
His earth-dimmed eyes so deeply yearned to view—

Still, in the dark as in the light, he smiled!
He said the sun was shining all the time!
And, for the things he could not understand,
He hoped and trusted in a Love sublime.

A. M. Orpen.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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FINDING OF THE WHITE LAMA.

By Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN.

PART I.

IT is many years now since the newspapers contained the following announcement: 'On the 21st of August, drowned in the Upper Indus River, while on a shooting expedition in Ladak, Harold Raymond Breakspear, Captain Bengal Lancers, only son of the late Major-General H. A. R. Breakspear, H.E.I.C. Forces, aged thirty.'

The circumstances connected with Captain Breakspear's death were made known to his relatives by the India Office (where full reports had been received from the officials in India), and may be described in a few words: The gallant Lancer had obtained six months' leave for the purpose of shooting in the outer Himalayas; and his brother-officers had received from time to time letters from him containing details of the excellent sport he was enjoying among the wild yak and *Ovis ammon*. Towards the close of his leave a letter arrived announcing that he was marching towards Leh, and expected to be back with his regiment within a month. His leave, however, expired; and, as he had not returned, a special report was made of his absence. Then came a despatch from the British Resident at Srinugger, forwarding another from the authorities at Leh, in which Captain Breakspear was reported as having been drowned in a tributary of the Indus near the village of Basgo. A court of inquiry had been held, and from the evidence elicited it appeared that on arriving at Basgo, on the way from Leh to Srinugger, a Bhoti *shikari* had come to the camp and told the Englishman that, by making a slight détour from the main route on the following day, he could obtain some excellent sport with two or three large herds of ibex. Accordingly next morning Breakspear gave orders for his men to proceed to the forward camp, while he, going round with the Bhoti *shikari* to the ibex-ground, would join them in the evening. This he failed to do; but late at night a lama from the Basgo monastery came into the camp with the news that, from the upper story of the monastery, he had witnessed the accident which had happened to the Englishman and his *shikari*. They were crossing the *jhula*, or swinging bridge, which spans the gorge below the monastery, the *shikari* leading; and when about the centre the Englishman suddenly slipped, his whole weight being thrown on to one of the handrail ropes, which snapped beneath the unwonted strain, thus hurling the unfortunate man into the seething whirlpool below. Almost at the same instant the *shikari* met a similar fate, being jerked off his feet by the violent motion given to the bridge by the accident that had occurred behind him.

This evidence the lama repeated before the court at Leh, and a second lama corroborated the statement, affirming that he also had been a witness of the accident, and had himself mended the broken rope on the following morning. It is perhaps needless to say that the bodies were never recovered, as the immense volume of water flowing under the bridge and the numerous rocks in the torrent made it more than probable that the two unfortunate victims were speedily dashed to atoms. The court, having fully considered the evidence, came to the conclusion that there were no grounds for imagining foul play, though suspicions were aroused when it was known that, two days before the accident, a leather-covered *kilta* containing the Englishman's personal belongings had been stolen from his tent while he was out shooting. Every attempt was made to discover the thief, and the empty *kilta* was eventually found lying in a rocky ravine; but its contents were never traced, neither was it known for certain what it contained. The world accepted the account of Captain Break-

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spear's unfortunate end. His brother-officers mourned the loss of one who had been a thorough sportsman and a brave soldier, and two or three officers, following in his footsteps, visited the scene of the accident. But in a few years the whole affair had passed into the region of tradition.

. . . . . .

The Himis Lamasery is well known nowadays to Englishmen visiting Ladak for its annual festival, at which usually two or three are present; and they are always accorded a hearty welcome by the priests, who seem to be much gratified at what they represent as an honour. The summer of 189– was no exception to the rule, two young Indian civilians having accepted the invitation of the Wuzir of Ladak to accompany him to the festival. These were Keane and Gillmore, both of the Bengal Civil Service, and they were quartered in one of the lofty towers of the *gompa* set apart for guests. They had already been shown the wonders of the interesting monastery, and had just returned to their chamber, on this their first night, from witnessing a grand parade of masked lamas, when Keane's Indian servant entered with the announcement that some one wished to speak to them. The stranger was immediately admitted, and proved to be a tall, thin priest, clothed in the red toga-like garment of the Dukpas. Advancing towards the Englishmen, his expressionless face telling them nothing, he silently knelt down and bowed his head to the ground at their feet; then assuming a sitting position, he produced from under his clothing a small bundle wrapped up in the same material. From the innermost folds he brought forth a letter, which he handed to Keane, muttering at the same time a few incoherent words. The letter was written on rough brown bark-paper in a curious un-English-looking hand, but apparently by an Englishman. It was addressed, 'To any Englishman at the Himis Festival,' and its contents were mysterious to a degree. Keane read it aloud to his companion:

'I am sending this by a faithful friend. If it should reach the hands of an Englishman, I beg that he will grant my request, great though I know it to be. I am lying, at the point of death, several days' journey from Himis, and my dying wish is to grasp the hand of a fellow-countryman once more. There is absolutely no danger in coming to me, and the bearer will be responsible for the safety of any one who shall be charitable enough to cheer my last hours. It is, however, necessary, for reasons which I will explain afterwards, that only one person shall accompany my messenger, and he must place himself fearlessly and entirely in the hands of his guide. He shall return safely to Himis within a week at most.'

The two men looked at each other in silence; the lama was staring blankly first at one man's face and then at the other's.

'Is that all?' asked Gillmore.

'Yes,' replied Keane. 'What do you make of it?'

'Absolutely nothing. Let us go and consult the Wuzir.'

They motioned to the lama to remain where he was, and, taking the letter with them, they proceeded to knock up the Wuzir, who had already gone to bed in the next room. The Wuzir listened intently to the whole story, then gravely shook his head. 'It is extraordinary,' he said. 'I suppose it is a sahib shooting in one of the valleys; he has probably met with an accident. I will go and interview the messenger.'

Ten minutes later he returned saying that he had failed to extract much information from the lama, who referred him to the abbot of the *gompa*. Late as it was, the Englishmen persuaded the Wuzir to seek an audience of the abbot, and endeavour to solve the mystery. The lama accompanied him, and after an absence of upwards of an hour their footsteps were heard ascending the long rock-cut staircase. The Wuzir's face wore a troubled expression, and to the eager inquiries he vouchsafed the reply, 'The mystery remains as great as ever. I was forced to take an oath not to reveal all the abbot told me; but I am at liberty to say that the reliability of the lama who brought the letter is unimpeachable; that an Englishman is dying in a distant lamasery; that he is not a sportsman on a summer visit, but has been in the country for upwards of forty years. Of course you can, if you choose, send back a message by the lama, or if either of you will undertake the journey, I myself, knowing what I know, will vouch for your safety.'

Keane and Gillmore sprang to their feet simultaneously, each asserting his readiness to accompany the lama; but as only one could go they tossed up, the choice falling on Gillmore. The result was communicated to the lama, whose parchment-like face still showed no sign either of approval or the reverse. He, however, turned to the Wuzir and addressed him in the Bhoti language, which the Wuzir interpreted briefly: 'He wants to know if you can be ready in half-an-hour, as he says it is important that you should make a start before daybreak. He has three ponies waiting outside the walls of the *gompa*, two for riding and the other for such light baggage as you want to take; and you had better provide yourself with eatables for a few days, unless you are prepared to live on the food of the country.'

Gillmore agreed to be ready within the time, and he and Keane at once busied themselves with the preparations, packing everything into two light bags. At 4 A.M. the little party was standing outside the walls, watching the lama, by the dim light of an oil lamp, placing

the baggage on the pack pony; five minutes later Gillmore had shaken hands with Keane and the Wuzir, and was riding along close behind his guide, wondering what was the meaning of it all. Never in his life had he experienced such a long and dark hour as the one before dawn on this morning. The track along which his guide was conducting him was strewn with large and loose stones, over which the ponies constantly stumbled; the morning was cold, and Gillmore was so sleepy that it was with the greatest difficulty he was able to sit in the saddle. At length a glimmer of light commenced to appear in the heavens; then the country around gradually became visible. The lama was jogging along, with his left hand on the reins and his right assiduously twirling a prayer-wheel, an operation which he alternated with bead-telling during the greater part of the journey. The monastery was no longer in sight, since they had crossed over into a valley to the southwards, up which they had ridden for two weary hours.

The scenery of this part of the Himalayas is dreary and monotonous in the extreme; in all directions stretch long ranges of brown, rock-strewn mountains, capped with eternal snow, and intersected by deep valleys, whose steep sides, in places almost perpendicular, descend to the torrent of snow-water which rushes between the mighty boulders lying in the bottom. It is all one vast interminable wilderness, uninhabited save by the small colonies of lamas, who have for countless ages established themselves in their almost inaccessible monasteries, often several days' journey apart.

For five continuous hours the three ponies picked their way over the rough path; then a halt was made for breakfast, while the sturdy little beasts were allowed to graze on what scant herbage cropped up between the rocks. The lama was not an interesting companion; and Gillmore was denied even the relief of conversation, the Bhoti knowing no language but his own, which of course was unintelligible to the Englishman.

How many days this was to continue he could not conjecture; but, as if reading his thoughts, the lama solemnly opened a bundle and handed him a letter similar in appearance to the first one. Its contents were brief: 'This will be given to you by your guide when he considers that he has brought you to a spot from which it will be impossible to find your way back. I thank you most sincerely for undertaking the journey into the great unknown. Your first guide will leave you at the end of the first day's march; the second guide at the end of the second day; the third guide will bring you to me on the third day. Do not be afraid of anything they may order you to do. It will be all necessary. The last two guides will understand Hindustani. I trust I may be alive when you arrive.'

The receipt of this note was a great consolation to the traveller; he knew now the approximate length of his journey, and he had the satisfaction of knowing also that on the morrow he would at any rate be able to talk. The guide had so far done his work well; and the various intricacies of the mountains through which they had been wandering made it quite certain that Gillmore could not possibly retrace his steps to Himis alone. The track was often quite invisible, and passed now to the eastward, now to the westward, though the general direction of the day's march was south. The same bare country was traversed throughout the day, and by sunset the traveller estimated that he must have covered nearly fifty miles; but where or when the lama intended to halt for the night he had no idea. Darkness came on apace, but still there was no sign of the end of the tedious ride; then, without warning, the guide set up a weird and loud wailing, which echoed again and again from side to side of the deep valley. In time came an answer back out of the depths of the gloom, and again all was silent, as the march was continued. Suddenly a sharp voice rang out like a sentry's challenge, and the lama replied; then a figure issued from behind a rock, and a hurried conversation took place between the new-comer and the guide.

After a while the two men approached Gillmore, and signed to him to dismount; no sooner had he done so than a twisted fibre rope was tied round his waist, and the guide gave forth a long dismal cry resembling the night-call of the jackal. The rope tightened, and the astonished Englishman instinctively raised his hands above his head and clutched the cord by which he was now suspended in mid-air. What was about to happen to him he knew not; but he felt that he was being pulled rapidly and steadily upwards. The sensation was not altogether unpleasant, though the rope was somewhat rough to his hands and tight round the waist. Towards the end of this adventurous ascent the motion became more rapid, and at last, to Gillmore's intense relief, he felt himself seized by half-a-dozen hands, and his half-numbed body was laid on the floor of a room while the rope was untied.

The chamber in which he found himself was well lighted and bright, and he was received by a pleasant-looking lama, who told him in Hindustani that this was to be his room for the night. Gillmore was delighted at being able to talk again, and plied his host with numerous questions. The answers he received were short but satisfactory, though he was unable to discover the name of the lamasery at which he had arrived, who the mysterious Englishman was, or where he would be found. He was well looked after, and was given a good dinner, with a plentiful supply of *chong*, and a comfortable bed for the night, his new friend warning him, on taking his leave, that he would be aroused before daybreak,

and that the following day's journey would be a long one.

The night's rest was all too short, and it seemed as if hardly an hour had passed when Gillmore felt himself shaken gently, and the lama, standing over him, bade him get up and dress. With the rope secured round his waist, he departed from his strange lodging as he had come, being slowly lowered down the precipitous cliff, which stood out above him in the descent bold and black against the starlit sky. At the bottom the ponies stood ready saddled. The rope, when released from his body, passed swiftly up the cliffside, to come down again immediately with the Hindustani-speaking lama—the guide for the day's journey.

As on the previous day, the ride was over rough and stony ground, though the monotony was relieved to some degree by conversation. For a Tibetan, the lama was decidedly loquacious, and, having formed one of a party that had been despatched to India on a religious mission some few years before, was in a measure enlightened and intelligent. He discussed his religion freely with the Englishman; and, though only belonging to the working or worldly class of lama, he appeared to be well versed in matters with which his spiritual brethren alone concerned themselves. Towards evening the pathway suddenly descended into a wide valley watered by countless streams from the mountains; a rich verdure spread for several miles, and parties of red-clothed lamas were busily engaged in agricultural pursuits. This, the guide said, was known as the Golden Valley, and belonged to two lamaseries situated at a distance of several miles. At the far end the streams fell into the lake lying in a basin hemmed in on all sides by high mountains; and beyond this point there appeared to be no passage.

'We leave the ponies here,' said the lama, turning to his companion. 'You are now about to enter the Stronghold, which no stranger is allowed to enter under any pretext whatever. In your case, however, a special permit has been granted by the Holy Shooshok, in consideration of the object of your journey, and you will be passed over the frontier blindfolded and carried by the guard. Fear nothing. I will see that no harm comes to you.'

The two men then dismounted, and the Bhoti, drawing two strips of *puttoo* from his saddle-bag, told Gillmore that his instructions were to tie his hands behind his back, as well as to bandage his eyes. This done, the same weird jackal-cry that he had heard on the previous evening echoed among the hills, and on the instant a succession of similar calls, mingled with the loud barking of dogs, answered from every direction. An interval of several minutes passed; then came the sound of voices, followed by a number of questions, to which the lama-guide replied. Everything was apparently satisfactory, and the Englishman felt himself lifted off the ground by two or three strong men, to be immediately carried rapidly along what seemed to be a fairly level though rough road. In ten minutes or so he was set down again, and a long discussion took place between his carriers, resulting in his being seized by the legs and hoisted aloft to sit on the shoulders of two men walking side by side. What this new mode of progression meant it was hard at first to discover; but after a while the astonished Gillmore learned by the sound that his bearers were wading in deep water. Suddenly the air became chilly and raw, and the splashing of the water reverberated in what was undoubtedly a subterranean chamber. The air grew colder and colder as the journey continued, and it was with no small amount of comfort that, after rather more than half-an-hour, the traveller found himself standing on dry land in a warmer atmosphere. His troubles were not yet over, however, for he was again carried up a steep incline for some considerable distance, and then down again for almost a similar distance, after which he was placed gently on a rock in a sitting position. He heard the sound of his bearers' footsteps rapidly fading away; then, when all was quiet, the lama-guide spoke to him, and untied the cloths which bound his hands and eyes.

PURE AIR AS A HEALTH PRESERVER.

By a Factory Manager.

THAT a good supply of air is an essential factor in the maintenance of health is appreciated as yet by only a limited number of people; and they, it is to be feared, frequently experience the difficulty, sometimes the impossibility, of putting their knowledge to any practical use. Most people, however, do not give the subject any consideration whatever; consequently it is not surprising that progress towards improvement in this department of hygiene should prove exceedingly slow. Pioneering has to some extent done its part, and the method of improving existing conditions has been clearly pointed out by medical and scientific men; but a connecting-link seems still to be required, uniting practice with theory, that the inestimable gain of a pure air-supply may be universally secured, and also that individuals may be inspired with enthusiasm in utilising the boon. This subject should, therefore, be explained in a popular way

and without scientific details, yet in a manner sufficiently convincing to awaken interest enough to dispel prejudices and induce the adoption of reforms. Were existing obstacles removed and means taken to effect the necessary public and domestic reforms bearing on air-supply, a vast number of human beings would be emancipated from conditions of weakness and disease, and, instead, have secured to them a more cheerful, prolonged, and natural existence.

The chemist tells us that pure air is composed of several gases in certain well-regulated proportions—namely, nitrogen, oxygen, argon, carbonic acid gas, and small traces of other gases; also moisture in varying amounts. The chief constituents are: nitrogen, 78·2 parts or volumes; oxygen, 20·96; argon, 0·8; carbonic acid, 0·04. The individual properties of each may be thus briefly stated: nitrogen is neither life-sustaining nor life-destroying; oxygen is life-sustaining; carbonic acid is life-destroying; but argon, only recently discovered, appears, like nitrogen, to have no action on the animal system. It will be perceived that nitrogen and argon form roughly 80 per cent. of the air we breathe. Both gases, though without action on the system, are important, and may be regarded as diluents of the two active agents, oxygen and carbonic acid, either of which in disproportion is injurious to health. Oxygen is the constituent which sustains animal life, and also supports combustion, liberating heat; but the oxygen is itself consumed in the process, and requires to be replenished. Thus a lighted candle placed in a closed box will begin to burn low and be gradually extinguished as the oxygen is used up. In a similar manner the oxygen of the air acts on the human body through the respiratory organs. The tissues of the living body are slowly consumed by the oxygen, but are constantly renewed by freshly assimilated food; and, as in the case of the candle, a renewal of oxygen in the form of fresh air is necessary, otherwise feeble and sickly vitality will result. Scientific men have been able to analyse and determine the amount of the life-sustaining properties of atmospheric air under various conditions and circumstances; and the easiest way to determine this is by dealing with the carbonic acid. This gas is known to exist in the atmosphere in very small proportion—namely, about 4 volumes in 10,000 volumes of air; but this proportion is increased according as the air is vitiated by the products of respiration or of combustion. In respiration, oxygen is converted into carbonic acid—that is, the oxygen in the air diminishes in amount, whilst the carbonic acid increases.

It must here be observed that while, for brevity and simplicity, we propose to indicate impurity of the atmosphere by the amount of carbonic acid it contains, this by no means covers the whole ground. From the late Professor Carnelley's experiments it was found that, along with carbonic acid, organic matter, micro-organisms, bacteria, and moulds existed in varying amounts, which were, however, closely proportional to the amount of carbonic acid in the air at the time. As is customary, we use the amount of carbonic acid to express the proportion of all impurities. The following are the results of investigation by two competent authorities as to the amount of carbonic acid in air under various conditions:—

Dr Angus Smith records in November 1869: In London, in the west and south-west districts, 4·11 per 10,000 volumes; and in various other districts, 4·39, 4·44, 4·74. In Scotland, at the summit of the hills, 3·32; and at the foot of the hills, average of twenty-six analyses, 3·41. In 1864, in London, Surrey Theatre boxes, at 10 P.M., 11·1; same place at 12 P.M., 21·8; City of London Theatre pit, at 11 P.M., 32; St Thomas's Hospital, Queen's Ward, 4.

The late Professor Carnelley records: Dundee, quiet places in town, mean of thirty-two determinations, 3·9 per 10,000 volumes; suburbs, mean of five determinations, 2·8 (?); open places, by day, 3·8; open places, at night, 4·1; close places, at night, 4·2. Professor Carnelley also visited, in 1885–86, fifty-nine houses between the hours of 12.30 and 4.30 A.M., and gave the following results: One-roomed houses, 6·3 to 32·1, averaging 11·2; two-roomed houses, 7·1 to 13·2, averaging 9·9; four rooms and upwards, 4·5 to 11·7, averaging 7·7.

With regard to these figures, note first of all that the average outside air has a purity represented by about 4 volumes of carbonic acid per 10,000 of air, and that amongst the samples examined by Dr Angus Smith are some so polluted as to contain five and even eight times the normal amount of carbonic acid. Other examples might be cited, from more recent investigations, of atmospheres even more highly polluted. The air becomes unsatisfactory in quality if the amount of carbonic acid rises above 6 volumes, which is the limit of impurity permitted by experts. If the carbonic acid in an inhabited space be allowed to increase to about 8 volumes per 10,000 the air becomes distinctly 'stuffy' or close; with 10 to 12 volumes it becomes very close and unwholesome; with a greater amount faintness, languor, and headache by-and-by develop. Yet in spite of improvements in ventilation in our schools, halls, churches, theatres, and public buildings we are often compelled to breathe, for longer or shorter periods, air no better than some of the worst specimens recorded by Dr Angus Smith. Again, if we consider Professor Carnelley's valuable figures relating to the air of houses—chiefly the bedrooms—we see that there must be multitudes of people who in the hours of sleep spend as much as one-third of their existence in

atmospheres as bad as those just referred to, or it may be worse; and, further, too frequently they breathe an unwholesome atmosphere in following their daily employment. Debility, sickness, and many premature deaths must ultimately result from habitually inhaling breath-polluted atmospheres; on this point we are not left to conjecture, as the fact has been demonstrated by statistics and observation. With an insufficient supply of oxygen the fires of the body burn low, the heart beats feebly, the blood is slow of circulation and becomes impure, the body feels colder, and there is a desire for more clothing or a warmer atmosphere; and all these point to a low vitality, impaired functions of the body, and susceptibility to disease. To guard against such debility we must act upon the advice now universally given by experts in regard to the prevention and cure of consumption: adopt habits of cleanliness, live as much as possible in the sunlight and open air, and have the windows of bedrooms open night and day.

During the investigations conducted by Professor Carnelley in the winter and spring of 1885–86, referred to above, he found the presence of carbonic acid to the extent of 32·1 volumes in a one-roomed house in which from six to eight persons were sleeping, doors and windows being closed. The two-roomed houses were much better, the highest being 13·2 volumes; and, with one exception, all the houses visited had the windows and doors closed. In houses of four rooms and upwards, a purity ranging from 4·5 to 11·7 was recorded. As stated, a maximum as low as 6 volumes may reasonably be aimed at, this being the limit desired by the recent Acts of Parliament for mills and factories. What may be done practically is shown by the following recent experiment. It was found that in a house of the last-named class (four rooms and upwards), in an ordinary-sized bedroom occupied by two persons—the window closed both day and night except for about an hour at midday, the door also being closed during the night—the air in the morning showed 12 to 13 volumes of carbonic acid; whereas with the window drawn down an inch and a half day and night, and the door open to the lobby of the house, a purity of from 4·5 to 6 volumes in the morning was recorded, which is within the specified limit. Professor Carnelley's samples, it may be noted, were all taken between the hours of 12.30 and 4.30 A.M., and would have shown results considerably worse had they been taken three or four hours later.

It is now proved beyond a doubt by the few pioneers who have for years kept their windows open that no bad effects have followed, but rather that good health and increased vigour of body is the result. We may here state that the popular belief that breathing night air is injurious is quite erroneous. At the close of the Crimean war the world-renowned Miss Nightingale wrote a short treatise entitled *Notes on Nursing*, in which she says that 'the patient must breathe fresh air night and day,' and that 'night air is the purest.' Night air is not always dampest and coldest. Animal life was designed to exist in all seasons of the year, to live and breathe night and day, and, moreover, to be able to breathe the air which nature provides, be it hot or cold, damp or dry, the variation being conducive to sound health, and serving to fortify against injury by sudden and extreme changes. The air in dwelling-houses is as a rule both warmer and drier than the outside air, with comparatively little variation either in temperature or moisture; but it may, as we have seen, be poorer in oxygen and richer in pollution consequent on respiration and on the use of gas-light with stinted ventilation. In the event of persons subjected for long periods to breathe such warm and impure air entering a colder atmosphere, their weakened and impaired respiratory organs are unable to withstand the altered conditions, and injury in some form is liable to ensue. Be it noted, however, that it is the impure atmosphere that is primarily responsible for the injury done.

Even if enough has been said to convince the reader that the reform indicated is urgently required, it may be asked, 'How is this to be accomplished?' We reply, in the first place by removing the obstacles, ignorance and thoughtlessness, which stand in the way. People need to be wakened up to the importance of the reform. This done, we may venture to state the remedies of a practical and technical kind, though here we enter on rather delicate ground and encounter obstacles involving not a few rebuffs. Fresh air must be admitted into our houses, even with all the attendant drawbacks—dust, smoke, and even soot—if need be. Fresh air we must have, otherwise we shall be refusing the gold ore because of the refuse attached to it.

We have said that the first obstacle to be removed is ignorance, the results of which are unbelief and inaction; whereas intelligence leads to activity and progress. Thus it will be unwise to take only casual notice of discussions by learned bodies, on, say, the open-air cure for consumption and similar topics, and forthwith pass the matter over as being an affair for medical and scientific men only. Such questions ought to be of personal importance to everybody.

The reform we now recommend is not a novelty. Twenty-seven years ago Dr MacCormac of Belfast, in his book *Breath Rebreathed*, gave prominence to the importance of fresh air being freely admitted into bedrooms and elsewhere, and also to its use as the preventive and cure of consumption. Believing implicitly in the all-importance of this recommendation, we make bold to say that the inhabitants of our cities will be depriving themselves of a God-given blessing if

the windows of our inhabited houses are not more or less open night and day to admit the free air. In this matter every householder should become his own officer of health and experimental expert, and prove to his own satisfaction the value of pure air.

The instrument desiderated by Miss Florence Nightingale, by which the purity of air could be recorded as on a barometer, has not yet been invented; but by the energy and skill of our scientists a comparatively simple process has been devised by which this is now reliably obtained; and, so soon as the importance of this subject is sufficiently appreciated by the community, these scientists will doubtless be glad to impart the necessary instructions to experts who may wish to acquire the valuable accomplishment of air-testing. Our sense of smell, however, is nature's instrument for this test; and if it has not been destroyed by breathing too long in a polluted atmosphere, we are able to detect any disagreeable odours indicating even a small degree of breath pollution. By the sense of smell alone the impurity in the air of a bedroom can be readily detected on entering it directly after being some time in the open air.

Of all dwellings, the ordinary two-roomed house is the easiest to ventilate, having the advantage of a direct through-draught by the room and kitchen windows. Thus Professor Carnelley found in the course of his investigations that houses of upwards of four rooms were not quite so well ventilated as some having fewer apartments. As the healthy arrangement of outside platforms is now a thing of the past, it is necessary that all inside staircases should be thoroughly ventilated, so that the external air may have free access into the entrance-door of every dwelling. It should also be remembered that with very large rooms more ventilation is necessary, because of the greater amount of air to renew, and windows ought therefore to be opened wider. Through failure to attend to this, the occupants of some of the better-class houses have their rooms less efficiently ventilated than those in houses of fewer apartments.

With a little intelligent supervision the opening of the windows may be regulated to the seasons and state of the weather. In summer, as a rule, the windows cannot be too widely open, for sometimes we might sleep in the open air with great advantage; but the opening of windows must be regulated according to the force of the wind. Less opening is required during winter; but even in very cold weather bedroom windows should be left open, and a current of fresh air made to circulate through the room. With sufficient bedclothes the breathing of cold air can do no harm. With the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, Nansen and his companion in the Arctic regions, when they got into what they gratefully called 'the dear bag,' slept soundly twenty-four and thirty-six hours at a stretch, enjoying the best of health. It is well known that during the more or less continuously damp and chilly winter months following the shortest day, when the sun is at its lowest elevation, colds become very prevalent. This is to be attributed not so much to the actual temperature, but more probably to the fact that people suffer from a lower health-tone of body, induced by the tendency to secure warmth by excluding the external air; forgetting that the breathing of fresh air fortifies the body and enables it to resist injury from cold. Therefore, in the period of limited sunlight, let us breathe the more freely of the air which is wafted to us laden with the purifying effect of the sun's health-giving rays.

We believe that we are only on the threshold of this subject, and that steady investigation by experts in sympathy with the question, and especially the willing and intelligent co-operation of the general public, are more than ever necessary to secure progress.

CLIPPED WINGS.

By Mary Stuart Boyd.

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CHAPTER XXI.—(*continued*).

TOMMY had reluctantly torn himself from the amphibious existence of the *Bombast* and run up to town ostensibly to see his tailor; and the others were busy. The track of the insidious green fly had been discovered among the roses, and the Commander, with the aid of Lucie, who had tied a big apron over her yellow muslin frock, was hard at work syringing the bushes with a cunning decoction of soft-soap, quassia-chips, and boiling water.

Unheeding the passing of the constant succession of pleasure-boats, they were engrossed in their task, feeling a little moist but very happy, when Lucie, who was actively tackling those of the enemy which had cunningly entrenched themselves among the William Allen Richardsons that clambered over the rail bordering the river, heard a voice say, 'Miss Lucie;' and, looking out, she saw within a few feet of her—Mr Ruddenheim.

'Ah!' she exclaimed, taken by surprise. 'You!'

'You didn't expect to see me—did you?' asked Mr Ruddenheim, in a tone which hinted that he would be delighted should she contradict

him, as he signed to his boatman to bring the skiff to the *Bombast* landing-stage.

'No, I did not,' Lucie replied bluntly, annoyed at being confronted with this reminder of the town life she had gladly left behind. 'I don't think there's anybody in the world I should have been more surprised to see.'

'I had a little business to see about up the river,' Mr Ruddenheim went on, pluckily preserving his equanimity, 'and hearing from your uncle that you were here, I called to see if Commander Tresscott could advise me with regard to hiring a house-boat. My boys wish me to take one, and I thought your friends here, knowing the ropes, would be able to give me some tips.'

Hearing his name mentioned, the Commander courteously came forward, and, receiving Mr Ruddenheim affably, invited him to land. Commander Tresscott priding himself on his knowledge of things riparian, and Mr Ruddenheim receiving his information with flattering deference, and appearing prepared to act upon his advice, the two were good friends in five minutes; and in ten the Commander had started with his visitor to investigate the accommodation offered by several house-boats that were stationed a short distance off.

Tommy Tresscott's return at even to the *Bombast* was met by the echo of a strange laugh; and under the gleam of the old ship's lantern that illumined the veranda and the open-air supper-table, he caught a glimpse of a strange face. Recognising Ruddenheim from the description Lucie had given him, he wondered if there had been more reason for Miss Seton-Lorimer's anger than Lucie had led him to believe; but a glance at the girl's downcast face as she sat silent assured him that Lucie had had no willing influence in bringing Mr Ruddenheim up the river.

'I want a word with you alone—just one; but it's rather important,' the interloper whispered as, supper over, they lingered among the roses. 'See me to the ferry when I go, or something. Do, there's a dear girl.'

Mr Ruddenheim looked more portly than ever in the boating outfit he had assumed for his river expedition, and the tone which he tried hard to render seductive unfortunately sounded paternal. Probably it disarmed Lucie's suspicions, for she agreed readily, imagining he might have some message from her uncle.

'I'll take Mr Ruddenheim to the ferry,' she said when, in token of departure, that gentleman resumed the boyish straw-hat that at the back just failed to cover the rubicund baldness of its wearer. 'I wish to ask him about Uncle Andrew.'

To Lucie's surprise, Mr Ruddenheim revealed no trace of his customary alacrity in disburdening himself of the promised communication. When she asked if he had seen Honoria, he confessed that he had called at Queen's Gate and seen that lady, who told him, in answer to his inquiries, that Lucie was up the river with friends. She was not certain of the address.

'But how could Honoria say that? She knew I was coming here. Besides, I wrote to her,' cried Lucie, puzzled.

'Um!' was the only comment of her companion, who had a shrewd guess as to the reason of Miss Seton-Lorimer's reticence. 'Then I chanced to see your uncle in the City—I called on him, indeed—and he told me you were here. So I came.'

He turned an amorous glance upon Lucie; but she was engrossed in trying to catch the words of a nigger melody sung to a banjo in a passing boat, and failed to notice the glance.

'I'm not really in a hurry. Sit down a moment,' he suggested, and obediently Lucie sat down on the bank. The scene appealed to Mr Ruddenheim's somewhat theatrical taste. In his opinion the water shimmering under the twilight sky, the drooping willows, the dog-roses asleep on the bushes, the vigilant marguerites staring wide-eyed from the long grass, all formed fitting adjuncts to the question he had to ask. That his portly figure, rendered even less romantic in flannels and a startling blazer, did not accord with the slender girlish form in the foreground of the scene was a fact whereof he was blissfully unconscious.

A silence had fallen upon the river: a trial of speed between two eights was impending. Half a mile down, the boats hung steady in the middle of the stream waiting for the signal to go. And in the hush that suggested all nature was sharing Mr Ruddenheim's anxiety regarding the answer, Mr Ruddenheim put his question.

'Oh, no, no! I'm so sorry,' Lucie cried, starting to her feet as he showed a disconcerting inclination to capture her hand. 'I'm very sorry, really; but I never thought—— Why, I always supposed it was'—— She stopped abruptly before her cousin's name escaped her lips; but Mr Ruddenheim was able to fill the blank.

'I won't say what might have been if you hadn't appeared, you little witch,' he said with a playfulness that sat ill upon him. 'But there's been nobody but you ever since the day you ran into the drawing-room to show off your new frock.'

The race had begun. Through the dusk the long skiffs flashed past, the crews gleaming white against the dark water; and, as in the twinkling of an eye, the whole river became vocal. From everywhere the voices of unseen spectators were upraised in swift acclamation of the leading boat. 'Well done, Middlesex!' 'Go it, Middlesex!'

Mr Ruddenheim, who chanced to be a native of that county, may have taken the encouragement as personal, for he threw fresh vigour into his pleading. 'Let me buy your new frocks, Lucie. If you marry me you'll just need to fancy a thing and you'll have it. Come, like a dear girl, say the word. Just one little yes.'

'No, no; it's quite impossible. I couldn't, really,' Lucie cried desperately, finding his arm possessed of a determination to encircle her waist. The memory of her vow sprang to her aid. 'I haven't told anybody, and you must keep it secret; but there's somebody I knew at home that I'm probably going to marry.'

'I've burned my boats now,' she thought as, having left her rejected lover in the care of the ferryman, she went along the narrow path among the willows leading to the *Bombast*. 'I must marry David Straight; but I'd ever so much rather'——

'Why, Tommy, is that you?' Her musings broke off abruptly as Lieutenant Tresscott's figure advancing to meet her appeared from the gloom. 'What a start you gave me! Mr Ruddenheim won't want the house-boat after all,' she continued cheerfully. 'He has come to the conclusion that the atmosphere of the river is apt to be a little relaxing, and has decided to take his boys on a yachting cruise to Norway instead.'

'Isn't that rather a sudden resolution?' Tommy asked, trying to interpret aright the meaning of an unwonted tremor in her expressive voice.

'Sudden? Yes. But all resolutions worth making are,' replied Lucie.

THE SPELL OF LOCH SKENE.

By DUNCAN FRASER, Author of *Riverside Rambles of an Edinburgh Angler*, &c.

IN this changing world of ours there still remain some places and some things that never lose their charm. This is not a very original reflection; but, hackneyed and commonplace though it be, there is such potency and inspiration in the remembrance that such is the case that we just let the statement stand and proceed at once to build upon it.

The glow which pervades the frame of a veteran mountaineer as he looks at his well-notched alpenstock was experienced by me in some degree the other day as I fondly handled a favourite fishing-rod, and recorded the fact that this was the eighth time it had swung over the dark waters of far-famed Loch Skene. Ah me! as the sentimental writers were wont to say, what would the reflections of this favourite trout-rod be were it persuaded to record them? Well, I fear its first remark would be somewhat of the nature of a reflection upon its owner. Had it only been wielded by more skilful hands, what a record it would have had by this time! Or, had it fallen to its lot to have been owned by A., or B., or even C., to what places it might have travelled, and what sport it might have seen! Fancy a spring spent at Tayside, a summer among the Border streams, and an autumn in Norway! Why, any trout-rod, even after a brief life spent in such a manner, might have accepted its pensioner peg on the rod-stand for the rest of its life without a murmur.

However, trout-rods, like some other things quite as unlikely, are apt to speak too much when once they begin; so, with the utterance of the single word 'Kismet,' I quietly placed my trusty friend in its brown cover of many compartments, and regretfully laid it on the shelf until there should be a sound heard once more among the 'siller saughs,' and a crooning of reviving life from the wimpling burn. I now set myself down for a few minutes' quiet memory work with special reference to the subject of wherein lies the 'Spell of Loch Skene'?

Hid away at the converging points of Dumfriesshire, Selkirkshire, and Peeblesshire, it is as difficult of access as the most fastidious of modern pedestrians can reasonably desire. Personally, I like to approach the loch from the north by way of Winterhope Burn. In doing so you leave the Meggat valley at the 'knowes,' and after fishing up-stream for two or three miles, take to the hill on your right, a mile or so past the shepherd's house, when, after a thirty minutes' gradual ascent, you come in sight of the loch. That, however, is not quite the same as being at the lochside. Before you stretches a wide expanse of peaty moorland rent into dark cliff-like haggs, and interspersed here and there with swampy bogs and treacherous 'well-e'es.' Happy for you if, possessing the sportsman's instinct, you are able to ferret out the one safe path, which, winding among clumps of heather and cliffs of peat, brings you at length to the firmer ground of the lochside.

Most people, however, avoid the dreary solitudes of Winterhope and seek Loch Skene by Birkhill, at the head of Moffat Water. Rising in front of the cottage bearing this name is a massive hill which stretches north-west until it terminates in the base of the White Coombe. Were you to follow the hill westward you would be brought to a standstill by the striking gorge known as Dobb's Linn; but as the path is pretty distinct at the beginning of your journey, there is no excuse for losing the trail just yet. Soon the track gets lost, or intersected by other tracks, and you have just to fix your eye upon a distant peat-cliff or a clump of bracken, and make for it through every obstacle. This may take you through a gully hemmed in on both sides by cliffs of peat, or up a sloping bank spread with sturdy heather; but, setting 'a stout heart to a stey brae,' you erelong reach the ridge from whence you get your first glimpse of Loch Skene.

It is a trite saying that the influence of historic scenes upon us depends largely upon the knowledge, sympathy, or imagination we bring to them. Much of our Border scenery requires to be viewed by eyes touched by the magician's wand ere it is seen to be enchanted ground; and those who expect to find Loch Skene a miniature Loch Lomond will be mightily disappointed. Viewed from a distance it generally seems smaller than you expected: a mile long by a third of a mile broad; but if you fish along the south shore from where the chief outflow is, to where the little burn flows in at the Coombe Craig bay, you will find it a good deal longer than the proverbial Scotch mile—which, as everybody knows, is 'a mile and a bittock.'

In viewing the loch from the distant heights, you are prevented by intervening hillocks and an elevated grassy border near the margin of the moor from catching the chief effect of the scene—namely, the boulder-strewn shore, the lonely barren islets, and the mysteriously dark waters in which they are set. Then the recesses of the Coombe Craig into which the water flows at the north end of the loch are so suggestive of a huge extinct crater that the mind is thrown in upon the imagination; and this, working on the desolate aspect of the scene, soon covers the hills and lake with imagery which can never be separated from them in your mind as long as you live.

To an angler, the gameness as well as the beauty of the Loch Skene trout is not the least of its attractions. The view from the White Coombe, two thousand seven hundred feet high, is glorious, and the awe-inspiring crags can never be forgotten; but I confess that these alone would never have drawn me ''mang moors an' mosses mony, O,' for a dozen times at least, had there not also been the hope of encreeling some of the dark-spotted beauties that tenant the mysterious loch. But, oh, they are fickle, fickle! Doubtless it is the singular atmospheric conditions, with their sudden and frequent changes, that cause this fickleness. Happy is the angler who goes to Loch Skene expecting little, for he is rarely disappointed.

Last year I took a friend from London over the Birkhill path to the loch. He was very anxious to see the place in one of its dark moods, and the threatening appearance of the morning gave full promise that he would not be disappointed. When we reached the loch, lo! the wind had fallen, the sun shone gloriously in an unclouded sky, and the placid water, instead of being black, was blue! The very trout seemed mocking us as they swam through the calm loch, with their back-fins out of the water and their tails switching now and then in derision at the flies we tempted them with in vain. However, fine tackle, small flies well sunk, and a plentiful stock of patience and perseverance eventually accounted for the possession of some nice trout; although, truly, it was a day of small things. Previous to this my friend had remarked that, instead of being the 'dark Loch Skene' of Sir Walter, it seemed rather a choice spot to bring ladies to for a picnic; when, lo! against the sky-line three figures appeared, dressed with sailor-hats, white blouses, and dark cycling skirts. 'Ladies, by all that's unexpected!' 'Yes, and with fishing-rods.' It just needed such a vision to make our expectation of hair-breadth escapes and stirring adventures among the slime-covered water-holes and treacherous bogs of Loch Skene a sunlight fiasco.

Very different was the scene that Mr B. of Kirkstead and I witnessed in the second week of last August. Every one will remember what a glorious summer we had: how for weeks not a drop of rain fell in the southern counties, and how in consequence the waters fell far below their normal level and the pastures became bare and sickly. Well, it was just when these conditions were about to change that the day set for our visit to Loch Skene drew near. This outing had been arranged for at the close of the previous season, and—as these prospective though far-off pleasures will do—had sometimes crossed our mind even while the dark days of winter ran their weary course.

Ah, the solace of memory and the joy of anticipation during the dark days! Many an angler and nature-lover is a veritable 'prisoner of Hope' even while he paces the city streets busy with the avocations of a man diligent in business. Yet he has a hidden source of joy, for pictures fill his mind of distant scenes, and before his vision there rise hill and valley, loch and stream, wrapped in the glory of alternate sunshine and shadow. Even the sensations aroused by the moan of the wind through the mountain gorge, or the piping of the wild-birds on moor and hill, thrill him as if they were falling on his ear at the moment, instead of being echoes from the caves of memory.

Our approach to Loch Skene on the occasion under consideration was by way of a fence that divides Chapelhope from Birkhill; and although it leads sheer up the face of the hill for a considerable distance, yet the stiff climb is compensated for by the fact that you are less likely to lose your way; and, further, it has the distinction of being the route always taken and recommended by 'Wullie' Richardson, the son of Tibbie Shiels. As I have indicated, the weather had been saving up for a big break; and, as luck would have it, the day of our outing saw its commencement. Bad weather, however, matters little to the angler, and I truly believe if his holidays were all sunshine and blue sky he would be the most unhappy of mortals.

Picture us, then, leaving our respective abodes near St Mary's Loch, with an east wind charged with drizzling rain blowing about our ears, and

with a dense gray mist drifting over hill and moor, and now and then closing in overhead and shutting out every prospect but what lay within a few hundred yards from our feet.

Had our destination been Ettrick or Talla, or any other of the desirable streams within easy reach, doubtless we should have deferred our visit till a more favourable day; but the spell of Loch Skene was upon us, and even a return journey of twenty miles was nothing when our honour was at stake to see the day through.

It is always interesting to observe how the dwellers in the district look upon such erratic proceedings. The half-tolerant pity in, 'Ye're no' gaun to the loch the day?' has its counterpart in the canny caution of the weather-sage: 'Oh, it micht keep up if it disna come waur.' Well, it came 'waur' with a vengeance; and before we reached the loch it was quite immaterial whether we had waterproofs or even waders. The mist had not settled down upon the loch as I once saw it—the wind and the rain prevented that; but the surrounding hills were enshrouded to within two hundred feet or so of their base, while the waves kept dashing against the islets and boulders of the south-west shore in a manner destructive of the idea of any fly less than a dragon-fly being seen even by the most keen-eyed trout. Still, at the east end of the loch the wind was kept from striking the water with such violence through its being sheltered by the Coombe Craig; so here we made our first cast, having previously chosen opposite sides and agreed upon a whistling signal to intimate when a trout was landed.

Strange to say, at first we met with rare sport; and had the conditions of wind and rain kept the same, I am confident that a record 'take' would have been the result. But—ah! that 'but'—the wind fell and the rain almost ceased; and then the mist—that fell destroyer of an angler's hopes, which had only been biding its time—at length got its innings. It was a memorable phenomenon that followed. Gradually the dull gray vapour crept down the hill and rolled over loch and moor, bringing darkness and chill in its progress until the sombre, leaden-coloured water ceased to break, but simply rose and fell like a vast lake of molten metal, suggesting vividly a picture of the time, ages ago, when in reality the crater near us burst with the surging lava that seethed and bubbled at this very spot.

The deepening gloom made the silence oppressive, and one felt startled when a stone was dislodged by some creature up the heights, or when the eerie cry of a bird came from over the moor. You felt that, somehow, man had no place there. This was brought home to me by the significant behaviour of a weasel that ran out from some stones in the bank near by, and coolly took a drink at the place where I was wading. After refreshing himself at his leisure he returned to his den; and, facing about, with nothing but his head and neck protruding from the hole, he steadily stared me out of countenance with his bright but wicked eyes.

The horror of thick darkness that was gathering round us made such incidents trivial; and on lifting my eyes I was spell-bound by the sight that met them. The great cavity at the north end of the loch was being slowly banked up by a dense black mist that crept down from the heights and covered every object as with a funeral pall. Had this great formless mass been suddenly rent by lightning, or had its approach been heralded by wild thunder-peals, it would only have seemed that such accessories were fitting and natural; but the silence grew more oppressive, and, singularly enough, there fell on the ear at long intervals the hoarse croak of a raven.

Looking back upon the scene thus described, with the recollection of the great thunder-storm that visited the south of Scotland four days later, little imagination is required to fancy that it was within the awful black curtain which hid the Coombe Craig that the spirits of the air were convened to plan the storms which eventually broke up our glorious summer.

Continuing to wade along the lochside, I soon felt the water grow much colder; but I paid little heed to that, as my attention was taken up by the singular antics of the shoals of trout that swam hither and thither all over the loch. They seemed under the influence of some unusual atmospheric phenomenon, and, quite regardless of my presence, would come swimming with back-fin out of the water almost to my feet. However, they had no intention of feeding; they were too disturbed for that. So the day wore on, and sadly few were the whistling signals that hailed my friend far up the other side of the loch.

I recall one very striking incident that happened just as the sky lightened away in the west towards evening. On a hillock where the burn flows from the loch that eventually makes the beautiful and picturesque waterfall known as the Gray Mare's Tail, the figure of a man suddenly appeared, bold and distinct against the western sky; but he as suddenly disappeared, and I saw him no more.

'The e'enin' brings a' hame;' and as we wended our way across the moor I found that my friend's experiences that day had been much the same as my own. Yet, in spite of light creels and soaking garments, we both agreed that it were better to live one such day than a hundred of the common type.

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The short days have come again, and the equinox is in the ascendant: seared leaves rustle by the roadside, and the birds mope silently on bare trees and russet hedgerows. Life in the city is once more in full swing, and mart and college

are thronged with earnest men and women; but in the solitude of deepening night I give free play to fancy, and behold a lonely loch set among gray hills, with wild waves dashing against giant rocks, and gloomy, mysterious caves. In fancy I hear the moan of the wind as it comes over the dark moor, and, anon, its shriek of triumph as it rushes up the gullies of the White Coombe after having torn the waters of the deserted loch into clouds of spray. I pity the birds and beasts cowering in their frail dwellings on such a night, and I even pity the red fox that at this moment issues from his den to plunder the flocks of Winterhope.

But my deepest commiseration is for those who never felt the spell of Loch Skene.

GUERILLA WARFARE ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

By R. T. HALLIDAY, M.B., Author of *The North-West Frontier of India*, &c.

MODERN guerilla warfare, with all that appertains to it and to the various means employed for its suppression, has a more than ordinary interest at the present juncture in South African affairs. The tactics adopted by and against armed roving bands in Cuba and the Philippines, in Algeria, in Poland, in the Near and Far East, and even on the Continent during the Franco-Prussian war, have been topical subjects for discussion from all conceivable points of view. Within the confines of our own vast Empire, at a spot where distance does not seem to lend the proverbial enchantment, there has existed for many years an equally hazardous and chronic condition of guerilla warfare; the district, indeed, has been aptly termed 'Yaghistan,' signifying 'the land of the unruly.' Beyond an occasional succinct telegram from the Indian authorities at Simla intimating the result of some more notable raid or frontier disturbance, this constant warfare is practically unrecorded at home. Though these raids are perhaps of no political importance at the moment, they are none the less interesting on that account, and the troubles and trials and dangers to be encountered are none the less real. A glimpse, therefore, of some of the manifold difficulties which continually beset our soldiers on the far-off Indian frontier may not be without value at the present time.

One of the most important military posts in the Zhob district of British Beluchistan is that of Fort Sandeman, situated in the northern half of the Zhob Valley, and forming the central station for those troops which police the frontier of Waziristan in the vicinity of the famous Gomul Pass. It is garrisoned under ordinary circumstances by a cavalry regiment, a native infantry regiment, and the Zhob levy irregulars, horse and foot; and the outposts which are subsidiary to it are spread along the Afghan frontier like the circumference of a fan. The chief of these outposts is Fort Mirali Khel, fifty miles distant along the river Zhob, and near the junction of this river with the Gomul, which carries its waters to the Indus and the sea. This fort is garrisoned by detachments of troops from Fort Sandeman, and is under the command of a British officer who is responsible for a very troublous section of the frontier. The remaining posts on both sides are held by smaller detachments under native officers, and regular cavalry and infantry patrols pass between them, under instructions from the British officer commanding at Mirali Khel.

Among the warlike tribes which inhabit this most inhospitable region, the Waziris in particular have given infinite trouble to the authorities. They are born marauders, and exist to a large extent by exacting an illegal tribute from caravans, and by plundering their more industrious neighbours within the British and Afghan spheres. Secure in their mountain fastnesses, they at certain seasons cross the border in gangs for raiding purposes; and, although such raids have no political significance, they keep the frontier guardians in ferment. The wild and mountainous nature of the country favours their depredations and defies successful pursuit; and as rifles and ammunition are essential to their mode of existence, they attack small patrols, ambush and plunder convoys, snipe sentries and postal escorts, and even attempt to rush the outlying forts in order to obtain the service rifles which they eagerly covet and highly prize. To the Waziris a human life is of less value than a mountain goat. They take no prisoners; they commit the most dastardly and cold-blooded murders for the paltriest gain; they accord no mercy to such villages as offer resistance, despoiling them of cattle and grain, and ofttimes in addition giving their roofs to the flames. The seed of Ishmael, their hands are against every man, and every man's hand against them.

The circumstances during the time of which I write were exceptional only so far as concerns the extent of the area of disturbance. The warfever had spread over the whole Indian frontier from the Hunza and Nagar districts in the extreme north, through Chitral and the Swat Valley, through Tirah and the Kuram Valley, through Waziristan and the Tochi Valley, to the Zhob district and beyond. Punitive expeditions had, after a fashion, exacted reparation in each case, and the Waziris, as old-time disturbers of the *Pax Britannica*, had been severely dealt with

just a few months previously. The younger warriors were rendered virtually desperate. There was no alternative but work, and honest labour under the faintest shadow of compulsion was altogether foreign to their most cherished ideas of the eternal fitness of things. Work was but for their women-folk and gray-beards. The punitive expedition which traversed northern Waziristan had absorbed their crops, sequestered flocks and herds and other ill-gotten gains, and—unkindest cut of all—confiscated their weapons to an alarming extent under threats of still further pains and penalties. This combination of circumstances, at a time when the war-spirit was abroad, rendered the warrior tribesmen bolder and more defiant, reckless in their choice of a field for operations, heedless of the counsel tendered by the more experienced gray-beards, regardless of possible dangers in the execution of their plans, and utterly devoid of fear of the consequences. It was, indeed, this intrepidity which ensured their signal success.

When the month of May dawned our line of outposts had been very considerably strengthened, in view of anticipated troubles, by an increase in the detachments of both horse and foot in each garrison; but the Waziri raiders were not to be overawed even by this significant augmentation of the frontier guard. Robber bands had already trespassed within our confines with such impunity that our prestige, which means so much in the East, was tarnished in this region; and the tribesmen were gaining a courage and audacity, born of success, which occasioned no little alarm at headquarters. Nor was this feeling of anxiety confined to our own district. The Tochi garrisons had all been materially increased in strength, for practically the whole of Waziristan and the tribal lands adjoining were in a state of excitement and unrest. Not that these robber gangs were of importance politically; there was fortunately a lack of cohesion which militated against their being so. Although perpetually engaged in warfare, they were by no means leagued in war. There was no discipline, no efficient bond of union, no common interest in their forays. Though of the same tribe, the ideal of clanship such as prevailed among the Highlanders of Scotland in more ancient days was wanting. The Waziris plunder each other as readily as they rob the stranger. Individual or family gain is the height of their ambition, and the individual at the expense of the family. Even in their dealings with each other might is the only recognised right, and

> He may take who has the power,
> And he may keep who can.

There was, however, always the possible danger that the unbroken series of successes of many plundering bands would ultimately ignite the highly inflammable material within our settled territory. Our seeming powerlessness to cope with the Waziris might prove an opportunity for tribes with higher aims. One daring *mullah* with tactical skill might unite those banditti against a common foe, and by religious sophistries bring about a general conflagration among fanatics always heedful of and ready for a *jihad*. Such a calamitous contingency was to be avoided at all hazards, and hence the desire to curb those raiding bands. Stringent measures were therefore not only desirable, but absolutely essential for safety, as this glimpse of experiences will indicate.

One morning a telegram reached Fort Sandeman from the political officer at Tochi, intimating that a body of over a hundred well-armed Waziri tribesmen had left their own district and proceeded southward in the direction of the river Zhob. Judging from the unusual strength of the force, it was expected that an attack on some of the frontier posts was premeditated. The Waziris were accompanied by a *mullah*, and were reported to be Ghazis—religious fanatics who consider that to meet death in slaying infidels secures them a triumphant entry into Paradise. Simultaneously news arrived of their initial venture. A richly laden caravan passing towards the Zarmelan plain had been attacked in the night by a large force, a number of the traders and their escort had been killed and wounded, and all the camels had been driven off laden with booty. Troops of cavalry were at once despatched to all the frontier posts, and strong patrols were sent along the border to intercept the freebooters on their return; but the gang got clear away. When next heard of they had evidently split up into smaller parties; and as each of them was raiding on an extensive scale, they had the whole section of the frontier more or less in a blaze.

The troops stationed at Mirali Khel had their fair share of the prevailing excitement. The first report came in there from Guado, an outpost about seven miles distant. A body of Waziris, about twenty in number, had crossed the border and had made a raid down the valley in which this fort is situated. Within a few miles of the fort, and without arousing the suspicion of its guard, they captured and drove off a large number of cattle, the man and boy in charge of the herd being secured and dropped into a very deep dry well near by. The raiders had by a stroke of luck obtained a large booty without incurring much danger and without firing a single shot! When the cattle were missed an alarm was raised, and a thorough search instituted by the villagers of the valley. Men scoured the district even to the passes of the surrounding hills, but without avail. The Waziris are adepts at cattle-lifting, and had left no traces to guide a pursuit. The herders, who alone could give reliable information as to what had occurred, were nowhere to be found; and, strangely enough, even their

bodies were not forthcoming. Pathans of all tribes are always eager to secure even the dead bodies of their relatives, so that these may be interred according to their faith, without that mutilation by man or beast which they believe will prevent the spirit's entry into Paradise. Finally, the herdsmen were discovered accidentally after they had been two days immured in the well. The lad when extricated was dead, and the man, although still living, was in a pitiable condition. Beyond indicating that the assailants were Waziris, he could give no coherent account of the outrage; his mind was practically a blank, and he eventually succumbed.

On receipt of the news, which was conveyed by native runners to Mirali Khel, a cavalry troop immediately set out; but the expedition was fruitless. Ere it arrived the freebooters had been nearly two days gone, through a country quite impossible for cavalry and in a direction unknown. No doubt they were well on the way to dispose of the stolen cattle, possibly to our own troops in stations farther north. Infantry detachments scoured the hills in the neighbourhood and remained at Guado for some time; but the raiders' deal had evidently been sufficiently satisfactory, as they did not reappear in that quarter for some time.

Even had our troops been earlier on the scene of action, it is doubtful if anything could have been gained by attempting to follow the plunderers. Waziri tribesmen on plunder bent are always well armed, and unless caught in the act are difficult to cope with successfully. Cavalry pursuit is wholly impracticable owing to the rugged nature of the country, which consists of great mountain-chains intersected by wild and barren valleys and cañons; and infantry among these mountain defiles, where they are hampered by their military kit and outfit, are sniped at without being able to retaliate or even locate their enemy. Thus the difficulties are, as a rule, insurmountable should the robbers secure a good start. The tribesmen know the possibilities for offence and defence of every cave and gully, every mountain pass and defile and goat-track, for miles around their native wilds. They lurk in what seem to be almost inaccessible fastnesses among the cliffs and precipices of the hillside. They are nimble and unencumbered, and sure of foot as the mountain goats; and as a Pathan in his expeditions can carry in his wallet a sufficient reserve of food, in the shape of grain or dates, to last for several days without replenishing, he has no trouble with a transport base or a line of communication. Each individual shifts for himself; and as these tribesmen traverse the mountains by night almost as easily as by day, our troops are of little avail in a pursuit among the hills and valleys of the district. One by one they would be picked off by expert marksmen; and as each wounded man of our force would require several of his comrades to carry him, the wounding of one provides a better target for the wily sniper. Neither the wounded nor the dead can be left, as in civilised warfare, to the tender mercies of these savages, for the Pathan will even exhume the body of an enemy to mutilate it and desecrate its resting-place, thus, in his view, consigning the soul of his foe to perdition.

The next report came from Kulkhot, a small fort about ten miles off. An attack had been made upon it during the night. The idea was evidently to surprise and overpower the sentry and obtain possession of his rifle and ammunition. This, of course, meant death for the whole guard. Fortunately the plot failed at the outset. The sentinel on duty was a powerful and quick-witted Sikh, with the eyes and ears typical of that noble warrior-race. He had raised a timely alarm, had blown the head from one of his assailants, mortally wounded a second in the abdomen, and driven his bayonet through the chest of another with such force that it had actually pierced the shoulder-blade and emerged behind. Assistance was immediately forthcoming, and the remaining thieves decamped. The darkness negatived all chance of pursuit, and as none of the dead men could be identified, the village to which they belonged was never located. No relatives ever came forward to claim the remains, which was a very discreet neglect. The bodies were therefore cremated as a warning to all evil-doers who might learn of the procedure; for the desecration of the body of a Pathan by fire is also considered an effectual barrier to the joys of Paradise.

Reinforcements of Zhob levies were then despatched to all the outposts, as other bands had crossed the frontier at various points, and several of the forts had been threatened. Datta Khel, a frontier post on the Tochi section only fifty miles off, had been attacked in force; and although the garrison had succeeded in driving off their assailants, it was with the loss of several of our men. All were therefore on the alert. But despite all precautions, distant villages were plundered, and convoys were threatened, the mail escort being attacked south of Fort Sandeman, when the mail-bags and a large amount of public and private treasure were carried off, including quite a collection of officers' valuables, from a gold watch to a lady's case of artificial teeth. Things were rapidly reaching a crisis.

Early in May a remarkable outrage of more than ordinary magnitude occurred on the Zhob River section and close to Mirali Khel. A caravan which had come up from the Daraban Pass had halted and encamped for the night within a few miles of the outpost of Moghal Khot, on its way to Afghanistan. Once the cold season is over, such caravans are numerous and frequent along the ordinary trade-routes from the Gomul and Daraban Passes; and as the risk in passing unpro-

tected through the tribal territory on the frontier can never, even under the most favourable circumstances, be ignored, these caravans are usually composed of quite a little army of men and animals, in the belief that in numbers there is mutual safety. Small traders so arrange their travels as to combine to form a caravan, and the greater the dimensions the better for all concerned. A vast quantity of merchandise of a varied description, amounting at times to quite a prodigious sum, is therefore carried by each caravan; and native servants or perhaps Afghan or tribal levies are employed as guards to accompany the merchants to overawe the covetous tribesmen whose territories are traversed. These latter serve as a deterrent against plundering, and afford a safeguard against small marauding gangs.

This particular caravan was encamped upon British territory and within a short distance of a well-protected and garrisoned fort. It was reasonable, therefore, for the travellers to suppose that they were comparatively safe from an organised attack in force. Whether or not this sense of security engendered a carelessness on the part of the guards I cannot pretend to know, but shortly after dusk had set in the camp was rushed by a large body of Waziris. From the very thorough manner in which the raid had been effected, it was evident that the assailants had previously reconnoitred the whole position and laid their plans accordingly. The scheme in inception and accomplishment was astounding in its daring. For even a large body of armed robbers to attack a more or less protected caravan close to a series of border forts was a hazardous enterprise, fraught with grave possibilities for the assailants; but to drive off, laden with a heavy booty, the baggage-camels and mules, whose rate of progress made the chances of a successful pursuit so extremely favourable, was a feat which none but the boldest spirits would have conceived and the most reckless desperadoes have carried into effect. Nevertheless it was accomplished without a hitch. Guards were clubbed before they could raise the alarm; others were wounded in attempting to defend themselves or make their escape. The transport animals were surrounded, and in the general panic forty camels and half a score of mules laden with a great part of the treasure and merchandise were driven off, no one knew whither. To judge from the selection of pillage, some one conversant with the interior economy of the caravan was involved, and it was significant that a number of the *oont-wallahs* (camel-drivers) were missing. These men are usually the owners of the animals, and are hired at so much per day or journey. While this was happening near Moghal Khot, a village within four miles of Mirali Khel was raided and over sixty head of cattle driven off despite all our precautionary measures and the large number of men available along the frontier.

It is difficult for the average reader, unacquainted with the almost impenetrable nature of these mountain wilds, to appreciate the utter helplessness of a scattered frontier force under such circumstances. A whole drove of cattle may be carried off from a village or pasture-ground almost within sight of a frontier fort without its garrison being able to discover by which road or pass the robbers had come or gone. Indeed, in one case of a robbery of cattle in the district, subsequent information proved that the thieves, owing to the likelihood of a close pursuit, had actually driven their booty farther into the mountains in our own territory, and therefore nearer to our base. The force of cavalry and infantry which was early upon the scene scoured the whole of the mountain-side and passes to the north of the valley by which the raiders could have effected a retreat homewards, without coming upon any trace of fugitives. Secure from observation, the robber scouts were watching the force from our side of the valley, which the pursuers had not dreamt of searching; and lying concealed all day, they waited until nightfall, when the search had been abandoned as hopeless. The stolen cattle were then driven homewards by the raiders over the very ground traversed by our patrol, and through the pass which had been searched the night before.

Intimation of both outrages was at once conveyed to the various forts by fugitives, and as early as the light permitted all the available force of cavalry, regular and irregular, was out along the valleys, while infantry patrols in force searched the hills and glens for traces of the depredators. Every effort was made to cope with the perpetrators, and an order was issued to shoot every Waziri found within our territory. On no account were prisoners to be taken. Under the circumstances, this was by no means so harsh an order as might at first sight appear. These Waziris came within our sphere for no good purpose; they had no pacific objects to bring them thither. Every man, therefore, who could give no satisfactory account of himself was under the order if he were a Waziri tribesman, and the promulgation of the order was absolutely necessary *pour encourager les autres*.

This time we were not without some little evidence of success. A mounted patrol, after traversing several valleys at a hand-gallop, was returning discomfited towards its rendezvous when a number of tribesmen were espied making off in a suspicious manner up the mountain-side. The troopers gave chase, and a section of them dismounted and continued the pursuit on foot over ground which horsemen could not traverse. Two of the Waziris—for such they proved to be—were shot down; but the others succeeded in effecting their escape. The arms of the two men were secured and identified as service weapons, which must have been dishonestly obtained.

A plan was then conceived of patrolling the valleys and passes by night, and an arrangement was made whereby detachments from the various outposts would spread themselves along the frontier under cover of the darkness in order to intercept the raiders. The nights were warm, and the outing was no hardship. This ultimately met with the anticipated success. A patrol from Mirali Khel had a brush with a party of Waziris; and though the capture of the raiders was not effected, the drove of cattle they had lifted was secured. The Waziris escaped the patrol; but, not reckoning upon our troops being astir at the time and so far from the base, they came in touch with another detachment from Moghal Khot, and were surprised in a body. Several were shot and the others dispersed. Information reached the jemadar in command that other Waziris were known to have taken refuge in a *kothi* in the same valley. The place was therefore surrounded, and a capture effected after a desperate struggle in which several of our troops were wounded. The prisoners were in all probability part of the gang which had wrought havoc in the village just beyond Mirali Khel; but in any case they were Waziris, and could give no satisfactory account of themselves. So they were taken outside, placed against the wall, and shot without any ceremony.

The sequel to this night encounter took place a few days later, and proved the most important part of the whole affair. Among those who were hit by the bullets of our men but had escaped was the chief of this daring gang. He was mortally wounded, and a couple of days afterwards succumbed to his injuries in the refuge which he and the remains of his party had sought among the hills. His followers were naturally desirous of conveying his body back to their own country for interment as became the corpse of a tribal chieftain. To accomplish this was now a matter of considerable difficulty and risk, as the whole district had been aroused by the doings of the gang, and patrols were likely to be out night and day on the *qui vive*. Indeed, in addition to the *sipahis* and the Zhob levy, a whole regiment of native horse was now spread between Mirali Khel and Moghal Khot; and as they marched out from Fort Sandeman, four hundred and eighty sabres, they were strong enough to cause commotion among all the *budmashes* within striking distance. So the Waziris, in order to lighten their burden and make escape more practicable, cut the body of their dead chief in half, each half being placed in a separate sack. One section took one route homeward with one of the sacks, while the remainder with the other sack proceeded by another route. A patrol by good luck captured one of the parties, fortunately the one of most importance; for on taking the prisoners to Moghal Khot, where the political agent was stationed, the head and upper part of the body of the chief was found in the sack which they bore. It was immediately recognised by the agent as a *malik* with whom he had already had dealings, and was identified later by the Police Hamidar who had charge of the district. This resulted in the location of the village from which one gang at least had come, and it was accordingly made the subject of a special inquiry with the best results. The prisoners were, of course, summarily dealt with at Moghal Khot. The entire body of the chief never reached his village, and what became of the lower part was never known, for a raid on the village by the authorities surprised a number of the armed inhabitants, and in all probability prevented the bearers of the remainder of the corpse from making an appearance. Ill news travels fast and far among those tribesmen. The capture of service rifles effected as a result of the raid on the village implicated a large number of Waziris, who were conveyed to the headquarters of the political agent for trial and condign punishment. Several of the wounded members of the gangs must have succumbed to their injuries, or they had permanently vacated their native villages in fear of the stern retributive measures which they well knew would follow their discovery and capture. The result of inquiries inclined the local political authorities to the latter view.

This haul proved the turn of the tide so far as that season in the Zhob district was concerned. Thereafter several smaller bands were ambushed by the night patrols which traversed the valleys between the various outposts and lay in wait in the main passes, and gradually the raids on caravans and attacks on villages ceased. Our troopers and *sipahis* soon became adept at playing the enemy's own game; and although we occasionally had a serious conflict when the enemy were at bay after a hot chase, and had consequently a list of casualties to report, the Waziris were not long in discovering that raiding on that section of the border was a game not worth the risk involved. The adoption of similar night tactics in South Africa has also been productive of good results; and the earlier adoption of more stringent measures with the raiders would probably have proved more beneficial in the end.

WORK.

The bird in the hedgerow builds its nest,
The rose on the wild-briar blooms its best,
The star on the darkness drops its ray,
Not for praising, and not for pay;
Thinking nor caring for that or this,
Save of sharing its boon of bliss;
Working its bravest below, above,
Just for beauty and just for love.

W. Griffiths.

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THE BUYING OF PICTURES: ITS THEORY, PRACTICE, AND ROMANCE.

By HARRY QUILTER.

II.

THE shrinkage of the world has undoubtedly affected picture-buying, has increased both the chances and the excitement of the purchaser: the excitement, because there is far less opportunity for hitting on anything unknown which is of great value or interest; the chances, because the market value of good work is now a matter of common understanding from Paddington to Pekin. Still, even yet the chances do occur, and within the present writer's remembrance and experience some have taken place of considerable interest.

It was at Florence, little more than twenty years ago, that a friend of mine discovered and purchased at an incredibly cheap price a fine specimen of Palma Vecchio, in perfect preservation. He was a poor man in all but knowledge, and could not raise even the small sum required for the purchase, so it took him nearly two years to buy the picture in instalments, trembling hard the while lest some one equal in discernment and superior in cash should step in and carry off his prize. Once purchased, the picture was sold without delay, at a very high price, to the Berlin Gallery, having been discreetly smuggled out of Italy with the assistance of a friendly railway official. For some years subsequently illicit trade of this kind was carried on, and Italy lost dozens, if not hundreds, of her Old Masters; but to-day the surveillance is a good deal more strict, and, as we have seen in the case of a very celebrated picture — the 'Sacred and Profane Love' of Titian — renders the smuggling of masterpieces practically impossible.

Occasionally, even in London, opportunities occur which would almost appear to be incredible. The following happened to myself. A large collection of Italian pictures had been sent over for sale at a well-known auction-room. It had been formed by a gentleman resident in North Italy, and contained some very fine specimens, especially of Florentine and Sienese masters; but the collection was not one of those which bore an historic name—was not, in the dealer's phrase, 'of first-rate importance,' and the sale took place in the off-season. The pictures were of a kind that attracted me greatly; and, inspecting them with some care, I noticed, on my second visit to the rooms, that there was hung up very high above the entrance-door a large smoke-begrimed panel, with not a vestige of frame, and on which scarcely any design was visible. One peculiarity, however, was evident, as in all early Italian painting, and that was the high projection of certain portions of the design, and the suggestion of intricate pattern, either depressed or in relief. When the pictures were sold this was the last lot in the sale, and I remember only one bid was made for it besides my own. On getting it home I cleaned a small portion, and discovered, to my great delight, that not only was the gold beneath in perfect preservation, but that all the tints were perfectly pure and clean, and had apparently been preserved by the smoke which darkened the whole panel. The picture, too, was signed and dated, and in a very peculiar way, the signature being painted in the centre of a zigzag label especially designed for its reception. It was evident that chance had led me to the acquisition of an important work; and I entrusted the panel to the most expert picture-cleaner of my acquaintance, from whose hands it came out perfect, as if painted but a few years since, though nearly six centuries had elapsed since the artist's death. For this was a Spinello Aretino, a rare painter of the time immediately succeeding Giotto, and one who is unrepresented in our

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National Gallery save by two unimportant examples—which are by somebody else. The most curious part of the matter is to come. The panel, which represents an 'Enthronement of the Virgin,' had evidently been the centre one of a triptych; and it chanced that the very triptych in question was described at considerable length by Vasari in his *Lives of the Italian Painters*. By means of this description, and certain measurements therein given, I was able to establish this fact beyond all reasonable doubt, and, further, to discover where some of the missing portions of the triptych are at the present day. I traced the predella to the museum of Siena, and obtained, by the courtesy of that gallery, a photograph of the panel; but I could not find, for some time, where the wings of the triptych had gone to. Here pure chance came to my aid. The Provost of an Oxford College, passing through London, happened to come into the Dudley Gallery, where, with some others of my collection, the Spinello was being exhibited, a short account of its origin and its original state being given in the catalogue. What was my delight to receive a letter from him next day saying that one of the missing wings was in his possession, and had belonged to him for many years! A courteous intimation that if I liked to visit Oxford he would be happy to show me the picture accompanied the letter. I went, and found the wing as he stated. It corresponded in measurement and subject, and strengthened enormously the identification of the picture with that of the work described by Vasari. Moreover, the Provost's account of the purchase informed me that the other wing had been sold at the same time. The sale was at Cologne, but the work had been purchased for a convent in Hungary. What convent he did not remember, and I was never able to find out. Think for a moment how strange was this series of coincidences. Fancy a work executed more than five and a half centuries since, divided into fragments, disappearing entirely in its individuality for at least a couple of hundred years, then coming to light again in a London saleroom, and being identified by a chance description in Vasari, a photograph from Siena, and a casual visit by an old Oxford Don to a private gallery; and fancy the main panel being sold before half the picture-dealers in London, and nobody caring to give a ten-pound note for it! The strangeness is increased because the picture is not only authentic and genuine, but one of historical importance and very considerable beauty. There is only one portion of it which has suffered from time, and this is the Virgin's robe, which appears to have been made the subject of actual blows with some blunt instrument, for the gesso is doked and scraped. This would not matter so much had not the cleaner, with mistaken zeal, thought it necessary to restore the colour of this portion. I had pledged him to put no touch of brush upon the faces, hands, and background; but I had unwarily forgotten to specify the Virgin's mantle. The temptation was too strong for him, and he put a nice slab coat of paint practically all over the dress. I nearly had a fit when I saw it. What could be done—and that was very little—to remedy this inexcusable proceeding I had done; but the fact remains that the original colour is gone for ever. Fortunately all the most important portions of the picture remain untouched; the faces, robes, and hands of all the angels are perfectly pure and brilliant; so are the faces and hands of the Madonna and Saviour, the dress of the latter, and the inner robe of the former.

Many years before, an incident of extraordinary good fortune in picture buying came under my notice. It happened to my father in my early boyhood. He had but lately begun to collect water-colours, and owing to the fact of his having bought one or two works at an important sale, his name had been published in connection with water-colour buying. In consequence he received one day a letter from the country, from an old maiden lady, telling him that she and her sister had several hundred drawings which they wished to dispose of *en bloc*. Would he come down and see them? There were a hundred chances to one against my father going, for he was always very busy, and hated leaving London; but he did go, and returned with the announcement that he had bought the whole number—if I recollect aright at about five pounds apiece. Some two hundred of them were David Coxes. I remember eight which he had put in two frames selling for twelve hundred pounds some years later. Such is luck, when combined with promptitude and decision! Frankly speaking, I have never felt quite comfortable about those two maiden ladies; but it is forty years since, and I always understood they were perfectly satisfied with their bargain. This opens up a nice question, never yet decided: how far it is permissible for the buyer to use his knowledge to take advantage of the seller's ignorance. A. offers B. a thing worth ten pounds for five pounds—a thing, say, for which B. would gladly give seven pounds ten shillings, and think himself lucky to get it. Is B. bound to tell A. of the value, or to make him an offer proportionately close thereto? We know the question is academic, since very certainly, as long as the world lasts, in nineteen cases out of twenty B. would do nothing of the sort. But *ought* he to do it? It is arguable that he is entitled to the benefit of his knowledge and experience; that A. has no right to the result of these unless he pays for it. May not the inferior price he receives be considered as in lieu of such payment? Practically, it seems to me, the matter resolves itself into one of degree; each case requires to be judged on its merits. To which it

must be added that in all purchases of works of art there is a considerable element of chance; to get anything like the market value is generally impossible save through a dealer. The very essence of a dealer's dealing with the private person is to give him the lowest possible price that he can be induced to accept. Let anybody endeavour to sell a single first-rate picture to a professional fine-art agent, and he will discover that no matter how clear may be the market value—for instance, that obtained by the public auction of the work in question—the dealer will never offer him within five-and-twenty per cent. thereof. There are many reasons for this, but they would lead us too far afield to consider. Certainly, pictures shift marvellously in value. I have known of a drawing being sold in London by a firm of high standing to a private buyer for several hundred pounds, and repurchased by the same firm from the same person for double the money within two years; and I have seen the same picture, a few years later, sell at a public auction for quadruple the original price. This, be it noted, was not the case of an unknown man suddenly rising in reputation, but of a well-established painter, whose work appreciated to this almost incredible extent during his lifetime owing to a passing wave of fashion. No connoisseur can tell, when his collection is sold at Christie's, whether the pictures will fetch double or half their value; but generally the result of the sale is a surprise—though this, of course, does not apply so much to the most celebrated collections.

I was once present at an interview between a famous picture-dealer and an almost equally famous private connoisseur. Both were shrewd men of the world; and in this case the former was the buyer, the latter the would-be seller. The dialogue proceeded something after this fashion: 'Now, Mr So-and-so, let us settle this trifling matter,' purred the dealer. 'Certainly,' said the innocent connoisseur; 'I shall be delighted to do so.' 'I have just brought you a cheque in my pocket'—producing it—'for thirty thousand pounds. We need not bother about details;' and he stretched the cheque across the table. 'I had valued them at sixty thousand,' said the connoisseur, with, if possible, extra geniality. The smile on the dealer's face grew faint, and there was an accent of sharpness in his voice: 'You must be joking! Why, you will never have such another offer!' 'Then,' said the connoisseur comfortably, 'I shall keep the pictures!' So '*plenus veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinæ*'—it was after lunch—the dealer went his way; and within three months the collection was sold for seventy-four thousand pounds. And here lies the moral: *that dealer bought most of the pictures.* This story is not merely *ben trovato;* it is a solid historical fact. The dealer is still alive, though the connoisseur has become one in reality.

One day I was standing in a London auction-room, scowling at a millionaire who had just bought the picture I wanted (as a matter of detail he came up and scolded me for having 'forced him to give'—its value) when I was tapped on the shoulder by a rather cadaverous Jew, who has since joined the majority. He had bought a water-colour cheap, on the assertion that it had once been in a certain collection with which I was well acquainted; and he wanted to know if I would come and tell him by whom it had been painted, and whether it had really belonged to the gallery in question. I went with him, recognised the picture, asked him what he wanted for it, was told so much, and bought it then and there. 'But,' said my Judaic friend, 'you have not told me who it's by.' 'Oh, I beg your pardon—David Cox; this is one of the specially rare works he did after his tour on the Continent, when he was trying to rival Cuyp!'

Those who are behind the scenes in the picture-world know that there are many points in connection with the purchase of pictures, irrespective of their artistic value, which have to be considered. For instance, a very slight observation of the market will show that there is scarcely any period at which the works of a certain school are not unfairly depreciated or unduly exalted. A golden rule for those who wish to acquire pictures is never to buy those which are in fashion at the moment; and this applies not only to the works of any particular painter, but to those of the whole school to which such painter belongs. The professional picture-buying classes, even when not in actual agreement, act in concert; and as between them they command a good deal of money, they can and do influence the market very considerably. It is not too much to say that half-a-dozen men whom I might name could within a few months, if they thought it advisable, raise the value of any well-known artist by at least 25 per cent.—probably by much more. Circumstances have doubtless to be taken into consideration in the formation of a boom, and several are perhaps attempted for every one that comes off; but when the boom is once fully started, it is like a snowball collection, and increases in volume weekly. Probably in the origin there is some ground for its inception; but this is very quickly lost sight of. The picture-dealers buy; they recommend such works to their rich clients; the papers, knowing nothing of the matter, publish the inflated prices, and consequently help to enhance them; the influence descends, through the master whose works it was originally concerned with, to the pictures of all his contemporaries and pupils, till within a very few months people who would not have given a thousand pounds for the finest Gainsborough or Reynolds think nothing of spending double that sum on a Hoppner or a Sir Thomas Lawrence. In the same way it is possible for perfectly good

and genuine painters to drop out of fashion, till you can pick up their works at a discount of from 50 to 80 per cent. on the original prices. Such are frequently painters who should be purchased by the wise collector of moderate means. For *if the work is really good it never goes permanently out of fashion*, and if it be indifferent, never remains permanently in it. Take the present time, for example, when late eighteenth and early to mid-nineteenth century engravings and mezzotints are bought in at famine prices, as much as fifteen hundred pounds being given for a single impression! These prices are simply the result of a skilfully engineered boom; the bubble may burst any day, and mezzotints will drop like the shares in a West African goldfield. If the newspapers did their duty, if the State cared anything about art and artists, if there were even any real body of critical opinion which expressed itself in the country, such inflation would never have taken place. The result is almost wholly bad. A few middlemen are enriched; but the real art-workers of the country do not touch these profits. On the contrary, the money which might have been expended in purchasing their works is diverted elsewhere. It cannot be too often repeated, for it cannot be too clearly understood, that the most vital interests of the middlemen are directly concerned in maintaining these inflated prices, especially as regards sales by auction; for not only is a considerable portion of their profit derived from making purchases on commission—in which case, of course, the higher the price paid by the purchaser, the higher the profit of the broker—but as the picture, if purchased by the dealer himself, is always sold at a percentage on the price which he has paid for it, it follows that so long as that price can be maintained the larger will be his profit. Nor is this all; for, by a well-known though unacknowledged custom, a dealer is generally allowed to charge a higher rate of profit on what are called 'important works'—that is, those of excessive value—than he is on pictures of ordinary quality; there is a convention that his risks are greater, which is by no means necessarily the case, and that the sale is less immediate. Experience shows that in the few cases on record where a fine-art agent has given a special price for a picture, and been unsuccessful in selling it, the price ultimately asked is calculated, not on the value of the work, but on the length of time during which the capital has been invested. A notable instance of this occurred in the resale of the so-called Gainsborough, known as the 'Duchess of Devonshire,' where a price enormously in advance of that originally given was asked and obtained, purely on the ground of the time during which the picture had remained hidden. Not the least strange part of this matter was, that the authenticity of part at least of this picture was by no means assured, and in the opinion of the best judges the work had been so repainted as to be practically valueless as an example of the supposed artist.

There is another reason why the amount obtained in the auction-room requires to be regarded with much suspicion when advanced as a criterion of merit. It is that the price is not seldom the result of an unforeseen competition between private buyers, both of whom have left indefinite commissions with their agents, never dreaming that the work in question could fetch any very high price; or it may be that the competition is between millionaires and folk of that kind, or a wealthy amateur and one of the great foreign galleries. I was once witness of a singular incicident of this sort, though upon a very small scale. In a private collection there were two heads by a second-rate artist, both of pretty women, and both furniture pictures of cabinet size; the value of each being, at a liberal estimate, some twenty to thirty pounds. The first, slightly the better of the two, was put up, and knocked down for twenty-seven guineas. The second, after hanging fire a little between thirty and forty pounds, went on, by bids from two buyers only, till it reached the astonishing sum of six hundred and twenty-four pounds, at which it was knocked down to a relation of my own. I asked him afterwards what on earth he wanted the thing for; and I found out that he had told his agent to buy it in at any price, as his wife had taken a fancy to it, and as he never dreamed of its fetching more than about thirty guineas. The other bidder was a broker who had received an unlimited commission from an old maiden lady, who 'thought the girl had such a sweet face.' It is fair to say that neither principal was in the auction-room when the sale took place. The successful bidder was very sad on the subject, and as he was my own father, I had the pleasure of seeing the work in question for many subsequent years.

Similar accidents are by no means so uncommon as may be supposed; and it is rather pleasant to notice that the middlemen themselves occasionally lose their heads in the excitement of an auction. I once saw one go on bidding against himself five or six times, though I own this is a unique case.

As this is intended to be a practical article, a last word may be said by way of warning to those who attend picture-sales. Private buyers should rarely bid for themselves; still more rarely should they employ a broker without previously determining the limit to which he is to go. A quiet inspection of the picture on the previous day, alone, is most desirable; then can be asked and answered the following questions: What is this picture worth to me, to look at? What is it likely to sell for? Can I afford to pay so much for the pleasure I shall obtain?

No picture should be bought by any ordinary person unless he can afford to regard the price paid as money gone. True, the value may remain—may even increase; but the probabilities are the other way; besides which, pictures bought with an idea of selling them again are not really productive of much pleasure—at all events of the right kind. On the question of value, remember that a dealer's is, by the very nature of the case, an interested opinion—often a doubly interested opinion, for he has frequently views concerning the special work of art himself, in addition to those relating to his commission. Moreover, a dealer's opinion, even supposing you can get at it really, is very rarely a good one as to the æsthetic value of a picture. It may be sound as to authenticity, and even as to quality; but on the main point of all, which is the question of beauty, the dealer's intuition is habitually at fault. To sum up the whole matter, the purchase of pictures should be conducted on the same principles which govern the ordinary transactions of life. There is nothing really occult in the matter. Purchasers should buy what interests them, and what they can afford to pay for; and having bought them, should utilise the experience of their practice in subsequent transactions. By so doing they will gradually come to the knowledge that the best pictures are those of which the appeal is an enduring one, and that the endurance of such appeal is based upon correspondence with natural fact and sincerity of meaning. Such sincerity may be either intellectual or emotional; it cannot be frivolous or artificial.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XXII.—SUMMER TIDES.

IT was the morning after Mr Ruddenheim's visit.

Lucie, a big pink cotton pinafore protecting her blue cambric frock, and her gray eyes shaded by a straw-hat trimmed with poppies, knelt in the strawberry-bed gathering fruit for breakfast.

'I say,' said Tommy, suddenly appearing round the stern of the *Bombast*, 'I quite forgot to tell you, but I saw a friend of yours in town yesterday—Mr Muter.'

'Mr Muter! Why, where did you run across him? I thought he was an extinct animal: something that was never seen outside of a museum, and I'm certain you didn't go there.'

'Well, to tell the truth, I called on him and introduced myself.' Tresscott's face flushed beneath its tan as he made the confession. 'I—you see, we are all so indebted to him. Don't know how you'd have got out of that mess without his help. So, as I was in town and had an hour to spare, I looked him up and asked him to run down here for an afternoon, and he's coming on Sunday.'

Lucie looked up from the Royal Sovereign strawberries that she was arranging among fresh leaves in the little rustic basket.

'Tommy, you're a wicked fraud!' she said. 'I believe you went up to town for that special purpose; and, in spite of your affectation of indifference, I really think that you are the stupidest, and best, and kindest man I know.'

'You mustn't say that,' Tresscott protested feebly. 'It was really a tailor Johnny I went up to see.' Then rapidly changing the subject: 'I promised Muter that we'd paddle up to meet him at the station. He seemed so wobbly about trains and things—the only time-table he had was quite two years old—that I wrote down the train-time and said we would be waiting when he arrived. I knew he'd get lost if I didn't,' he added; and, avoiding the warm approbation in her eyes, affected extreme interest in ascertaining—by the simple method of squeezing—whether the Industry gooseberries on the espalier surrounding the strawberry-bed were ripe.

'He'd have been sure to wander. He nearly got left behind at every place we stopped at on the voyage to England. But really, Tommy, it was very good and—and very like *you*, to think of asking him.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' retorted Tommy gruffly.

But the 'best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley.'

The Commander, having seen the white manropes of everyday use replaced by the scarlet sacred to Sunday wear, had departed to Richmond, where he had promised to spend the day with an old naval friend; and the young people, paying no heed to Aunt Sarah's prophecy of bad weather—a prediction based upon a rumble of distant thunder—had set off in the punt to meet Mr Muter, leaving the lady alone.

Miss Tresscott, who sadly lamented the prevailing state of irreligion as revealed by the enormous Sunday traffic on the river, sought to show her disapproval thereof by turning her veranda-chair with its back to the gay scene; and trying, a little ineffectually, to close her ears against the sounds of hilarity, read a hymn-book.

With the sudden darkening of the sky a hush had fallen upon nature, lulling Aunt Sarah into a gentle dose, from which she was rudely awakened by a loud crash of thunder accompanied by a harsh patter of rain upon the veranda awning.

Starting up full of concern for the safety of the young folks, she found a transformation-scene.

The Thames had changed from a placid pleasure-stream that on its blue surface duplicated the gay colours of countless craft and their voyagers, into a sullen, leaden-hued river. It was as though the waters had been swept clear of life. The boats, having gladly availed themselves of what modicum of shelter the overhanging branches of willows afforded, had vanished from view. And save for a solitary fisherman, who in spite of the deluge of rain retained his post on the opposite bank, not a creature was in sight.

Snug in the shelter of the veranda awning, Aunt Sarah was gazing up-stream in anxious quest for her charges, when a boat, bearing a drenched passenger of curiously non-aquatic aspect, and propelled by a dripping oarsman who evidently considered that he had a well-grounded grievance against fate, rowed slowly by, its occupants inquiringly eyeing the *Bombast* as though in search of a habitation. Catching sight of Miss Tresscott on the veranda, the boatman rested on his oars and demanded to know if a party by the name of Tresscott lived there.

'Commander Tresscott does live here,' Miss Tresscott acknowledged, with a stiffness that she tried hard to render dignified. Then, seeing the drenched passenger raise his lank length in evident preparation for invading her territory, she added, in an accession of shyness that lent unintentional brusqueness to her words: 'But there is no one at home.'

At her curt speech the tall man collapsed despondently on to the moist seat as though ready to depart without a protest. Something in the diffidence of his bearing brought the conviction that this must be the expected guest.

For a moment Aunt Sarah hesitated, assailed by a turmoil of conflicting thoughts. She was all alone: how could she receive and entertain a strange man? It would be a most trying experience; and the world was so censorious. Would it be quite discreet? But in Aunt Sarah's gentle heart humanity was stronger even than conventionality. In such a downpour of rain she would not have refused to harbour a tramp, and this was an invited guest. So, setting aside her scruples, she faltered, 'Perhaps it is Mr Muter? Oh, then I hope you will come in. My nephew —Mr Tresscott that is—has just gone to meet you; and the boatman also must get shelter until the storm passes.

With a closer inspection of the rain-soaked visitor, who stood in nervous uncertainty on the trim veranda, the latent mother awoke within Miss Tresscott's breast, and her shyness instantly vanished. Summoning Minns, she bade him find a dry corner in the back premises for the boatman, and then lay out in his master's room raiment suitable for the guest's wear.

A glance at Mr Muter's somewhat capacious feet revealed that his white cotton socks and low shoes were saturated. With a faint flush on her smooth cheeks, Aunt Sarah went to her closed knitting-bag and took therefrom a pair of socks completed only on the previous evening.

'Will you oblige me by accepting these socks?' she said timidly. 'They are my own work. Minns will see about the other garments.'

Tommy and Lucie, who were returning from a fruitless wait at the station when the rain began, had eluded the downpour by running the punt into the providentially open door of a private boathouse, and there had passed the time pleasantly in watching the fall of the great drops that by their very weight forced a way through the still water and rose in fairy bubbles to the surface.

An hour later, having relinquished the quest of the missing Muter, they arrived at the *Bombast* to find that gentleman—somewhat quaintly attired in very short trousers and a summer overcoat of the Commander's, the new socks, and Minns's slippers—snugly ensconced on the veranda beside Aunt Sarah. He was sipping a tumbler of hot weak grog, and had become almost loquacious on the very interesting subject of fresh-water crustacea.

'Waterloo Station?' From behind his round spectacles Mr Muter blinked his light eyes inquiringly at Tommy, who was trying unsuccessfully to discover by what route he had arrived at the *Bombast*. 'Waterloo? Should I have started from Waterloo Station? You see, I mislaid your instructions regarding the journey, and I fear I must have come a somewhat roundabout way which landed me quite a distance farther down the river. But it was a very pleasant row coming up. I quite enjoyed it, in spite of the rain—I really did!'

'You poor dear,' Lucie said commiseratingly when Aunt Sarah followed her to her room to assure herself that she was not damp, 'I pity you. What a dreary time you must have had!'

'*Dreary*, my dear?' Miss Tresscott was astonished. 'Why, I thought Mr Muter charming company—I only hope he did not find me stupid, for sometimes I could not quite follow his arguments—and so unusually well-informed a gentleman, too.'

A few evenings later the Lieutenant, who had run up to town in the morning on Admiralty business and returned at gloaming, was very quiet during supper. The meal ended, he moved about the little lawn for a few restless moments, then surprised his aunt by abruptly suggesting an ascent to the roof to look at the moon through the telescope fixed there.

'The dew is falling quite perceptibly, Thomas. I am afraid it would scarcely be judicious,' Miss Tresscott demurred; as, indeed, her nephew knew she would.

'May I come instead, Tommy? I'd like to,' cried Lucie blithely.

'But not without putting on a wrap, dear,' counselled Miss Tresscott. And Lucie, more malleable now than of yore, obediently threw a diaphanous scarf of chiffon over her hair before ascending the steep ladder leading to the flat roof.

The monarch of the night was holding a state review of her cohorts of stars; and Lucie, kneeling, gazed through the telescope, fascinated, upon the mountains and valleys of the vast silent land. When, overpowered by the feeling of awe wherewith the nearer sight of the mysterious sphere ever impressed her, Lucie, rising to her feet, brought her thoughts back to Mother Earth, she found Tommy leaning against the rail sucking at his pipe, moodily silent.

Across the river, tiny glowworm-like lights showed that certain ardent fishermen were prepared to prolong their pursuit into the night. A skiff rowed swiftly down-stream; from an electric launch came the tinkle of a mandoline and the music of voices. In the shadow of the sad-hued willows moths like the ghosts of dead butterflies fluttered; from the garden beneath arose the fragrance of the roses and the incense of the Commander's cigar.

'Well?' Lucie, conscious of some unfamiliar reticence in her companion's manner, broke the silence, laughing a little apprehensively. 'What is it? What makes you so unlike yourself, Tommy?' Then eagerly as the thought struck her: 'I'm sure you have something to tell me. You haven't heard anything of my wicked uncle, have you?'

'No,' Tresscott answered. 'I haven't. I wish I had, and I shall some day; but it isn't that.' Pausing, he drew abstractedly at his empty pipe. 'It's about Victor Challoner. I met him at the club to-day. He's at Greenwich just now, doing a short course of pilotage before he joins his new ship. He wishes to run up here for a day or two. It was an old promise that he would pay us a visit. Now—would you prefer that he didn't?'

Tresscott's gaze being steadfastly fixed upon the misty outline of a distant tree, he failed to see the quick flash that illumined Lucie's gray eyes before she answered his question by asking another:

'Does Mr Challoner know that I am here?'

'Yes. If you have the slightest objection, of course'——

'Objection—I? Certainly not. Why should my being here'—she spoke with more warmth than the occasion and her profession of indifference necessitated—'stand in the way of your receiving any guests you wish?'

The very heat of Lucie's protest defeated her purpose, and that sweet summer night the *Bombast* sheltered two insurgent hearts. Lucie tossed restlessly in her berth, indignant because Challoner, whose unworthy presence she had ignominiously banished from her thoughts, threatened to intrude his searing influence into a house wherein she was so happy; and Tommy, lying in the hammock he had slung under the awning, listening to the never-ceasing murmur of the river, wondered gloomily whether the skeleton at his feast was fated to appear disguised as the handsome, debonair Challoner.

The promised visit was paid, and at its close Challoner departed leaving Tommy entangled in a web of doubts as to what was the real state of affairs between Lucie and him. That she had quitted Auckland deeply interested in his friend Tresscott was aware; but during this stay at the *Bombast* she treated Challoner with a pleasant neutrality that puzzled the guileless Tommy, who was ignorant of what had passed between them on the voyage to England. It gratified him to notice that Lucie revealed no desire to be alone with Challoner. When on land Aunt Sarah, who had been privately schooled by Lucie, was always in evidence; and without making the fact glaringly apparent, Lucie never entered a boat with Challoner unless the Commander or Tommy accompanied them. That her attitude of casual friendship piqued that spoiled brat of fortune there could be no question, for on the day before that fixed for his departure he deserted the *Bombast* and joined a lively house-boat party at Shiplake.

His strategy failed in its intended effect; for, returning in the expectation of finding a contrite and conciliatory Lucie, Challoner found her absent. Wishing to show his guest something of English village life, Tommy had hired a light dogcart, and the twain had set forth together to spend an ideal day discovering the rustic hamlets that nestled among the fragrant country lanes.

Challoner had returned unexpectedly early to the *Bombast*, meaning to give Lucie a chance of making up for her perversity—a perversity which he was convinced arose solely from mortified affection and a lingering jealousy of Mrs Willie Delphin. Consequently he had the vexation of being obliged to pass two hours in the company of Aunt Sarah and of the Commander, who, having just got home from an exciting day's sport, confined his conversation to a solo discussion upon the rival merits of his favourite baits.

'Maggots—ugh! Beastly disgusting subject for a hot night,' Challoner thought irritably as the enthusiastic angler insisted upon exhibiting for his guest's entertainment a tin of the squirming dainties.

When the wanderers made a tardy entrance their appearance did not tend to soothe the ruffled plumage of Challoner's vanity. Both were beaming with enjoyment. Lucie, sunburnt, her brown hair untidy, her arms laden with the spoil of cottage gardens, was overflowing with a

glowing account of adventure in what to her was foreign territory. Tommy, happy in his companion's delight, was proudly corroborative.

His plot thus frustrated, the last morning of his stay found Challoner obviously impatient.

'Look here, Tommy,' he burst out petulantly as the two friends were returning from their matutinal swim in the backwater, 'this is a bit rough on a fellow. I've been here nearly a week, and I've never had a word with her alone—always somebody about. You might be a good old pal and give me a chance.'

'What do you wish me to do?' Tresscott asked quietly.

'Oh, just clear everybody away, and let me have a talk with her. It isn't like you to be a dog in the manger.' Challoner spoke aggrievedly. 'It would be a different thing if you wished the girl yourself'——

'And how do you know that I *don't?*' Tommy asked, stopping short, and looking him straight in the face. The revelation of an intensity of purpose in the honest blue eyes for the moment struck Challoner dumb.

'Oh, that's it, is it?' he retorted lamely after a pause. 'Well, I'm afraid you can't have much of a show. You see,' he added, with a burst of unworthy confidence, 'all this perversity on Lucie's part is simply because she is piqued at me. You know how dead gone she was on me in Auckland. Well, I don't suppose she told you; but on the voyage home'——

'Thank you,' Tommy said, ruthlessly cutting short the proffered confession; 'I don't wish to hear anything, and I am content to abide by my chance, whether it prove good or bad.'

And Challoner, recognising unflinching determination in the quiet tones, saw the futility of attempting further protest, and departed without having achieved his purpose.

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The summer, like the river, drifted slowly by, and life at the *Bombast* pursued the easy pleasure of its way. The Commander, with Minns in interested attendance, fished with varying success; Aunt Sarah placidly knitted the long sweet hours up into her work; and Tommy and Lucie, who found their affection for their surroundings increasing, passed much of their time on the water, preferring to punt about the quieter reaches to seeking more fashionable haunts. They had gone by rail to spend an excited day amidst the feverish gaiety of Henley Regatta; but, though they enjoyed the experience to the full, nightfall found them thankfully returning to the rest and shade of the bungalow.

To Tresscott's surprise, Challoner had not returned. Lucie, he knew, had received a letter from him. Tresscott had recognised the writing; but as she did not speak of it, and Tommy did not care to question her, he remained ignorant of its purport.

Though Challoner did not revisit the *Bombast*, to everybody's amazement Mr Muter did. Lucie and Tommy, returning from a long happy afternoon spent at Hampton Court Palace, found him seated on the veranda with the Commander and Aunt Sarah, in whose unaffected society he had lost much of his shyness.

'Mr Muter is such a clever gentleman,' Miss Tresscott, who belonged to the old-fashioned type of lady that esteems it rude to refer to a male friend baldly as a man, confided in Lucie that evening as they brushed their hair. 'We took a walk to the end of the island—it is quite a public path, you know, dear—and he says it's a capital place for botanising. He has promised to come some day—although I told him how stupid and ignorant I am—to give me a lesson. And, Lucie, he told me—the Commander was digging worms for bait at the time—that the notion that if a worm is cut in two the halves will grow into two worms is merely a popular delusion. The head-end, he says, has power to develop a tail, but the tail-end cannot possibly develop a head.'

'His conversation must be very interesting,' commented Lucie with due gravity.

'My dear, it is *extremely* interesting. I don't think I ever met so entertaining a conversationalist,' Miss Tresscott answered with certitude. Then, introducing a topic that appeared divergent, though probably it owned some affinity to the subject on hand, she added: 'And can you tell me, dear, what pins you use to give your hair that pretty wave at the back?'

It was soon after this time that Lucie began to suspect Aunt Sarah of harbouring a little mystery. The socks she was knitting—one of half-a-dozen pairs she was preparing against Tommy's departure—though much in evidence, made but slow progress; and once Lucie, coming suddenly upon Miss Tresscott, surprised her hiding something under the black satin apron which always formed part of her home attire.

The clue to the enigma Lucie discovered one night, when, chancing to awake at midnight, she was startled to find a faint light burning in the tiny room that she shared with Miss Sarah. Fearing that lady might be ill, she looked stealthily over the front of her berth.

In the bunk beneath, supported by her pillows, Aunt Sarah was sitting up, busily engaged by the light of a solitary candle in the completion of a somewhat large-sized white silk sock.

THE PROBLEM OF FLIGHT.

O method of animal locomotion excites more interest than the flight of birds. The power of flight is possessed by many other animals besides birds to a greater or lesser extent; bats and insects possess it in a very high degree, flying-fish are capable of it to a very limited extent, whilst several of the reptiles, such as tree-frogs and lizards, can use their membraneous wings simply as parachutes. We know also that some prehistoric monsters were capable of flight.

A good deal of attention has been given of late years to aerial navigation and the problem of the flying-machine by inventors and scientists; and in this connection the flight of birds has been carefully studied. Some extraordinary performances by birds are given by Mr J. Lancaster in a letter to *The Engineer* (December 20, 1901) on 'Travel in Air,' from which we extract a few notes.

Some species of birds, such as the condor and frigate-bird, may be said to practically live in the air. The condor will carry its twenty pounds with an additional ten pounds of freshly gorged carrion to an altitude of three miles, and serenely wait for an empty stomach before returning to earth. It will then alight on a carcass after being perhaps six days in the air, and go to work as if it had enjoyed a long rest. The frigate-bird will not touch a rigid support for a month, stealing its food from fish-hawks, and floating in great circles to the height of a mile or more while it is digested. The great whooping-crane will stretch its wings at Winnipeg, and at the altitude of a mile will migrate to some lone island on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Yet close and long attention with a field-glass will detect no wing-motion in its straight-line flight, nor in the endless circles of the condor and frigate-bird.

Anywhere about the shores of the Caribbean Sea great buzzards can be seen three hundred days in the year floating in the sea-breezes over the beaches looking out for dead fish, yet without a wing-motion for hours. The frigate-bird can move vertically upwards for half a mile at a velocity of one hundred feet per second with no visible wing-motion whatever.

The sailing of the albatross in the air at a great pace with no apparent movement of the wings is a well-observed fact. A traveller on a steamer, wondering how this could be, took an instantaneous photograph of an albatross which had thus been following the steamer. The photograph was taken at a distance of only about fifteen feet, when absolutely no movement could be seen with the eye, yet the plate on development is said to have shown the wings, each about five feet in length, raised high over the back, apparently to make a down-stroke for purposes of propulsion. As this motion was invisible to the eye, the only conclusion to be drawn from the incident is, that a wing-motion of such extreme speed was used so as to give a stationary appearance—as, for example, in animated photography, where pictures exhibited separately yet following each other at a very high speed give the correct effect of continuous motion. But no bird could sustain such a tremendous expenditure of energy for such a length of time, and also the structure of the wing could not withstand the enormous strain. In calm weather albatrosses may be distinctly seen to give a slow, lazy flap of the wings occasionally; in a breeze they do not find it necessary.

Observe the uniform motion of fixed wing-flight. A bird does not gather speed when sailing in the air, as a falling stone would; neither does it lose in pace. The speed varies from about thirty-five feet to seventy-five feet per second, averaging about fifty feet per second. Its wing-expanse, including body and tail feathers, forms a plane, and its impetus is probably obtained by this kite-like slope, slightly inclined upwards from the level, and highest in front. Those who have flown one of the very ingenious toys known as box-kites, to which I referred in the article 'A Bengali Kite' (vol. iii. p. 615), will know exactly how the plane is presented to the wind. In that case, of course, the string pulls the planes of the kite against the wind, and by pulling against the cross current keeps it afloat in the air.

What, then, is the motive-power of a quiescent bird that moves it through air resistance and keeps its heavy body from falling? We are absolutely baffled when confronted with the problem of a soaring bird. It does not move its wings when it has once got well started; its moving parts seem to be of use merely to get it off some unknown dead centre; it has infinite capacity for taking advantage of balance; and all this is done while violating every known mechanical law, holding up a heavy body in the air, and overcoming strong atmospheric resistance at a rapid rate without discoverable expenditure of energy. Yet weight is absolutely necessary for flight, and the relative area of wing-expanse diminishes as the weight of the bird increases. For example, a gnat, which possesses a very light, fairy-like body, has about eleven times the wing-area of a swallow in proportion to the weight of each.

Mr Lancaster's description of his great discovery as to the soaring force of birds is extremely interesting. Here it is in his own words: 'I have been trying to discover the exact structure of a bird's surfaces which enables it to get the soaring force from the air-pressure

under its wings for the past fifteen years. The task seemed hopeless until accident settled the case. I had located in the foot-hills of the Flat Top Mountains of Colorado, in the dry air of that region, to prosecute my task, where the yellow-tailed hawks that were admirable soaring birds were abundant. A precipitous cliff one thousand feet high was near, from which I floated all sorts of surfaces, and year after year the quest went on. A furious forest-fire had filled the air with smoke and ashes, and the odour of burning wood was in evidence for months. I had killed a large hawk, and was examining its feathers when a stain was detected on the sides of the quill, between the spicules, that was not before seen. A small magnifier gave it the appearance of discolorations about the throat of a dust-exhaust in a planing-mill. A microscope was at once procured, with an outfit of objectives from sixty to six hundred diameters, and in an hour's time I knew more about bird-flight than twenty-five years of study had given to me. The discolorations extended along each spicule between the plates. The downy filaments filling the double wall structure of the wings were stained in the same unusual manner. This stain, when scraped off and examined, resembled soot from a stove-pipe, showing that the air had been going through the wing in an incessant stream, carrying the smoke and carbon particles of the fire with it. I had been the slave of preconceived ideas. And this brings me to the device that soars the bird. What is a feather? It is an air-engine, and the bird surfaces are made of them. They have been looked on as a light, flexible material for making an extended surface impervious to air, that would readily fold upon itself, and their exquisite mechanical structure has been overlooked. They consist of a quill and two vanes, made up of spicules, between which are the plates. The plates cross a channel about one-fortieth of an inch wide, made by the spicules. There are about one thousand of them to the inch, being practically innumerable, and they are located at the outer surface, filling about one-fifth part of the depth of the channel. They are about the twenty-thousandth part of an inch thick, as nearly as an amateur with the microscope could determine, so that nineteen-twentieths of the space of the channels is open to the passage of air. They are beautifully curved at their outer edges. The mechanical service of the plates is obvious. The curve impinges against the air-current through the feathers, and drives the bird to the front. Pressure produced by the normal factor of weight is thus made to serve as the motive-power of flight.'

FINDING OF THE WHITE LAMA.

PART II.

ON looking round Gillmore discovered that he was in a narrow gorge, with sides rising perpendicularly for apparently several thousands of feet; down this he and his attendant slowly wended their way, arriving shortly after dusk at a huge gate in a massive stone wall built across the end of the gorge, and completely blocking the exit.

Once more the jackal-signal was given, and the gate was opened. Several large mastiffs strained at their chains, and two armed lamas received the travellers, who were at once conducted to a small *serai* on the inside of the gate. Here, in an inner room, as on the previous night, Gillmore was accommodated with food and a bed; his guide on the day's march set down the baggage which he had carried down the gorge, and after a little while brought in the guide for the following day's journey.

Fresh ponies were provided in the morning, and, as usual, an early start was made. Nothing of interest occurred for several hours, the way lying for the most part across an open sandy desert, over which ever and anon arose a succession of mirages; while occasionally a herd of antelope was to be seen scampering across the plain, the animals' bodies projected by the shimmering heat-waves to a height of several feet above the ground. The hills were reached again at noon; and in another hour the guide halted on the summit of a snow-pass, and, pointing down the valley, exclaimed, 'Yonder stands Tscho Pangi, our destination.'

It was a most striking view that presented itself to the eyes of the Englishman. From where he stood the country sloped gently down into a wide valley, the perpetual snow-line ceasing half a mile below, when its place was taken by a long stretch of cultivation, now bright and green with springing corn. Beyond lay a lake of vast expanse, bounded on two sides by mighty mountains, its farthest extremity, however, being invisible. The scenery was not altogether unlike that of the Golden Valley, except that the lake was of far greater extent, and the picturesqueness was increased a hundredfold by the strangely situated *gompa*, standing perched, a thousand feet above the water, on a rocky islet in the lake.

On the margin of the lake they were met by a small body of armed men, who, after taking charge of their ponies, led them to a large barge quaintly painted in red and gold. This the whole party entered; and the lamas, bending to

the oars, soon covered the mile of water which separated the island from the shore. Landing-place there was none; one huge solid rock rose out of the depths of the lake, its sides being round, perfectly smooth, and perpendicular for a height of two or three hundred feet; above this appeared fissures and clefts, with here and there a gnarled and twisted juniper-bush; then followed further lofty precipices, surmounted by massive projecting rocks and built-out platforms, on which stood the lamasery itself. No more impregnable fortress could be devised, as Gillmore had every opportunity of judging for himself during the ten minutes that he was suspended over the water by the rope which had been lowered for him.

The end of the toilsome journey had come, and a strange feeling of suppressed excitement took possession of the man who had undertaken to fulfil the wishes of his dying countryman. A large number of solemn *gelupkas*, or lamas of the yellow order, with shaven heads, stood on the platform by the prayer-mill windlass which was combining the double office of rope-winder and prayer-maker; and, as Gillmore was released, they formed themselves, without uttering a word, into a procession, to precede him along a dark rock-hewn gallery ending in a flight of steps. Up these they moved until they reached the topmost chamber of the *gompa*—a square and spacious apartment, with windows opening from all four walls and letting in the long golden rays of the setting sun. In the centre, on a low wooden couch, lay the dying man, clothed in yellow robes. Within easy reach of his outstretched hand was a heavy prayer-wheel, pivoted between floor and roof, and slowly revolving—the only sign that life still flickered in the otherwise motionless body. Silently the lamas knelt round the cot, and with bowed heads muttered a prayer; then one of them gently touched the prostrate form, and whispered that the Englishman had arrived. The effect was electrical; the man raised himself, and, shading his eyes with his hand, stared at Gillmore; then, motioning to the lamas, he murmured, 'Brothers, leave me for a space.'

The two Englishmen were now alone, and Gillmore, kneeling by the bedside, took the thin bony hand in his and kissed it. The face before him, pale, wan, and wrinkled though it was, still had the unmistakable features of a European; otherwise there was nothing to show that the dying man was not an ordinary Bhoti lama.

'Thank you a thousand times for coming,' began the English lama, clasping Gillmore's hand. 'I had the wish, and my brethren were good to carry it out. I believe they love me, as I also love them; but they know that though I am their head I am not of their people. My time is short. I cannot talk much; but I have secretly written out my history on scraps of paper which I have here under my pillow. Take them; but be careful that they are not discovered on you. Promise me that you will remain with me till I die, and hold my hand in yours. It will not be long now. *Om mani'*——

The opening words of the sacred verse were uttered in a loud, clear voice. Gillmore heard hurrying footsteps on the stone stairs; and, just in time, he secured the papers from beneath the pillow and thrust them into his breast. The priests entered the chamber and took up the low wailing chant, '*Om mani padmi hum*,' but too late; the soul of the white lama had flown to prepare for its re-birth on the morrow.

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Four days later Gillmore was seated with Keane and the Wuzir in the latter's house at Leh, engaged in answering questions, after an enthusiastic greeting on his safe return, and at the conclusion of a general description of his extraordinary experiences.

'You have not told us the name of the white lama.'

'For the very good reason that I never learned it; but I dare say it is in his confession, which I have been afraid to look at as yet. I carried the papers next to my skin on the return journey, and hardly slept a wink, fearing that they would be stolen from me. Here they are. Let's have a look at them.'

'Not now,' said the Wuzir. 'Take my advice, and keep them safe until you get out of this country. I am as much interested in the story as either of you; but I know what a hold their religion has on the lamas. Probably the mystery of the white lama is known well enough in the country, and if it were suspected that the secret was discovered Buddhist fanaticism might rise to the occasion. I am certain that in a similar case we Mohammedans would stick at nothing.'

So it came about that Gillmore continued to carry the papers on his person during the march back to Srinugger; and, as the Wuzir was as inquisitive as either of the Englishmen, he contrived to find some urgent business which required his immediate presence in the Kashmir capital. It was a month later that the two friends met to open the mysterious manuscript—a month every night of which had been a sore temptation to Keane and the Wuzir; but Gillmore guarded the treasure jealously, arguing that he had undergone immense toil and severe hardships, and that it would be a thousand pities if the white lama's history should run the risk of being lost for ever by impatient curiosity.

Never did three conspirators meet with more pent-up expectancy; and as Gillmore laid the packet before him on the table the others stood round him to assist in the reading. It proved no easy matter. The writing was in parts barely legible, the English was faulty, and now and again failed altogether, the writer passing into Hindustani and Pali. With the latter he seemed most

familiar, and here the Wuzir came to the front, translating the passages readily. Before midnight the whole manuscript had been deciphered and converted into English, Keane carefully writing it down, and finally reading it slowly and aloud:

'I, Sariputra, Priest of Buddha, Spiritual Head of Tscho Pangi *gompa*, knowing that I am about to pass hence to my next re-birth—whether in this world or in another planet no man can tell—desire to make known the story of this worldly passage which is just closing. Why should I have this strange desire? It is because of a vision that has appeared to me. By reading my somewhat strange history, the people of whom I was born may be drawn towards the beautiful religion which has brought knowledge, calm, and peace to one who formerly was ignorant, sinful, and without merit. The way of the Noble Eightfold Path is long and accompanied with endless trials and vicissitudes; but there lies beyond it the acquirement of the knowledge of the Four Noble Truths of the Lord Buddha, by which alone the number of re-births can be reduced and the attainment of Nirvâna hastened. Listen, O ye men of the outer world! to the words of Sariputra, once living in the downward course, but now dying to enter on a more meritorious existence. Listen and take heed; live apart and meditate, so that the knowledge of the miseries of your existence may be given you.

'Let me begin at the beginning. I write for my fellow-countrymen, and to attain my object I must be clear throughout; but they must remember that I write under difficulties and secretly, for my brethren would never permit the communication. I have devised a plan for placing my story in the hands of the outside world. Whether it will succeed I cannot say; but if it does succeed, and if these writings be read, then shall I have made an endeavour to arouse the world to a sense of its sinfulness.

'The name by which I was known for the first thirty years of my life was Harold Breakspear—how strange it sounds! My father was an Indian General, and commanded a brigade in the Sikh war, where I myself was his aide-de-camp. Subsequently I entered the Bengal Cavalry, and for several years lived solely to enjoy myself, being devoted to what was called "sport." When a young captain of thirty I visited this country on a shooting expedition, and through thoughtlessness committed a crime which led to the commission of a second crime, for both of which I was swiftly condemned to pay the penalty.

'The first crime, as I have said, was committed thoughtlessly, yet it was nevertheless theft and sacrilege. I was travelling into the valley of the Changchenmo River, and camped for the night in the fields beneath the *gompa* of Chimray, close to several *chortens* containing the bones of sainted lamas. In a niche in one of these I observed a tiny image of Siddartha Gautama, studded with precious stones; and in an evil hour I set my heart on adding it to my collection of curiosities. In the stillness of the night I crept silently to the *chorten*, and after some difficulty managed to find my prize, which I bore back in triumph to my tent. Closer inspection told me that it was of great value, since it was composed of solid gold, in which were embedded what were undoubtedly the richest gems, though rudely cut. The theft troubled me little, as I had frequently taken part in the looting of temples in Indian warfare; and, packing the image away at the bottom of a *kilta* which I kept locked, I forgot the whole incident.

'Three months passed, and the time came for my return from the wilds. I camped again at Chimray, and visited the *chortens* in hopes of further booty, but without success. Then I travelled through Leh towards Srinugger. At Leh I repacked my baggage, taking care to place the precious image at the bottom of the *kilta* containing my books and private papers. Two days later the *kilta* was stolen from my tent; but, disgusted as I was, I was afraid to make a commotion in the village. The recovery of the stolen property would have disclosed my own theft; and under the circumstances I thought it best to let the matter drop. On arriving at Basgo I was visited by a Bhoti *shikari*, who talked much of shooting, and who assured me that he would show me good sport if I would accompany him next day across the river. This I agreed to do, and shortly after daybreak we were making the best of our way up a stony ravine on the far side of the river. Then we descended into another ravine, at the bottom of which four lamas suddenly appeared from behind a rock; at the same time my *shikari* turned to me with a grim smile and said, "These men have come to take you for stealing the Golden Gautama of Chimray." Seeing that I had been entrapped, I placed my back against a rock, and raising my loaded musket, told them that I would shoot the first man who approached. Nothing daunted, my *shikari* seized a large stone, hurled it, and rushed in on me. In self-defence I shot him dead. The four lamas saw their opportunity, and, before I could reload, overpowered me and quickly bound me with cords.

'We were then some miles from the monastery, to which it was evidently not intended to convey me until nightfall, for I was carried by two of the men to a cave about half a mile distant, whither also the corpse of the *shikari* was brought, and laid by my side. Here I lay, bound hand and foot, all day; and at dusk the four lamas formed a solemn procession, two carrying myself and the others carrying the corpse. I asked to be allowed to walk; but, evidently fearing to unbind my feet, they refused my request, and it was some hours before we

reached the gate of the lamasery. Up a never-ending flight of steps, through labyrinths of long passages dimly lighted with flickering oil-wicks, now passing along galleries half-open to the night air, up further steps, and down again into more passages, my jailers bore me weary and worn out. At length we arrived at a solid door in the side of the rock. The heavy iron bars and bolts were raised, and my aching body was put down on the floor of the dungeon. A small portion of food and water was placed in the corner of the cell, my cords were unloosed, and, to my horror, the corpse was set down by my side. The lamas withdrew after lighting a lamp, and I heard the bars of the door fall into their strong sockets. Was this to be for ever? I wondered, or would the morrow bring release, or fresh horrors?

'Whether I slept or fell into a state of stupor I cannot say; but after a lapse of what must have been many hours I was aroused by the clanging of the bars, and the door opened to admit two men with drawn swords. I was informed that I was summoned to my trial, and forthwith was conveyed through a succession of long dark corridors to a large hall, where I found assembled the *chagzot* and a number of high lamas.

'The trial lasted for several hours, and I need only say that I was found guilty of sacrilege and murder, and sentenced to be tied to the corpse and to be burned with it. The stolen image was produced at the trial, as well as all my books and the remainder of the contents of my *kilta*.

'I was taken back to my cell, but later was reconveyed to the hall of trial, where I was informed that my sentence had been reconsidered; that the teaching of Buddha, as set forth in the Dhamma-pada, forbade returning evil for evil; that I had sinned grievously, but that it had been decided that I should live to be taught the knowledge which alone led to salvation. To remind me of my sin, the Golden Gautama was to remain always in my presence, and several lamas were appointed as my teachers. The *chagzot* read from the holy books a lengthy exhortation, and admonished me that although the death-sentence had been remitted, I would have to pass through many trying ordeals, lasting throughout a period of many years; that I might abandon for ever the thought of escape or communication with the outer world; but that, if I proved myself studious and desirous of atonement, I had before me in the remote future a life of peace and spiritual comfort.

'I was scourged before the assembly with sharp-cutting thongs of raw hide, and then handed over to my *guru* to commence my novitiate, which, though it lasted for a space of time covering fourteen annual festivals, remains in my memory not so much by reason of the hardships that I underwent as for the eventual knowledge that I acquired. I passed through the ordeal of fire and the ordeal of water. I practised, for months at a time, *hathayoga*, *bhaktiyoga*, *pranayam*, and the like; I spent nights in the bottomless pit. I studied deeply of the Pitakas, and became proficient in Pali and Sanskrit; and all this time I was daily scourged in the presence of the stolen image. I received much praise from my teachers, and was eventually permitted to take my place as a working lama within the precincts of the monastery. After a while I obtained leave to practise *dhyana*, and became renowned in miracle-working, or *lokothra*. So great a power did I develop that the *chagzot* assembled his lamas and initiated me into the priesthood.

'All desire to return to the world and my former life had long since left me, and I begged to be transferred to some secluded spot where I might be able to devote myself entirely to study and contemplation. I said that all desire to return to the world had been abandoned; yet this is not quite the truth, for during my novitiate I once took part in the Dance of Death at Himis, whereat an Englishman was present, and I was sorely tempted to disclose my identity and seek his aid. But the temptation passed; and, from fear that I might be again exposed to its influence, I was ever anxious to retire into the more inaccessible parts of the country. My opportunity soon came, and after lengthy negotiations with Lhasa, I was moved across the border into Chinese Tibet, where I was received into the yellow priesthood as a minor lama of the Tscho Pangi *gompa*.

'That was nearly twenty-five years ago, and from that day to this I have resided within the walls of the island lamasery. My story went with me to Tscho Pangi, as did the Golden Gautama, which I had long since come to regard as my saviour. It lived before my eyes to remind me of the past, and is still ever present in my mind; by day it rests in its niche in the wall, by night it lies clasped in my hand. There is little more to say. I acquired grace and knowledge, and I rose in the priesthood, until I became the head of my holy brethren. The expiation of my crimes was complete, and the pardon of the Delai Lama was conveyed to me by a special deputation of the highest lamas of Lhasa. I have begged and been granted one request—that when after death my body is consumed in the fire, my ashes shall be enclosed in an image resembling that of the Golden Gautama of Chimray. *Om Mani Padmi Hum. Oh! the jewel in the Lotus.* Amen.'

. . . . . .

It was midnight when the Wuzir retired from the Englishmen's room; but an hour later he returned, looking worried and excited. Keane was asleep, but Gillmore still sat smoking; and the Wuzir on entering noticed that a great change had come over him; he was paler than usual, and his eyes wore a strange, hunted expression.

'Why didn't you tell us that you had taken it?' asked the Wuzir, coming to the point at once.

'Taken what?' demanded Gillmore roughly.

'The Golden Gautama of Chimray.'

Gillmore grew livid, and trembling violently, said in a whisper, 'For Heaven's sake don't speak so loud! How did you find out?'

'In this way,' slowly answered the Wuzir. 'I have spent the last hour with three men from Tscho Pangi, who accuse you of stealing the Golden Gautama from the monastery. They demanded that you should be sent back to Leh for trial. I have, however, arranged with them that you shall return the image and pay five hundred rupees to the monastery as compensation.

'All right,' said Gillmore, thrusting his hand into the front of his coat and withdrawing a small packet; 'there's the beastly image; but I haven't got enough money to pay the fine.'

'I will lend you that, and you can send it to me when you get back to India.'

'Thanks, you good old Wuzir; you have seen me through a very bad business, and I shall be ever grateful. Honestly, I could not help taking it; it looked so tempting lying on the ground at my feet when the white lama died; and of course I did not know its history then. You won't catch me in Ladak again, for I don't feel inclined to take over the Tscho Pangi district—even with the prospect of Nirvâna.'

PIONEER FARMING IN SOUTH AMERICA.

MUCH has been written about pioneer farming in Australia, New Zealand, and the Western States—three countries with which the writer is personally acquainted; but comparatively little is known about this form of enterprise as it is carried out in the River Plate, the part of South America that appeals most to the average Englishman. Indeed, the works published about farming in the River Plate generally refer to stock-raising, which is the staple industry of the country, and not to agricultural pursuits, though pioneer farming, as we understand it, comes under this latter heading.

The object of this article is to give some idea of the life of a pioneer farmer in the River Plate countries: Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay.

In Uruguay the Government has never made any special effort to encourage immigration, and the country is mainly given up to *estancias*, or cattle-farms on a large scale.

In Argentina, where the pastoral industry is still predominant, agriculture increases yearly in comparative importance, owing to the rapid increase of population; cattle-farming of the *estanciero* type being only practicable in a thinly peopled country where large tracts of land can be purchased for a mere trifle. In Argentina, also, the Government no longer encourages immigration on the same liberal scale as formerly, though new arrivals are still given free passages from Buenos Ayres to the Government 'colonies,' and also special facilities for settling in them. The word 'colonies' is used in this article in the South American sense of special agricultural settlements made either under the auspices of the Government or by private enterprise. These colonies consist of suitable tracts of ground of considerable extent, which are surveyed and divided into lots, these lots being sold at low prices and on easy terms to intending settlers. The colonies are formed mainly of European immigrants, some being of a cosmopolitan character, though there is generally a preponderance of immigrants from some particular country, which gives an individual character to the settlement, besides encouraging an *esprit de corps*. Thus there are German, French, Italian, Swiss, and English colonies, in which new arrivals from Europe, ignorant even of the language of their adopted country, may find a home in a township where their own language is spoken. The English colonies are but few in number, the greater part of those formerly founded having been failures and collapsed after a brief existence. These colonies have, of course, no political connection with the mother-country of their founders or settlers, though much heart-burning has been rife of late in the United States on account of a rumour that the Germans were about to found colonies in South Brazil. As a matter of fact, German colonies have existed in a flourishing condition for more than a generation in the southern states of Brazil, and similar colonies exist even in the United States, though not so designated.

Regarding Paraguay, the third country of the River Plate, our description of pioneer farming will refer mainly to it, not because it necessarily offers greater inducements to intending settlers than the neighbouring and more prosperous Argentina, but because the terms offered by the Paraguayan Government to settlers are more liberal. The climate is warm and genial, but not tropical, many products being grown here which could not succeed in the latitude of Buenos Ayres; and with the exception of Chubut, which is strictly speaking a Welsh colony, the only English colonies in South America, so far as we are aware, which have obtained even a partial measure of success are situated in Paraguay—namely, the settlements of New Australia and

Cosmé. Lastly, we may add that we write of pioneer farming in Paraguay from personal experience, having lived for two years in a Government colony in that country.

Paraguay has never yet fully recovered from the disastrous war which ended more than thirty years ago, in the course of which that formerly prosperous country was ruined, and the able-bodied male population almost exterminated. The Government has long been aware that the only means of recovering the lost prosperity is by the introduction of foreign capital and labour, and have enacted very liberal laws to give this effect. Not only is fertile land given practically free in the Government colonies, some of which are close to river or rail communication, but free passages are granted from Asuncion and in some cases even from Buenos Ayres or Montevideo to the various settlements. In addition to this, free rations are granted to the settler and his family for six months; and implements, seeds, &c. are also advanced. We believe, however, that the Government is not now so liberal in this respect as formerly, as these generous measures, intended to assist poor but industrious and deserving agriculturists, were found to lead to much abuse. The system of giving rations, &c., free was found to attract numbers of ne'er-do-weels, who, though calling themselves agriculturists, had no knowledge of farming, and were quite unfitted for the life of a pioneer. Many of these people took up Government grants, and lived on them so long as their rations lasted; but as soon as their six months of sustenance at Government expense terminated, they removed to other quarters, having done no work in the meantime except perhaps to cut down and sell any valuable timber to be found on their holdings.

As an example of one of these Government colonies, it may be sufficient to describe the Colonia Nacional, formerly known as the Gonzalez Colony, which was founded about ten years ago. It is situated on a line of railway about one hundred and sixty miles from Asuncion, and consists of a large area of rich land, partly covered with primeval forest containing much valuable timber, mostly now cut down, and partly consisting of open prairie land which forms an admirable natural pasture. There are good roads and abundance of pure water—in fact, every requisite for forming a successful settlement. The colony is laid out in sections of about sixty acres each, the roads intersecting each other in perfect squares, and being numbered in American fashion.

The natural advantages could not be better, and the Government has been lavish in its expenditure and generous in its treatment of the settlers. In view of these facts, one might expect to find, after the lapse of ten years, that the colony had developed into a prosperous community; but such is scarcely the case. It still maintains at best but a struggling existence, and would long since have succumbed had it not been for Government assistance. The cause of this state of things is easily explained. The system of finding the settlers in everything had the effect, as already pointed out, of introducing an undesirable class of colonists, who acted only as a drag on the community. Among the settlers, however, were a few industrious men who were at the same time practical farmers. These men, commencing without capital, were soon able to make for themselves a comfortable home and a certain living; but once this stage had been reached, they found it was not easy to make any further progress, owing to the lowness and uncertainty of prices obtainable for their produce, difficulty in getting sufficient or suitable labour, and other causes. Nearly all the colonies maintain a struggling existence during the first few years; but if they survive this critical period their circumstances may improve.

Let us take the case of a pioneer farmer who has just received a grant of land in a Government colony. After being conducted free of expense to his new holding, he is left to his own resources. His first care is to run up a small shanty for himself and his family. If he is a novice this will prove no easy task, though a native of the country could put up a very comfortable structure of wattle and daub, roofed with straw thatch, in a few days, and at no expense beyond the labour employed, all the material being found in the neighbouring woods and swamps. If put up by contract, a two-roomed shanty can be built for about six or seven pounds, native labour being very cheap.

Let us suppose that the new settler, having put up his house and dug a well—though the latter operation is not always necessary—proceeds to hew a clearing for himself out of the primeval forest. This is a gigantic task, and not easily accomplished by any one but an experienced backwoodsman. The forest is composed of immense trees, many of them six feet or more in diameter, and some almost as hard as iron; as, for example, the *quebracho* (literally, axe-breaker), whose name sufficiently attests its qualities of resistance. After all the trees have been felled, they are allowed to dry for a few weeks, and fire is then run over the débris, which is thus partly consumed; the smaller branches and twigs burning readily, and here and there a whole trunk being consumed, but often occupying more than a month in the process. However, comparatively few of the fallen monarchs of the forests will thus burn readily; and stupendous though the work has been, by far the greater part of the task is yet to be accomplished. The remaining trunks have now to be laboriously sawn in pieces, then split up and heaped together, before the torch can make any impression on

them. After these have been burnt, the mammoth tree-stumps still remain in the ground, rendering the use of the plough impossible, and entailing the painful drudgery of hoe-work to till the clearing. There are some colonists, however, who are not content with clearing their land in this fashion, but proceed to destroy the gigantic stumps that remain, and also the roots, which are as thick as an ordinary tree. Even then the ground, though apparently clear, still contains a perfect tangle of smaller but still considerable roots, which reach to a depth of several feet below the surface. As these have not been destroyed by the fire, it is necessary to eradicate them, or they will form a serious obstacle to the hoe, besides showing a tendency to throw off upward shoots and form new plants. When we say that we have seen clearings belonging to settlers in the primeval forest as free of roots, stones, or other encumbrances as a well-cultivated English garden, some idea may be formed of the herculean labour required to accomplish such a result.

After the ground has been properly cleared, it is necessary to fence it before sowing or planting. This is done by natives in a primitive manner, by means of posts of hardwood, to which saplings are bound crosswise by means of a creeper which grows abundantly in the woods and forms a kind of natural rope. These fences, like the shanty, cost nothing beyond the labour required to put them up. The new arrival, however, will probably find it necessary to surround the holding with a post-and-wire fence, which costs more, but is also more durable.

The settler may now proceed to sow his corn by simply dibbling holes in the ash-covered ground and dropping a few grains in each. In conjunction with corn, the main staple of the native is manioc, and Europeans also take kindly to this root, which forms an admirable substitute for both bread and potatoes, and is to be obtained all the year round. It abounds in starch, and many food preparations are made from it, including the tapioca consumed in this country. It is a curious fact that tapioca is scarcely known in Brazil and Paraguay, though manioc, the plant which produces it, is the staff of life of the natives in both countries.

We have mentioned the colonies of New Australia. Both of these are situated at no great distance from Villa Rica, in the centre of Paraguay, though in different directions. These settlements are progressing slowly. Cosmé, a Socialist settlement founded by the real leaders of the New Australia movement a few years ago, suffered considerable hardships at first, but has now passed the most critical stage. The colonists have taken to the cultivation of the cane and manufacture of sugar with some success. In New Australia—formed by a secession of the original members who renounced Socialist principles and allowed free individual action—the principal industry is stock-raising, for which it is admirably adapted.

Owing to its distance from the railway and consequent cost of transport, agriculture is not found to be profitable here. In New Australia the Government gives a free grant of one hundred and five acres of land to each settler, besides a large extent of open pasture-land which is held in common.

Let no one imagine, because of the facilities offered by the Government, that Paraguay is an elysium for the poor man. There are few—very few—persons who can make even a comparative success of pioneer farming; in fact, the only ones we have known to do so are men who, in addition to a practical knowledge of farming, have been used to hard work and drudgery from their earliest years, for only such can endure contentedly the endless round of toil and hardship which the life entails. In Paraguay, as in every other new country, educated men with little or no capital, who have to rely entirely upon their own labour, make the worst pioneer farmers. Cattle-farming, doubtless, is more profitable in the River Plate than agriculture; but it also requires a larger capital, and the life generally has the drawback of lonesomeness, as *estancias* are necessarily at some distance from towns and usually at a considerable distance apart. On no account should any one think of embarking in stock-raising, however, until he has acquired the necessary experience by living at least two years on an *estancia*.

AFTER SUNSET.

Over my head the skylark singeth,
Though the sun hath set and the night draws nigh;
What is the message that sweet song bringeth?
Is it a hint that a day gone by—
Gone by—gone by—may return again,
And the time of waiting go past like rain?

The lark still sings as he upward flieth
Through the dusk-blue air, and the notes drop down
To the listening earth, and my heart that crieth
For the breath of spring and the summer's crown.
Ah! crown of summer, dost hang as far
As over the skylark that lone white star?

Oh, lonely star! But the song hath ended,
The purple mountains grow darker yet;
Soon will the crimson and gray be blended,
And nought to tell where the sun hath set;
The blue dusk deepens, more stars there be:
What is the promise ye hold for me?

Where the hills drop down to the sea which spurneth,
For ever and ever, the patient land;
Where the blue hills melt to the blue sky, burneth
A distant fire like a love-lit brand.
My steps descend, and it goes from sight,
But I know it is strong for the coming night.

Oh, stars and fire! is your inward meaning
To tell of hope for the days to be?
Of an hour when Time shall go backward leaning
To pluck white roses and red for me?
And the joy which is past come back—come back—
With a threefold strength that shall nothing lack?

CLARA SINGER POYNTER.

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NEW YORK CITY.

By a Londoner.

TO know briefly the most important things about New York City you may take the encyclopædia; to know something of its history it would be the best plan to read a volume on the subject by a person no less gifted and distinguished than the President of the United States himself—Theodore Roosevelt. The notes that follow, written in a random way and almost planless, cannot and do not attempt to intrude upon such fields. With this warning we may plunge at once into the stream; for, although we should forgive ignorant people, we can never entirely forgive a dull person, and prefatory remarks are usually so tedious.

Unlike London, which in a sense is equivalent to all England, and so singly dominates it, New York is by no means such an essence of, or such a capital to, the United States. To a population in the Mississippi valley, Chicago is metropolis king; to the miner and the farmer in the central west, Denver is the great city; and in the far west, San Francisco is, of course, the dominant centre. Washington, again, and other cities, each quite self-important, serve to subtract from the importance of New York as the one town among all in the United States. Thus, to the San Franciscan, New York appears quite remote and unimportant; it may be all right in its way, but he does not think much of it or respect it particularly. Whereas most Britons, as I suppose, respect London; if they do not—at least in the abstract—it is simply a reflection on their intelligence.

For these reasons, perhaps, foreigners to the United States are told that it is impossible to form a right opinion of the country solely from New York City. This rule is applied particularly to those who have formed adverse opinions. However, a well-known American critic asserts, on the contrary, that New York alone among the cities of the commonwealth produces an American, and not a localised American citizen, as do the other cities; and this critic proves his statement in a very thorough manner, as most critics do—to his own satisfaction. In view of this uncertainty as to whether New York is typical of the United States, or only typical of the Sandwich Islands, it is fortunate for us that we are humble people who are not going to form any opinions whatever.

It is not every one who knows that the city proper of New York is an island. Imagine an unrolled ox-tongue: that is the shape of the central city. The business district is at the tip, and the residential district at the back, of this tongue. What the result of this must be is fairly evident. London, Paris, and other capitals are points drawing on a practically unlimited surrounding area, the main arteries feeding them being so many radii of a complete circle; but business New York has, putting the matter simply, only one radius, from the tip to the back of the tongue. In the morning, then, there is a concerted rush from one direction, and in the evening a similar movement in the opposite direction. When a number of people all start from the same place at the same time, along the same path to the same destination, there is apt to be some inconvenience. The problem of satisfactory passenger transportation is therefore one of some difficulty in New York. The immediate effect of configuration and position is that, although there are four railways and at least half-a-dozen fast-running electric trams laid down side by side within a mile's breadth along the length of the island, it is difficult to get more than standing-place in the conveyances during the so-called rush-hours, and this, too, with trains and cars following each other in close succession. The normal spectacle with this traffic, night and morning, is that of a bank holiday excursion-train to Margate; and no limit whatever is put on the number of passengers entering cars or compartments. The result is a crush and an overcrowding that would not be tolerated in any other civilised community; there is no 'full

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inside' or 'full up,' and passengers are actually allowed to support themselves on outside ledges and to block gangway and steps without restraint. Passengers, however, are not allowed to occupy the smoke-stacks of the locomotives or to travel on the roofs of the carriages! The New Yorker defends this wretched state of affairs by a peculiar argument. 'We are hustlers,' he says, 'and we want to get there. Sooner than wait for an uncrowded car we would rather endure any inconvenience.' This, of course, is all very well for the man who crowds into a closely packed car; but it never seems to occur to him that prior passengers have a right to comfort. His attitude is that of a man who, entering a crowded omnibus, calmly sits down on the first person's knees and explains, 'It is very uncomfortable sitting down on you, sir; but pray don't apologise. I happen to be in a hurry, and I would rather endure the inconvenience you put me to than wait for the next available cushioned seat'!

These remarks, I am sorry to say, border on heresy; for one prominent idea of happiness in America is to get from a given place to another very quickly and without exertion. Rapid transit is the catchword expressing this ideal, for which they will sacrifice so much; and rapid transit in New York, for all I have said, approaches such a degree of perfection that New Yorkers ought to be very happy people indeed. This explains, too, why Americans are usually unhappy in London, and why they are for ever itching to lay down electric tramways and underground and overhead railways along the busy streets of our old-fashioned capital; but, somehow or other, they are not able to convince us immediately that well-being is in direct ratio to miles per hour.

Byron very truly observed that man's control stops with the shore. As up to the present time only one single bridge spans either of the two broad rivers that confine central New York, the city has not been easy of expansion. As a direct result of this position, the 'sky-scraper' reared its monotonous expanse. Not easily able to spread itself, New York grew upward. These tall buildings are quite outside any artistic consideration. When men shall grow forty or fifty feet tall, it will then be logical to pass an opinion on thirty-story buildings fronting a fifty-foot roadway; but, of course, these places were built in the very last place for beauty. After six months in American towns it comes as a positive relief to look upon a two-story house, be it never so shabby and sooty. The nature in man revolts, in the end, against these gross disturbances of the proportions. It is interesting, however, to watch the building of the high houses in New York. Americans rightly claim to know the value of the scrap-heap, and they will not hesitate to pull down what we should call still modern and useful buildings in order to put up larger and thoroughly modern houses in their place. When I left New York last October, a block of substantial-looking six-story houses was being pulled down, and notice-boards were already put up announcing that offices in the new twenty-story building which was to be erected were for lease, and that they would be ready for occupancy by the following April. In London, I imagine, that building would take two years to complete. When an American says that his workmen and artisans do twice as much work as the British working-man in the same time he speaks the truth. There is no doubt at all about this matter: we are at least twice as slow in our movements, expeditions, and enterprises as the Yankee.

Hustling is the particular speciality of New York City. The air of it, atmospherically and physically, is wonderful. It whips one into activity. It is positively difficult to be lazy in New York. The city is a youth of disturbing, superabundant energy; London is a comfortable old gentleman, genial and tolerant, who has found out that, after all, matters that once looked so terribly important are in reality of small consequence. Energy is a fine quality, but it needs direction; and while in New York we are at first quite carried away by a grand activity, upon closer examination we find that, although people are so energetically busy about putting money in their purses and expanding their trade, they do not appear especially concerned about putting anything into their heads or expanding their hearts. In remarking this, I make no contrast with London—which in its certain aspects is a material, wretched, disagreeable city—but point out that hustling in itself is nothing to boast of. I do not, for instance, wish to praise an energetic burglar or an energetic murderer. This thing, at any rate, is quite certain: it is impossible for New York, under present conditions, to produce any truly capable thinker. New York people, collectively, resemble nothing so much as ants: there is such a commotion and such a bustle and running about; and every ant is so busily and individually engaged in dragging and pushing about its respective little seed, and—— Which, after all, is exactly what they ought to be doing, and are meant to be doing. So why a slight tone of resentment should have crept in here is all the more inexplicable.

New York—and the United States generally—is an excellent tonic for an Englishman. It braces him up and takes away the cobwebs. In the first place, he will very soon learn that curious old London is sleepy and wants waking, and that England itself is no better off, being of not very especial account in the scheme of things. Of course, he may correct or ignore these radicalisms; but, in any case, it is refreshing and illuminating to rise to a fresh view-point.

The democratic or fraternal spirit, too, so well

exemplified in the United States, should rub off some corners of a visiting Briton's insularity. Let us take a single illustration. An Englishman, going alone to a restaurant, will invariably choose a vacant table, whenever that is possible. For him to be quite happy, his table must be the very farthest away from other diners; the most favourable and preferable position is a corner, or at least one against a wall. The American has no such desires. When he goes alone to an eating-house he will deliberately seat himself directly opposite a fellow-creature, let there be never so many free and unoccupied tables. This is but a single instance; in a hundred other little ways he constantly shows belief that man in a natural and useful state is a gregarious animal.

If the visitor is a tourist who goes about in the European way looking for churches, he will very soon arrive at disappointment. The United States is not the place for churches; but there are some very beautiful factories! It is good amusement to see over these, because in America there is no fuss about introductions; people and places are open and accessible. For this reason, and no other, undoubtedly, we are apt to consider Americans who visit us forward in manner. Bred in this freedom and equality, they cannot understand our restrictions and formalities. They move naturally in a free and open air; and so long as they do not throw over all respect nor disregard all authority, I am bound to think that they stand upon sure ground.

The strata of respectability are curiously well defined in New York. As will be well known, Fifth Avenue, running straight up the centre of the island, is the trade-mark for an amateur aristocracy of moneyed people. Ranged on both sides are other strata, merging into one another with the imperceptible gradation of a shadow, and descending in the social scale in proportion as they remove from Fifth Avenue and approach the water's edge. The East End of London, then, becomes in New York the East Side, or, for rough purposes, the Outside Edge. It comes about thus that for a certain class of people—an upper class—New York forms a fairly pleasant though restricted prison. For these people, a walk or a drive must be confined to a small central portion of the city; and it must frequently happen that inhabitants pass many months without a sight of the rivers or harbour, although within a hundred yards' length of these for every day of this time. As to walking: nothing could possibly be more monotonous than the straight regularity of streets in cities laid out on the American chessboard plan. This applies especially to New York, where foliage is rare, shop display uninteresting, and overhead railway plentiful. In Central Park pedestrian New York finds some release and a refuge; but your typical New Yorker rather resents this as a place where one may momentarily lose direction. It bothers him, I know, that the pathways are winding; he finds it irksome that in the park he cannot make straight and short for any given point.

I have hinted above that the aristocracy of New York has an amateur air. This, at least, is how it strikes a Londoner. In New York it amounts almost to disgrace to be without occupation. A man must be up to some business or other, or he is regarded as somewhat of an outcast. The English 'gentleman of no occupation' becomes in the New World capital a 'loafer.' So much is this the case that our 'How do you do?' is replaced by 'Are you busy?' and friends and strangers will vie with each other in anxious inquiry as to whether you have plenty to do. It is exactly for this reason that one misses among New York's avowed aristocracy that *flair*, that good-humoured and graceful indolence, that air of superior boredom, and that geniality which distinguish the well-to-do London loafer: affairs are not of immense importance to him; he endures life rather than lives; he drifts through it in half-amused indifference; in short, he plays a part with ease and distinction. New Yorkers rather bungle their parts: they offer resistance to the current of affairs; they are rich awkwardly; their ducats are a means rather to flamboyancy and vulgarity; they have little distinction—they are amateurs.

Speaking of a larger whole, New Yorkers are not far removed from gypsies. A residence of more than a couple of years in the same flat is considered a long time. The business of removing has been reduced to an easy art, and the people, being of an unstable and roving disposition, take every advantage of this. Even clerks and those of no particular pretensions will make three changes within the year. Thus, for two or three winter months they will live in the city itself; for July and August they will go to a boarding establishment in some near-hand seaside resort, coming to and returning from business by steam ferry-boat; while as a more or less permanent home they will live in some neighbouring suburban district, involving but a small journey to and from business. Residential Fifth Avenue and contiguous thoroughfares remain double boarded, deserted of occupants, and inhospitably vacant during six months of the year. In this given time it is ordained that the out-turned people should make a pilgrimage to Europe; whereby, it may be incidentally stated, the most of them make an economy. Similarly with London, however, New York gets on just as well, if not better, when forsaken by its 'society.'

In these few lean notes there has been every possibility for omission, but very little possibility for detail. Critically considered, indeed, there may be some inaccuracies, but in the main and in the rough the facts are as stated. We find New York very much like any other large city. We

find it provincial and busily self-occupied, as in the end we find most cities. However, this is exactly as things should be. The principal concern with us is that we do right and are done right by at home; and if we manage this tolerably well, why should we occupy ourselves with other places and other happenings? A great many travellers profess to find all manner of extraordinary novelties and diversities in foreign places. But these exist largely in imagination; for it will be found that the larger grasp a person has upon the principles of human nature, and the wider his outlook on life, the fewer actual differences will he find in different localities.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XXIII.—TRESSCOTT ON THE TRACK.

A SULTRY Sunday evening in the middle of August found Lucie still in Punter's Island. The fortnight she had proposed spending there had stretched into a month. When, near the close of July, she had suggested returning to Queen's Gate, her entertainers had exhibited such genuine dismay that Lucie gladly agreed to prolong her visit until her uncle and Honoria returned from their projected cruise to Norway; a trip which, as Lucie shrewdly guessed, was to be taken in the same steam-yacht that numbered Mr Ruddenheim and his boys among its passengers.

The time of respite had flown past. Within a week Lucie would be back in town. Aunt Sarah —the perils of travel by water (across the ferry) safely over—would be again ensconced in her Surrey cottage; and the Commander and the Lieutenant would be on their way north to join a shooting-party.

So on this hot Sunday Tommy and Lucie, knowing that but few days of river-life remained to them, set off, in company with a tea-basket, with the avowed intention of visiting a tributary stream a mile farther up the river.

The afternoon sun beat fervently on the glittering water, and a short trial showed the folly of voluntary exertion. With one accord relinquishing their purpose, they rounded the end of the island and sought the shade of the backwater; where, mooring the skiff under an overhanging willow, they boiled their kettle and were happy.

They were too good friends to require to talk, and save for an occasional comment on the passage of those who like themselves sought retirement in the quiet backwater, they rested idly on their cushions, and, themselves unseen, let the golden hours slip past.

'Well—time goes,' Tommy observed suddenly, apropos of nothing but his own thoughts.

'Time stays—we go,' amended Lucie, with a sigh. 'In another month I shall have said good-bye to everybody, and be on my way back to the other side of the world. I sometimes wonder,' she added, looking with wistful eyes at the willow-bordered water, 'if I shall ever see this dear lazy old river again.'

Tresscott did not reply at once, and when he spoke there was a husky tremor in his voice. 'I haven't spoken about it yet, because I'm waiting to hear from the Admiralty; but I've applied to be reappointed to the Australian Station; and, if the powers that be agree, we might return in the same ship'——

'Oh! see, see!' in a fierce whisper interrupted Lucie, who had been gazing so intently through the kindly veil which the drooping willow had drawn round the boat that she failed to gather the meaning of his words. 'Oh, do look! That woman—over there in the boat with the man, and the roses in her hat—that's she—Honoria! Oh'—impatiently—'you know whom I mean!'

Fearful of being seen, Lucie held down her Japanese parasol so as to conceal her face, and tearing a slit in the flimsy paper, was through it intently watching, her breath coming in little gasps, a couple who had drawn their boat up close to the opposite bank of the backwater.

'Are you sure that's really the woman? She looks quite nice,' said doubting Thomas.

'Of course she looks nice — those are my clothes she has on. I knew them at once,' replied Lucie in an indignation that was necessarily muffled. 'That rose-pink satin foulard was one of my prettiest frocks, and that hat—only she has ruined the hat by sticking in those vulgar flowers. Oh, what can we do? I won't let her go this time. What can we do?'

'Wait a moment,' Tommy answered. 'Ah, I have it! First thing, you must get away. She hasn't seen you yet, and they won't suspect me. If you step out of the boat, keeping that umbrella between you and them—though, even if you didn't, they couldn't see you well for the trees—I'll lie close in here, and follow them at a distance.'

'And you won't let them escape?' Lucie pleaded anxiously.

'I pledge my word I shan't lose sight of them until I see them into a house, though it takes me all night; and then I'll come back and fetch you. By-the-bye, have you any money?' Tresscott had been examining the coins in his pocket.

'Oh! I haven't a penny,' Lucie answered almost tearfully. 'Not one. I never carry money here.'

'I've got plenty, I think; about fifteen shillings. Oh yes, quite plenty. Quick! They're busy now; they won't see you. Go!'

Catching the moment when the couple were engaged over the opening of a champagne bottle, Lucie slipped quietly out of the boat, and, well sheltered by the big Japanese parasol, stole away through the bushes.

Tommy, affecting to be indulging in a nap, waited patiently, lying back among the cushions, his straw hat, with the naval crown on the ribbon, drawn over his eyes. The day was still, the backwater almost deserted. The champagne loosening the tongues of the unconscious objects of his interest, Tommy gathered that the make-believe Honoria was enamoured of her companion, whose taste in dress was probably akin to hers, for he had supplemented the scarlet and yellow of his blazer by a pale-blue satin cummerbund and a green-and-crimson hat-ribbon. He wore several flashy rings too, and a flagrant watch-chain.

Tommy devoutly thanked his stars that at any rate there would be no difficulty in following them; and their pronounced choice of tint undoubtedly gave him a decided advantage; for, no matter how far he let their boat get in advance, he could easily distinguish it by the gamboge hue of Honoria's dyed hair and the strident note of her swain's blazer.

Shadows were beginning to lengthen when Tommy heard the man say, 'By Jove, we have cut it a bit fine! If we don't skip at once all the fat'll be in the fire.'

'A day too soon,' the false Honoria replied, with the foolish giggle that used to grate upon Lucie's nerves. 'That wouldn't do. To-morrow's soon enough for that.'

In making his calculations as to the proper distance to keep behind the boat pursued, Tommy had not reckoned upon the merely impressionist knowledge of rowing possessed by the blazer who manipulated the oars, or on Honoria's erratic use of the steering-ropes. In the journey between the island and the landing-stage whence the pair had hired their boat, they achieved more hair-breadth escapes than even Tommy, with all his knowledge of matters aquatic, could have believed possible.

When at length they disembarked, Tresscott, lurking under the lee of a barge fifty yards distant, noticed that they made direct for the station; and, swiftly guiding his boat in, he left her in charge of a man, and went speeding on their track.

Looking through the glass doors of the station refreshment-room, he saw the couple standing by the counter drinking stout. Then, finding them enter the train for London, as he had expected, he took a seat in the next compartment.

During the short journey up to town Tresscott took the opportunity of making an alteration in his dress. Knowing that, however suitable a costume consisting merely of a white flannel shirt and trousers may be for a hot afternoon up the river, it could hardly be expected to pass unobserved at night in town, he gladly put on the long waterproof coat that Aunt Sarah, fearful of rain, had insisted upon his taking in the boat. There was a dark cloth cap in a pocket of the coat; that also he put on, leaving his straw hat on the rack. This done, he felt assured that even did Honoria and her lover meet him face to face they would fail to associate him with the boating-man of the backwater.

The train had puffed into Vauxhall Station, and in the customary diversion made by the entrance of the ticket-collector Tresscott did not see that his quarry had left their carriage until, as the train was slowly moving out of the station, he caught a glimpse of the flamboyant blazer on the platform. Springing to his feet, Tommy leapt from the train, narrowly escaping knocking down the porter who advanced to shut the door. He was congratulating himself on his promptitude, when a sudden dread that it might be the man alone who had alighted turned him sick. The train was gone; so, hurrying after the dispersing passengers, he reached the exit in time to see the tail of the foulard frock, its dainty velvet-edged frills a good deal crushed by the day's excursion, disappearing into the street.

'Whew!' whistled Tommy; 'that was a close shave.' For a moment the very proximity of failure almost shook his steady nerve. An instant after, he had cleared the station and was hot on the trail, warily keeping behind a family-party who were returning from a country holiday, bouquet-laden.

Honoria and her squire, now evidently in a hurry, simplified the pursuit by boarding a Camberwell car. Seeing them mount to the top, Tresscott got inside and sat sweltering in his waterproof, keeping a sharp eye the while on the steps till he saw them descend at Camberwell Green, when he followed.

'Too much of a fag. I'm not going to walk up that hill to-night,' he was near enough to hear the lady say as she hailed the only hansom on the rank.

'Nor any other night either. Next time you descend that hill you won't go up it in a hurry—eh, my pretty?' the man responded as he got into the cab beside her.

No other hansom was in sight; and, failing to catch their instructions to the driver, Tommy determined to follow on foot. As the cab ascended the broad slope of the hill it was easy to keep up with it; but the summit gained, the cab hastened down the steep beyond at a pace that would have left a walker far in the rear, and Tommy was obliged to run his hardest.

The night was dark, and the road being a

secluded one, there were few to marvel at the young man who, clad in an unseasonable waterproof, followed swiftly in the wake of the hansom. His rubber boating-shoes made no noise, and he kept close in the shadow of the hedges. Hastily doubling a corner, he cannoned off a couple of lovers, but they were too engrossed in each other even to marvel at his erratic behaviour. Panting heavily, he was just beginning to wonder when the chase would end, when the hansom stopped abruptly.

Drawing back into the shelter of a gate-post, he watched the pair alight, and the cab drove off empty. There were some whispered words of farewell, a furtive embrace, then the lady turned along a side-road. The man, returning by the way he had come, passed close to the watcher. He looked sharply at Tommy as they met; but Tommy, moved by a sudden inspiration, raised a whistle apparently levelled at an adjacent kitchen-window, and, his suspicion lulled, the blazer passed on.

A little run brought Tresscott within sight of the lady. It was quite dark now; but her white chiffon hat, staring through the gloom, proved a guide, though the rose-pink of her frock had faded to dullness. He was near the gate of a modest half-villa, and within earshot, when she rattled peremptorily at its knocker.

'It's you, is it, at last?' said a harshly disapproving voice when the door had opened, revealing the gaunt figure of an old woman on the threshold.

'It's me, sure enough,' the younger woman answered defiantly. 'Who else did you expect?'

Then the door closed with a bang, and Tommy's chance of further eavesdropping had vanished.

One thing, however, he had learnt for certain—that the two women were together; probably the man was there also, for he caught a glimpse of a tall hat on the rack in the hall.

'Queer place to harbour a band of thieves,' thought Tresscott, seeing the quiet respectability of the house, with its scrap of lawn bordered by hardy shrubs. It was No. 12, and the name painted on the gate was Abbotsford. The occupants of the other half of the villa, revealing diversity of taste, had called their house Diddums Lodge. Walking to the end of the row of a few villas, Tresscott discovered, and recorded in his note-book, that the road had been christened Travennor Road; but of the name of the district he had no idea.

Taking a further look at Travennor Road the better to impress its features on his mind, Tresscott set off to retrace as best he could his steps to Vauxhall Station. The suburb was quite unknown to him. It was half-past ten; and in most of the houses the lights were already out. In serio-comic despair, Tommy looked along the dark tree-shaded lane that lay before him. It was deserted save for a maid-of-all-work who had overstayed her leave, and, fearful of the reproof awaiting her, was scuttling homewards like some frightened rabbit. When Tresscott tried to question her, she uttered a stifled scream and fled.

'Funny if I have found the thieves only to lose myself!' he thought ruefully. 'I never saw a place without even a "pub." before. What would the good folks think if I rapped at a door and asked politely to be told where I was. They'd think they had got hold of some bally lunatic!'

A vagrant ray of light, will-o'-the-wisp-like, flickered about, turning to vivid green the black herbage, and brought a ray of hope to Tommy, who, thanking his stars for a policeman, accosted the lantern-bearer.

His interrogator's incongruous costume puzzled the officer; but there was a note of authority in his voice, a suggestion that its owner was accustomed to issuing orders and having them obeyed, that compelled his respect.

The locality was East Dulwich. Vauxhall Station lay—pointing vaguely—in that direction; but it was a long way, and Constable P. 93 shook his helmet over the possibility of getting a cab at that hour. 'Best walk over the hill till you come to Camberwell High-Road, and take a car there,' was his parting advice.

Thus instructed, Tresscott set off at the best of his speed. He had had no opportunity of consulting a time-table; but, remembering that there was a train near midnight, and that it was not yet eleven o'clock, he calculated upon doing the distance easily. Then the fact of its being Sunday evening occurred to him, and a grave doubt as to whether he could reach Punter's Island that night assailed him. Knowing how anxiously Lucie must await his return, he hurried on. At the foot of Denmark Hill he secured a stray hansom, and reached Vauxhall only to discover that the last train had gone, and that he must possess his soul in patience till early morning.

While Tresscott was passing the hours of waiting as best he could between walks across the Vauxhall Bridge and short rests on the hard benches in the station, Lucie, consumed with an agony of impatience, awaited his return to the island.

During the early hours of the evening the Commander and Aunt Sarah, who sympathised with her anxiety, kept her company in her watch. When Lucie insisted on spending hours in the punt that was moored at the edge of the tiny lawn to be in readiness to hurry over to the opposite bank and ferry Tommy back the moment he appeared, they humoured her impatience; but when midnight had come without bringing any sign of him, Lucie induced Aunt Sarah to go to bed. She tried to persuade the Commander to retire also; but the gallant sailor

absolutely refused to permit Lucie to keep watch alone.

So, seated on the veranda that was directly opposite the bank where the field-path ended, Lucie, with a soft shawl of Miss Tresscott's over her white frock, kept vigil through the long hours after midnight. The Commander, who had fallen out of the habit of watch-keeping, was fast asleep in a lounge-chair. Alone with her own thoughts, Lucie found that her anxiety ceased to be for the capture of her defrauders, and centred itself round the safe return of her champion. Sometimes she pictured Tommy going far afield in the track of some mistaken identity; but more often she dreaded that his object in following had been discovered, and that he had been lured into a trap. At length her fears became so aroused that her only desire was for his safety. Did he but return in security, she felt as though nothing else mattered.

Night waned; and, sitting in the stillness, with the great silent river flowing by, Lucie felt as though no creatures on earth were awake but herself and the array of bats, that, conscious of their shortening tenure, danced a mad saturnalia in the warm, moist air.

As a pink flush in the eastern sky brought the first promise of dawn a welcome hail caught her ear, and she saw Tresscott's figure on the opposite bank, silhouetted against the faint light.

Forgetting the proximity of the slumbering Commander, Lucie flew down the veranda-steps, and, getting into the punt, quickly propelled it across to the farther side. It was a limp, tired, out-all-night sort of Tommy who leapt into the boat as its bow touched land, but the satisfaction of his achievement lent momentary vigour to his words.

'We've got them. At least, I've tracked the two women all right. Ran them to earth at some God-forsaken place called East Dulwich. But you shouldn't have stayed up like this,' he said, in concern for her pale face. 'Remember, there's a lot for you to do to-morrow when we go to confront them.'

'My part was nothing, only waiting; but you must be exhausted. Oh Tommy, how can I ever thank you?' Lucie said, heartfelt gratitude in her tone; then added with feminine inconsistency, 'You're quite sure it was the right people you followed, aren't you?'

THE 'GUNGA' CURSE IN THE WEST INDIES.

AN indigenous weed, which grows in wild profusion in the tropics, *gunga* is usually to be found in patches; and when ripe it is often gathered by the lower classes, dried like tobacco, and smoked. The weed is even cultivated by those who are addicted to its use, and they grow it without any fear of interference, for very few of the West Indian colonies have a law against the habit. As a proof of this, I may add that a short time ago I saw the noxious weed being cultivated in the grounds of a Government establishment in Jamaica! Of course, *gunga* is never grown for mere amusement or for healthful employment.

The smoking of the weed exercises a malign influence on its devotees, who, unfortunately, are very much on the increase in the West Indies. When a man wishes to commit some deed from which his better nature would shrink, he smokes *gunga* to harden himself, and to arm his soul in the darkest passions of human nature; or he may use it to stimulate him for the performance of a task requiring, he thinks, superhuman physical or mental strength. It really causes insensibility to fatigue, but it weakens the brain. The habit also induces unnatural ferocity, which amounts to temporary insanity of the worst kind, and inevitably brings about complete demoralisation. This was amply proved by the Indian Mutiny of 1857. The mutineers were much addicted to the smoking of *bhang*, which is practically the same as *gunga*—also spelt *ganja*—a preparation of Indian hemp. The Malays also smoke *bhang*.

Some time ago the question of *gunga* smoking was discussed in Jamaica. It was said that the habit had been introduced by and was confined to the East Indian coolie immigrants, of whom there are large numbers in the colony; but inquiries elicited the fact that the practice was also prevalent amongst the creoles. The coolie immigrants, it was further discovered, only revived, strengthened, and encouraged the habit. The aborigines of the West Indies—the Arawaks and Caribs—were devoted to the use of *gunga*, as were certain African tribes; thus it may be concluded that the objectionable habit, which had smouldered so long, was only fanned into activity on the arrival of the East Indians.

The weed is smoked in a peculiarly shaped pipe. Its devotees invariably congregate in an insanitary mud hut or under a spreading tree in the bush, and pass the pipe from mouth to mouth. This savours very much of opium-dens; and, as the evil habit of smoking *gunga* extends more rapidly than the opium habit, the West Indian colonies certainly have cause for alarm in the knowledge that, unless some stringent measures are adopted for its suppression, this terrible habit may spread widely amongst the lower classes. It has been said that legislative measures would not eradicate the evil, but that a wider diffusion of knowledge would be helpful in doing so. I think that education would be a powerful

factor in abolishing the practice; but I also think that strict measures should immediately be taken to suppress it. Preventive measures should first of all be applied to the East Indian immigrants, as more than half of the evil would thus be stamped out. I would emphasise this by stating that a large majority of the crimes committed by East Indians are due to the temporary insanity caused by smoking *gunga*. If space permitted I might tell of the underlying incentives of a large number of the almost forgotten criminal offences committed by coolies.

When the coolie smokes *gunga* it affects him in much the same way as alcohol affects the North American Indian: he is no longer responsible for his actions; he develops an inclination for ill-treating those whom he loves best, and will even indulge in a crime notoriously popular amongst coolies—chopping at the arms of his wife. An incident in which I played a modest part will illustrate this. It is not necessary to specify the part of Jamaica in which the affair took place; let it suffice that it happened on one of the many banana properties in that island, where such things occur almost every day. The overseer was riding through the banana 'pieces' one morning, when a pretty coolie woman rushed out and extended her arms to him, with a scream for protection. Immediately behind her followed a *gunga*-intoxicated Hindu, with blazing eyes, a Cuban machete glittering in his hand. The moment the latter saw the overseer he darted back into the shadows of the banana 'piece,' and the woman clung, sobbing, to the astonished witness of the scene. The overseer soon comprehended the occurrence. During the night he had heard the *gunga* maniac screaming, and fully expected that 'So-and-so would break out'—which is an everyday remark amongst planters who have indentured coolies on their estates. For several days the overseer and bookkeeper, riding about the property, one with a gun and the other with a revolver, occasionally saw the distressing sight of a woman flying before an infuriated slave of the *gunga* weed. Fortunately the coolie has a wholesome respect for fire-arms, even if they are not loaded, and nothing happened. Peace was at length restored. The man, now perfectly clear-headed, came to the planter's house and begged pardon in 'pidgin' English. This is only one instance; there are others, veritable 'hair-raisers,' which almost any overseer can tell; but the foregoing will convince those who are not on the spot to see for themselves how serious is the *gunga* smoking habit.

Although up to the present nothing has been done in the way of repression, the local press is very much alive to the dangers of the practice. The following is an extract from one of the leading newspapers in the West Indies:

'It is a difficult question, and there are many—especially the planters—who are better able than we to offer suggestions for the suppression of *gunga* smoking. We know for a fact that the planters would be only too delighted if this, one of the worst drawbacks of coolie-labour, were removed, and we do not doubt that we shall have their support in making the following suggestion: Let an inquiry be made into the percentage of *gunga* slaves amongst our indentured coolies; and if the Government is satisfied that they are required—as we know it will be satisfied—let stringent measures be taken to suppress the practice.'

Up to the day of writing the Government of Jamaica—where the habit is, I believe, most prevalent—has not adopted the above suggestion, simple and efficacious as it undoubtedly is. The fact has been pointed out to those in authority in the colony that in some other countries there are restrictions upon the sale of liquor to savages. It seems plain that the local Government should acquaint itself with the extent and effects of the habit of *gunga* smoking—which is even more disastrous than the smoking of opium—and should enact measures for repression, instead of resting content with merely hanging a man who has committed murder under the malign influence of the weed.

MY MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY.

By F. B. Forester, Author of *Lone Star Blockhouse, Held to Ransom,* &c.

PART I.

'TALKING of Natal'—— began Captain Winchcombe suddenly.

'Nobody was talking of it,' murmured an ensign *sotto voce*.

'No,' cut in another officer, who had heard the whisper; 'but we're located in it at present, and'——

'And abusing it pretty roundly,' chimed in some one else, 'so it's a good deal in evidence just now.'

'Oh, shut up, I say, you fellows! Winchcombe's got a yarn to give us.—Go ahead, Winchcombe, and let's have it—there's a good chap.'

'Nothing of the sort,' rejoined the officer appealed to. 'You take things a good deal too much for granted, old fellow. What I mean to

say is, it's no yarn of mine. I was only going to ask if none of you had heard that queer adventure Carleton had when he was out here nineteen years ago. You've not? Well, it's worth hearing, then, that's all.' And having in this way laid a match to the train, the speaker lay back and waited for the explosion.

This brought into public notice a tall, dark man stretched on the grass somewhat in the rear of the group round the camp-fire, who looked up to remonstrate. 'Oh, come, I say! Too bad to give a fellow away like that, you know. I had only just joined then.'

Winchcombe looked round at his comrade, and laughed as he asked, 'What on earth has that got to do with it? The yarn's worth telling, so come along, and don't make any more excuses.'

This was quite enough for the group round the fire, eagerly waiting to welcome anything in the way of novelty, and a means of passing the time.

'Come on, Carleton! Don't be bashful, old chap! Never hide your light under a bushel, you know. Fire away now,' came from all sides.

Thus urged, the Major resigned himself to the inevitable.

'Well,' he declared, turning to face the group of his brother-officers, 'of course I'll give you the yarn with pleasure if you care to hear it. There is one thing I must ask you to bear in mind before I start, please: the whole country was very different nineteen years ago from what it is to-day. Of course, even now it is wild enough in parts; but I can tell you it seems quite settled and civilised by comparison with former days. Game was a good deal more plentiful, too: no end of antelopes, and even elephants might be occasionally heard of away in the thick bush near the coast. Not that my yarn has to do with antelopes or elephants either. I only instanced them for the sake of reminding you that what would be utterly improbable, or impossible even, in these days would have been possible enough then.

'But if the country, in many of its aspects and conditions, has changed pretty considerably, there is one thing that has done nothing of the sort, but is every bit the same as it was in the old times, and that's the British character. We were exactly the same then as some of us are now—rash, incautious, utterly reckless—and all our mistakes have failed to teach us wisdom, since we seem just as likely as ever to walk blindfold into a hole.'

The speaker was warming to his work, getting fairly into his stride, and one or two of his listeners began to wriggle uncomfortably as they heard him, wishing that he would not be quite so severely pointed in some of his remarks. Very possibly that same consideration also occurred to him, for his story was interrupted by his good-humoured laugh; then he added apologetically, 'I say, that's a bit too hard on some of you youngsters, though—isn't it? But I only meant to show myself up this time, not to poke fun at any of you, for the most reckless ensign in the whole British army could not show himself more rash than I was then. The incident I have to speak of will give you a pretty strong proof of that; for although it was only another example of treachery on the part of the enemy, that in no way exempted us—I mean to say myself—from blame.

'There was another officer with me, a subaltern just joined, younger than myself by a couple of years, and a special chum of mine. Poor lad! his career was short enough, and it never fell to his lot to experience much of either the light or the dark side of a soldier's life, thanks to our being just about the most verdant pair of innocents that Sandhurst ever turned out. At a farmhouse to which we had been sent in command of a foraging party, while our men were busy with the hay, an old Boer woman took us aside to tell us in a low, furtive whisper of a convenient ford by which it would be simplicity itself to cross the Rietbok River in the valley below. The thought of possible treachery never so much as entered our heads. On the contrary, both Wilson and I reckoned ourselves most commendably astute and far-seeing because we decided to send back our party to camp, under command of the sergeant, and start off to ascertain the exact position of that ford, since we knew that our commanding officer would be ready to give the very eyes out of his head to have a ford for crossing the Rietbok pointed out to him. True, we had forgotten that the river was within so short a distance of camp; but maps are uncertain guides at best, and the courses of most of the spruits and rivers were not so accurately indicated then as now. So we saw our party well on the way back to camp; and as our horses were fairly fresh, we expected to overtake our men before more than a mile or so had been covered. Then the pair of us rode off to reconnoitre in the direction pointed out by the old Boer lady.

'We rode on and on until several miles must have been put between ourselves and the farmhouse, but never a trace of the river was to be seen. Even the country, arid and parched as ever, gave no sign of change in its aspect; nor did it reveal, as we had expected, any of the unmistakable proofs of the near neighbourhood of water. On the contrary, our route was through as nasty a bit as we had seen yet, not unlike the country to the west there: a wild, barren region, with these interminable kopjes rising everywhere, and the Rietbok about as far away as Spitzbergen apparently for all the signs of it that we could see. Taking things one with another, I was not a bit surprised when, having reached what was perhaps the most unpromising spot we had seen—a

narrow rocky defile ending in a deep kloof somewhere below, with nothing but bare and apparently inaccessible ridges rising beyond—Wilson suddenly pulled up and faced round to me. I had been wondering he had kept on so long; but what did surprise me was the queer, set look on his face. I had never seen it wear such an expression before. "Look here!" he broke out—and his very tone had changed to one of unwonted sternness—"we've been had, Carleton! The whole thing's nothing but a plant, meant to decoy us into some cursed trap!" "Nonsense!" said I, with a laugh that I tried to make sound like a natural one. "She said beyond the kopje—didn't she? We've not got to it yet, that's all; but it can't be far off now." "I tell you I don't budge another step!" retorted he warmly. "She's an old hag, and she's had a brace of fools to deal with. Come on, and don't act the mule. Let's get back to our party before worse comes of it. If anything has gone wrong there, we're"——

'He never got the sentence finished. Before the last word was past his lips the stillness was rudely broken, and *phit! phit!* a couple of rifle-bullets whistled through the air and were flattened against a rock on our left. Our horses, startled by the sudden volley and the prolonged rattle as the sound of the shots echoed and re-echoed from rock to rock and hill to hill, reared wildly, the other pressing so closely on mine that, as I thought, the off forefoot in rising caught me above the knee. I heard Wilson gasp out a word like "Ambush," but my horse was giving me all I could do to bring him down, and for a moment I noticed nothing more. Wilson gave neither cry nor groan; and only when—before my horse had so much as brought his forefeet to the ground—I saw my poor chum reel in his saddle and fall over sideways did I realise that he had been hit. He was gone when I reached him, after I had managed to get clear of my horse—the poor brute, after rearing his full height, having dropped under me like a stone.

'Well, I need not say what I thought regarding the occupants of the farmhouse as I knelt there beside poor Wilson. However, my first duty was to attend to him; but it did not take long to find out that he was dead. Then, as soon as I knew nothing could be done for him, my next duty stared me in the face; but there was an awkward stumbling-block in the way, for, on attempting to get on my feet, I dropped down again faster than I cared about. I too had been hit, just above the left knee. The camp lay at least a dozen miles off, and now an awkward hobble at best was all I was good for, as my good beast lay stone-dead, and Wilson's, after galloping madly for a hundred yards or so, had succumbed and dropped in his tracks. All things considered, the turn of affairs was a pretty awkward one.

'There was one thing I was bound to do without loss of time, however; that was to get out of sight. I knew that the fellows who had fired on us would be very likely to come, sooner or later, to ascertain results. I glanced up at the kopje from which, as I judged, the shots had come, and seeing that it looked too steep even for Boer horses, shrewdly guessed that our assailants were even now probably on their way down by an easier if more circuitous path. I lost little time after that idea had struck me. Having bound up my wound to the best of my ability, I started to climb the rocks on my left, never calling a halt until I had reached a spot so rock-strewn and forbidding in aspect as to hold out a fair prospect of cover. Not a bit too soon either, for scarcely had I concealed myself there before a dozen mounted Boers showed themselves coming down in Indian file from the rear of the opposing kopje, and making straight for the spot where poor young Wilson lay.

'I don't care to think much about the next quarter of an hour. Of course, my position was not the most dignified for a British officer, skulking there among the rocks like a rabbit in its burrow; but unluckily there was no choice. To come out and surrender was hardly in my line, and I had too much to give in the way of explanation at headquarters to be ready to throw away my life just yet. So there was nothing else for it but to sit tight and look on at what would happen next.

'Down they came straggling one after another, a dozen or so of dirty, unkempt, bearded fellows, of exactly the same stamp as they are now—not a whit of difference in them either for better or worse; and I, crouching there behind the rocks, watched them as a leopard watches a buck. The next quarter of an hour, as I said, was a pretty bad time for me, for I could scarcely hold myself in check as I saw the scoundrels turn young Wilson over and begin stripping the poor lad of everything he had on him worth taking. I sat there, looking on with staring eyes, till I could bear it no longer—till every other consideration had gone from me, swept entirely out of mind by one overmastering torrent of wild, passionate indignation. Then my fingers clutched with set purpose at my revolver—in search of it, I ought to say, for the revolver was gone. How I had lost it I did not know, though most probably the case had been wrenched away when I crawled out from beneath my dead horse. It was gone, sure enough, so there was no choice but to keep in cover and look on at what was being done below. The notion of burying a brave enemy decently never seemed to enter the fellows' heads; and by the time they had taken everything they reckoned of value on him, as well as on my dead horse, they had done with both, and the hyenas and vultures were welcome to see to the rest. However, the sight of the second dead

horse in the hollow below, which they had not at first noticed, evidently gave them pause; and to judge by their gestures, they were in some doubt as to what had become of the presumptive rider. I could see them scanning the flanks of the kopje pretty closely with those keen eyes of theirs; but they had no notion of the direction taken by the fugitive. Good though they might be at following the spoor of buck or leopard, the ground was too rocky to have left any trace of my footsteps.

'The next thing that displeased me was the evident intention of the Boers to call a prolonged halt there while squabbling over the loot taken from poor Wilson. So long did they take over the business, in fact, that when at last they did get to horse—to go back to their laager for the night, I suppose—it was already so dark that I knew the chance of finding my way to camp would be a poor one. By the time they had disappeared, and I crept like a rabbit out of its burrow, the darkness of night was already settling down on the desolate, barren landscape; and I can tell you fellows that when I had hobbled down and stood in that lonely donga by the side of all that was left of the gallant, cheery comrade who barely two short hours ago had ridden gaily and light-heartedly shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee with me, full of life and hope, well, I felt solemn, and I have never forgotten it. I have been in action a score of times since, and have seen more dead men to right and left of me than I could well count, but this was my first experience of what war meant, and it made a deep impression on me. It went to my heart to leave the poor lad's body lying there, exposed to every bird and beast of prey, for after nightfall there would most likely be hyenas about; but I was too weak from loss of blood to lift or carry him. All I could do was to pull some stones together in such a way as to raise a sort of hollow cairn over him, until I could hobble back to camp and return with some of our fellows to bring him in. To build that cairn took a long time, and it was all but dark when I had finished it.

'I meant to make straight for camp, of course, since it will readily be understood that I had had enough of the farmhouse for the present; besides, our fellows must have got back long ago, and very probably a search-party might be on the lookout for us. During the hour spent in cover I had had ample time to get the bearings of that ill-omened spot; and as soon as my melancholy duty was ended I started on my journey back. It was slow work, since an awkward shuffle was about all I was good for; and when, before I had covered more than half a mile or so, night came down and blotted out the surrounding landscape in a thick cloud of darkness, it was pretty clear that I stood but a poor chance of reaching camp before morning. Besides the darkness, the night was not exactly suitable for a tramp, as the rain had begun to fall heavily. When, after staggering on for another ten minutes or so, my leg suddenly struck work altogether and refused to carry me any farther, there was nothing for it but to make up my mind to the inevitable. After having hobbled along from rock to rock, with many a slip and stumble, it is not wonderful that I should have reckoned myself in luck's way for once when I came upon a sort of recess or hollow that gave promise of shelter till morning. I should be in order in calling the place a cave as far as actual depth went, although the entrance was a mere hole; it was a narrow passage, with a roof so low that I could not stand upright, but it was shelter anyhow, and I crept in gladly enough.

'Of course, there was no chance of seeing anything inside, since the farther I went in the darkness became more intense. I groped my way forward pretty cautiously, not knowing what might be at the far end. Nothing was there, however; the floor of the cave was dry, soft, and sandy. Fairly dead-beat by this time, I threw myself down without thinking twice about it. I was too well used to hunger for that to trouble me much; thirst tormented me most, till I got some relief by means of spreading my handkerchief on the rock outside the mouth of the cave to catch the rain. My knee bothered me a good deal, and you may well believe that my thoughts were none of the most cheerful. Though the day had been a pretty trying one, I was young; therefore, in spite of everything, I was not long in dropping off to sleep.'

ROQUEBRUNE: THE PIRATES' STRONGHOLD.

By MAORILANDA.

THOUSANDS of British subjects travel year by year to the Continent to spend a 'season' on the Riviera and visit that seductive little city of palaces, Monte Carlo; yet how many of these are aware that above them, on the mountain-side, in the quaint little village of Roquebrune, a drama is being enacted—a drama that has influenced the world for nineteen hundred years? 'What is that curious collection of villas and hovels up on the hillside?' the American, athirst for knowledge, will ask. 'That? Why, only Roquebrune, a dirty little hole, don't you know?' And questioner and questioned turn again to the white Casino.

However, Roquebrune has a history well worth reading, and a population of hundreds, though its territory occupies but a quarter of a mile, not one foot of which is level ground. The people are the descendants of the pirates of old. Successively controlled since the days of the Saracens by the Italians, French, and the Monagasque princes, on the fall of Napoleon it was again retaken by the Grimaldis of Monaco; and they so ground the people down by taxation that many were forced to eat herbs, grass, and even the bark of trees. The narrow, arched streets were filled with men, women, and children on the verge of starvation, when their murmurs gave place to threats and their threats to deeds of violence. The turbulent young spirits became leaders; the people formed themselves into a republic, flung off the yoke of the Grimaldis, fought for their rocky territory, and proudly proclaimed Roquebrune a free town. France came to the assistance of the villagers, took Roccabruna (as it was then called) under its protection, together with Mentone, and paid the Grimaldis six million francs.

Even in these later days care should be taken not to offend the populace by any thoughtlessness, for the people of the Mediterranean, notwithstanding their charming ways, are quickly enraged, especially when their religious feelings are stirred up by the strange annual ceremony of the Passion Play that is a part of their very lives. Excited faces, threatening fists, and the strange, unknown *patois* are not pleasant, particularly to those who are but imperfectly acquainted with the exit from the strange collection of hovels.

Early in the twelfth century a pirate chief built himself a fortress on the topmost peak of the spur of the Alpes Maritimes, below which stands the village of Roquebrune. His followers huddled themselves together outside the castle wall, under his protection. The cobble-stone stairways are narrow and crooked the better to repel the attacks of invaders, and the windows are mere slits in the walls of the cave-like hovels.

This Saracen pirate was a pagan. He roamed the seas, and grew more and more powerful, until he became the terror of the Mediterranean. None could stand against him, and he seemed to bear a charmed life. Those of his captives who were young, strong, and beautiful, and therefore likely to fetch a good price, he sold as slaves in Algiers; the old or weak and ugly he flung overboard to the sharks.

Amongst his captives was a Christian maiden, fair and beautiful. She attracted the chief's attention, and he carried her to his fortress above Roquebrune, intending to make her his slave. However, she slowly but surely conquered him, and he fell completely under the sway of her beauty and goodness. Then by her efforts he became a convert to Christianity, his people finally following his example. To commemorate the miracle of the pirate chief's conversion, the inhabitants of Roquebrune undertook to perform the Passion Play, and the perpetuation of the performance has been handed down to generation after generation as a sacred duty.

For those who care to witness strange sights, and who can rejoice in the sunlight, heat, and sparkling sea beneath a deep-toned sky, the Riviera is well worth a visit in the unfashionable days of early August, when falls the fête of Notre Dame des Neiges. On the last occasion there were not three English-speaking persons present in an audience of hundreds.

The beautiful church is in striking contrast to the homes of the people, the peasants having evidently given well-nigh their all. On the fête-day the walls of the church are hung with crimson and gold; scores of tall candles are burning on the principal altar, those of the various saints all down the chancel being variously decorated. In the dimness of the alcove containing the baptismal font are seen two wonderful figures which stand out so marvellously that it is difficult to believe that the painting was the work of an unknown artist. To the left hangs a great picture of the Judgment Day: a Michel Angelo, reputed to be the gift of Napoleon.

A vista of the blue dancing waters of the Mediterranean can be caught from the side-door, and the scent of orange-blossom pervades the church until it is stifled by the incense brought by the scarlet-robed attendants. The notes of the deep-toned organ roll out, breaking the silence, and the peasants begin to enter. Then come white-robed novices in charge of nuns from a neighbouring convent, black-gowned priests, and others in brown, with sandalled feet. The women cross their babes with holy water, and silently pass on. Then the organ ceases; and in the silence the children cling, wide-eyed, to their mothers. Something is happening.

Suddenly trumpets blare forth, the huge doors are thrown open, and the tramp and jingle of armed men sound on the tessellated floor, the sunlight striking on their brass cuirasses and helmets as they pour into the church. Pontius Pilate is at their head, and in the midst of the band stands Jesus, a crown of thorns upon His brow. A group of women follow—the Virgin first, then Mary Magdalen, with loosened, waving hair; the apostles cluster together, fear on their faces; the priests come hurrying forward. The play has begun. The faces of the onlookers are blanched and terrified in the semi-darkness of the church; to them the spectacle is a reality. Above the deep notes of the organ mysterious voices rise, clear and flute-like. Jesus moves up the aisle among the people, helping to carry the great cross, as the hidden voices chant.

So symbolised, the spell-bound audience witness the Tragedy of the World; the petty tawdrinesses

that jar upon more critical and less devout minds are mercifully hidden from the worshippers. When the play is over, and the life-size figure of the crucified Christ, covered by a black veil, is carried out into the Italian sunlight, many are weeping. The realism of the scene is so marvellous that it is impossible to watch unmoved. Men stand aside in the streets with bared heads; women wait, with bowed heads and quivering lips.

One looks again at the homes of these people—at the lower rooms of their hovels occupied by donkey, goat, or fowls, and at the broken, irregular steps leading to the cheerless, stuffy dens above—then glances back to the beautiful church, with its organ and clear-voiced choir. It is well to toil still higher to the ruins of the banqueting-hall built by the Saracen pirate, with its huge stone fireplace; then to look down on the wild tangle of trees—of the olive, orange, and fig—in the broken moat below.

Roquebrune was once at the top of the mountain; now it is a considerable distance down. It is curious to notice the great blocks of stone hundreds of feet distant from the niche where, to judge by their formation, they once fitted. An earthquake started the village on its downward career; but—so the peasants say—a holy monk prayed for it to be saved from destruction, and by his intercession Roquebrune stopped where it now is.

The best view of the village and the surrounding littoral can be obtained from the parapet of the banqueting-hall. The rookeries built by the Saracen's followers are in curious shapes, the better to deceive the eyes of those at sea. Below these warrens are a few pink-and-white houses for the rich ones of the earth, who dwell here heedless alike of the tumultuous past or the present wretchedness of the peasants above them. The green-shuttered windows are closed against the misery of the people and the brilliant sun. An exclamation of horror brings forth the usual remark: 'Oh, but *they* are born to it!' and with a shrug and a laugh they point to the luxuriant vines and the abundant flowers and fruit in the garden of their pink-walled villa. And the women of Roquebrune come down in the dawn of the morning to the market, carrying heavy loads on their heads, then spend the rest of the day kneeling by the river-side, washing in the eddying stream the fine linen of the rich.

MRS HUGH MILLER'S JOURNAL.

EDITED BY HER GRANDDAUGHTER.

PART III.

(Continued from page 372, Part 54, *Chambers's Journal*.)

THE wisest of our resolutions are, like the makers of them, only mortal; and it was not long after Hugh Miller wrote to Miss Dunbar that he had changed his thoughts of celibacy completely. Yet it may be noticed that he never departed from his resolve not to make any lady his wife until he could maintain her in a higher position than his own was then. His estimate of himself was always a curious mixture of pride and humility. Although in some ways he underrated himself and was diffident about his capacity for doing this thing or the other, yet he was perfectly conscious at the same time that he possessed extraordinary powers; and no sooner did he acknowledge his love for the lady of his choice than he determined to win a position he could ask her to share. Before that time came, however, he had difficulties to conquer, and the first of these was Mrs Fraser's opposition. Naturally enough, she took alarm at the idea of anything more than friendship between her daughter and a working mason, however remarkable he might be. She was a lady of a strong will and an unusual force of character, and ruled her children, and her grandchildren after them, both by love and by fear, so that her opposition was likely to have been both strong and decided.

The manuscript continues, referring to this time: 'I had been forbidden to continue the acquaintance of Hugh Miller by my mother. She had taken alarm at our increasing intimacy; and this is not to be wondered at. There is no mother—least of all one who had conceived hopes perhaps unreasonably high for her daughter—who would not have done the same. This interdict stunned me considerably. Hugh Miller was a friend of a higher order than I had ever even conceived, and under his guidance my mind, such as it was, began sensibly to develop itself. I felt like a poor little parasite which has succeeded in laying hold of some stately tree, and which a powerful blast has laid prostrate in the dust. I wept much, which confirmed my mother in her suspicions. She feared I meant to content myself with the station of a mason's wife. She painted to me the narrow space, the rude meal, the sweat-and-dust-covered mechanic returning to his poor home. In secret I was amused, because I had not yet made up my mind to be Hugh's wife under any circumstances. The faintest conception of myself in such surroundings as these had never crossed me. It

seemed as if she were talking of some one else. My poor mother! she could not quite forget or smother traditions of family pride. Foolish thoughts, perhaps; but at any rate, from natural affection, she must have suffered much as she pictured for me a lot of hardship and poverty, with personal toil for which I was not constitutionally fitted. Never till I was myself a mother did I sufficiently understand all this. Yet, could I have seen the end from the beginning—that noble intellect shattered under a weight of toil compared with which the daily task of the mechanic is but that of a boy who fatigues himself with play—I *would* have become the mason's wife, or have been content to the end of my life—had his change of position depended upon me—with being his friend merely. Two scenes belonging to these early days of our acquaintance are indelibly impressed upon my memory.

'One evening we encountered each other by chance in a wooded path of the hill, above which slope a few cultivated fields skirted by forest. Hugh Miller persuaded me to accompany him to a point which commanded a fine view of the firth and surrounding country. We sat down to rest at the edge of a pine-wood, in a little glade fragrant with fallen cones and ankle-deep with the spiky leaves of the firs. I sat on the stump of a felled tree. He threw himself on the ground two or three yards from my feet. The sun was just setting, and lighted up the pillared trunks around us with a deep copper-coloured glow. Hugh took out a volume of Goldsmith. When did he ever lack a companion of that description? He read in a low voice the story of Edwin and Angelina. It was then I first suspected that he had a secret which he had not revealed. The other incident was of considerably later occurrence. It was late on the evening of a very hot summer Sabbath, during the time of interdict, that, feeling listless and weary, I crept out a little to breathe the air. I had no intention of walking—did not even put on bonnet or shawl. I stole down the grassy garden-path and listened to the murmur of the sea, whose waves beat on the shore at a stone's-throw beyond. But the night was still and sultry, and I imagined that by getting to the top of some eminence I might find the cooling breeze for which I longed. So I found myself, I scarcely knew how, at the ancient chapel of St Regulus. There the trees which line the sides of the ravine by which it is surrounded waved the tops of their branches; the blue sea looked forth between; and as the twilight gave place to night the stars began to twinkle forth. I stood on the edge of the hill, enjoying the slight breeze and the soft brightness of earth and sky, when suddenly I perceived that Hugh stood beside me. He spoke of the sweetness of the evening, the beauty of the landscape, and so on; but his speech was cold and reserved, and he made no allusion to our peculiar position. Possibly his pride was touched by it. At that very time, however, as he afterwards told me, he cut a notch in the beam which crossed the roof of his cottage for every day on which we had not met. He stayed but a short time there, leaving me standing where he had found me; but there was no notch that day. I, on my part, knelt at a cold gravestone and registered over the dead a vow, rash and foolish perhaps, but it was kept.'

Things had now become serious. Love is ever unworldly, and no considerations of wealth or position had any effect upon Miss Fraser; and so her mother, although doubtless with many a sigh, at last gave way and allowed the lovers to become engaged. But there was no thought of marriage on Hugh Miller's part until he should be able to give his intended a better position than that of a mason's wife. He who had never been ambitious for himself now became ambitious for the sake of another. 'I am not now indifferent to wealth or power or place in the world's eye,' he wrote. 'I would fain be rich that I might render you comfortable; powerful, that I might raise you to those high places in society which you are so fitted to adorn; celebrated, that the world might justify your choice.'

But with all his newly developed energy and ambition, it was a long time before Hugh Miller could find that opening into the ranks of the brain-workers which he so much desired. There were few professions he felt himself fitted to enter—only one, indeed, for which he thought himself at all qualified. He believed he might 'make an editor' with some little preliminary effort; but although circumstances afterwards showed that he was right, he could not at first get what he wanted. Some years passed. *Scenes and Legends* was published, and won for him no little praise and recognition; but still he seemed as far away as ever from any such post. There was, indeed, an offer made him during this time of the editorship of an Inverness paper, but under conditions which he could not accept.

At length, after it seemed as though nothing suitable was to be found for Hugh Miller in this country, Mrs Fraser offered to set free some little money of her daughter's of which she held the liferent; and with this the lovers resolved to go to America, and, trusting to Providence and hard work, to face life together somewhere in the backwoods. 'It is curious to speculate,' Mrs Miller writes, 'on what Hugh's career might have been if this scheme had been carried out. He might have begun with felling trees, but certainly would not have ended there. What a vast field the New World would have opened up for his genius, with no superincumbent social weight pressing upon him! But such dreams he never had. He often told me that his beau-ideal of happiness

had been a very small competency which his own labour might realise—a sort of hermit-life devoted to literature, broken in upon only by an evening or a day occasionally with a true friend. "See," he would smilingly say, "what a good philosopher you have spoiled." I do not think he relished the idea of going to America. His temperament was the least sanguine I ever knew. For me, I looked upon it with the buoyancy of ten fewer years and with a disposition naturally more hopeful; but he seemed to feel himself condemned to a life of perpetual labour, to fell trees and dig and plant, a sort of toil he did not care for. Then his *amor patriæ* was deeply seated in his breast. He loved to feel himself every inch a Scotsman. It was from Scottish history he drew his earliest inspiration. The scenery, the traditions, the very soil of his country were inexpressibly dear to him. They were an immense part of himself, of his inner life; and his affections, his predilections, his prejudices even, were strong, constant, unalterably firm. To root them up and transplant them elsewhere was a kind of painful death. In these days when cultivated men are so much citizens of the world it is rare to meet with this in such a degree.'

Then, just as it seemed as if the old country had no place for Hugh Miller, the tide turned, and a place was found for him—modest enough certainly, and yet it made him turn back gladly from these American plans into which he could never put his heart.

'We were both humbly thankful,' Mrs Miller says, 'when Banker Ross's kind and generous offer of the accountantship came, and Hugh could not but be flattered with the implied confidence placed in his integrity. Yet I dare say that in his inmost heart he anticipated many of the evils which must flow from this change of life. Position he valued not a farthing—he never did; and for his own solitary happiness, his philosophical dream, being but the refracted light, as it were, of his own character and predilections, embodied that which was most likely to bring him unruffled happiness. Had it not been for the attachment which had sprung up between us, he most certainly would never have become a bank accountant. I believe, all the same, that the struggle for the ecclesiastical rights of the Scottish people would have found him and brought him out; but it would have been the same sacrifice to his convictions that he now made to his affections. The leaving of his chosen mode of life and betaking himself to a profession altogether sedentary was the grand disruption of his life.'

The difficulties in the way of Hugh Miller's marriage with Miss Fraser were now smoothed away. The five years of waiting, with all their discouragements, had been years of progress, and the stone-mason of Cromarty, who had become nothing greater than a bank accountant, was regarded by many as a man with a great future before him. In January 1837 they were married amid the love and goodwill that even at this date clings round their names in the little northern town. For their honeymoon they went no farther away than Elgin, where they spent a few happy days. 'We were somewhat bored,' continues the manuscript, 'by a little man, the editor of a newspaper, who was mad upon Germanism, and poured out sentimentalism by the hour. He said he meant to go and visit the tomb of Goethe, and there die. Hugh despised that sort of thing intensely; but he was very good-natured with the little man.

'When we returned to our own home for the first time we found that an aunt of my husband's had just died while we were away, so there was no party to welcome us; only, I think, Uncle Sandy to take tea.

'Our plenishing was not very great, but was "bien" and comfortable. I had taken no great thought for saving, having been during the first three years of my residence in Cromarty somewhat extravagant, I fear, in dress, and during the latter two in books. Hugh, on his part, had not had time to save much; but we managed to furnish a parlour and bedroom and kitchen pretty well, and one of the attics had shelves put up for books and fossils. They were the nucleus of what afterwards became a large library and a fine museum. A table and chair were set there by the fire, and Hugh sometimes wrote or studied in it; but his times for study were now very rare. He was not *au fait* at counting, although he perfectly understood the banking system, and he took longer to the summing up of his columns than an ordinary accountant would have done. Consequently his hours were very long, at the time of a balance extending till near midnight; and at other times, after coming home at nine or ten o'clock, he often set to writing for an hour or two. It would have been a sad thing to abandon his literary habits altogether. Besides, his salary being only sixty pounds, he found it convenient to earn the few guineas which came to him from Messrs Chambers and Wilson's *Tales of the Borders;* the bank salary was for the maintenance of the little household. He earned his new suits in this way, and I mine by still retaining two or three pupils. He certainly did not err on the side of paying too much attention to the outward man. In fact, on that score he was somewhat impracticable. To the body of the better and more intelligent working-men he was deeply attached. It was his *order*, to which he clung with chivalrous tenacity, all the more that he had perhaps felt keenly in former times the mean contempt of others graduating upwards from the position into which he had now risen. It was this failing leaning to virtue's side which laid him open to remark on carelessness in attire

from outsiders. If he had a weakness, it was that he liked to the last to carry some trace of a working-man about him, not from personal vanity, but from attachment to his old associates and respect for their grade. He loved the robust dignity of labour. With a working-man he could never bear to assume the airs of a superior. Yet I believe he honestly sought not to disgrace his new position; and his motive for writing late and painfully, as he did, was first, after the necessity of literary practice, to provide himself with decent and suitable apparel.

'Our menage consisted for the first twelvemonth at least of but a single servant; but there was often to be seen in our kitchen an idiot lad named Foolish Angie, who had the strangest and strongest attachment to Hugh. If the latter happened to be across the ferry, as was now frequently the case on his bank journeys to Tain, Angus would watch for hours about the ferry-side to see if there was anything to carry or to accompany "Miller," as he called him, home in triumph. A carpet-bag of his was a trophy to Angus; to rub away at his shoes, if he could get them, his heart's delight. I used to propitiate him with halfpennies; but I think he never entered quite into an understanding of the conjugal relation or found any use or necessity for me. The functions appropriate for a partner in life were rather performed, to Angus's apprehension, by the servant, whom he promoted to the dignity of "Miller's wife." It was a great source of amusement to my mother-in-law and other friends to ask Angie when he left our house, "What was Miller's wife doing?" when he would answer, "Frying flukes," "Washing potatoes," or some such employment. "And what was Miller's lady doing?" "Sitting in the parlour." I don't know whether there was not the least grain of contempt insinuated, as if "the lady" were a personage who could be done quite well without, but his replies on this head used to amuse us very much.

'Notwithstanding the long weary hours of bank labour, and the more restricted home intercourse, we had, as Hugh narrates in his autobiography, glimpses of very bright enjoyment. A rare afternoon's boating, a walk in the woods—very rare now—seemed to compensate for a great deal of toil. And sometimes, besides the Cromarty circle, and our pastor's long and delightful visits already mentioned, we had visits from friends at a distance, some of whom were brought by Hugh's growing reputation. Dr Malcolmson, from Madras, came across from his temporary home at Forres as often as he could. The deciphering of the *Pterichthys*, the putting together of bone and plate as they happened to turn up, was the great work of the evening then; and spare evenings had to be made when Dr Malcolmson came, even if they were to be paid for by late hours afterwards. I am afraid I found these endless discussions rather trying. I didn't see just then how these dead bones were to live. I sat at my work listening, wishing often that there would be a change of topic; but the interest of the two gentlemen was unwearied, their discussions unflagging. We had, too, a very delightful visit from Dr Fleming, Professor of Natural Science in Aberdeen. His views and conversation were greatly more discursive than those of Dr Malcolmson. He did not shut himself up in learning; he gave out clear, wide views on scientific subjects of general interest to a tyro like me, but fed by the intimate hard-earned knowledge within him, all the dry bones of which he kept to himself.

'Dr Chalmers's visit was a short one, a forenoon call. Nevertheless it was the first time we had seen that great man in private, and we were struck, like every one else, with the goodness, the large humanity, which only a near interview in private made one fully sensible of. His call, his address in the church, and the sail with Hugh round the entrance to the bay were altogether a charming bit of sunshine.'

IN AN ORCHARD.

Somewhere there 's a cuckoo calling,
Somewhere a capricious breeze
Sends a thousand petals falling
From the flowering apple-trees.

Somebody is idly dreaming
(Glad her dreams, too, one might think);
And the bough above is gleaming
With its wondrous white-and-pink.

As she sleeps, half-resting on it,
She 's a figure wholly sweet,
From the curls and cottage bonnet
To the little hanging feet.

Petals pink-and-white are lying
Undisturbed upon her dress;
Still she sleeps on, sometimes sighing
With delicious weariness.

Every fitful wind that passes
Seems to whisper, as it were,
To the swaying meadow-grasses
All the joy of rocking her.

How her hair, unfettered, lingers
Tendril-wise, about her chin,
Curling through the soft white fingers
That her cheek is pillowed in.

I know the way her eyes shine under
Her two lids, would she but wake;
Dare I break the spell, I wonder,
Just for that sweet glance's sake?

Still I hear the cuckoo calling
Where the water laughs and leaps;
Still the pink-and-white is falling;
Still I linger; still she sleeps.

A. L. T.

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A BIT OF AMERICAN LOST PROPERTY.

By HALLIDAY ROGERS.

THERE have been few more historically interesting stories of literary treasure-trove than that of the losing and finding again of the Bradford History — the record of the very earliest beginnings of the American people. Some four or five years ago the subject was on the lips of nearly every educated person; but for the benefit of those who have forgotten or who never heard the rights of the story, it seems worth while to tell it from the beginning.

Everybody who was in the least interested in the subject knew that a book had been written by Governor Bradford, one of the first group of Pilgrim Fathers, giving an account of the causes of their expatriation, and a detailed history of their little colony of New Plymouth for the first twenty-five years of its existence. The parchment-bound, manuscript volume 'rit by govener William bradford & given to his son mager William Bradford and by him to his son mager John Bradford'—to quote the flyleaf—remained extant for many years, and sustained much scratching and scribbling at the hands of the earlier generations. The author put his last touch to it in 1646, and for half a century or so it remained in the possession of his family. In 1703 it found its way into the New England Library, and was still accessible in 1767, when Governor Hutchinson quoted it in his *History of New England*. Then it unaccountably disappeared.

When the loss was discovered the historians were in despair. Instant search was made, and for a century America swept her house diligently. Clouds of dust rose from every library as its secrets were dragged from its shelves. Not a crevice in the continent where literary lost property might lodge but was ransacked. All in vain! The book was gone—destroyed no doubt during the war. The bereaved historians returned to their studies uncomforted. It seemed, indeed, that New England had lost her certificate of birth. Other communities might point to their early records, and claim an honourable parentage in the old country; New England had no longer any account of her origin to offer but Topsy's ''Specs I growed.'

A century later the document was discovered—of course in the very last place where anybody would ever have thought of looking for it—in the Bishop of London's library at Fulham! How it got there nobody knows. Various conjectures have been made: that it was carried off from Boston as booty in 1775; that Governor Hutchinson took it to England as part of his baggage in 1774; that it was sent over during the pre-Revolution attempts to establish an American Episcopate; that—— But why continue? The last-given of these explanations seems the most probable, since Bradford's account of the ecclesiastical 'fundamentals' of the colony would naturally be of importance in such a discussion; but there is no certainty. Somehow or other the book got into the Bishop's library, and we know only that there it was found, and that there it still remained till it was returned to its owners five years ago.

How, then, was it discovered? Fortunately that question can be answered. If one English Bishop had it lying *perdu* in his possession, another English Bishop was the indirect means of bringing it to light. In 1844 the late Bishop Wilberforce published his *History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America*. It is not a book of entrancing interest except to such rare souls as take a special delight in ecclesiastical politics. Probably nobody in either continent ever read it through. But Bishop Wilberforce, in gathering his materials, had rummaged deeply in the Bishop of London's library, and had lighted there on a curious old manuscript entitled by the man who wrote it 'Of Plimoth Plantation.' Some other man, who apparently had not even read it, had catalogued it as 'The Log of the *Mayflower*,' and by that misnomer—for its account of the voyage

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is the least of it—it has since become known. In this curious old book Bishop Wilberforce found matter closely bearing on his subject, and his chapter entitled 'Other Early Puritan Settlers' contains many quotations from it. Had but an intelligent New Englander lighted upon that chapter he would have seen instantly that a certain footnote (to be found on page 56 by any curious reader who may care to verify the reference) referring to a 'MS. History of the Plantation of Plymouth, in the Fulham Library,' contained something that touched the Commonwealth nearly. The intelligent New Englander, however, did not trouble about the book, and for eleven years the secret that all literary America was eager to know lay about on bookstalls and booksellers' shelves unnoticed.

It was not till 1855 that the distinguished literary antiquary, the late Mr J. W. Thornton, chanced, while waiting idly in a bookstore, to pick up and run over the leaves of Wilberforce's *History*. His eye happened to rest on the quotations, then on the footnote; and a sudden thought flashed through his mind. 'The Bradford History! In London!' He secured the book forthwith, and sent it to a friend. Instantly this friend too was on the scent, and soon a group of American historiographers were in eager correspondence with the greatest English authority on New England history—Joseph Hunter. He went to the Palace, compared the manuscript with an autograph letter of Bradford's sent from America for the purpose, and at once identified the long-lost work. The mystery was solved, the lost found, and the historians had now a new treasure in their hands; for the Massachusetts Historical Society, without loss of time, had a transcript of the document made, and the following year saw it printed in their collection.

It was very naturally felt that the manuscript belonged to America, not to England; and soon Massachusetts began to make efforts towards its return. It was proposed that King Edward, then Prince of Wales, should carry it with him in 1860 when as a youth he visited the States. That was not done, however, and each time the suggestion of return was repeated the Bishop of London shook his head, saying that the property could not be alienated without an Act of Parliament. It was not till 1896, when Senator Hoar himself called on Bishop Temple, and assured him of America's eager wish to possess the document, that the claim was considered. The Bishop remarked that he had not thought America cared anything about it. 'If there were in existence a history of King Alfred's reign for thirty years written by his own hand,' said the senator, 'it would not be more precious in the eyes of Englishmen than this manuscript is to us.'

By the time the formal application for return of the book arrived from America, Bishop Temple had become Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr Creighton had succeeded him in the see of London. As it happened, the matter could not have fallen into better hands, for Bishop Creighton, as is well known, was not only deeply concerned in historical learning, but was in very close sympathy with America. It only needed that all things should be done decently and in order. The Queen, the Archbishop, and the Bishop consulted together; the Consistorial Court issued a decree; Ambassador Bayard signed a receipt, then he set out for America with his treasure to deliver it into the hands of the Governor of Massachusetts. In May 1897 New England had her own again.

Whatever mystery may linger about the circumstances of the book's first transference across the ocean, assuredly there was no secret about the second. The congratulatory speeches were reported in every newspaper, and the neighbours honestly rejoiced when the lost piece was not only found but restored. In 1899 the publication by the Commonwealth of the complete text of the History, together with the report of the proceedings incident to its return, renewed an interest which, in America at least, had not had time to die out.

To us on this side the book is hardly known, and there is not space here to give much account of it. Yet surely we have no less right than America to value it and take pride in it. For, after all, the men of whom it tells were Englishmen—a little colony of our own people from whom one of the greatest nations of the earth has sprung. It is a heroic record, a story of perils by sea and land—peril from sickness, peril from famine, peril from 'salvages,' peril from unfaithful friends. Yet there is never, from cover to cover, a timid or a complaining word. We may call it in jest America's certificate of birth; we might also, and with a deeper meaning, call it America's patent of nobility. For they were great men these Pilgrim Fathers—indomitable men whose high purposes were set where no storm could shake them. Though they were harried, persecuted, driven to and fro, their hearts remained unmoved. 'They knew,' says Bradford in this inimitable History of his, 'they were pilgrimes, & looked not much on those things, but lift up their eyes to ye heavens, their dearest cuntrie, and quieted their spirits.' It is good to think that Britain and America join hands at this brave level; and that, casting back to the point where the two strains diverge, it should be found that courage, righteousness, and the unflinching service of God are the stuff they have in common.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XXIV.—THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.

'WE must consult Mr Lorimer first, of course,' the Commander said decisively as, over the breakfast-table, they discussed the plan of campaign.

'But *must* we consult Uncle Andrew before doing anything?' demurred Lucie, whose secret desire was to accomplish the matter with no aid but that of Tommy. 'Do you think it quite necessary? You know he wished no action taken about the recovery of my things, and Honoria was hot against it.'

From the keen interest the Commander had taken in the case, they knew the old war-horse would be seriously hurt by any suggestion of excluding him from participation in the fray; but both Lucie and the Lieutenant strongly objected to adding Mr Seton-Lorimer to their number.

'It is absolutely necessary,' the Commander replied, with authority, to Lucie's question. 'For one thing, while you are in England he holds the place of your guardian; for another, it was he whom the man impersonated. It would be impossible to leave him out. Our best plan,' announced the Commander, who, to the annoyance of the young folks, had assumed—probably by reason of senior rank—the conduct of the party, 'will be to go direct to Mr Lorimer's office—in Chancery Lane, isn't it?—and from there drive to East Dulwich.'

In the early stages of the mission fortune was against them. To begin with, the exertion of the previous night had so fatigued Tommy, and wakefulness and anxiety the others, that breakfast was late. Then they had the mortification of seeing the train they hoped to catch steam out of the station, and a couple of dreary hours had to elapse before they could get another.

When at length they reached Chancery Lane, it was to find that Mr Lorimer had just left business and was not expected back that day. His clerks thought he might have gone home or to his club.

'Is Mr Elgood in? He might be able to tell us the best place to look for uncle,' Lucie said, remembering having heard her uncle mention his chief clerk.

But Mr Elgood, they were informed, had just gone out for lunch. It was later than his usual hour, because, as he started to-morrow on a month's holiday, Mr Lorimer and he had been closeted together a long time arranging matters with regard to his absence.

'Lunch. Come now, that's not a bad idea!' said the Commander briskly as they descended the stairs. 'Suppose we follow this Mr Elgood's example. It's no use letting one's strength get exhausted unnecessarily. You'll get a bad headache if you go without food in this heat,' he continued in reply to Lucie's protest, 'and after a delay of nearly five months, a few minutes sooner or later won't matter a straw.'

Agreeing reluctantly, Lucie found that her idea of a hurried lunch, which was ice-cream and cakes, differed greatly from the Commander's, which was a meal of several courses served hot. Like many another man whose home-tastes are simple, the Commander was hard to please away from home. When at the *Bombast*, Minns's rough-and-ready method of cooking a chop or steak over a paraffin stove satisfied him, yet the *chef* at his club knew Commander Tresscott as a member whose approval it was well to gain.

So Lucie, her soul waxing warm within her, tried to eat curried lobster the while she longed for a strawberry-ice and the resumption of her quest. Visions of arriving just in time to find the birds flown filled her mind. Even Tommy's unspoken commiseration failed to soothe her perturbed spirit.

But everything comes to an end. Just as she felt that another instant's delay would bring her to screaming-point, the Commander, pushing aside the cheese, declared himself ready to go.

Mr Seton-Lorimer was at home when the trio reached Queen's Gate. Ushered in, they found him alone in the dining-room reading a financial paper; and, in spite of her own worries, Lucie was distressed to see how careworn he looked.

He was keenly interested in their story, and promptly telephoned to the stables for the victoria to be sent round at once.

'East Dulwich? East—— Ah! I was certain I had some association with that district. It's there that Elgood, my chief clerk, lives. If he had been at hand he might have helped us. But come into the drawing-room and have a cup of tea from Honoria while we're waiting for the carriage.'

Mr Ruddenheim, looking more rubicund than ever in a white piqué waistcoat, was with Miss Seton-Lorimer. A glance showed Lucie that the room had new and becoming rose-silk curtains, and that her cousin wore an elaborately girlish white muslin frock. But her thoughts being too engrossed with her own affairs to enable her to look beneath the surface, she failed to notice Mr Ruddenheim's deprecating glances or the significance of Honoria's conscious manner and her attempts at coy blushes; the latter unfortunately rendered futile by a concealing layer of violet-powder.

It was very hot, and to Lucie, who was fresh

from the fragrant country, London smelt like some vast stable. Seated beside her uncle in the victoria, which swiftly followed the hansom containing the Tresscotts as it sped in the direction of Vauxhall Bridge, she could not help noticing afresh the harassed expression that had replaced her companion's customary air of complacent benignity.

'But you don't look well, uncle, in spite of your voyage to Norway,' Lucie exclaimed, involuntarily struck by the change. 'You are thinner, and you have lost colour. You are ill.'

'Am I? Honoria hasn't remarked it,' Mr Seton-Lorimer answered dryly. 'I suppose she's too happy to be able to think of any one but herself. You know she's going to marry Ruddenheim? Yes; they only arranged it on the way back from Norway. I thought it would have been settled earlier.'

'I am sure they will suit each other beautifully,' Lucie said, thinking demurely that she knew the reason of the trifling delay. 'But tell me, have you really been suffering?'

'Only mentally. You know, that big robbery has been a great trouble to me. The want of the ready money and the loss of the securities have inconvenienced me more than I care to confess, and investments have depreciated so greatly in value lately that I don't wish to part with any stock I hold at a loss. But I suppose I must make up my mind to do it,' he added, with a sigh, 'for there is little hope of recovering the stolen property. Either the thief has burnt the whole lot on finding neither the notes nor the securities negotiable, or he can afford to wait till he thinks it safe to circulate them.'

Keeping as closely as possible in the wake of the hansom, they had overtaken the length of Camberwell New Road, and, having slowly ascended the heights of Denmark Hill and descended through Grove Lane, were approaching the outskirts of East Dulwich. The rigid back of the coachman in its tan livery coat seemed to Lucie to express wordless astonishment at his master straying so far from his usual haunts.

'What is the address?'

'Abbotsford is the name of the house. Travennor Road, East Dulwich,' Lucie answered glibly, for the long-sought address was written in letters of fire on her memory.

'Travennor Road?' I wish we had had an opportunity of consulting Elgood. He must know the district, and would have helped us.'

Following the tactics of the wicked Honoria, Tommy had stopped the cab at the end of Travennor Road, and there the victoria also drew up.

'Here we had better divide forces,' instructed the Commander. 'You, sir, and Miss Lucie, can enter the house. I shall accompany you. Thomas will patrol the road, and watch that no one escapes. The coachman and driver are at hand if we require aid.'

'Excuse me, father,' Tommy interposed in response to a whispered word from Lucie, 'but I think the more important task of watching the outlets of the house should fall to you. Besides, I must see if the woman I tracked is here.'

Travennor Road was not deserted as it had been on Sunday evening. Several children on the outlook for home-returning fathers scampered about. The occupant of Diddums Lodge, in shirt-sleeves and a shady hat, had already begun his evening occupation of trying with the aid of a hose to drown existence out of the half-dozen melancholy geraniums that adorned his front plot.

Abbotsford presented an aspect of such commonplace respectability that it seemed an insult to raid it in quest of thieves. To Lucie's mind, a pair of gaudily painted flower-pots in the drawing-room window spoke eloquently of the wicked Honoria's taste in *bric-à-brac;* but the doorstep was spotlessly clean, the brass knocker shining.

'But whom are we to ask for if a stranger opens the door?' Lucie whispered to Tommy as the crucial moment arrived. 'We haven't the most remote idea what the right name is.'

'Trust to chance, and let nothing keep us out of the house,' was Tommy's laconic advice.

Lucie's knees were trembling foolishly under her as they walked quietly up the little tiled path leading to the front door, and when Mr Seton-Lorimer, raising the knocker, played a gentle tattoo her heart seemed to stand still. But a reassuring cough from the Commander at the gate, and the knowledge that Tommy, keen, alert, and strong, was by her side, lent her courage.

There was little time for suspense; before the *rat-tat-tat* had ceased to echo through the house some one hurriedly crossed the hall and threw the door open.

'Oh!' gasped Lucie as her quondam uncle, a scrap of rumpled paper in his hand and the flash of an unwonted excitement in his eyes, stood before them; but, to her amazement, it was not upon her his attention became concentrated, but upon Mr Lorimer.

'Why—Elgood!'—Lucie was appalled to hear her real uncle greet her false one in tones that were distinctly friendly—'you must think it queer our invading you like this; but we seem to have tumbled upon your house by mistake. We've come out here in connection with the robbery of'——

Evidently his employer was the last person the clerk had anticipated seeing, for at the sight of Mr Seton-Lorimer an ashen pallor had crept over Mr Elgood's face; with the last words his aspect was that of one whom hope has abandoned.

'It's no use. Everything is here. Come in,' he said mechanically, leading the way into a sitting-room. Lucie was certain he had not even noticed her.

'Is this the right man?' Tommy whispered.

'My man? Yes, quite right,' answered Lucie, dazed by this unexpected reception.

'Then your wicked uncle has been your real uncle's right-hand man all the time!' Pursing up his lips, Tresscott relieved his feelings by indulging in an inaudible whistle, as was his habit when taken by surprise.

'I don't understand it yet, and I'm sure Uncle Andrew doesn't,' Lucie murmured as they followed into a back dining-room, where an untouched meal for one lay on the table.

Unheeding Mr Lorimer's explanation—which, indeed, he did not hear—of what had led them to his house, Elgood opened a bookcase, and, drawing aside half-a-dozen volumes, took from behind them a flat paper parcel neatly tied up with red tape.

'There! you'll find it all there,' he said wearily, laying the parcel before his master, 'excepting a twenty-pound note. You know what became of that.'

'But I can't see—how did you come to lay hands on'——

'Oh, uncle, don't you see?—it was this man—this Elgood who pretended to be you. It was he who took my money.'

'Elgood,' Mr Lorimer said slowly, though even now the fact was beyond his comprehension—'Elgood—you?'

Elgood, who had sunk into a chair, surveyed the scene apathetically, as though his interest therein was purely perfunctory.

'Then this is your property, Lucie. See that it is right,' Mr Lorimer said, breaking a silence that seemed long, as he handed the parcel to Lucie.—'But, Elgood, I can't believe that you would stoop to this. What led you to it?'

'The usual guide,' Elgood replied curtly; 'a woman—my wife.'

'But I thought you were a bachelor with no thought beyond your work?'

'So I was, but like a fool I married. It was five years ago. I didn't make money fast enough to please her. So I speculated—then I stole. It was all for her; and to-night'—his lethargy had fled; he sat erect, an angry scarlet flush dyeing his brow, though his cheeks were gray and his mouth drawn—'to-night I came home to find her gone, like a rat leaving a sinking ship. To-morrow I should have been away for good; she was going with me. I had kept two hundred pounds for the purpose. This morning she slipped away with her lover, and took the money with her.' Stopping abruptly, he broke into mirthless laughter that was unpleasant to hear.

'Uncle'—Lucie, who had been examining the contents of the parcel, spoke in an excited undertone—'there is some mistake. This can't be my money. I had only four hundred pounds. Why, there must be thousands of pounds here, with a lot of other papers. I don't understand'——

Mr Lorimer had turned at her whisper. At the sight of her lapful of treasure Lucie saw his eyes dilate. Starting to his feet, he seized the bundle of notes, and hastily calculated their values.

'You'll find them all right—except a twenty-pound note that I tried to change at the Post-Office, and failed,' Elgood repeated.

'But—but do you mean that you—*you* were the thief we have been in search of?—that it was you who robbed the safe?' Even now, with the evidence of the man's confession and the actual money before him, Mr Lorimer's tone expressed incredulity; for opinions, like manners, are matters of habit, and after trusting a man implicitly for twenty years it is difficult to entertain doubts of him.

'Yes, I am the man. I took the money, and I might just as profitably have lifted the stones off the street for all the good that it has been to me,' Elgood said bitterly. 'How did you find it out?'

'I didn't find it out. I should never have found it out if you hadn't brought out the money. It was my niece, who, wishing to trace her stolen property, had the woman that masqueraded as your daughter tracked to this house last night. That was the robbery we were after.'

'Oh, *that*,' Mr Elgood said wearily, as though the defrauding of Lucie was too unimportant to be considered in comparison with his greater defalcation.

'I don't know what you'll make of your life now, Elgood,' Mr Lorimer said with judicial grimness. 'You've had a good chance, and it seems you've made a mess of it.'

Elgood shook his gray head indifferently. His expression was calm, but the startling flush on the forehead remained. 'It doesn't matter now,' he said stonily.

'But I was not a bad master. If you had only come to me'—— Mr Lorimer was beginning.

'Oh! if—if'—again came the painful ironical laugh, that made Lucie shrink closer to Tresscott—'if I only had, but I didn't. If I had confessed to foolish speculations I should have lost your respect, and with it my daily bread. I never meant to take the money until I did it; then it was too late to undo.'

'But I can't understand how a man'——

'It's simple enough. My wife was extravagant. I was in difficulties. You handed me the parcel to put in the safe. It was easy to slip the packet under my coat instead of putting it in the drawer, then to lock the safe, and hand you the key. It was only after I got home that I discovered that the securities were all in registered stock and not negotiable. I meant to replace them in the safe before the loss was found out. But I was too late. You had come in early, discovered the theft, and already the numbers of the notes were posted everywhere.'

Elgood's voice had risen, he was speaking quickly, excitedly. 'Then one day, when you

happened to be out of town, in the ordinary course of business I opened a New Zealand letter. It spoke of a bank-draft for four hundred pounds. That suggested the means of escaping from England; but when I had got the money my courage failed. I began to think the clerks suspected me, and that if I were missing detectives would instantly be on my track. So I waited — waited'—— He seemed unconscious he had ceased speaking. 'To-morrow I should have been free —this morning, my wife—for whose sake'—— his words became unintelligible mumbles. The arm he sought to raise to his head fell powerless by his side. His body sank inert in his chair, his features strangely drawn to one side.

While they were gazing in horror at the man thus stricken down before their eyes there came the sound of a slight scrimmage on the doorstep, followed by a stifled scuffle in the hall; and the Commander, breathless but triumphant, escorted the old woman into the room.

'This lady, number three of the gang, I presume, was quietly slipping out by the side gate, when I invited her to join the little circle inside.'

The Commander, proud of his capture, looked round for approbation but got none, for the others were watching the old woman, who, catching sight of the helpless figure that Tresscott was carefully supporting in his chair, ran over, and, sinking on her knees beside it, burst into a heart-wrung cry of 'My son! oh, my son!'

'But she was the cook—they called her Martha,' Lucie said in a low voice to the Commander, who was trying to gain an idea of what had happened.

'I am his mother. He is my son—the only child I ever had,' the old woman said, looking at them with eyes that defied them to deny her the motherhood of her erring child.

'It's all so confusing,' Lucie was saying. 'They said Honoria was his daughter. Now she seems to be his wife!'

At the name the old woman glanced up, her sallow cheeks aglow with passion. 'Her! She was a *curse*. She took him in with her wheedling ways—said she was an actress. Hell is full of such actresses!' she hissed between her teeth. 'It was she that got him into trouble. Before she came he was the best—the best'—— She fell to stroking the hand that fell limply by his side, crooning over it soft inarticulate mother-words.

With the help of the Commander the invalid had been lifted to a couch, and Tommy had run out to look for a doctor.

'His father was taken in a stroke like this, but he was a heavy drinker'—the old woman spoke with dreary resignation, as though she were inured to both sin and suffering—'and he never spoke a word after—leastways not a proper word. Oh, sir, you won't charge him now?' she pleaded, her worn face working piteously.

Charge him! At the words Lucie, whose desire for condign vengeance on her defrauders had within the last few minutes changed into acute pity, looked anxiously at her uncle. But she need not have been alarmed. Nothing was farther from Mr Lorimer's intention than to add some human penalty to the chastisement of one upon whom the hand of God lay so heavily.

With a few sympathetic words he reassured the mother, and, taking her aside while the local doctor who had been hastily fetched by Tresscott made his examination, kindly questioned her regarding future ways and means.

She was not destitute. There was a small pension—contemptibly meagre, it is true; but if her helpless son were only moved to the little Essex village where he was born, Mrs Elgood was convinced she could support him on it. Her one craving appeared to be to get her son back to the scene of his innocent childish days.

Feeling herself in the way, Lucie had joined Tommy, who, unwilling to crowd the small room, was lounging on the door-step. So much had transpired since she entered the house that it surprised her to find the occupant of Diddum's Lodge still busy with the hose, and certain of the juvenile population of Travennor Road yet on the watch for the return of the City fathers.

Relieved to escape from the depressing atmosphere within, though indeed the outer air was hot and lifeless enough, she drew a long breath.

'Oh Tommy, isn't it too awful? What a fearful judgment, to be struck down like that!'

But even the Lieutenant's generous nature could not regard any penalty as too hard for one who had injured Lucie. 'I'm sorry for the beggar, of course,' he admitted; 'but he deserved all he got and more—far more.'

'The only grudge I have now,' Lucie acknowledged, 'is that that detestable Honoria, who was at the root of all the mischief, should get off scot-free.'

'*She shan't*,' a voice behind her said threateningly, and Lucie started to find the old woman standing in the narrow hall, her dark face filled with sullen menace at the mention of her daughter-in-law's hated name.

'While my son lives I'll nurse him. When I've buried him I'll seek her out, though it takes my lifetime and I have to beg my bread to reach her. She won't go unpunished.' Then, her ominous threat uttered, the old woman went quietly upstairs to prepare a room for her invalid.

Their mission accomplished in so unexpected a fashion, the party re-entered the carriages, and were returning townwards.

'How am I to thank you for what you have done to-day, Lucie?' Mr Lorimer said, and, to the girl's astonishment, his voice was tremulous. 'Although, naturally, I am grieved and hurt to

discover that it was an old and trusted servant who defrauded me, the return of the stolen property is an incalculable relief, and my mind is at ease for the first time for months.'

'Then you haven't been altogether a loser by the foolish Colonial niece whose visit opened so badly?' Lucie replied, trying to impart a lighter tone to the conversation.

'Lucie, though you had crossed the globe for nothing but to render this service to me, the journey would have been repaid a hundred times.' While he spoke Mr Lorimer held the precious packet carefully in both hands, as if afraid even for a moment to let it out of his grasp. 'But what will you do with your thousand pounds?'

'My thousand pounds?' Lucie queried, puzzled.

'Yes; you know I offered a thousand pounds reward to any person who helped me to recover the money and securities; and you have earned it fairly.'

'I would never dream of accepting it. Of course not. I am only too glad to have been of use. But really, uncle, if any one deserves a reward it is Mr Tresscott, for it was he who had all the trouble. He should certainly take the money if any one does.'

'Suppose you and Tresscott agree to divide it. Or better still,' added Mr Lorimer, who prided himself upon his astuteness, smiling kindly into the upturned eager face beside him, 'suppose you decide to spend it together!'

But Lucy, looking with disconsolate eyes upon the future she had planned out for herself, found no place for Tommy therein.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

A LITTLE HOLIDAY IN SUSSEX.

By Kate Burgess.

IF you wish for an ideal holiday—a real rest and refreshment of mind and body, and an escape from all the shams and trammels of society—just pack up your oldest and most comfortable clothes, and go to one of those delightful Elizabethan cottages which are 'to let' in the beautiful little village of Crothorne in Sussex.

Few people realise how perfect mental and bodily recreation can be in a simple cottage such as the one I am about to describe; and those who work from morning to night in our great cities—especially the brain-workers—little know the benefit and enjoyment to be derived from a week-end or a few days spent in one of those pretty villages that lie not an hour's distance from London. The expense is nothing compared with the cost of spending a week-end in town. The cottagers do not charge hotel prices; they provide you with the freshest of fruit, greengrocery, and dairy produce; there is glorious soft water supplied by Nature's own waterworks; to say nothing of the bracing air and beautiful landscapes thrown in gratis!

Ah, wearied town workers! you will never know what real rest is unless you seek it for yourselves in the green fields. The good Creator has given us these sweet country places of rest; and but comparatively few of us ever find them, simply for the want of looking a little farther than our own front doors. We are very apt to forget that 'God made the country;' and we delude ourselves into thinking that relaxation can be found in our busy, crowded towns.

A friend of mine had put this theory into practice, and had bought one of those little cottages for a wee 'country residence;' and it was to this abode I found my way one hot August afternoon, at her kindly invitation to 'come and recruit.' It was three miles from the station, and a funny little village trap had been sent to convey me and my 'old clothes' to our destination. The road lay through a beautifully wooded country; and the driver, who was exceedingly civil and loquacious, pointed out the largest houses and gave me the names of their respective owners as we jogged along. What he did not point out were the delightful old cottages, with their gay, old-fashioned gardens; but the chief charms of the country in my eyes were the sweet-scented pines and the purple heather, then in full bloom.

Presently the road lay across a small moor called Crothorne Common, which was covered with heather, and delighted me beyond everything. We turned into a small lane off the main road; and here, tucked away amongst beautiful trees, chiefly oaks, yews, and elms, and invisible until you reached its very gateway, stood my friend's charming little cottage, which she had rightly named 'Pella,' a veritable 'Haven of Rest.' The sight of its long, low brown roof, white latticed windows, and oaken fence with ivy, jasmine, and roses creeping over it, and the heathery meadow in front of the cottage, had an instantaneous fascination for me.

It was as charming within as without. Here were no fashionable wall-papers with impossible dados, no gas-brackets and modern tiled stoves, no bamboo gimcracks or papier-mâché chairs and fiddlestick tables; but genuine old heart-of-oak settles with cosy red-cushioned seats and carved backs, ancient rush-bottomed chairs, an old corner-cupboard with glass doors, containing queer old china; plain plastered walls of creamy whiteness,

hung with unframed dainty sketches in oils and water-colours; white ceilings with dark oaken beams, and floors also of oak black with age. In the kitchen was a lovely open fireplace, with a high mantelshelf of solid oak; and there were quaint old sconces hanging about the rooms. The doorways were low, and one had to stoop slightly to avoid crushing the latest thing in hats, if not in craniums; and the ascent to the bedrooms consisted of a staircase of only seven steps, so that there was no occasion to deplore the absence of a lift! The roof, being a lean-to, was a trap for the unwary, and I more than once narrowly escaped concussion when dressing. It was just as well not to study too much deportment in Pella; a gracious and continuous bending of the head prevented unnecessary additions to one's phrenological bumps.

The most modern article of furniture was a little piano—a thing indispensable in a home, be it ever so lowly, where music is loved; and we had some very cheerful hours of singing and playing when it became too dark to roam about the grounds. Then, from outside, the little house would look very cosy and fascinating, having its quaint windows lit up and framed with warm crimson curtains.

A fine large garden and lawn lay to the back of the house and at both sides, well planted with trees, fruit, and vegetables; with here and there some beehives, for my friends greatly appreciated 'growing' their own honey. The flower-garden lay chiefly in front of the cottage, and roses climbed in great profusion all about the windows and doors, while one ambitious Gloire de Dijon had made its way to the top of the roof, and blossomed there gloriously. It was a garden of great possibilities; but, as my friends were not always there, it was somewhat neglected by the local labourer who acted as gardener in their absence. In spite of that drawback, it was very beautiful in a wild way of its own, and produced far more than sufficient greengrocery for the needs of its owners.

Any one desirous of purchasing a similar 'country residence' would find it an excellent investment for his money in every way; it would be easy to let when one could not be there, and there would always be that increasing delight of improving one's own freehold until it became a place absolutely after one's own heart.

It was in little Pella, with all its dear rusticities, that my friend found more rest and outward peacefulness than in her comfortable, well-furnished, and interesting house in London. Not being particularly strong, the bracing air of the Sussex Downs was specially advised for her; and her days were chiefly spent in her own garden and meadows, or on the heathery common, sketching the beauties of Pella and its sweet surroundings; for she was a clever artist, and those were her paintings which adorned the cottage walls. Her sister superintended the housekeeping, which she carried on somewhat in picnic style, or after the fashion of 'camping out.' A fierce but very lovable Scotch terrier completed our party, and considered it his special duty, in the absence of his master, to terrify the butcher and the baker, and to keep them from setting foot inside the meadow gate; and very rarely was any one else seen to pass along the little lane.

The 'latest thing in hats' was speedily laid aside for a cotton sun-bonnet, and the old clothes were gleefully donned, and absolute enjoyment commenced for me. I once more assumed the pigtail of my youth and felt about sixteen, though I must confess to being several years older, and a married woman; but you have no idea how young you can feel till you have lived in Pella and played the rustic heathen as I did. It is marvellously health-giving to go back, as it were, a few generations, and become utterly primitive in every way, when you are feeling jaded and weary of the pomps and vanities.

The weather was exceptional, and we had all our meals out of doors, in company with wasps, who seemed to think jam was provided specially for them. We varied our *salle à manger*, sometimes dining on the lawn or breakfasting under the yews, and having tea amongst the roses; but the wasps found us out wherever we went. Our supper we took in very informal style by the kitchen-fire, for the evenings grew chilly when the sun went down; and the little village maiden who came daily to sweep and tidy the cottage generally went home early, so we had the place completely to ourselves. The freedom of being without servants was delightful; I am not sure that it was not one of the chief joys of Pella!

It seemed impossible to believe that we were only a few miles from gay, fashionable Brighton, and that less than an hour's journey would land us in London; yet so it was. It is not always so easy to get far enough from the madding crowd; but we had succeeded this time.

Occasionally we went to a little farm close by to fetch butter and eggs, or to the post-office to replenish our store of jam and biscuits and such-like, though one does not usually buy groceries at a post-office; but in this case it was the village shop—a sort of Universal Provider, like Whiteley's in miniature—where we became objects of gasping interest to the villagers, although I was mindful of my pigtail, and always turned it up beneath my hat before visiting the Crothorne Emporium. The postmaster was a man of one eye and decided opinions; when I inquired if I could send a telegram on Sunday, he replied, 'You can, by walking seven miles to the next telegraph-office; there is nothing of that sort here on Sundays, and I'm glad there ain't!' which made me feel snubbed. Nor was there any posting or receiving of letters on that day; and

the postmaster added that information with distinct joy. But he was a good sort of man, and had brought up a family of sixteen children exceedingly well; therefore it was not to be wondered that he enjoyed the restfulness of the Sabbath and had decided opinions.

The butcher's shop had a holy fascination of its own; it was so utterly unlike a shop of any sort, and must have been designed by an architect with a strong religious tendency, for it resembled a Wesleyan chapel more than anything, and had decidedly ecclesiastical windows; but I discovered that it had once been a national school, forty years ago, before it became the only butcher's shop in Crothorne.

I did not go far afield during my week's sojourn in Sussex. Pella and its neighbourhood were sufficient attraction in themselves, and I needed no other society than that of my friends and the Scotch terrier. I gave myself up to the delights of the moment, did a little gardening, sketched a little, idled a great deal, and enjoyed myself immensely.

It required an effort to give up the sun-bonnet and pigtail, and become once more a properly dressed, civilised, and everyday being; and it was with feelings of sincere regret that I saw the same funny little village trap and fat pony coming up to convey me and my belongings to the station *en route* for London. My last sight of Crothorne was a long, purple streak of moor; beyond which, through the thick trees, I could faintly discern two white handkerchiefs waving me a fond and lingering farewell.

MY MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

PART II.

'I DON'T know how long I had slept—possibly it might have been two hours or more—but I woke with a start, the impression strong upon me of having felt or heard something move beside me. No, it was no fancy, no dream; there it was again, a stealthy, subdued rustling sounding close at hand. Something was moving at the mouth of the cave, too—that was certain; for I could see against the clear night sky the dark outlines of the long grass and brushwood that masked the entrance swaying and bending. The moon was up, and by this time the rain had ceased. Yet, in spite of the certainty of some living presence at the opening, there was none the less plainly audible an odd sound within a yard of me, as of some creature moving about on the sandy floor. It was exactly as if the thing causing the disturbance had been in two places at once—at the mouth of the cave and yet in there beside me. The mere notion had something almost uncanny about it, when one came to think it out. To add to the mystery, while the noise at the entrance gave unmistakable proof of the presence there of a creature of considerable size, not a trace of it was to be seen, not the faintest outline of any body blocking out the patch of sky, as from the presumably enormous bulk of the brute such an appearance seemed unavoidable. Truly there was something paradoxical about the whole thing, and, think as I might, no plausible explanation suggested itself. I may as well plead guilty to being not too well up in the fauna of the country; but I knew, at least, that there were a lot of those ugly, savage-looking baboons about, and the kopjes in the neighbourhood, it struck me, were an ideal happy hunting-ground for the brutes. There were both hyenas and jackals in the district, too, and opportunities had not been wanting to me of becoming acquainted with the aardvark or earth-hog of the Boers; hence I knew to my cost, or rather to that of my poor horse, that the last-named gentleman, besides being nocturnal in his habits, had a decided liking for living in holes and burrows. In common fairness I ought to add that he generally excavates his lodgings for himself; but supposing he found them ready made for once in a way, there seemed little doubt as to his willingness to make use of them. Yet, aardvark, hyena, baboon, whatever it might be, it could never have made all that stir among the grass at the entrance without showing itself, surely! Nor could it have been in two places at once. Perhaps there may have been more than one of the brutes; but in that case they must have betrayed themselves in one way or another. I could make neither head nor tail of the mystery; and the only thing clear and beyond doubt was that, whatever the creature might be, it was at the present moment in the cave beside me; and considering that I was so literally in the dark respecting its identity, that certainty was not of the most pleasant kind.

'For fully a minute I lay there, leaning on my elbow, wondering and waiting for what would happen next. I had no means of striking a light; and perhaps it was just as well that I had not, for the double reason that a man scarcely feels himself in the best position to show fight when he is lying prone on the ground, and that the creature, whatever it might be, was evidently unaware of, or else indifferent to, my presence. I therefore decided to wait for sunrise—an exceedingly wise resolution on my part, considering that I had no choice in the matter. For a few minutes longer the mysterious rubbing sound I

had at first noticed went on, now apparently at least a yard away, now close at hand—so close, indeed, that at one moment I was certain I felt something touch me softly; and although—or perhaps I should rather say because—I was in ignorance of what had touched me, I was conscious of a sudden sense of aversion, a feeling of such loathing horror that it would have been hard to put it into words. I felt as if in the presence of—brought into close contact with—something that was in its very being directly antipathetic to myself; and that consciousness was quite enough to banish sleep. However, as the minutes went on and neither sound nor movement now came from my mysterious fellow-lodger, I felt somewhat ashamed of my late uneasiness, and called myself a senseless fool for having allowed it to get the upper hand. To cut matters short, before many minutes had gone by I dropped sound asleep, and did not awake until the sun, looking in at the cave next morning, sent a stray beam flickering right across my face. Then I knew what it was that had passed the night in there beside me.

'Feeling tolerably stiff, and a good deal dazed about the head as yet, I—I was going to say jumped to my feet, but that I didn't do, as my leg and the low roof of the cave both gave a very distinct "No" to that. Instead, I sat up pretty cautiously, and looked eagerly towards the opening, my heart beating faster in glad, responsive welcome to the light of the glorious sun.

'But the sunbeams were not the only things I saw, shimmering and dancing in golden glory on the dark rock-walls of that narrow, den-like cave. What was that lying huge and motionless in the shadow barely a couple of yards away? The sunlight came darting in, striking in gleams of glimmering light on the dark, damp, subterranean wall of rock, but it was not at these I was gazing so fixedly. Something was there in the gloom beyond their reach, a coiled-up, motionless mass, an object huge and dark, except where a single shaft of light flickered on and caught the surface, and then there flashed back a shimmer of glistening gold. I stared until my eyes had taken in every detail of the object before them. Then I saw that the thing was alive; and knowing by a sudden flash of intuition what it was in reality, I don't mind owning that I drew momentarily back under a sense of shuddering aversion.

'I don't know if any of you fellows have ever seen one: most likely not. Of course, they are a good deal scarcer now than they used to be; and even nineteen years ago you might live in the colony for years and never set eyes on the creature. I mean the rock-snake, the python, the big serpent of Natal—*inhlwati*, the natives call it. As most of us know to our cost, there are plenty of smaller snakes about—puff-adders, those venomous brutes of *mambas*, the sort the Boers call by the name of "spitting snakes," and all the rest—but I don't mean them; and in comparison with those I have named, the *inhlwati* is like a giant among the pygmies. There is one thing to be remembered about the python, however, in connection with its apparent scarcity, as was pointed out to me very pertinently by a man to whom I was talking lately: six days at least out of every seven are spent by it in a state of torpor. Sometimes the siesta extends to two or even three weeks, and during the whole of this period the great reptile lies concealed in some hole or cave of the rocky or jungly ground it frequents. Only at the end of its prolonged sleep the creature wakes up pretty lively, and on the outlook for a fresh supply of food; hence, taking into due consideration these periods of repose, the serpent may still be fairly abundant even in parts of the country where it is now reckoned extinct.

'However, other considerations besides these were occupying my thoughts as I crouched there. I knew now the meaning of the mysterious rustling—knew too what it was that had touched me in the night—and there was no longer any need to wonder why my nocturnal visitor had seemed to be in two places at once. That same rustling among the grass and brushwood had been caused by the long length of the gigantic serpent gliding in foot by foot, while the rest of it was moving about on the floor of the cave, until, the whole of its extensive personality having reached its accustomed shelter, the great reptile had finally coiled itself up in a heap within a couple of yards of where I had been lying. The mere thought nearly turned me sick; for if there is one living thing in creation concerning which I feel a loathing amounting to positive horror, that thing is a serpent.

'I looked at the creature lying there, its scaly skin glittering where the sun caught it, and fancied I could almost detect the swelling in its huge bulk that told the whereabouts of the (as yet) undigested meal. Then, as I crouched there watching it, another consideration, overlooked before, came home to me with sudden force: how was I to get out? For the only way lay in yonder narrow passage through which the morning sun came streaming in so joyously; and there, right in the entrance, blocking the path, with me barred in behind it, lay that snaky heap!

'I had to get out somehow, and staring at the reptile was not likely to help me. Of course, the great reptile was torpid now, and for several days it would probably remain so, before waking and moving out again in search of food. A capital arrangement, no doubt, for itself; but the very reverse as far as I was concerned. I could not afford to wait in there until it should please the python to move and clear the way; and even had that been possible or probable, the serpent,

when it did awake, would most likely turn up pretty lively and correspondingly savage, in which case the awkwardness of the situation for myself would be most decidedly increased. There was yet another consideration, which dwarfed all the rest into insignificance—namely, that I, an officer wearing Her Majesty's uniform, was not going to be barred in there for any serpent on earth, even though it might turn out to be as big as the monster mentioned by Livy, that gave Regulus and the Roman army so bad a time of it in the Punic wars.

'I got to my knees cautiously, and scanned the sleeping, motionless mass that I knew had to be passed somehow or other. For you have to remember that the great reptile was lying right in the entrance, with a space of barely a couple of feet between its bulk and the low roof of the cave. Of course, had the latter been anything of a height, a running jump, in spite of my lame leg, would have enabled me to clear the python heap without thinking twice about it. But a running jump, or a jump of any kind, indeed, is out of the question when one is crawling on hands and knees along a narrow passage not four feet in height; and, in place of jumping, the only thing possible to me was to creep. Unarmed as I was, I should have literally to crawl over that great heap of serpent, not knowing whether at any moment the sleeping reptile might not wake and fling its coils round me in an embrace that would crush out life and breath together. I knew, of course, that the creature was not venomous; luckily, none of these huge serpents are; but it had enough in the way of advantage on its side without that. It is true that the python is, as a rule, inclined to shun contact with man; but instances have not been wanting of its having crushed and strangled even adult natives, and all the stories I had heard in that connection were tolerably certain to come to my memory now. Then my imagination—an inconveniently vivid one—began to do its part in adding to the unpleasantness of those few minutes. Possibly the serpent might not be torpid, or even sleeping, after all, but in reality aware of my presence, and watching with its fixed, stony eyes while I, its destined victim, crept unwittingly nearer, foot by foot, inch by inch, in the vain hope of making my escape. Upon my word, the mere recollection of those few minutes makes a fellow feel a bit uncomfortable even now.

'But I knew it had got to be done—the sooner the better, too—and there was no good funking the thing. I pulled myself together, dropped over on hands and knees, and began slowly, cautiously, to creep up nearer and nearer to the scaly, motionless mass. How large was it—eh? Well, you see, I had never any chance of knowing accurately; but, to judge by the size of the heap, it must have been a fairly big specimen—large enough to satisfy all my aspirations concerning this kind of big game, anyhow. As I crawled nearer the outlines of a coil or two showed themselves more clearly, and the girth of the biggest was every bit equal to my own. Don't think that I'm drawing the long-bow here; it is a genuine fact that serpents of this kind have been killed measuring five-and-twenty feet in length, and as much round as a man's body. The Kaffirs declare that they have known some to reach even thirty, and the evidence which has come to hand from various quarters is strongly in proof of what the natives say. At all events, this sample of the breed, whatever might have been his exact length, was a tolerably promising specimen, without a shadow of doubt.

'I was within a couple of feet of the sleeping serpent now, and the sense of loathing increased with every inch I got nearer. Nor was it that alone. A sickening sensation, probably due to the strong musky odour emitted by the creature, fully perceptible in that confined atmosphere, but in part owing, no doubt, to the instinctive aversion, the antipathy of the human being to the serpent, was so strongly present with me then that only by sheer force of will could I compel myself to go on. Added to that, I could not get rid of the notion that the creature was in truth aware of my presence, and merely biding its time till I should come within its reach, and the consciousness that I was actually creeping nearer every moment was a pretty strong tax on all the nerve I had got.

'I was barely twelve inches distant from it now. Surely never was man so close to sleeping serpent before. Of course, I knew pretty well what I had to do; there was little enough choice, or rather none at all. The heap was fully four feet across; and I, unable to stand upright, and with only that amount of impetus to be obtained from my crouching position, must play a sort of leap-frog game over, propel myself with a sudden dart across the snaky mass, and risk the chance of a lightning stroke and the flinging of those terrible coils round me as I cleared it. Lightning? Ay, truly. I've heard many a man, far better acquainted with snakes than I can claim to be, say that lightning itself can scarcely compare with the striking of a serpent and the flinging of the array of muscular coils round the body of the victim. Suppose, too, I should miscalculate the distance and come down in the middle!

'How I did it I don't clearly remember. I have an indistinct recollection of bracing myself suddenly for the leap; of rising from the sandy floor—not the best taking-off place in the world; of the passing of some object bright and shining, glistening with the wet lustre of freshly painted oilcloth, beneath my eyes; of feeling the toe of one boot dig distinctly and unmistakably into something that felt horribly firm and living;

and then I was in the fresh, pure air outside, on the slope of the kopje.

'I never took time to jump to my feet; I simply rolled down the slope, over and over, and the more way I got on me the better I was pleased. From all that I learnt later, there was not much danger of the serpent's following me in the open, even if my flying leap across and parting kick had roused the reptile, which I doubt a good deal; but I knew nothing of the habits of the python then, and, to my thinking, the more space I could put between myself and that opening among the rocks the better; hence I was in no hurry to pull up. A nice mark I should have made for any roving Boers on the opposite height then.

'Not a trace of life was visible on the kopje in the rear when I turned to look behind me; nor could I get so much as a glimpse of the mouth of the cave in which I had passed the night. To say truth, I caught myself beginning to wonder if I hadn't dreamt the whole thing; but my dreams next night, after I had got back to camp, fully disabused me of that notion, their vividness assuring me that the cause suggesting them had been a good bit too real to be pleasant. The fact is, I didn't exactly look forward to turning in for a good many nights afterwards; the whole thing had such a wretched trick of repeating itself the moment I was fairly asleep.

'I never saw any more of my midnight visitor; but I heard something only the next day, when we were coming back to camp after burying poor Wilson. An old Kaffir we chanced to run across declared by signs that he had something to tell us, and as soon as we had got hold of an interpreter, it came out that he had lost a calf in the night, and that he laid the loss at the door of a monster *inhlwati*. He had been on his way to his kraal when he encountered the huge serpent gliding along; but being unarmed, he had chosen the better part of valour, and given the great reptile a wide berth. By the time he had run to the kraal and got assagais and assistance, his unwelcome visitor had gone, and the calf had gone too. Hence the appeal to us: we were wanted to shoot that python and put a stop to the raiding of cattle-kraals in future; but we had something more important on hand just then, and the *inhlwati* was left unmolested, at least by the British. To judge by the locality in which the old fellow had seen it, however, there was little doubt as to his specimen and my midnight visitor being identical; and, to go by the measurements he gave, after making due allowance for exaggeration, the reptile could not have been far off thirty feet long. A nice sort of fellow-lodger to pass the night with!

'I saw one campaign out from start to finish; and with regard to this one, as far as it has gone, I may fairly lay claim to having been in the thick of it. I have never encountered another python; and, all things considered, I don't much fancy that I should care to do so. There's one outcome of that night's experience that will hardly surprise you to hear, however. Whatever fancy I had as a lad for cave exploration and the like has completely vanished, and I always feel inclined to give dens and caves of the earth as wide a berth as possible.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE ST PIERRE DISASTER.

THE awful volcanic outburst which in a few minutes burnt up the prosperous town of St Pierre, in the West Indian island of Martinique, has been compared to the eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum in the year 79; but according to the accounts which have up to this time reached us, the two calamities had little in common except that they both were the result of volcanic activity. It is the common, but mistaken, notion that Pompeii was overwhelmed by a flow of incandescent lava; but this was not so. The doomed city was first covered many feet in depth with fine ashes, and this was followed by a terrific rain, caused by the condensation of vast volumes of steam emitted by the volcano, so that Pompeii was buried in a sea of mud. At St Pierre it was fire, not water, which was the principal agent of destruction. Apparently a mixture of red-hot stones and mephitic vapours came down from Mount Pelée and killed the terror-stricken people before they had time to realise their danger. According to one account, the awful tragedy was complete in less than three minutes, and was due rather to a volcanic explosion than to what is generally known as an eruption. A somewhat similar convulsion of nature took place in 1883 in the Straits of Sunda, at Krakatoa; and in minor degree may be named the outburst of two years later from a supposed extinct volcano in New Zealand, which devastated hundreds of miles of fair country and destroyed the famous pink-and-white terraces.

ELECTRICAL POWER DISTRIBUTION.

Ever since it became known that the dynamo was capable of transmitting power to a distant point without very much loss in transit, it has

been the dream of electrical engineers to burn coal at the pit-mouth and to distribute its energy in various directions by means of conducting cables. The first British scheme of the kind was inaugurated at Newcastle last year; but the foundation-stone of a far larger installation has since been laid by that distinguished engineer, Sir Frederick Bramwell. The South Wales Electrical Power Distribution Company, whose birth is thus signalised, will have a network of wires over the county of Glamorgan and part of the county of Monmouth. Situated in the midst of the great coalfields of South Wales, the company will distribute power over a vast district, including the important towns of Cardiff, Newport, and Swansea, besides many busy inland towns lying north of the Bristol Channel. The company's first station is on the banks of the river Taff, and the powerful electrical generators with which it will be furnished are of the three-phase alternating type, and are built by Messrs Ganz & Co., of Budapest. Other schemes of a like nature are under consideration in different parts of the country, so that in the near future we shall see the steam-engine and gas-engine largely superseded by the electric motor.

SHIP-LAUNCHING.

The usual method of launching a ship practised in this country is to slide her down the highly greased ways stern first. An exception was made in the case of Brunel's monster steamship, which was launched broadside on, and stuck fast in the attempt to get her away from *terra firma*. This broadside method of launching is, however, common in America, especially on the shipyards of the Great Lakes, and is dictated by limitations of area and depth of water. The broadside method would appear—according to an article in the *Scientific American*—to be more economical; for the groundways, instead of exceeding the length of the ship to be launched, as is common in Britain, need not be more than about 5 per cent. of the length of the vessel. For example, a ship five hundred feet in length would require, for broadside launching, groundways of from twenty feet to twenty-five feet only. These ways are generally built of yellow pine, and their slope is about one in six. Precautions have to be taken by means of stays to prevent the vessel from heeling over too much during the launching operation; and on the rare occasions when a vessel sticks on the ways, hydraulic rams have to be employed to urge her forward. A broadside launch is a most picturesque sight, for a large tidal-like wave is thrown up by the advancing mass.

CAPRI.

The British consular agent at the beautiful island of Capri reports that it is fast increasing in popularity as a health and pleasure resort, no fewer than thirty thousand travellers having visited it during the year 1900. This is greatly owing to improved facilities for getting to the island, three steamers running there daily from Naples. It should also be mentioned that new roads and footpaths have been constructed, and that the hotel accommodation is far better than it used to be. There is a small resident British population at Capri, who have been attracted there by the equable climate, the beautiful scenery, and the comparative cheapness and simplicity of the life. Capri has always been famous for its wine; but it is losing its reputation because of the crude methods adopted. Each small farmer makes the wine according to his own notions, and often of unripe grapes; moreover, the island-grown wine is often mixed with a quantity of inferior wine from the mainland. The consular agent suggests that British capital might be advantageously invested in a manufactory on the Californian system of contracts with growers for a term of years. There are two communes on the island, Capri and Anacapri, the latter being the higher part of the island, and more primitive and undeveloped. Land is cheap here; and as there are many good building sites, in a few years this part of Capri, it is thought, may become a popular summer resort.

THE CHARMS OF MUSIC.

'Music hath charms,' sings the poet, 'to soothe the savage breast;' and as if to test the truth of this oft-quoted passage, some most prosaic experiments have recently been carried out at the German Zoological Gardens, as was done in London some time ago by Mr Cornish. The object in view was to ascertain the actual amount of influence exerted by music upon various animals in captivity; the violin was the instrument employed, and one Herr Baker was the performer. The puma appeared to be most sensitive to the sounds, its moods apparently changing as the melody became joyous or sad. The leopards were quite unconcerned. The king of beasts seemed to suffer fear; but the cubs showed an inclination to dance when the strains became lively. The hyenas were terrified; it was evidently no laughing matter to them. The monkeys were curious and interested, as were also the wolves. The experiments are to be continued with other instruments, and it will be interesting to note the effect of some of these —say the bassoon and the trombone—on the beasts. It may be mentioned that in the London Zoological Gardens a military band plays during certain hours, and that the caged inmates appear to be utterly indifferent to the music.

FORMATION OF PEARLS.

A paper on 'The Mechanism of the Formation of Gem Pearls' was recently submitted to the Académie des Sciences by M. Raphael Dubois. The particular organism dealt with was the *Mytilus edulis*, the edible pearl-bearing mussel of European

waters; but the conclusions arrived at doubtless apply to all molluscs in which pearls are found. M. Dubois asserts that the formation of the pearl is due to a little parasitic worm of the genus *Distomum*. These small creatures attach themselves to their host, the mollusc, by suckers, and are from one-fortieth to one-sixtieth of an inch in length. The young encyst themselves in their host, and if watched under a microscope the surface of their bodies appears to be strewn with tiny particles of lime. The worm is gradually covered with this calcareous deposit, which continues to grow by accretion of nacre which it draws from the body of its host. According to other observers, the nucleus of the pearl is found in some tiny piece of sand or driftwood that finds its way into the shell of the mollusc, which has the power of covering the irritating particle with layer upon layer of nacre until the pearl is formed. Sometimes a lithodomus or other boring creature will make its way through the shell of the mollusc, and layers of nacre are poured out by the occupant of the shell as a defence against the intruder. In any case, the formation of a pearl seems to be an accidental occurrence.

THEATRICAL SCENERY.

A most interesting series of water-colour drawings has just been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, and they bear the following explanatory label: 'Drawings of Theatrical Scenery and Properties made for Charles Kean, F.S.A., the Actor, as a Record of Shakespearian and other Plays produced by him at the Princess's Theatre, London, from 1851 to 1859. Presented by F. M. Paget, Esq., and Mrs F. M. Paget, niece of Mrs Charles Kean.' Charles Kean was the first among theatrical managers to mount the plays which he produced with attention to correct detail and costume. Before his time the most terrible incongruities were permitted, as any one can see by a reference to old pictures of stage characters—for instance, the rôle of Cleopatra played in a ball-dress extended with crinoline. Charles Kean changed all this; and these pictures—carefully executed water-colour drawings—are a proof of the great pains he took to have everything correct, from the architecture of a castle to the shape of a helmet. Stage managers may feel thankful that these beautiful works of art have been secured for the nation, as they will form a reference library to the proper mounting of Shakespeare's plays for all time. Although we have reason to pride ourselves upon modern theatrical productions, it is evident that the playgoers of half a century back were very well catered for by Charles Kean.

EGG-PRESERVATION.

In many neighbourhoods, and mostly in our large towns and cities, eggs which by any stretch of the imagination can be called fresh are not procurable during the greater part of the year. Many are the recipes which have been put forward for preserving this valuable article of diet so that it shall 'assume a virtue though it hath it not;' but most of these methods are ineffectual, or give a taste to the egg which is unpleasant. A new system of egg-preservation has recently been put forward which is said to have no drawbacks and to ensure an unchanged condition of the egg for about twelve months. It has the further advantages of being extremely simple and very cheap. The preservative solution is composed of water-glass to which is added about fifteen times its bulk of boiled water; but some say that the solution is effective when its strength is reduced to as little as 3 per cent. The eggs are placed in stoneware jars, and the solution is poured upon them so that they are all covered. It may be necessary to place a saucer on the top of all to ensure that the eggs of the upper layer do not project above the liquid. The price of the water-glass is about half-a-crown a gallon, and the solution can be used over and over again.

FISH-HATCHING.

In a letter to the *Times*, Earl Grey gives some particulars of the success which has attended the work of the United States Fish Commission, which will be interesting to those in this country who are endeavouring to make our rivers more productive. In the year 1896 five thousand small fish, 'fingerlings,' were released from the Clackamas Hatchery (Oregon), after having been carefully marked by the removal of part of the dorsal fin with a razor. It appears that no fewer than four hundred and fifty of these fish were secured in the second, third, and fourth years following their release; which means that, for every thousand 'fingerling' salmon liberated on the Columbia River, two thousand pounds of adult fish were caught for market a few years later. The cost of producing and planting young salmon is under one dollar per thousand, while the minimum value of the fish caught is five cents per pound, or one hundred dollars for the two thousand pounds actually taken. Salmon at five cents a pound is likely to make the mouths of the multitude here in Britain water, as we regard salmon as cheap when it can be had for one shilling a pound. But the experiences of the United States Commission lead us to hope that there may be a better time coming, in which salmon will be as common in this country as it was in days gone by.

THE MAMMOTH.

A specimen of the huge extinct hairy elephant has recently been found near the river Ebrosowka, in Eastern Siberia, by Dr Hertz. As in former discoveries of the kind, the body of the animal has been found in a perfect state of preservation

embedded in ice, the flesh having been saved from putrefaction by the intense cold. The body was found in a peculiar reclining position, with the legs bent underneath, as if the creature had fallen down some declivity and had been killed. The hair is said to have been rubbed from most of the body by the action of ice, and what little remains is of a reddish-brown colour. Except for a few pieces bitten from the body by bears and wolves, the flesh is quite complete. In the stomach of the beast was found undigested food, and on its tongue was the herbage which it ate on the day of its death, possibly eight thousand years ago.

SOUND-SIGNALS.

The Rev. J. M. Bacon, whose experimental balloon ascensions have of late years attracted much attention, has been writing on the subject of sound-signalling. His aerial experiences have taught him that a bell is not the best thing to employ if the sound-waves are intended to cover any distance, and that the lower the pitch of the bell the more inefficient it becomes for this particular service. Upon one occasion, when his balloon ascended from Woolwich, it had been arranged that the bell from the old church should be set ringing, so that it might be found how far away it was audible to the balloonist. 'Within, however, what should have been quite easy sound-range, the ringing was quite inaudible, while it was noticed that at the hour of noon, when a vast number of clocks must have been striking around us, not one was distinguishable, though we were but half a mile in the sky.' Mr Bacon is in favour of employing for sound-signals some contrivance that gives a more distinctive noise than any instrument which produces a musical note, and calls attention to a drum-like implement employed by the natives of the Gulf of Guinea for conveying messages over considerable distances. He also tells of an experiment in which a twelve-inch bell was pitted against a smith's anvil as a sound-producer. The bell was effective enough in a still atmosphere; but its discordant competitor had by far the larger range when there was disturbance and noise in the air. The high-pitched note obtained by striking the 'beak' of the anvil made itself heard above all other noises, and as the 'beak' and body of the mass of iron gave two distinct sounds, it was possible to convey messages by means of the Morse code. Mr Bacon thinks that an instrument on these lines would be more serviceable for lighthouse use than the large bell usually employed at such places.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

M. Santos Dumont, whose adventures in the air have roused the admiration of all lovers of perseverance and pluck, undeterred by the sad fate of M. Severo, has lately announced his intention of settling in London, and has intimated that he may possibly some day indulge in an aerial trip round the dome of St Paul's Cathedral. In the meantime his efforts to navigate the air have, as a matter of course, resulted in the inauguration of many rival schemes. At a so-called 'World's Fair' to be held in St Louis next year we are promised a kind of tournament of air-ships and flying-machines, at which prizes amounting in the aggregate to forty thousand pounds will be offered to competitors. Half of this sum will be given to the man who succeeds best in operating a craft successfully in the air, and one-fourth will be allotted for races between air-ships. The destination of the remaining ten thousand pounds is not stated; but doubtless there will be no lack of inventors who will be anxious to exhibit the results of their ingenuity. In the meantime, through the liberality of Mr C. A. Pearson, the Aëro Club of our own country is able to offer a prize of four thousand pounds to the man who first succeeds in travelling through the air from London to Birmingham, a distance of more than one hundred miles. With a favourable wind the accomplishment of this feat should not be more difficult than what M. Santos Dumont has already achieved in Paris. It will rather be a test of endurance.

A NEW DEVICE IN RAILWAY SIGNALLING ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

The system of railway signalling by daylight may be said to have reached a stage verging closely upon perfection; but signalling by night is still of a somewhat erratic and uncertain character. In the 'double block system,' which is now used on all main lines, the main adjuncts to successful signalling are the two signal-posts on each section: the 'distant' and 'home' signals. The 'distant' post is the one first reached; and if that signal is down, the driver knows that he will find the 'home' signal, the one nearest the cabin, also down, giving 'line clear.' If, however, the 'distant' signal is against him, the driver knows that he has to pull up at the 'home' signal. In the daytime there is a distinction observable between the two arms. The 'distant' arm has a fish-tailed cut at the end, whilst the 'home' signal has a plain end. At night, however, both signals show merely a green light for 'line clear' and a red light for 'stop.' Unless the driver knows his road very well, he has to pull up at the first signal to find out which it is. Recently, however, the North-Eastern Railway Company have been experimenting with a device, designed and patented by one of their engine-drivers, which it is claimed enables the signal-arms to be as easily discerned during darkness as in the daytime. The apparatus is simply a new glass for the signal-lamp, facing along the same way and throwing a powerful beam of

light over the whole length of the arm, thus enabling engine-drivers to see its shape and distinguish between 'home' and 'distant' signals. The glass is a double one, and is let into the front of the lamp, the top half reflecting the light straight, and the lower portion throwing the beam of light diagonally down, thus illuminating the arm when dropped. The device is inexpensive in construction, and can be fitted to all the existing glasses with but little alteration. The adoption of the apparatus, in addition to promoting greater safety, will result in a considerable saving of time, as drivers will not require to stop *en route* to find out whether the signals are 'home' or 'distant,' whilst during periods of fog the beam of light will clearly indicate the position of each signal.

BLACKWATER FEVER.

It has long been known that one of the most deadly maladies which attacks Europeans in Central Africa is the scourge called blackwater fever. A couple of years ago the British consul at Pemba called the attention of a firm of chemical manufacturers in London, Messrs Christy & Co., to the reported virtues of a certain root, which was alleged by several Arab traders to be a remedy for the fever, and which was much extolled by the natives of the interior. A supply of the root, which turns out to be a new variety of cassia, was obtained and forwarded to London, and from it was made an extract which was returned to Central Africa for purposes of experiment. The *Lancet* has recently reported upon the cases treated with this decoction, half-a-dozen in number, and all quite successful; and, in order to gain further knowledge of the remedy, the manufacturers are now sending out, free of charge, a quantity of the medicine to medical men who are likely to be brought into contact with sufferers from the disease. It has been ascertained that the plant grows freely in the district where the fever is most prevalent; and should it prove to be a specific for blackwater fever, a great advance towards the civilisation of the country will have been achieved.

A JEDBURGH LADY WHO KNEW SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The *Scotsman* recorded the death, early in 1902, of Miss Forrest, Abbey Place, Jedburgh, at the age of eighty-four years. She was a woman of vigorous intellect and retentive memory, and she possessed a great store of local history and knowledge of archæological subjects. One of her cherished memories was the fact that Sir Walter Scott said a few kindly words to her when she was at play as a girl in Friars, Jedburgh. Her father was a gunsmith in High Street, and Sir Walter often visited his shop, both on business and friendly pursuits. Many of the antiquities which Sir Walter collected, and which are now preserved at Abbotsford, were repaired in Mr Forrest's shop. Among the people of distinction with whom Sir Walter usually visited Jedburgh, and called at Mr Forrest's shop and at Inchbonny, the residence of Mr James Veitch, was Sir Humphry Davy. Miss Forrest's grandmother sang old Border ballads and Scottish songs that they might be taken down by a friend and sent to Sir Walter, and from the appearance of some of these verses in one of the Waverley Novels, the members of this family were led to surmise that Sir Walter was the author before the public acknowledgment was made. Mr Aaron Forrest, who survives his sister, has a distinct recollection of Sir Walter Scott's last appearance in Jedburgh.

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOW.

From the Original Greek.

In the days of long ago,
Came the swallow from the South,
With a message in his mouth:
'Spring is here! the soft winds blow!'

Thus the happy children sang
In the days of long ago,
And the island city rang: Rhodes
'Spring is here! We know! we know!'

Flowers from dust forgotten grow;
Vanished are the children all;
But once more the swallows call
As in days of long ago:
'Spring is here! the soft winds blow!
Spring is here! We know! we know!'

The August Part of
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
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Will contain the opening chapters of a New Story
BY
W. E. CULE,
ENTITLED
PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL,
With other Short Stories, and the usual Articles of Instruction and Entertainment.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

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SIXTH SERIES.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

By W. E. Cule.

CHAPTER I.—MR JAMES BARROWS TAKES A DAY OFF.

IF Our Lady of Destiny may be said to take a special delight in anything, it is certain that she must find peculiar pleasure in a dramatic situation. Yet so trifling are the incidents with which she deals that it sometimes seems as though the most momentous crises in life are brought about by nothing more than a cast of the dice. She takes the cup and throws: she glances at the numbers as they stand. Sometimes they represent a situation entirely to her taste, and she leaves them upon the board. Then her subjects must play out their parts according to the powers that are in them.

One spring morning Mr James Barrows, of Welding, had a trifling disappointment. He was an obscure gentleman of middle age and of small independent means, and he lived his life in a small country town some hour's journey from London. His dwelling was a modest semi-detached villa, with a long, narrow garden, to which he gave the greater part of his time and interest. It was in connection with this garden that his trifling disappointment came about.

He had ordered certain supplies from a prominent seedsman in the Reading district, and had expected them on this particular morning. The first post, however, had brought word to the effect that the parcel had been delayed, and would probably be delivered to-morrow. Mr Barrows was inclined to be methodical in his arrangements, and he had set aside this day for dealing with the new supplies. Consequently his dispositions were put out of gear, and he was left without any special employment for the morning. This was his disappointment.

After breakfast he walked aimlessly out to the garden. A low wall divided it from the next-door premises, and on the other side of this wall he saw his neighbour, Hadfield. Hadfield saw him at the same time.

'Good-morning,' he said pleasantly.

'Good-morning,' answered Mr Barrows. 'I am rather put out to-day. The things I've ordered from Stoughton's haven't been sent. They won't come until to-morrow.'

Hadfield was no gardener; but he expressed his sympathy, looking over the wall to do so. He was an ordinary young fellow, of a large build and a pleasant face. To this day he cannot tell what were the things Mr Barrows referred to; but he has a vague impression that they were bulbs.

'That's hard lines,' he said. 'But I suppose a day won't make much difference—will it?'

'Difference? Oh no,' answered the elder man thoughtfully. 'But I had arranged to attend to them to-day; that's all.'

Hadfield smiled. The methodical ways of his neighbour often amused him. Then he made the suggestion which was to have such unlooked-for results.

'Well,' he said, 'since you can't do that, why not take a day off? Why not run up to town, for a change?'

Mr Barrows, leisurely in all things, began to consider the suggestion. While he was doing so Hadfield was joined by his wife, a fair, clear-eyed, and clear-complexioned little woman, to whom ten months of married life had brought nothing but contentment and goodwill. She came to the wall, and greeted Mr Barrows with a smile and a question.

'What!' she said; 'gardening already?'

Her husband was the first to answer. 'No, he said. 'There is no gardening this morning. I have just been advising Mr Barrows to take a day off, and run up to town.'

'Ah,' said Mrs Hadfield, with a sigh, 'wouldn't that be delightful! Are you going?'

Mr Barrows, smiling, said that he had not yet decided, but that he felt rather inclined

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to go. For a few minutes they stood discussing the suggestion lightly, and his inclination became manifestly stronger. Then Hadfield, looking at his watch, declared that he must be off if he intended to get to the office that day, and the conference broke up.

Mr Hadfield and his wife went in, and some five minutes later the former was on his way to the offices of the Welding Local Board, where he occupied a comfortable if not exhilarating position.

Mr Barrows walked the length of his garden to see that all was in order, and then returned to his house to look for a time-table. He had decided at last that he would adopt his neighbour's suggestion. He was not at all eager in the matter, but he had remembered that he might use the opportunity of a run to town by making a call on a trifling matter of business. An idle holiday had no attraction for him; but this fact gave it some appearance of usefulness. Some nine or ten years ago he had written a book, which had chanced to suit the moment, and had brought him in a small sum of money. He had not heard from the publisher for a couple of years now; and, though disinclined to write, had often thought of calling to inquire after the latest fortunes of his venture. He would call to-day.

The time-table showed that he could get a train in less than an hour's time, so he changed his dress, informed his solitary housekeeper, and made all necessary preparations. A little later he was making his way to the station.

There was an enjoyable brightness and sweetness in the air of the little town on this spring morning. As he passed down the High Street he exchanged greetings with one or two of the principal tradesmen, who had come out to breathe the freshness from their own doorsteps. Having been a resident for so many years, Mr Barrows was quite a familiar figure in the town.

When he reached the station he found that an empty compartment was available, and secured it. A morning paper, read in the leisurely manner which marked all Mr Barrows' movements, occupied the hour of the journey. On his arrival in town he went direct to Paternoster Square, and visited a publisher's office. There he sent in his card to Mr MacArthur, and after a brief period of waiting was conducted to that gentleman's room.

Mr MacArthur was portly and pleasant. 'Ah, Mr Barrows,' he said, 'how do you do? Have you just come up?' For his visitor's air and attire spoke clearly of the country.

'Yes,' answered Mr Barrows.

'Then I suppose it must be business. What can I do for you?'

'It is really nothing of importance,' explained the visitor. 'But I thought I would call and inquire about my little book. I wondered whether—whether you would be thinking of a new edition, or anything of that kind.'

The publisher considered for a moment. He had almost forgotten the book in question, but he did not say so. He touched a bell, which brought a clerk to the door. 'Let me have a copy of Mr James Barrows' book,' he said; and during the interval of waiting he found safer ground for talk in the state of the weather and the prospects of a fine summer.

In a few moments the book was brought in. Mr MacArthur handled it reflectively—a small, modest-looking volume, in a gray binding.

'Ah!' he said, 'here it is: *Prince Adrian of Zell.* You wrote it just after the Prince's death, and it owed its sale to the interest taken at that time in Styrian politics. This is the second edition. You wrote a fresh chapter on the Styrian situation at my request—did you not?'

Mr Barrows intimated that this was so. The publisher nodded.

'Well,' he said, 'I cannot say that I had thought of a new edition. In fact, the second edition did not go off completely. With such a book as this, you know—a kind of political biography, I suppose we may call it—everything depends upon outside circumstances. It owed its sale, in fact, to the unrest in Styria; but things there appear to be quieting down of late. From what I have noticed in the papers, I fancy that they have a strong man at the head of affairs. And if things quiet down, of course there will be no call for work of this kind.'

He closed the book, as if to emphasise his decision. Then he made a further remark out of a freshened memory.

'By the way, if I am not mistaken, it was said that you dealt with the poor Prince rather severely?'

'It certainly was said,' agreed Mr Barrows, smiling; 'but I did not treat him more harshly than he deserved.'

'Ah! I suppose that would have been difficult—for one who knew him so well. A man who made such confusion of his place and opportunities did not deserve gentle handling. But there, he is dead long ago, and forgotten. What is the saying: "*Nihil nisi*"——?'

Mr Barrows promptly completed the sentence. The publisher rose, laying the book aside as he did so.

'Just so,' he said. 'Let him rest. Well, if anything should turn up, Mr Barrows, of course I should communicate with you. But at present, as I have said, I do not see much likelihood. Good-morning.'

He held out his hand, and walked to the door with his visitor. But when Mr Barrows had gone he returned to the table, and took up the book once more, turning the leaves thoughtfully. He

remembered quite clearly, now, that the writer's treatment of Prince Adrian was not only severe, but almost savage in its bitterness; and he could not quite reconcile this with the appearance and manner of Mr Barrows himself. The man from Welding was mild, refined, and courteous; but he had treated another man's failure in an absolutely merciless spirit. Then the publisher remembered that Mr Barrows had once been closely connected with the Prince—had been his secretary, or something of the kind. It occurred to him that this might supply a clue.

'He was probably disappointed,' he thought, 'and perhaps they quarrelled. A man you have disappointed is hardly the best man to write your biography. Yes, I suppose the secret lies just there.' And with that he dismissed the matter from his mind.

In the meantime Mr Barrows had left the building. At the outer doors he paused, apparently to consider the results of the interview. Curiously enough, his expression did not at all suggest a disappointed author. It might have been one of relief rather than disappointment.

'I think,' he said half aloud as he stood for a moment on the doorstep, 'I may consider that incident closed. There will be no need to think of it again.'

Then he passed out, and in a few minutes was one of the multitude in a main thoroughfare. He went aimlessly, for he had no particular object in view, and no limit in the matter of time. His thoughts, however, were not with what he saw, but rather with the conversation which had taken place.

'Dead long ago, and forgotten,' he reflected, dwelling on MacArthur's parting words. 'And if a man is forgotten, it is only natural that his history should cease to be called for. Dead long ago—yet it is only ten or twelve years—and forgotten.'

He came to a pause at the corner of a street where there was a ceaseless thunder of traffic and sound of hurrying footsteps. He was now somewhere in the Hatton Gardens neighbourhood, and for a few minutes his way was blocked. As he stood there waiting, an idle, gray-clad figure stranded upon the kerb, an omnibus came up and stopped just before him.

It seemed to be almost an invitation. He surveyed it absently, smiling at the curious combination of primary colours. Then he noticed a name on the panels, exactly on a level with his eyes. It was the name of a district which contains one of the largest London cemeteries.

Mr Barrows was sometimes inclined to be whimsical. He was also inclined to be impulsive. The idea that came to him now was of a decidedly whimsical character. 'It is evident,' he thought, 'that I am invited to go out there—perhaps to look at the place where the Prince rests. I have nothing to do, and I have time enough. Why should I not accept this invitation and go?'

Apparently there was no reason why he should not go. The omnibus commenced to move on. Smiling at something in his own resolve, Mr Barrows caught the rail and stepped on to the footboard.

CHAPTER II.—A MORNING OF CURIOUS ADVENTURE.

THE great iron gates which divided the field of the dead from the world of the living were standing wide in the noonday sunshine when Mr Barrows reached them. Within he saw one or two attendants at work upon the grounds; and just as he approached the entrance two other persons issued from it. They were evidently mourners. One was a woman of mature age, heavily veiled; and the other appeared to be her daughter. Mr Barrows glanced at them with a species of sympathetic curiosity at first; but the character of his glance changed immediately, and became intent. It was a better view of the younger woman's face that caused the change, for she chanced to look up.

The meeting was only momentary, for they had walked on; but it was sufficient to impress Mr Barrows strongly. It seemed to him that the face of the girl was strikingly attractive. Moreover, the cast of features was a peculiar one, and gave him a curious impression of remembrance and recognition. Yet this impression faded, as such impressions often do, in the space of a minute.

'What curious fancies we get,' he thought, 'when we go out among strangers after a long period of home quiet! One's senses are all on the alert, as it were, and snatch many false and foolish impressions. I could have declared at that moment that I had met that girl before.'

He turned once to look after the couple, but they had already disappeared. Then, still musing upon this curious coincidence of a morning's walk, he passed on into the grounds. But although the second impression had been thrust away, the first remained with him. The girl had been exceedingly attractive, and for a man of steady middle-age there are few more interesting things in this world than a young and beautiful face. At this period, however, mere perfection of feature is not all that is looked for. There is a demand for a higher and more satisfying beauty—that of mind and heart; and it was the suggestion of this that had appealed to him in the brief glance which he had caught. The stranger might have been from twenty-two to twenty-five years of age, for there was a certain firmness in her features which he had noticed almost unconsciously; but, unless he was mistaken, she had developed in more directions than one.

Yet Mr Barrows was a man of various moods, and presently he remembered the purpose of his visit to this place. With the remembrance came a return of his earlier humour. He walked on through the quiet pathways, looking idly to right and left, pausing now and again to examine with greater care one or other of the many monuments which stood near his path. He seemed to be looking for a name which he should recognise.

His search, however, was fruitless, and after a time he came to a stand. Then he saw an attendant some little distance off, busily engaged in cutting the grass on a space of yet undisturbed ground. Mr Barrows looked at his watch, and glanced in that direction.

'Perhaps he will be able to direct me,' he said half aloud. 'Yet I am afraid that it is scarcely worth while to ask him. When a man is quite forgotten, even his grave may be hard to find.'

Still smiling curiously, he returned his watch to its place; but he had now decided to pursue his inquiries, so he left the path and went over towards the man he had seen.

He went in his own leisurely way, halting frequently to look at some inscription or to examine some piece of able carving. It was thus that another person, who had entered the grounds some time after him, was enabled to arrive at the same destination a little before him.

This was a younger man, one who had not numbered many more than half the years that had been placed to Mr Barrows' account. He was tall and sturdy, and he was dressed as a gentleman, while he moved with a certain air of assurance. He went direct to the attendant, and addressed him.

Mr Barrows stopped when he saw that he was forestalled, and turned to examine a gorgeous monument which had lately been erected to the memory of a late alderman of the city of London. He was some ten yards distant from the others, and they did not heed him. In the stillness of the place every word came to him clearly.

'Well,' said the new-comer abruptly, 'any news to-day?'

Mr Barrows gave a perceptible start. Still standing before the glory of the departed alderman, he yet turned slightly, so that he might get a view of the speaker's face.

Impressions are not to be measured by time. The man with the scythe did not answer the question at once, but paused to take a comfortable leaning position upon the shaft of his implement. Yet in that brief period Mr Barrows learned a great deal.

It was the accent of the speaker that had first startled him; and he saw in a moment that his hearing had not played him false. The young man had a countenance of a peculiar cast. It was not a cast peculiar to a family—a family likeness—but it was suggestive of a national type; and if Mr Barrows was not mistaken—if his senses were not again too much on the alert—the face was of a national type with which he had once been familiar. He waited with interest, looking intently at the name of the dead alderman.

'They've been here, sir,' said the man with the scythe, 'and they haven't gone half-an-hour. You might almost have met them at the gate.'

The visitor gave an exclamation of disgust; but the attendant went on:

'They were over there for quite a time. I got talkin' to them, and—and it's all right.'

'You got what I wanted?' cried the young man.

'I did, sir. They live at No. 19 Franklyn Terrace, and it's not ten minutes' walk from the gates.'

'Ah!' said the visitor; 'No. 19 Franklyn Terrace. Ten minutes from the gates.'

He uttered the words slowly, as though to impress them upon his memory; and Mr Barrows, still intent, noticed something more in his speech than the peculiar accent which had first attracted his attention. It was a note of triumph, so distinct as to be unmistakable, so pronounced as to be almost evil. And suddenly Mr Barrows, who, as I have said before, was a creature of whims and moods, took a certain dislike to this person.

'That was what you wanted to know, sir—wasn't it?' asked the attendant suggestively.

'Thank you, yes,' answered the other. 'That was what I wanted to know.'

Something passed silently from one to the other. The attendant touched his cap.

'Thank you, sir,' he said. 'Good-mornin', sir.'

The young man returned the 'Good-morning' with a careless nod. Then he turned to make his way back to the path.

He was thus obliged to pass Mr Barrows, who took this opportunity of obtaining a better view of his features. It was apparently a casual glance that passed between them; and what the young man saw was a simply dressed, middle-aged person, with quiet, reflective eyes, a mild, somewhat absent expression, and a closely trimmed beard sprinkled with gray. What Mr Barrows saw was what he had expected to see, after what he had already seen and heard: the face of a strongly built young fellow, with triumph distinct in it—a triumph that appeared to emphasise some unpleasant characteristics which had been there before.

'Certainly an unpleasant person to have a quarrel with,' he thought, turning an absent glance once more upon the tomb of the alderman. 'One of the people it is best to know at a distance. Now, I wonder why he is following

up those women; for I am positive that the talk was all about those women I met at the gates. It may be a love affair; but his face did not look much like love. And the most curious part of it is that they are both Lusians. There is no mistaking the type or the accent.'

He seemed to be impressed for the time, for there was a gravity and a perplexity in his face. It was some little while, indeed, before he was able to throw off his unaccustomed soberness and return to the matter of his own business.

'Things seem to be happening to-day,' he thought. 'But, after all, it can be nothing to me. If the Prince were alive — well, if the Prince were alive he might be interested. But he is dead, and I have come here to look at his grave.'

With that he moved on to where the attendant was still leaning upon his scythe, watching the departing figure of his late interviewer. He turned to examine Mr Barrows with idle interest.

'Good-morning,' said Mr Barrows pleasantly.

'Mornin', sir,' answered the man briefly.

'Do you happen to know,' said Mr Barrows, 'whether there are any princes buried about here?'

He put the question with a smile, as if it contained an element of the ridiculous. The man gaped in utter surprise; then, observing the smile, he scented a jest.

'Not that I know of,' he answered, thawing. 'This is not the kind of place they would bury princes in.'

'Not even foreign princes?' asked Mr Barrows. 'It was a foreign prince that I was thinking of.'

Suddenly a new interest dawned in the man's eyes. He looked his questioner over very carefully.

'No, sir,' he said; 'I don't know of any foreign princes buried here. Anyhow, I never heard of one. But it's a queer thing you should come and ask just now.'

'Why?' asked Mr Barrows.

'Why? Why, because there was a foreign gentleman buried here a couple of months back, and his wife and daughter have been comin' here ever since. And if I'm any judge at all, they're the real nobility, even if it is a foreign kind. But that's not the queerest part of it, either.'

The man was superficially surly; but, like many others who are surly on the surface, he could be loquacious. He was also in a good mood, as a result of the tip he had so recently earned.

'Indeed!' said Mr Barrows, with a show of surprise. 'Then what else is there?'

'It's just this, sir. You noticed the gentleman who was here just now? Well, if I'm not mistaken, he's a foreigner too; and, unless I'm very much out, he's as good class as the other lot. He knows those others, and he wanted me to find out where they lived.'

Mr Barrows was already aware of that. He turned the current by a question:

'Indeed! So he is a foreigner too? Do you know his name?'

'No, sir, I don't. But the other party's name — why, it's to be seen plain enough over the grave. And that's just over there.'

He pointed towards a piece of ground where Mr Barrows could see a number of newly raised mounds. 'If you walk over you'll see it,' he said. 'It's on a little wooden cross, painted in white letters.'

Mr Barrows stood and considered. He had only recently decided that this affair was none of his business; but the additional circumstances had naturally aroused his curiosity.

'Thank you,' he said. 'I'll go over. Good-morning.'

'Good-mornin', sir.'

Mr Barrows moved away in the direction which had been indicated. Perhaps he had a wish to discover the name of the young woman whose face had pleased him so well. And all this was the outcome of his trifling disappointment in the early morning.

In a few minutes he reached the spot which the communicative attendant had pointed out to him; and there he saw one mound which had a small wooden cross at its head, either as a merely temporary erection or as the modest effort of poverty. He approached it from the back, and was obliged to walk round to the other side before he could see the inscription.

As the man had said, it was plainly lettered in white paint. It took him but an instant to read it.

It must have been at that instant that Our Lady of Destiny tilted the cup and threw the numbers upon the board. Perhaps she smiled at the result as something after her own heart. 'Let them stand thus,' she said, 'and let them play out their parts.'

IN A TROPICAL HARBOUR.

IT is my great good fortune to live on the shore of one of the finest tropical harbours in the world, that of Kingston, Jamaica, situated nearly five thousand miles away from grimy London, among 'an archipelago of sunlit isles.' This harbour is of vast extent, being at least twelve miles long by three miles wide. A long strip of sand and coral-reef, crowned with a fringe of coco-nut palms, forms a breakwater along its southern side. Cross over this strip, and you are at the ocean's edge, strewn here and there with the wreckage of goodly ships torn asunder by the fury of some tropical cyclone. The placid, treacherous Caribbean stretches out, intensely blue, like a floor of glass, as far as the eye can reach, with long-backed breakers falling in cataracts of foam on the coral sands, and seeming for all the world like the keyboard of some mighty organ. Presently, perhaps, the south-east trade-wind springs up and furrows the glassy ocean into little white-capped waves, which happily relieve the monotony of blue sky and blue sea. The palms, rustling in the breeze, make a murmuring music sweeter than anything else on earth, except the same melody among the graceful *filas* pines on the seaboard of eastern tropical islands like Mauritius and Réunion.

The northern shore is guarded by a chain of giant peaks called the Blue Mountains. Well do these mountains deserve the name, for all day long, under the white-hot glare of the tropical sun, they reflect the gorgeous azure of sea and sky. A plain, covered with the luxuriant vegetation of cane-fields and banana-groves, stretches from the foothills of these mountains to the harbour's edge. One tastes the full joy of life in such a land. However, man does not live by scenery alone. Robert Louis Stevenson talked good sense when he said the average reader cannot stand more than two minutes of description at a dose.

My harbour is a paradise for the sportsman as well as for the lover of the beautiful. Nowhere can you find a better place for yachting. Except in one or two of the hottest months of the year, a fairly stiff sea-breeze blows every day. Luckily I am the owner of a small sloop-rigged yacht: not an ambitious sort of craft, it is true, but excellently adapted for exploring every nook and cranny of the harbour. Those luckless wretches who have never tasted the delights of sailing in the tropics do not know what it is to live. To skim before the trade-wind with mainsail and spinnaker full, and a lather of foam round the bows, is more exhilarating than champagne; and if only we are leaving a rival yacht astern our cup of happiness runs over. The harbour is alive with small craft of all sorts and conditions, from stately liners and sinister-looking warships to tiny turtle-schooners and the humble 'dug-outs' in which the negro fishermen perform surprising and daring feats of seamanship. As the nose of the yacht cleaves through the waves, the fish, with which the harbour teems, become scared, and sometimes jump out of the water in shoals, turning with a silvery gleam in the sunlight and flopping back again, perhaps into the maw of a hungry barracoota. That brigand of the ocean is a long, thin fish, armed with rows of cruel, sharp teeth, and more savage than a pike. Frequently it grows to the length of a man, and it is dreaded by the bather in tropical waters far more than a shark or a crocodile. The fear seems superfluous, however, for a barracoota will not attack a man if it can possibly get away from him; but if one were driven into a corner, it might turn at bay and fight viciously. I have known cases, too, where fishermen have had to fight hard to protect themselves from a barracoota landed in their boat; but it could hardly dismember a man, like a shark or alligator, though it might bite off a finger or nip a piece of flesh out of a vital part.

It is commonly supposed that swimming in tropical waters is dangerous; but the supposition is quite erroneous. There are plenty of sharks, barracootas, crocodiles, and other marine monsters of evil reputation in the harbour; but they are far more afraid of the swimmer than the swimmer is of them. Hundreds of people, principally negro boys, bathe in the harbour every day, and yet there is not a single fatality on record. Most of the inhabitants of Kingston will tell you it is absolutely suicidal to go into the water. They have never been in it themselves; but they are full of horrific shark-legends. When you ask them to mention an authentic case of a man being bitten, they cannot do so; the memory of the oldest inhabitant does not include one such catastrophe. I can claim to be no mean authority on the subject, since it has been my habit for over a year to go for a swim once or twice a day. Quite recently a friend and I were in the harbour for three hours and a half, swimming five miles at a stretch—a fairly easy task in these warm and placid waters. During most of the time we were a long way from the shore, but no man-eating monster troubled us. Once, it is true, we had a little scare. We were swimming along quietly about a quarter of a mile from land, through emerald water so beautifully transparent that we could plainly see multitudes of rainbow-tinted fish flitting to and fro many yards away and many fathoms below the surface. Presently a large shoal of mullet, gorgeously striped with blue, brown, and silver, darted in

front of us and vanished like a streak of lightning, leaving in their place a barracoota fully six feet in length. He was not scared by our approach, but stuck to his guns and eyed us with a threatening curiosity. Six feet of horror lying motionless athwart our path, a few feet below the surface, was too much for our nerves, and with a shout of 'Shore!' and a wild splashing that ought to have scared anything with fins, we left the barracoota master of the field. Probably it had been hunting for a breakfast off the mullet, and was as surprised as we were when we took their place, as we must have seemed strange creatures. Most likely the barracoota darted away just as we did, and in far greater terror. In calmer moments, after the shock of the encounter is over, we think of these things; but at the time they do not occur to us.

When the late Mr James Anthony Froude honoured this island with a visit, he wrote: 'Of the sharks with which the harbour used to swarm we saw none. "Port Royal Jack" and his kindred are said to have disappeared, driven or frightened out by the screws of the steamers; but it is not a place which I should choose for a swim. Nor did the nigger boys seem as anxious as I had seen them in other spots to dive for sixpences under the ship's side.' Mr Froude was misinformed. There are plenty of sharks still. I have seen dozens of them, and once assisted in the capture of an enormous brute nearly twenty feet long, which it took the whole of a steamer's crew to lug on deck. I remember, on another occasion, trying to sleep one night in a tiny cockle-shell of a rowing-boat tied up to a buoy at the harbour-mouth. The heavy ocean swell rocked the boat so violently that it was impossible to do more than doze fitfully. All night long three big sharks swam round and round the tiny craft in narrow circles, splashing the water into a livid, phosphorescent glow decidedly uncanny under the circumstances. The steamers Mr Froude referred to only use a small portion of the harbour, yet in that portion sharks are most numerous. They browse around for the refuse from the cook's galley. As for 'Port Royal Tom,' who was supposed to eat three or four sailors every morning for breakfast in the good old days, he is merely a marine 'Mrs Harris.' 'There ain't no sich a person,' and never was. Sailors are all arrant sharkophobists—if I may be allowed to coin a necessary word. Jack Shark is their legendary enemy, and they blacken his reputation far more than he deserves. They see him from the deck of their ship, and think that if they fall overboard they will be gobbled up in a brace of shakes. As a matter of fact, the shark, scared to death, would dart away like lightning, and not stop swimming until he had covered two or three miles. There is a similar legend about the beautiful harbour of Nassau, in the Bahamas, which is said to be guarded by a shark over fifteen feet in length, known as 'The Harbour-Master.' Sir William Robinson, G.C.M.G., formerly Governor of the Bahamas, remarked in a recent lecture before the Royal Colonial Institute: 'I do not think that any one who has been upset on the bar has ever reached the shore alive, and it cannot be distant more than two hundred yards.' Now, as a matter of fact, I know a negro who used to bathe at that very spot every day. 'The Harbour-Master' never troubled him, and he says it is a myth.

While on the subject of sharks, I may mention a curious capture in Kingston harbour some little time ago. Perhaps the reader has heard, and disbelieved, the story that baby-sharks take refuge down their mother's throat at the approach of danger. It is perfectly true. An immense shark was caught lately by the marines of His Majesty's Guardship *Urgent* at Port Royal. It was so big that the most stalwart seaman aboard could have passed through its mouth without touching the teeth. This may sound like an old salt's yarn, but it is the absolute truth. I do not want to stagger the reader's credulity, yet it is also a fact that no less than forty-nine young ones, all alive and kicking, were found in the mother's stomach.

This is an age of whitewashing. All the bad characters in history are being canonised by degrees, and the demons of our ancestors are recognised as merely piebald. It is time somebody stood up for the shark. He is really not the man-eating ruffian he is painted, but a quiet, harmless, timorous creature only too glad to live and let live. He is far more sinned against than sinning, for the average sailor will torture him atrociously whenever he gets the chance. A friend tells me that in Savanna-la-Mer harbour, in Jamaica, he once saw a small pig in the water surrounded by half-a-dozen sharks. They kept swimming up to him only to dart away in terror when he kicked his little legs about. He swam to shore without being bitten. Take another case within my knowledge. The steamship *Speke Hall* foundered in May 1885 in the Arabian Sea. Only the second officer was saved. He drifted about for three days on a plank, with many sharks around him, until he was rescued by a passing steamer. Personally, therefore, I would never give up the supreme delights of swimming in the tropics for fear of sharks.

There is plenty to see, when we go yachting, besides sharks. Sometimes a shoal of clumsy, pig-eyed dolphins flit swiftly by, bouncing about like indiarubber balls. Huge pelicans, powerful on the wing even in the stiffest gale, soar a few score feet above the waves, keeping their weather-eye lifting until some luckless fish come near the surface, and then darting down and transfixing them with their huge beaks. The pelican never misses its aim; it notices a fish, perhaps, from a

height of two hundred feet, and comes down as swiftly and surely as an arrow to the mark. Equally good fishermen are the graceful frigate-birds, whose flight is the true poetry of motion; and the more commonplace gulls, gluttonous little wretches, flock in myriads whenever there is a chance of a good feed.

To the Englishman who loves his country, the harbour is dear by reason of its glorious association with bygone days when the 'bow of Ulysses' was indeed strung taut. Valiant old Benbow, 'true pattern of English courage,' was brought here to die of his wounds after the disastrous sea-fight off Santa Martha. On a brighter day the gallant Rodney sailed in triumph up the harbour with half of France's greatest fleet, captured at 'England's Salamis.' Nelson, when a captain, commanded one of the forts defending Port Royal, dreaming his dreams and waiting for his chance. To this day three nameless graves are shown as those of his 'three wives.' The evidence is not good enough to hang a dog upon, and we may hope he was no worse than the average sailor before he met Lady Hamilton.

The old forts which preserved the harbour in those stormy days are crumbling to ruins, their walls dismantled and moss-grown, their rusty guns lying amidst tangled masses of tropical vegetation. Fort Augusta is the chief of these ancient defences, and is still used as a powder-magazine. No place on earth has a more ghastly record. It is a military Golgotha. Now that outcries are being made against War Office methods, it is interesting to recall the most criminal piece of mismanagement in the annals of the British army. The fort is built upon a malarial mangrove-swamp. There were many healthy sites which might have been used; but the solitary, fatal spot was chosen out of sheer perversity. Regiment after regiment went there —to die. Tradition says that of one battalion only two men survived. There is no place round the fort where horses can trot a hundred yards; but the sapient War Office of one of the Georges actually sent out a regiment of Hussars, who perished like the rest. Fort Augusta has slain more men than the bloodiest battle in history. Thank God! it is now garrisoned only by a small guard of negro soldiers, who are constantly relieved. Modern batteries in healthy locations replace the ruined forts.

Rich in romance, distinguished for its beauty even amidst West Indian scenery, and prodigal of pleasure to the sportsman, the harbour is my constant delight. It is pleasant to sail along with a fair wind and a cloudless sky; pleasanter still to drift beneath the rich glory of the tropic moon with a banjo aboard; but pleasantest of all to beat home in the teeth of a tearing squall, with the spray flying to the burgee and the boat half-full of water. That brings out the grit in a man.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XXV.—BITTER-SWEET.

THE remaining weeks of her stay in England proved a busy time for Lucie, who had returned to Queen's Gate, where Honoria was already actively engaged in preparations for her wedding, which had been fixed to take place early in October.

It was a most agreeable surprise to Lucie to find the attitude of aggrieved toleration wherewith Honoria had been accustomed to regard her changed to one of amiable cordiality. For Lucie's share in the unexpected restoration of her uncle's property, and Honoria's assurance that she alone possessed Mr Ruddenheim's affections, combined with the knowledge that very shortly the troublesome Colonial cousin would set forth on the return journey to her far-away home, had all had a felicitous effect in mollifying Honoria.

For the first time in her existence Honoria was too busy to be discontented; consequently Honoria was happy.

Mr Ruddenheim had deferred to her unquestionably good taste respecting the complete redecoration of the Bayswater mansion, which was in progress against the advent of its new mistress. So from morning till night Miss Seton-Lorimer had not an idle moment. The hours which were not passed in choosing tints and in deciding upon the selection and disposition of furniture were spent in driving from one place of business to another. For the trousseau of a maiden with Honoria's aspirations was a matter demanding and receiving much personal attention from the heads of even exclusive establishments.

Every bride is a heroine to her sex; and Honoria gloried in the position. Even her appearance improved under the influence of wholesome excitement. Her skin became clearer; her expression lost its stereotyped suavity, and became almost natural. She was so nice to her *fiancé* that Lucie actually began to imagine that it was really the man Honoria was in love with, not the married state.

To Mr Lorimer's regret, both Lucie and Lieutenant Tresscott had resolutely refused to accept the thousand pounds, although Lucie gratified her

uncle by allowing him to refund the four hundred pounds she had lost—money that Lucie at once remitted to her father in repayment of the second sum for that amount which, immediately on hearing of her loss, he had cabled to her. With the remainder of her father's allowance she revelled among the tempting wares of the shops, whose goods impressed her Colonial-bred mind as being so amazingly cheap.

It was a vast gratification to Lucie to anticipate returning to her family laden with tangible signs of her affection and thought for them. She purchased handsome materials and good laces for her mother, dainty frocks and hats and lingerie for Kitty. There were gifts for her father also, though to think of articles that would suit his taste was a harder task than buying any amount of fal-lals and frippery for her mother and sister; for in the little issues of life Mr Peter Lorimer's nature inclined to the captious, and he had a way of receiving affection's tributes in a spirit that was more critical than grateful.

'Why, you might as well buy a trousseau when you're at it,' Honoria remarked, seeing the lavish way Lucie bought pretty frocks suitable for the Southern summer to which she was going. But though Lucie laughed off the matter, she had flushed hotly at Honoria's jest, for in her secret heart she knew she was preparing for her marriage with David Straight.

As time progressed, the vow that, as a matter of conscience, she had taken, never dreaming of the untoward influence it would exercise on her future, had begun to press more and more heavily upon her heart. Ofttimes in the hurry-scurry of her last weeks in town she forgot it for a little; then the memory of her rash pledge came back with a rush, blighting her pleasure.

The Admiralty, graciously condescending to accede to Tresscott's request, had reappointed him to the Australian station; and his passage was already secured by a quick steamer direct to Auckland, that was due to sail on the 14th of September. Lucie's berth in the same ship had been taken early; and Tresscott, now happy in the prospect of a long voyage in her company, was with his father spending the end of his leave at a shooting-box in Scotland. Letters in his scrawling handwriting, and offerings of game packed in fragrant heather—game that the Queen's Gate servants objected to because it entailed labour in plucking and dressing—arrived frequently to remind Lucie that, although Tresscott's body might be in the Highlands, his heart was in London.

A dress-length of Macleod tartan—the clan to which a Tresscott grandmother had belonged—had come to Lucie with the Commander's love; and, surveying herself in the extremely smart travelling-costume whereinto Fredoline had graciously consented to fashion it, Lucie wept secret tears to think that, the voyage once ended, her future travelling must be done with David Straight.

She bitterly regretted not having confided in Tommy her intention of marrying Straight; but unless he led up to the subject, it was a difficult one for a maiden to broach.

'Perhaps David may have changed. He may not any longer wish me.' She tried hard to cherish the idea that therein might lie an easy way out of her difficulties, though common-sense assured her that it was a forlorn hope. Straight had gained a seat in the New Zealand Parliament now, and life as the wife of a member of the House of Representatives might have been tolerable if only—— Lucie sighed to think of the difference Tresscott's chancing to get leave had wrought in her life-scheme.

September came, and the day of Lucie's departure drew near. Honoria had professed herself woefully disappointed that her cousin could not delay another fortnight to act as one of her bridesmaids; but the chance of a direct steamer to Auckland had presented itself, and was not to be missed.

Mr Ruddenheim, touched by Lucie's reticence regarding his spasmodic attraction toward herself, had insisted on presenting her with a replica of the gifts intended for the bridesmaids, as a mark of his esteem. It was a bangle bearing a design of two hearts—the one with the monogram H.S.L., the other with P.R.—pierced by an arrow and surmounted by a true-lovers'-knot in diamonds; but if Lucie's keen sense of the ridiculous lent a tinge of humour to the situation, she concealed it, and thanked the donor with becoming grace.

The night before Lucie sailed, Honoria, for once setting aside her own inclinations, gave a little dinner-party to those friends with whom Lucie's visit had been more immediately connected.

The Commander was there, fresh from his shooting exploits, regretful about the near parting with his son, but full of an as yet embryonic scheme for spending the succeeding winter in the South Seas. Aunt Sarah, looking neater and nicer than ever, wore a soft gray satin, trimmed with some old lace whose value inspired respect even in Honoria. Mr Muter, who arrived inconveniently early, brought Lucie as a parting gift a copy of his manual on zoophytes. She was pleased to see that he wore a new well-fitting evening-suit, and that white silk socks, of which he seemed inordinately proud, adorned his ankles.

Mr and Mrs Denman were expected; but Mrs Denman, who arrived twenty-five minutes late, apologised for her husband's absence by saying that at the last moment he had been prevented from coming.

'Found his dress-clothes ruined by moths, and

blamed *me* for it. Me! as if I had anything to do with the matter,' she told Lucie confidentially. 'Now, isn't that Man all over?'

At dessert Mr Seton-Lorimer—who dearly loved any occasion that demanded an oration—rising from his chair, formally presented Lucie with a costly pearl necklace clasped with a diamond rose, at the same time proposing the future prosperity of his niece in terms of such warm affection that only the sympathetic pressure of Tommy's hand, which had reassuringly grasped hers under cover of the tablecloth, prevented Lucie from breaking down altogether.

Tresscott's share in the recovery of his stolen property Mr Seton-Lorimer acknowledged by the bestowal of as handsome a set of nautical instruments as money could buy, a purchase in whose selection he had wisely secured the secret connivance of the Commander.

'Nice little girl,' remarked Mr Ruddenheim when the ladies had adjourned to the drawing-room. 'Pity she has to go back to that God-forsaken place. I suppose she'll be marrying shortly.'

'Will she?' Tommy said interrogatively, wondering whether Mr Ruddenheim spoke from knowledge or merely indulged in prophecy.

'Yes. Going to marry some fellow she met out there. Why, didn't you know? She told me so herself,' he added, perceiving that his information held a surprise, and not a pleasant one, for Tresscott. 'But, I say, she told me in confidence. So perhaps you'd better not mention it. I can depend on you?'

'Yes. You can depend on me,' Tommy answered, never doubting that it was Challoner to whom Lucie had referred, and feeling sorely wounded at the lack of confidence shown in him both by his friend and by the girl he loved.

Thus it came about that during the early days of the voyage Tresscott's manner was oddly constrained. But Lucie was not at ease either. Their intercourse had lost its spontaneity and its brightness. The memory of Ruddenheim's revelation haunted Tommy, as the recollection of her resolve shadowed Lucie, and both were wretched.

Many a time Tresscott would have put his future to the test, but that an indefinable something in Lucie's manner taught him that any attempt to put their relations on a more tender footing could only end in a rebuff; and Lucie, uncertain of her power to resist should Tommy plead for himself, carefully avoided giving him an opportunity of speaking. She busied herself with the children of ailing mothers, played chess with the invalids, and tried hard to school her faltering soul to patience.

Meanwhile the days slipped by. Through calm and storm the *Ruatapu* had steadily ploughed her way southwards, and the voyage neared its end. It was their last night at sea: the morrow would find them at Auckland. A day later Tresscott would journey south to join his new ship, which was stationed at Wellington. The night was wet and stormy. Lucie—trying hard to persuade herself that she was glad she had succeeded in adhering to her determination to give Tommy no chance of acquainting her with the state of his feelings—was in the saloon joining half-heartedly in a hilarious game of cards with the younger members of the company.

There is a note in a man's voice that no true woman ever refuses to obey. So when Tresscott, suddenly appearing by her side, said in a tone of quiet authority, 'Lucie, come on deck at once; I wish you,' Lucie, who would have resisted any amount of entreaty, rose without a protest, and, handing her cards to a substitute, followed her master.

'But it is so wet,' she said, drawing back at sight of the rain-lashed promenade. Tommy's sole answer was to dash into the deserted deck writing-room and requisition a tartan-lined wrap that lay on a couch.

'There!' he said, drawing the cloak round her shoulders, and its hood over her head. 'Now come.'

A splash of spray caught them as he guided her across the intervening strip of wet planks to the shelter of the roofed seat at the end of the deck-house.

For a space they were silent. In the music-room beneath some one was singing 'Soldiers of the Queen.' All around was the rush of wind and rain, the surge of the great waters of the Pacific.

Lucie waited, impatient yet reluctant, to hear Tresscott's first words.

'Lucie, I wish you had put more confidence in me.'

'But there was nothing I could tell,' she answered, weakly taking refuge in subterfuge.

Nothing to tell! Tresscott's heart leaped at the words. 'Then it wasn't true?' he cried, turning quickly. 'Why, Lucie, I must be an ass—I thought you had promised to marry Challoner.'

'Challoner? Oh, no, no!'

'Funny I should have believed that.' Immediately Tommy's face was aglow with delight at this unexpected demolition of his bugbear. 'But Vic did ask you, didn't he? Was it at the island?'

'No. He wrote a few days later.'

'And you told him, dear——?' The tender inflection in Tommy's voice made her heart throb.

'And I told him I could never marry a man I did not respect. But,' she continued quickly, fearful lest Tommy might imagine her free, 'you ought to know there's somebody else'——

'Somebody you love?'

'Oh no! Somebody I ought to marry.'

'Who is he?' Tommy asked bluntly.

'You've met him: David Straight.'

'But you used to dislike Straight.'

'Oh, yes, yes! I did—I do. But—oh, Tommy! —I was so foolish, and I didn't really know you then.' Lucie never quite knew how it came that the confession of her vow was sobbed out on Tommy's damp shoulder.

Long afterwards anything moist touching Lucie's cheek brought vividly back the surroundings and emotions of that night: her feeling of mingled rapture and regret, the motion of the ship, the sound of wailing waters, the keen breath of the ozone, the sense of aloofness from all the world, as the frail ship buffeted her way through the angry waves.

All around them lay darkness and silence. The one light visible from the shelter burned dimly behind its rain-lashed encasement. Sometimes a sailor in oilskins crossed the disc of light and vanished. Only a distant strain of music at times reminded them that they were not alone.

Hearing Lucie's disclosure, Tresscott tried in vain to argue her out of remaining constant to her resolve; but she felt it a point of conscience, a religious duty. Her wings had grown strong now, strong enough to bear her forward even against adverse winds; and his pleading failed to alter her decision, though, to Tresscott's joy, she made no secret that her love was his.

'Of course, David may not wish to marry me now. I've been away nearly nine months. Oh Tommy! don't you think he is sure to have seen somebody he likes better?'

But Tommy took counsel with his own heart, and it gave him the unsatisfactory assurance that, having loved Lucie, Straight could not possibly descend to another.

'Let us say our good-byes here, if they must be good-byes,' Tommy pleaded. So, oblivious of the lapse of time, they lingered on in the seclusion of the shelter.

Eight bells in little shivering chimes smote the moist air.

'Lights burning bright, and all's well,' sang the watch.

Through the surge of the sea the cry arose in wailing crescendo. To Lucie it sounded like a summons from another world—a call to return from those forbidden fields of elysium whereto the knowledge of mutual love had transported them, back to the everyday world, to that matter-of-fact sphere where duty rules as with a rod of iron.

The precious feeling of isolation had fled. They were no longer alone. The alert figure of the officer hastening to take his watch on the bridge passed the end of the shelter and ascended the step-ladder. A gang of men muffled in oilskins trooped past, grumbling as they went.

'Twelve o'clock!' Lucie exclaimed in alarm. 'Surely it can't possibly be midnight? Every one must be in bed long ago.'

'At any rate these stolen hours are our own, Lucie,' Tresscott replied, tenderly replacing the hood that had fallen back from her head. 'Your future may belong to some one else; but even he cannot rob us of to-night.'

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces, Hong-Kong, Author of *How to be Happy though Married*, *Mr Thomas Atkins*, &c.

CHINA is the problem of the twentieth century. Whatever that great country becomes and whatever the European Powers do with it will influence more than anything else the destiny of the world. Five hundred millions of most intelligent, patient people, who can live upon nothing, and who have no objection to die: what can they not do? The worst of it is that no one understands China or what she is going to do next. It is, like a woman, a conundrum: we shall never guess her, but we shall never, never give her up. To one coming for the first time to China everything seems to be upside-down; but it is not really so. The Chinese can give as good reasons for their manners and customs as can Britishers for theirs; and things that seem to us most absurd in China when first we see them are afterwards discovered to be most reasonable. John Chinaman, with his placid, patient smile, and eyes that see apparently round corners, is by no means so great a fool as he looks.

As, then, China is so out of the common, and a country about which we shall hear much in the future, perhaps it may interest readers if I note down a few of the first impressions which I had on coming out here to Hong-Kong as Chaplain to the Forces. When I hear Mr Thomas Atkins talking contemptuously of 'them Chinese,' I tell him that 'them Chinese' were a highly civilised, deeply philosophical people when we were painted savages, and that they have probably forgotten more than we ever knew.

To us China is a veritable topsy-turvydom; but of course England seems the same to the Chinese. Their compass points to the south, ours

to the north. The bow of their junks is like the stern of our vessels, and the junks seem to sail backwards. In Western lands a pillow is a bag of feathers to support the head; in China a pillow is a support for the neck—either a small stool of bamboo, a block of wood, or more commonly a brick. What corresponds to his Christian name comes after a Chinaman's surname; with us it is the other way. The Chinese put on hats when saluting; we take them off. They laugh on receiving bad news, to deceive evil spirits. Long nails on the hands in China are a sign of respectability; in England, of untidiness. The place of honour at a Chinese feast is at the left hand of the host. A Chinaman rides with his heels instead of his toes in the stirrups. He keeps out of step when walking with others. The Chinese read their books backward, and write in an opposite way to what we do. With them the mourning colour is white; with us it is black. At a fashionable dinner, with them soup is the last course; with us it is the first. Chinese women wear trousers, and the men frequently gowns. A Chinaman pays a physician to keep himself and his family well; we pay when we turn ill. When he meets acquaintances he shakes his own hand and not theirs as we do.

The Chinese seem to have no nerves, and never fuss like Anglo-Saxons. Exercise for its own sake seems to them madness. Even the children play very quietly, and the babies remain perfectly tranquil tied on the backs of mothers who are at work. A Cantonese asked a servant about a foreign lady whom he had seen playing tennis: 'How much is she paid for rushing about like that?' On being told 'Nothing,' he would not believe it.

The conservatism of the Chinese was first observed by me on the steamer in which I crossed the Pacific. The 'boy' who attended me at dinner always wanted to bring exactly the same food as that which I ordered the first day, and seemed to think I should have no change. A cook used to break and throw away an egg before making a certain pudding because the first egg happened to be a bad one when he was shown how to make that pudding.

That riches are a burden is felt when travelling in China. Even the Mexican dollar is heavy, and when you get for one of these from eight hundred to a thousand brass pieces of money called *cash*, with holes in the centre and tied on strings, it may be imagined what an amount of 'filthy lucre' you must bring with you for even a short tour. And the lucre is filthy; it cannot be handled without contamination. The losses on silver coins are great; those belonging to one part of the country will not be accepted at all in another, or only at a heavy discount. The inexperienced traveller loses both when he buys them and when he sells them. As for the strings of *cash*, their value changes every day and in every place.

A man will sell his house and land and all that he has in order to provide a suitable funeral for a parent. Filial piety requires that he should mourn three years, and during this time he frequently spends whole nights at the grave. According to Chinese teaching, 'selfish attachment to wife and children' may be unfilial conduct, and a typical instance of the contrary is given. A man with one child said to his wife, 'We are so poor that we cannot support mother; why not bury the child? We may have another; but if mother should die, we cannot obtain her again.' His wife dared not oppose him, and accordingly a hole was dug, when a vase full of money, and bearing an inscription stating that Heaven bestowed this reward on a filial son, was found.

The Chinese are a most economical people. This struck me when I was staying in the north of the country. There the people will eat horse, mule, donkey, or any animal, and they will eat all of the animal, and even when it has died of disease. The smallest children are sent out to gather fuel. You will see boys up in trees beating off leaves as if they were fruit, and not a straw is allowed to lie idle on the ground. Scotch thrift is nothing compared to Chinese economy. In ordinary houses a dim light which costs almost nothing will be placed in a hole in a dividing wall so as to light two apartments. An old woman who was hobbling along painfully was asked where she was going to. She was going to the home of a relative, so as to die in a place near to the family graveyard, and thus avoid the expense of coffin-bearers for so long a distance.

A Chinaman is never in a hurry; but the amount of cheerful labour which he does is astonishing. He will take his time to it, however, and he is as inaccurate about time as he is about everything else. It is necessary when travelling to ascertain, when the distance is given in miles (*li*), whether the miles are 'large' or not! The method of reckoning is frequently based, not on distance, but on the difficulty of getting over the ground. Ask a Chinaman how many families there are in his native village, and he will answer, 'A few hundred,' 'Several hundred,' or 'Not a few.' As for a Chinese census, all that can be said of it is what was said of the Supreme Court of the United States: that it has 'the last guess at the case.'

Chinese who make a 'practice of virtue' often keep an account in which they charge themselves with every bad act they can remember, and credit themselves with every good one. The balance between the two shows their standing at any particular time in the account-books of the Chinese Rhadamanthus. Among the acts by which merit may be accumulated is the purchase

of live birds and fish that they may be restored to their native elements. It is easier to stand on the brink of a river, watch a fisherman lower his net, pay for his catch, and throw it back into the river than to look into the cases of needy men and women and give them judicious help. Besides, the fish are done with, while this is not always the case with human recipients of charity. A medical missionary was asked by a native gentleman to cure a blind beggar. It was a case of cataract, and an operation restored sight. Then the missionary was waited upon by the same gentleman, and told that, as he had destroyed the only means by which the blind man could get a living—that is, by begging—it was the duty of the missionary to make it up to him by taking him into his employment as a gatekeeper!

On their wedding-day brides, who are nearly always very young, are 'chaffed' unmercifully. When they come to their new home they are subjected to the same sort of criticism expressed aloud to their face as a newly bought horse. In some places it is allowable for any one to turn back the curtains of her sedan-chair and stare at a bride, or even to throw handfuls of hayseed or chaff upon her carefully oiled hair.

The theory of responsibility as understood in China seems to us Westerns to be unjust, but from another point of view to have something to recommend it. In the year 1873 'a Chinaman was accused of having broken open the grave of a relative of the Imperial family in order to rob the coffin of certain gold, silver, and jade ornaments which had been buried in it. The entire family of the criminal—consisting of four generations, from a man more than ninety years of age to a female infant only a few months old—was exterminated.' The fact, however, that No. 1, or the headman, in any position is responsible for every act of his subordinates is a great help to European employers. There is a tradition of a head-compradore in a bank, who was called to account because the 'boy' had allowed a mosquito to insinuate itself within the mosquito-net of the bank manager.

Instead of saying 'How do you do?' when one Chinese acquaintance meets another he asks, 'Have you eaten your rice?' If the interrogated person has done this he answers, 'Yes. I beg your pardon.' He begs pardon for having anticipated his acquaintance at breakfast or dinner.

A South Sea Islander said of his race, 'As soon as we open our mouth a lie is born;' and the Chinese acknowledge without shame the same of themselves. It may be true amongst Western nations that 'the affairs of life hinge upon confidence;' but this is not true in the East, and least of all in China. Here in China they hinge upon suspicion. There are few Chinese who attach any importance to keeping an engagement. Most of them are like the man who, being accused of having broken his promise, replied that it was of no consequence, as he could make another just as good. The Chinese say that one should never refuse a request in an abrupt manner; on the contrary, he should grant it in form, although with no intention to do so in substance. 'Put him off till to-morrow, and then until another to-morrow. Thus you comfort his heart.'

It is considered good manners in China to speak contemptuously of whatever belongs to the speaker and in terms of praise of whatever relates to the person addressed. The polite Chinese will refer to his wife as his 'dull thorn,' or in some similar elegant figure of speech, while the rustic alludes to the companion of his joys and sorrows as his 'stinking woman.' They will speak of your honourable wife, your honourable house, honourable horse, dog, and so on.

No civilised nation is so superstitious and credulous as the Chinese. On the two days of the month set apart for that purpose, the fox, the weasel, the hedgehog, the snake, and the rat are worshipped. These are styled in printed placards 'Their Excellencies.' Of China it might be said, as Gibbon remarked of Rome, that to the common people all religions are equally true, to the philosopher all are equally false, and to the magistrate all are equally useful. Of the Emperor of China, as of the Roman Emperor, it might be affirmed that he is 'at once a high-priest, an atheist, and a god!' This is what has come of Confucianism, mixed with polytheism and pantheism.

OPAL-FIELDS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

SUPERSTITIOUS associations and evil reputation have hitherto prevented a full appreciation of the iridescent splendour of the opal; but now the exquisite vari-coloured stone, flashing with living fire, ranks as the jewel representing the various emotions of the human heart.

The probable opal district extends from latitude twenty-two degrees to thirty-two degrees south, and longitude one hundred and forty-one degrees to one hundred and forty-six degrees east; but the best-known parts are situated across the far-famed Darling River in New South Wales, and between the Bulloo and Paroo Rivers in Queensland. Westward, out on Cooper's Creek,

the country is reported to be very wealthy; but, as only a few of the most adventurous prospectors have ever been there, the probabilities are that Nature will guard her treasures until some inventive genius discovers how to go and take them.

The town of White Cliffs is the centre of the New South Wales fields; and from it, I believe, nearly all the opal in the world is supplied. The town is a marvellous combination of galvanised iron erections and tents. The former comprise the drinking-saloons, the latter the abode of successful miners; but the greater part of the population has only the brilliant constellations of the Southern Hemisphere for a roof.

The opal is found in parallel seams at various recognised depths from the surface to forty feet; but the best is obtained on the fifteen feet-strata, and consequently that level is more exploited than any other. The land is pegged out and held much as gold claims are, forty feet square being allowed to each man. The first operation is to sink a hole about six feet deep; then, if no opal has been met with, a rough windlass is erected, and the work of excavation is continued until a seam of opal is cut through or 'bottom' (generally the forty-feet level) is reached. If no paying opal has been struck—opal of every colour and shade abounds everywhere, but that which has not the living fire of green or gold is considered valueless—the miner drives a tunnel along one of the levels in search of the elusive gem or sinks a shaft elsewhere. However, the miners are reluctant to leave the shafts of their own sinking; for, as they say, 'one stroke of the pick may lay bare a seam of "pin-fire" opal or break in two a rich band of "orange."' These two varieties of the gem are readily sold to buyers on the field at prices ranging from fifteen to thirty pounds per ounce.

When I first visited White Cliffs I had a vague idea that opal was a blue stone; but I knew nothing whatever of its nature or value, or the method of finding it. Having had previous experience on goldfields, I knew how to secure my claim, and eventually pegged out one adjoining that of a tall, lanky Australian, who said his name was 'Copi' Dan, because he could always find that substance but had never yet 'struck' a 'pot' or rich find of opal. I laboured manfully at my hole, as Dan called it, and by the close of the first day had excavated three feet. On the second day I sent my pick crashing through a substance which rang like glass, and instinctively I knew that I had 'struck it' in a double sense. Carefully I worked round the stuff, and at length uncovered a layer of deep-blue shining stones, which extended away into the side of my shaft. The sun was directly overhead, and the temperature about one hundred and forty degrees; but I did not feel the heat, for here was fortune within my grasp. I picked out slab after slab of the glistening stones, and burrowed along horizontally. There seemed to be no end of the seam, and soon I had filled my bucket.

I noticed that the stones had passed through a series of changes in hue, a brilliant pink now taking the place of the former deep-blue colour. However, I did not notice that I was also undermining the ground, and only realised that all was not right when the walls fell in and almost buried me. Luckily Dan heard my shout, ran over, and at length dug me out.

'How did you git under thet?' he asked in surprise, as I wiped the earth from my eyes and ears.

Filled with gratitude because of my rescue, I replied, 'Dan, I believe there are tons of opal in there. I have filled my bucket, and was digging for more when the ground collapsed.'

'Ye filled a bucket?' he gasped.

'Yes.'

'An' is't there now?'

'I suppose so.'

'Then let me at it,' cried Dan, jumping down into the hole. Plying his shovel vigorously, in an incredibly short time he threw the earth from the shaft and grasped the bucket. Then the air was filled with true Australian bush-poetry.

When he had exhausted himself I inquired the reason for his powerful language; but the look he gave me in reply instantly sent the temperature in my neighbourhood down to zero.

'My colonial!' he at length got out. 'A bucketful! Tons o' it! An'—an' I digged it up. My oath, if ye weren't sich a durned new chum I'd make ye eat it.'

'Why, Dan, what's wrong?' I inquired anxiously.

'Wrong!' he repeated scornfully. 'It's only potch, an' not worth a drink, the whole durned lot.'

'But'——

'Come along,' said he, 'an' I'll show ye tons in my shaft, an' ye can hev' it all fur the takin' away.'

To say that I was surprised would be like saying that a temperature of one hundred and forty degrees is warm: it is—exceptionally so. When I saw the glistening walls of Dan's shaft scintillating with colour right down to the forty-feet level on which he was working I felt anything but pleased.

I soon resumed my labours, and continued hard at work for several days. Occasionally I cut through seams of opal matrix carrying stones of beautiful red tints and sometimes of a peculiar blend of almost every colour. For all these Dan had but one contemptuous name, 'potch,' which is the miner's term for inferior opal;

and after hearing his verdict I would go on again sinking the shaft, my hopes sinking correspondingly.

One day Dan came over to my shaft in a fever of excitement; and, sliding down my windlass-rope, he soon stood beside me.

'Does yer know the nigger's claim?' he asked abruptly when he touched the bottom.

'Yes,' I answered. 'It's three claims above you and me. What about it?'

'Well,' said Dan, 'he's fairly struck it, an' a pot too'——

'Of potch?' I inquired. 'There is plenty of that here.'

'No, durn ye! no; but fiery an' green flashy stuff, worth twenty pun' an ounce; an' it's comin' down this way somewheres.'

'Well, good luck to the poor beggar,' I said. 'If it comes our way we'll have a chance of striking something better than potch or copi!'

'Yes; but don't ye see it'll maybe not come thet way, an' then we wouldn't stan' a ghost o' a show unless ye did the trick.'

'What trick, Dan?'

'Why, can't ye git down Black George's shaft wi' some o' them instruments o' yourn, an' find out whare it goes; an' then me an' you would go mates, an' peg out the ground, an' go down after it like a 'guana after a snake.'

'Will he let us down his shaft?' I inquired.

'Ye jes' bet he will. Come on.'

Feeling complimented at Dan's evident faith in my abilities, I ascended with him; and, taking from my tent a small spirit-level and my tried and trusty compass, I followed him up the hill to where Black George was toiling at his windlass.

'Good-day, George,' cried Dan.

'Good-day,' answered George.

'We hears ye has struck it,' said Dan.

'Ye hears too much, den,' replied the dusky one. 'I'se only got some stones as good as colours when de blessed t'ing cuts out again.'

'Cuts out, does it?' roared Dan. 'Nigger, ye're lyin'. I seed ye stakin' off the day. Where does it go, anyway?'

'Ah, now, Dan,' said the nigger, with a chuckle, 'how does I know? It goes somewheres—by golly! it do; but jes' ye come down an' see my shaft.'

We at once accepted the invitation, and followed him down the rope; then, after lighting our candles, we crawled into his drive. Our progress was difficult, the drive being irregular and resembling in many respects the burrow of an animal. Dan struggled to find suitable words to express his opinion of George's unmethodical handiwork; but his attempts ceased suddenly, for the drive came to an end at a wall of flashing gems. They sparkled and shone in the candle-light—a mass of translucent stones, blazing with the vivid fire of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. I was speechless with astonishment, for it was the grandest display of gems in their natural state I had ever seen. The seam carrying them, however, suddenly dipped at an acute angle, and near the bottom of the wall disappeared entirely.

'Never mind, George,' said Dan as he viewed the apparently "cut-out" seam; 'ye've got enough opal on the surface thare to keep ye slingin' bad beer all yer life.—Can ye make anythin' outen it?' he continued, addressing me.

'Oh yes,' I replied, trying the level. 'It is evidently running south from here, and will probably outcrop farther down the hill.'

I knew that much from the fact that George had struck the lode at the thirty-feet level, while Dan farther down the hill, and directly in the line of reef, had already sunk forty feet and found no trace. The angle of the dip showed clearly that the opal was still far under the workings of our claims; but I knew that, obeying its natural laws, the lode would turn when it encountered original country, and run up again like the letter V at the same angle.

'It should be near the surface at our lowest boundary peg,' I continued, making a mental calculation.

'Yer don't say so!' cried Dan in surprise.

'Oh yes, I do,' I answered. 'I do not know much about opal as yet; but I have studied geology a little bit.'

'An' does "Gology" tell ye thet?'

'It does.'

'Then I'll shout for "Gology" whenever I sees him.'

'Better let us see if it is correct first,' I said; and, taking careful bearings, we ascended George's shaft, and, followed by the wondering nigger, proceeded down the hill.

'About here,' I said at length. 'The seam should not be far off here; but of course it will have turned to potch by this time.'

'Wait till we sees,' said Dan, smashing energetically at the ground with his pick. 'Lor'! what was that?' he cried as a crashing sound followed his first stroke.

'Golly!' ejaculated George. 'Let me try, Dan;' and, throwing himself on the ground, he tore at it with his gouge, or small hand-pick.

Breathlessly we watched him as with deft hands he threw the earth aside, and in a few minutes there was laid bare a layer of opal that caused Dan to give vent to some tall words from sheer excitement. The opal was hidden by the white crust of matrix which surrounded it, and might have been mistaken for more of the hateful potch but for the piece that Dan's pick had shattered. The broken edges dispelled that idea, for quivering flashes of green and gold shot through its facets, and the stone actually seemed to be endowed with life.

We looked at each other. The find was just

inside my claim, and what it was worth could as yet only be guessed at.

'Men,' I said, 'the probabilities are that this formation extends farther over towards the west, so'—— But my audience were gone. They had heard enough; and in ten minutes both Dan and George had pegged out new claims in the direct line of the seam, thus abandoning their old claims for the chances that might be in the new. They were right, however; and in half-an-hour the ground was pegged out for miles around.

The great curse on the opal-fields is the drinking proclivities of the men; and although flour and other necessaries may sometimes be unprocurable in the dry seasons, liquor, such as it is, can always be had; and—to those who care to take it under the circumstances—it is to be had gratis. These strange circumstances are to be explained thus: when a miner strikes a 'pot' he at once sells all that he can readily uncover, and then rushes into the nearest saloon, flings the buyer's cheque on the bar, and 'shouts' or calls for drinks for all comers. The news quickly spreads, and soon every man knows that 'Scottie' has struck it, and that free drinks are dispensed at the 'Union-Jack' saloon.

On the opal-fields there are no labour disputes; every man works for himself. Of course it is desirable to have a comrade to assist at the windlass, and many strange partnerships are formed for that purpose.

The day's work begins about half-past eight, and is continued more or less industriously until half-past eleven. At that time the man at the windlass boils the billy, and then hauls up his perspiring mate from the candle-lit gloom of the workings to the light of day. After this meal work is resumed until four o'clock; but at that hour the opal-seeker must cease his daily toil, or he will be forcibly assisted to do so by his indignant neighbours. The next hour is devoted to fancy cooking, and at five o'clock the men dine on the various results.

Saturdays and Sundays are given over to sports, washing, and drinking. Sometimes these days are also taken advantage of to prospect new ground; but as no one has yet been able to tell from surface indications what is the formation underneath, the miner invariably tosses up a penny and determines from its fall where next he will try his luck.

It is curious how the various races of humanity on the fields make certain lines of trade peculiarly their own. The Chinese are well represented among the storekeepers. The camel-drivers are all Afghans; but the bullock-drivers are—well, one has only to listen for a moment to their poetical mode of expression to know that they are true sons of Britannia's Southern Empire. The saloon-owners are generally English or Scotch; the lucky man is usually an Irishman; and the buyers are all either Germans or Jews. The latter retire from business after having gone a few trips from Sydney or Melbourne to White Cliffs; and, judging from that fact and their well-known characteristics, it is evident that they at least 'do' well.

I have travelled far and have staked my claim on every goldfield of any note; but White Cliffs is the only place that I know where a man of no experience may be reasonably confident of at least earning a good living. There are few men on the opal-fields who do not average five pounds per week, and the chance is—for the man who stays long enough—that he will one day make his fortune.

White Cliffs, although situated in New South Wales, is much more accessible from Adelaide than from Sydney, and is best reached by rail from the South Australian capital to the famous Great Barrier town of Broken Hill, thence by mail-coach one hundred and eighty miles to the opal-fields. From the other capitals, the route is by rail to Cobar, five hundred miles west from Sydney; from Cobar the coach crosses the desert to the Darling River at Wilcannia; and thence another coach runs three times weekly over the remaining seventy miles to the fields. The whole country is of opal formation, and only awaits the advent of the intrepid and systematic fortune-seeker to yield its treasure to his hand.

THE SKYLARK.

The skylark in the morning
Sings a song of hope and trust;
He asks not for God's bounty:
He knows that come it must.
And the listener's heart is turned to Heaven,
His faith raised from the dust.

He sings again at noontide
A song of love and joy,
An endless throbbing melody
With naught of earth's alloy;
And the listener's heart is purified
Of earthly thoughts that cloy.

But the skylark in the evening
Sings a song of peace and rest;
And of all these glorious harmonies
This surely is the best,
For the listener's heart is quieted
And turned from earthly quest.

Thus morning, noon, and evening
Sings the bright bird of light;
While listeners, pausing in their work,
Grow trustful of Heaven's might,
Till they too sing in sunshine,
And find peace in the night.

P. P. J.

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THE LAST OF HER RACE.

By Norman Maclean.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.
LONGFELLOW.

SHE lived in a little town by the sea, far from the mountains she loved and the fair glen where in the days long gone her ancestors had marshalled their men and led them to forays and battles. In the winter the little town was sombre and quiet, and she liked it then because she could dream her dreams in peace; but in summer steamers flooded the place with noisy cheap-trippers that to her seemed visitors from an unknown world—a world of vulgar turmoil and ceaseless activity—and she hated the little town then. Nor was it easy for her to leave it, for she was very poor—this faded old lady, dressed in the garments of an earlier century, at the sight of whom the smart trippers stared and laughed. She was proud, too, as she was poor, for the blood of many chiefs and of a far-off race of island kings ran in her veins, and of them all she was now the last.

Her house, in a sheltered loop of the bay, had a few straggling trees about it. She loved these trees, for they reminded her of the wooded slopes of her childhood's home, and of the pathway down which her father would come in the evening, with his gillies behind him leading the hairy ponies that carried the stags. She can see him yet as he was then—though he is dead these threescore years and more—with his noble bearing, his towering height, his loose Highland dress that showed his sinewy limbs, and in his bonnet the eagle-feather which only the chief wore. She can still feel the pride which she felt when, perched high on his shoulder, he carried her to the door one evening as he returned home from the hills, and the children ran shouting to meet him. She hears these shouts now in her dreams.

Her father was the last of the chiefs. There were others after him, but in them the chief had disappeared in the landlord. There are those even now who call themselves chiefs, but are only lairds; he was a chief! When he went from home, even when the nineteenth century was well out of its teens, his tail of servants walked after him and his bard before him. Sir Walter came north to his keep beside Loch Oich, and found in him the prototype of Fergus Mac-Ivor, Vich Ian Vohr, chief of Glennaquoich, in whose personality he portrayed the strength and weakness, the overweening pride and kindliness, the chivalry and the dignity, of the last of the chiefs. Sir Walter saw the devotion the chief inspired in his people, and that devotion he depicted in Evan MacCombich, who, when Fergus was condemned at Carlisle, offered to fetch six men from Glennaquoich to die for their chief, of which he himself would be the first. When the court laughed, Evan, looking sternly round, said, 'If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing because a poor man such as me thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of the Hielandman nor the honour of a gentleman.' The devotion of his clan to Fergus which is made so vivid in *Waverley* is only the devotion which Sir Walter saw in the glens westward from Loch Oich inspired by the chief, of whom he wrote: 'Warm-hearted, generous, friendly, he is beloved by those who know him. . . . To me he is a treasure.' But evil days befell the chief, 'who was born a hundred years too late,' as his friend of Abbotsford declared. He had wasted his substance attempting to revive the ancient glory of his family, and on his death it was found impossible for his son to reign in his place. So the glens passed to others, and now the old lady who lived in the little house in the loop of the bay was the last of them all.

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She, the last of Siol 'ic Alastair, was very lonely, as those always are who live beyond the fourscore years and survive all their kindred—unless they have wealth, which she had not. Those who lived in the large houses at the outskirts of the town knew her as the last of a great race who once on a time had made the throne of the United Kingdom rock; but she did not care to know them! They were not of her world. Almost her only friend was the minister of the poor little chapel that stood in a mean street, in which the gospel was still preached in the language of the Gael to a rapidly diminishing congregation. As long as she could she said her '*Adsum*' every Sunday when the gray, bent, old minister ascended his pulpit and faced the little company that assembled there to worship in a manner which, to the smart congregations of the suburbs, savoured of the Covenanting days. The wail of the old tunes, the plaintive chanting, the emotional richness of the language she loved, made the dingy, cobwebby chapel a place of delight to her. She seemed again to hear the women singing their songs far away among the hills at milking-time; she seemed to feel the breeze laden with the scent of the heather coming over the moors, and hear the roar of the waters as the floods swept down the rough-flowing river; the mildewed walls of the decaying chapel faded away, and the vulgar little town melted into mist, and she stood again in that fairyland of youth 'where the wind blows over seven glens and seven bens and seven mountain moors.'

It was only to the minister that she spoke of the ancient days. He was an attentive listener, who had himself known better days, and who through many misfortunes, and many follies perhaps, had at last come to this—that he was glad to minister in that little chapel for a pittance that kept him from want. His own troubles had made him tender, and the memory of his own follies saved him from harsh judgments on the folly of others. To him the proud old lady could speak, knowing she would be understood. Many a day did he turn to her house to give her the comfort of having some one to speak to. The house was small and mean; the furniture was massive, and in these little rooms it looked like a prince strayed among the denizens of the slums; decay had fallen on much of it. The paper hung in patches on the walls; chairs stood some on three castors, some on two; but there were priceless relics: pieces of old silver, dusty faded pictures, things which many men would pay a ransom for. There was a leather-covered chair in which she always sat near the fire; from a little window in the gable by its side she could see a glint of the sea and of the wooded ridge beyond, and because of these she loved that seat best. When the minister sat on the other side of the fire, and the ancient serving-woman brought out the old silver teapot that had been used so long in the old castle which now stands magnificent even in its decay on its solitary rock, and she poured out a cup for her friend and herself, then she could speak—speak of the old days, and of the old home, till the little room seemed as if it resounded with the shouts of 'Creag an Fhithich! Creag an Fhithich!' (the war-cry of the Macdonells) as the clansmen rushed with claymores on their foes in the days of long ago.

She was never tired speaking of her father. She pictured him so vividly that her listener could see the chief with his hounds going forth to the hunt, and note the droop of the eagle-feather in his bonnet. Proudly she would tell how, accompanied by twelve men of his clan, he went to Edinburgh, and with his brother the Colonel—that Colonel who, assisted by his sergeant, had shut the great gate of Hougomont against the French, thereby saving the place; and after receiving the prize as the bravest man at Waterloo from the Iron Duke, handed it to the sergeant—broke through the guards and welcomed George IV. to Scotland on his landing. He felt it his duty that he, the representative of the ancient race of kings that ruled the isles of the west, should be the first to welcome the king who came to pay a visit to a kingdom that had not seen its king for over two hundred years. It was only the courtesy due from one potentate to another! If the poor, benighted Edinburgh bailies could not see it in his light, why then he and his twelve good men could burst through any cordon that could be drawn round any pier in Leith. If the hide-bound authorities of Dunedin could not see his point of view, Sir Walter did, and it was he who acted as colonel of the kilted bodyguard thus provided for the king, and swore them in. But Sir Walter, who could read the secrets of all men's hearts, knew the mind of a chief.

Sometimes the daughter of the chief would speak of more trifling incidents. With a smile she told how the chief, having crossed the loch in his new barge and spent the day on the hills, found, when returning across the loch in the evening, a packman hid in the prow of the boat. When half-way across, the chief stepped up to the prow and lifted the pedlar by his belt and dropped him gently into the loch. It was, he thought, fit punishment for the low-bred seller of needles who presumed to cross his loch in the company of Mac 'ic Alastair. But the pedlar had the better of it; he made a declaration that a pocket-book containing a hundred pounds fell out of his coat-pocket when he was thrown into the water, and, an action being threatened against the chief, he had to pay. The pedlar took a farm with the money, and his children's children are there still, while the ancient seat of the chief is a *larach* (a desolate ruin). Of these things would she speak while the darkness was creeping over the little town and the lamplighter went up the

dingy street to light the lamps; but though looking from her gable window as he passed, she saw, not him, but the pathway of the moon on her father's lochs, far, far away among the hills.

But an unlooked-for day came when the old minister, feeling sad at heart, went to see the little old lady, for a great blow had fallen on her. A book had been written by one whose name the minister had never heard before, which proved that one of the chiefs of that old family had acted the spy. The book was called *Sykle the Sly;* and the old man, feeling it boded ill to his patron, bought and read it. At least he tried to read it through; but it was a dreary book. From curious spelling of words and curious dotting of letters, it showed that the grand-uncle of the old lady had, while serving King James, written letters to the Government of King George telling them the secrets of the particular kind of toddy poor Prince Charlie drank, and of the quarrels he carried on with and about the Walkinshaw, and other such important things. The book made a great sensation. The minister was at a dinner shortly after it was published, and when a young lady began to speak enthusiastically of the chivalry of the chiefs who went out to fight for a cause which they knew in their hearts to be lost, a youth with an empty face shrugged his shoulders and murmured, 'Sykle the Sly.' At the sound the words died on the lips of her who spoke of Highland chivalry, and half the company shrugged their shoulders. The memory of that scene was keen with the minister when he turned towards his patron's house, feeling that he could not stay longer away.

She sat in her old place by the little window in the gable; but the furrows were deeper on her face, and her figure seemed shrunken. The folds of her homespun—she clung tenaciously to the homespun—lay about her wasted limbs more loosely than ever before. Her deep-set eyes had a look of dumb pain in them. In silence he sat down in his accustomed chair.

Without any beating about the bush, she began at once on the subject he dreaded. Had he seen the book? What did he think? If he could have said that he did not believe the book without telling a falsehood, that's what he would have said. But though he believed in the authenticity of Ossian, yet he could not believe in the probity of the chief who wrote as Sykle the Sly. His hesitation and his restraint showed her what he thought. 'Oh! it is a sad blow to my family,' she cried, while the tears glistened on her cheeks and her voice broke. The book lay on a case at the side of the room, and she started up to get it. In her excitement she forgot that her foot was twisted with rheumatism, and that she could not walk without a crutch. After one slip she gave a scream, and clutched the table to save herself from falling. The minister jumped to her side and offered his arm. No, she would not take it. Her family always fended for themselves. Let him bring her the crutch. He brought it, and she hobbled over, got the book, and returned to her seat. The little scene broke the restraint that had fallen on the two friends, and they sat more at their ease while she turned over the pages of *Sykle the Sly*—the pages which proved one of the chiefs of her race a mercenary tale-bearer and a traitor.

Her fingers trembled so much as she turned the leaves that it looked as if she could not find what she wanted. At last she found it, and read with a voice tremulous with scorn the words in which the writer disclaimed any delicacy he might have had in publishing the book because his hero died unmarried and childless, and the present representatives of an honoured family were not his descendants. Sir Walter would not have written that apology; he knew the hearts of the Highlanders. She was not a descendant. No; but was he not one of the chiefs, her father's uncle, and if his honour was smirched was not the honour of the whole family smirched? But even suppose it true, were there not things for the sake of which the pitiful thing might have been left in its grave? Why did this man—'the man with the muck-rake,' she scornfully called him—gloat over the miserable treachery of one weakling while he was silent regarding the heroism of those others of her race who in their devotion to their rightful king set themselves to attempt the impossible? Why did he not tell of the little band, two thousand strong, that marshalled in the gray morning by Loch Oich, of whom six hundred were of her race, and threw down the gauge of battle to three kingdoms, and who shed their blood from Prestonpans to Culloden fighting for a cause that was long lost? Did he know of her great-grandfather, who, a lad of twenty, commanded his clan and died on the streets of Falkirk, begging that mercy might be shown to the man who unwittingly killed him? And there was her cousin, Keppoch, who, when the enemy came down on the doomed Highland army—an army that faced their foe hungry, shivering with cold, and the snow driving in their faces, deprived even of their night's sleep by that futile march to Nairn—and when the centre of their army had rushed to its destruction, pled with his men to charge, and, on their sullenly refusing, advanced alone with claymore and dagger to attack the foe, crying, 'My God, have the children of my tribe forsaken me?' and so died. Was not that a fitter theme for a great writer's pen? If for the sake of these he would not keep silent, might he not think of those others who stood by their Prince when a ragged fugitive, with a hunted look in his eyes, and with no comfort save the *uisge-beatha*, which was to him warmth, food, shelter, and forgetfulness —what wonder he learned to drink it!—and when

their own houses were burning, and fire and sword had swept through the glens, yet had no thought but how to save him, guiding him from hill to hill and from cave to cave until he passed to return no more: for their sake might he not have passed over this in silence? Even though this one fell from the high renown of the others, perhaps something might be said for him. He had never drawn the sword for his Prince; he languished in prison while his brother led his men to the charge at Falkirk; he had not known the chivalry and loyalty born of conflict. The degradation of a prison broke his spirit; the poverty and hunger of an exile broke his honour. He wanted bread. Were not men in those days governed by corruption? Did not the men who made the laws have their hands open at their backs to receive the price of their votes? Sir Robert Walpole has declared that Shippen the Jacobite was the only man whose price he could not name. Who can judge the man who, broken in spirit and destitute, stooped to their level?

However, no words could cover the wound made by that book in her pride of race. Again and again, as often as the old minister went to see her, she would return to it. Men would now only remember the shadow cast by one of her race and not the glory of the others, she would moan. As a man came often to be remembered only by one incident on which some one laid hold and placed on record in a vivid way, so her race would hereafter be remembered only by this one thing which a master of his craft had set forth in a manner which held it up to all men, that they numbered among them a Sykle the Sly. All the rest would be as if it were not. As often as she spoke of it she ended by saying, 'It is a sad, sad blow to my family.' Many a night she would waken up as from an evil dream, and lie until the dawn with wide-open eyes alone with the thought that she was the last of her race—she, a desolate, lonely old woman—and that she was leaving behind her a name tarnished and dishonoured, with none to redeem it. When she lay dying a few months later she said bitterly, 'If the man with the muck-rake had only waited till I was dead!'

When she died there was none to bring her home—the ruined castle on the rock was always home to her—and lay her beside her father in the old vault beside the loch. At her funeral no pipers played their coronach before her coffin, and no throng of clansmen followed after. She was laid by those she knew not in a corner of the graveyard of the little town in which she had lived so long, and there the green-sward was drawn over the head of the last of a great race. And the old vault beside the loch will never again open its iron portals to receive a son or a daughter of Siol 'ic Alastair.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

CHAPTER III.—THE STORY OF PRINCE ADRIAN.

IT was late in the evening when Mr Barrows returned to Welding. On reaching home he took his tea, and then went out to the garden. There, looking over the low wall, he called Hadfield.

The call was heard, and Hadfield appeared.

'Ah, Mr Barrows!' he said, 'so you went up to town? Did you have a good day?'

'Yes, thank you,' was the answer. 'But will you come over here? I want to have a chat with you.'

Hadfield obeyed at once. Such requests were not at all infrequent, and the visits were generally pleasant. He mounted the wall, and dropped on the other side.

'It's growing chilly out here,' said Mr Barrows, 'and it will soon be dark. Let us go into my room.'

He led the way through the house to the room which he was accustomed to call his own. It was a front room, looking out upon the street, and he had furnished it as a lonely man's library and sitting-room. It was well furnished with bookshelves, for Mr Barrows was something of a reader and a bookman. There was also a comfortable writing-table, a small but careful selection of pictures, and a couple of easy-chairs which were none the worse for having seen wear. Last, but not least, there was a smokers' cabinet, which was always well supplied.

'Just make yourself comfortable,' said the owner of this den hospitably. 'Take a cigar and choose a chair.'

Hadfield complied in silence. The young man from the Local Board Offices was not particularly quick of perception; but he had an idea that something had happened. When he was settled he prepared to listen, and by that time Mr Barrows was ready to speak.

'To-day,' he began, 'I have had a rather curious adventure. Have you any acquaintance with Styrian politics?'

'Styrian politics?' cried Hadfield. 'I cannot say that I have. Of course, I sometimes read the newspaper reports; but that does not amount to much.'

He was naturally surprised at such a sudden plunge into an entirely new topic. Mr Barrows did not seem to notice it at first.

'Then perhaps you have never heard of Prince Adrian of Zell?' he asked thoughtfully.

Hadfield fancied he had, at some time or other. Then Mr Barrows explained.

'You are surprised at my mentioning such a subject as this, I see. But, as it happens, my little adventure to-day has a very close connection with this out-of-the-way subject.'

'Say just what you want to say,' put in Hadfield quickly. 'I am listening. Go straight on.'

'Well,' said Mr Barrows, 'I will. Now, in the matter of Styrian politics you have, no doubt, a hazy idea that the term implies political chaos. We have already heard of trouble and unrest over there, and unrest sometimes so serious that it has threatened the stability of the whole empire—the Styrian Empire I mean, of course. And probably you have noticed the cause of that unrest?'

'The dissatisfaction in Lusia?' asked Hadfield doubtfully.

'Exactly. All the trouble comes from Lusia. Lusia once had an independent existence as a kingdom, but it was incorporated with Styria some fifty years ago. There was naturally some friction afterwards, and the friction increased, chiefly through tactless government. There has been one armed rebellion, which failed; and there have been various finely arranged conspiracies, which also have failed. There are secret societies in Lusia to this day, having separation from the empire as their one object of existence; but, as perhaps you have noticed lately, things are gradually settling down, thanks largely to the tact of the present Chancellor, Quinzell. The last really dangerous conspiracy took place about twenty years ago. It was a very clever affair, and well engineered; and its managers drew into their ranks a very near connection of the Emperor himself. This person was the young half-brother of the first Empress, Theresa, and he was called Prince Adrian of Zell. Zell, I may say, is a small principality in south-east Lusia.'

Mr Barrows spoke carefully, without any particular animation; yet Hadfield began to be interested.

'The conspirators,' continued Mr Barrows, 'thought Prince Adrian likely to be useful. As for the young fellow himself, perhaps he was simply foolish, and no doubt he had been filled with raw ideas of Lusian liberty and independence, which he would see the folly of if he were alive to-day, with the recent and present developments before him. The worst of it was, however—or, perhaps, the best of it—that he was not the creature to make a conspirator at all. He lacked a simple necessity, physical courage; and he lacked moral courage also. Naturally, he proved a failure, and after first betraying the faith of the Emperor, who had regarded him as a brother, he deserted the cause he had been induced to support. The plot was discovered at the last moment. There was a choice for him: two chances to make a best end to a bad case. He might have faced the consequences and accepted the punishment, or he might have ended, voluntarily, a career which he had ruined. As I have said, however, he was a coward, not only physically but morally; so each course was impossible for him. He did the worst thing, therefore. He left his friends in the lurch, fled the country, and escaped to France. One person went with him: James Barrows.'

There was a pause. 'You?' echoed Hadfield, astounded.

'Yes,' answered Mr Barrows. 'I, his secretary and his only companion.'

Mr Barrows was amused by his neighbour's surprise. 'Don't look like that,' he said. 'It was a simple affair enough. The Styrians, like the Poles and Russians, are remarkable linguists, and take a pleasure in "getting languages." There is scarcely a family of any note in Styria or Lusia which hasn't an English tutor or governess; and when I say that I had gone out to Graaden, the capital, as tutor in one such household, you will begin to see light. Friends in good places brought about the connection with Prince Adrian, who fancied that he required a secretary; and so I became possessed of an office which was both easy and, in its way, distinguished.'

'Well, upon my word!' muttered Hadfield; and he surveyed his quiet neighbour with an entirely new interest.

'Perhaps I was no better than Prince Adrian himself,' said Mr Barrows, 'or I might have persuaded him to something better. It is hard, however, to persuade a coward to put himself in danger; and, at all events, I went with him. We went to France and crossed to England, and then, for quite a number of years, tramped the world together in a curious kind of companionship. After that again, finding that this world had no need of him, and no place for him, Prince Adrian decided to leave it. You may have heard, possibly, that he died obscurely, and was buried in a nameless grave. I was with him to the end, and saw the last of a failure which was complete enough to be pitiful. After that, having had a certain sum of money left me, I came down here, weary enough, I must say, both of princes and of politics. One of the first things I did then was to write the Prince's story. It is here.'

Mr Barrows rose, and took from a drawer in his table a small volume bound in gray. He passed it over to Hadfield. 'You will take this home with you,' he said, 'and look through it. I am afraid I treated my unlucky companion rather severely; but when I was writing of him I lost all patience with such a bungler. Just think, Hadfield, of what he fooled away!'

'It certainly was bad,' agreed Hadfield.

'Bad? Bad is no word for it. But there! let us be done with Prince Adrian. It is only necessary to say of him that his name was never afterwards mentioned in the Emperor's presence. Ferdinand of Styria has a very strict code of honour. If the Prince had died neatly he might have forgiven him; what he could not forgive was his preference for life before honour. He could not bear the thought of a coward in the imperial circle.

'But now to the story. Many of the conspirators suffered; a few somehow escaped notice, and one of these was a friend of the Prince, Count Mathias Hamar. He was a young noble of large estates, with a young wife and one little daughter, so he had everything to lose. It was entirely the Prince who had drawn him into the affair. I remember that quite clearly. Finding that the storm had passed over him, he retired from political matters and attended to his own lands; but, fearing to rouse against himself the enmity of the surviving plotters, he failed to withdraw entirely from their cause. He allowed his name to remain on the roll of their society.

'That was a serious mistake. As the years passed, his child became a very beautiful woman, and it happened that one of her suitors was the only son of a powerful neighbour, Count Brode. This man, the Count, was in favour at Graaden, being an able creature enough; but his nature will not bear description. He had all the bad points of the Lusian aristocracy, and none of the good ones; while his son, it seems, was only behind him in the matter of brains. This son's fondness for Hamar's daughter was a great opportunity, in the father's eyes, for a concentration of wealth, and therefore of power. The girl, however, being a fine girl, would have none of him, and the natural results took place. Remember, we are speaking now of Lusia.

'The Brodes left no stone unturned to gain their ends, and among other stones they moved was the secret of Hamar's share in the old conspiracy, and the fact of his present connection with the revolutionists. That was a good weapon, and they used it. One day they presented their ultimatum. Hamar was a fine fellow, and showed them the door; but in a few hours he was on his way to England with his wife and daughter. Their escape was narrow, for before he reached this side of the Channel the bolt had fallen. Had he stayed he would have found a Styrian prison as strong and enduring as he well knew it to be, and his helpless women would have been at their enemy's mercy.

'Then,' continued Mr Barrows calmly, 'the Brodes played one more card. They succeeded in obtaining a promise from the Court that if Hamar's daughter married Count Philip her father's forfeited lands might be restored to her husband. With this promise the young man tracked the fugitives to London; and in the meantime things had been going entirely in his favour. Hamar was a man of no stamina, and his health had given way. Very shortly after coming over he died, and was buried in one of the London cemeteries. So when Count Philip was following up their traces, the Countess and her daughter were left in the great city almost resourceless and quite unprotected.'

Mr Barrows paused. Something in his manner told Hadfield that the crisis of his story was now near.

'It is just here,' he went on presently, 'that I come in. This morning, while in town, I was led to visit one of the cemeteries. The first thing I saw there was a face whose type was Lusian—the face of Hamar's daughter. Directly after, I saw another Lusian face—that of Philip Brode. Losing all trace of the Hamars, he had yet discovered that the father was dead; and then he had set about making inquiries in the cemeteries. One of his spies had found out the place of burial, and the rest was simple. This morning he had hunted the women down, and fancied that they were already at his mercy.

'I knew neither face, of course, and was blind to suggestion; but a moment later I came upon a newly erected cross, with the name of Mathias Hamar upon it. Then I began to suspect.'

He then gave the details of his visit to the cemetery for the purpose of seeing Prince Adrian's resting-place, and the curious combination of circumstances which had roused his curiosity. 'But,' he continued, 'what was I to do? I might guess what had happened to the Hamars, and the expression of Brode's face told me that there was evil in the wind. I felt that I had not been sent there for nothing, and that I ought to, at the very least, make some inquiries. It was quite in vain that I told myself that Prince Adrian was dead, and that his business was none of mine. I was obliged to remember that I had been his companion for many years, and this connection seemed to demand my interference. What was I to do? What would you have done in my place?'

Mr Barrows rose from his chair. The question was spoken in an animated tone, and he was evidently moved. He scanned Hadfield's face with a certain eagerness.

Hadfield, however, was too much bewildered to find a ready answer. He had not grasped the situation clearly, for the rapid development of the story had taken him by surprise.

'I—I don't know,' he said. 'What did you do?'

'Well,' said Mr Barrows, 'perhaps I did a very foolish thing, considering that I had sworn years ago to have no more connection with Styria or

her people. I stepped into what was none of my business. I went to the place where the Hamars lived, and saw them. Even to the Countess I was quite a stranger, for she had been with her child in Lusia while her husband was with Prince Adrian at the capital. These women were glad, however—you may imagine how glad they were—to see any one who had known Mathias. They told me the story I have just related to you, and I was then able to understand the whole meaning of the scene in the cemetery.

'It is often the case that it is easier to go into an affair than to retire from it. My curiosity had taken me into this business, and as soon as the story was told I saw that I must remain. Here were two women alone in a foreign capital, absolutely at the mercy of a man who carried his disposition in his face, possessed of wealth, and therefore of power, and likely to stop at nothing that would help him to his ends; and one of these women was a beautiful girl, relying upon a mother who seemed broken both in strength and spirit. I do not know what another and a wiser man would have done in my place, Hadfield; but I did what I thought I was bound to do. I decided that I would keep that girl out of the ruffian's clutches if I possibly could!'

'Well done!' said Hadfield shortly. 'Go on.'

'The first thing, of course, must be to get them away. There was only one place that I could think of as secure—Welding; and I thought I knew two people in Welding who would make the exiles welcome. I thought, Hadfield, of yourself and your little wife.'

He looked at his neighbour questioningly, but with a smile in the look. Hadfield stood up, took the cigar from his lips, and answered solemnly:

'You did quite right.'

'Thank you,' said Mr Barrows. 'I felt sure of that. It only remains to tell you, now, that they must come down at once, before Brode begins his work. Can you receive them to-morrow evening?'

'I believe we are always ready,' replied Hadfield. 'Consider it settled.'

He had been stirred to a high pitch of interest and excitement. Half-unconsciously he extended his hand. After a silent grip Barrows said:

'Now, I mustn't keep you longer, because you will wish to explain everything to your wife. But you had better take this book with you, in case you get half-an-hour to spare later. It will help you to get into the atmosphere of this business.'

Hadfield picked up the little gray book, and the two men returned through the garden. Night had come during their conversation, and darkness had fallen. Hadfield crossed to his own side of the wall.

'I'll speak to my wife,' he said, 'and let you know in ten minutes. Will you wait out here, or will you come in?'

'Oh,' answered Mr Barrows, 'I'll wait out here.'

So Hadfield went in to tell his story. In less than ten minutes he was back at the wall, to say that all was clear. There would be a welcome for the strangers whenever they might come, and the sooner the better.

'Thank you,' said Mr Barrows; 'and thank your wife for me. Good-night!'

'Good-night!'

That was the last word. Mr Barrows went in, and Hadfield returned to discuss this extraordinary occurrence with his wife.

Later on he spent a little time in reading his neighbour's book. It was the story of a failure, told by one who had seen it intimately, but without pity or sympathy. He was able, after the story he had heard, to understand the attitude of Mr Barrows towards his former master; but he was not quite able to sympathise with it. As he told his wife afterwards, the perusal of the volume left a somewhat unpleasant taste in the mouth.

THE LATEST AMERICAN COLONY.

THE sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States, which has recently taken place, is of interest to Englishmen for the reason that these islands, though a Danish possession, have long been English in speech and sentiment. It is a curious fact that the natives (even the negroes) still consider themselves Englishmen, although the islands have only been in the possession of Great Britain for a few short periods: in 1667–71, 1801, and 1807–15.

The group formerly called the Danish West Indies is composed of the islands of St Thomas, St Croix, and St John, besides a number of small islets of little consequence, and for the most part uninhabited. St Thomas is the most important of the islands from a commercial or strategic standpoint, although the island of St Croix is more populous and agriculturally richer.

St Thomas contains only one town, which was christened Charlotte Amalie, in honour of the Queen of Denmark; but the new designation has

never 'taken,' and the town is always known by the same name as the island, the other name being confined to official documents, geographies, and maps. Its position is unique for the purpose of trade or the establishment of a naval or coaling station. Apart from its splendid natural harbour —which is surrounded by high hills, is completely landlocked, and affords ample accommodation for the largest vessels—it is the keystone of the arch formed by the chain of the West Indian Islands, as a glance at the map will show, and is also the nearest island of any importance to Europe. Owing to this combination, it is most conveniently situated for a general entrepôt or distributing-point of European commerce throughout the West Indies, and formerly occupied that position in the commercial world. In former days the capacious harbour was full of vessels waiting to be chartered for the sugar-crop, though all the sugar shipped was the produce of neighbouring islands. The harbour was also the rendezvous in the West Indies of the various European lines of steamers trading to that part of the world. Now all these have abandoned it except the German line (the Hamburg-American Steam-Packet Company), which has its headquarters and coaling-station there; and some of its vessels are nearly always in the harbour. The company has a large trade with the West Indies and the adjoining mainland, and its influence has helped to bolster up the decaying fortunes of the island. It is noticeable that the German line always avoids British possessions. On the other hand, the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Company removed its headquarters to Barbadoes, which has no harbour but only an open roadstead, is not so near to Britain, and does not occupy so central a position in the group, being indeed rather isolated; but then, Barbadoes has the advantage of being a British colony. It claims, in fact, to be the oldest and most intensely loyal of all our colonies.

For many years previous to the removal of the steamship centres to other islands, St Thomas had been steadily declining. It suffered, in common with the rest of the West Indies, from the depression which has overtaken the archipelago ever since the emancipation of the slaves, and the decline became more intensified when Continental nations created a bounty on sugar, thus severely handicapping the staple industry of the islands. The general introduction of steam and telegraphic communication also acted most injuriously, by depriving the island of the relative importance it formerly held as a trading centre; since, with increased facilities of communication, the other seaports found it more advantageous to import direct from Europe.

St Thomas lies directly in the track of steamers from Britain to the Isthmus of Panamá, an importance which will be greatly enhanced should either the Panamá or the Nicaragua Canal ever be completed. It is, perhaps, owing to this circumstance, as well as to the fact that it also lies in the direct track of steamers bound from the Atlantic ports of the United States to South America, that Uncle Sam has recently become alive to the advantages of securing this island, the strategic and commercial importance of which is universally recognised. However, this is not the first occasion that the United States Government has made a bid for the purchase of the Danish West Indies. In the year 1867 negotiations were nearly completed for the purchase; but they ultimately fell through.

The inhabitants of the islands are very cosmopolitan in character, the English language predominating, although in the palmy days of St Thomas, Spanish was even more necessary than English from a commercial standpoint, the town serving as an entrepôt of trade for the neighbouring islands of Porto Rico, San Domingo, and Cuba, as well as the various countries of the Spanish Main, such as Venezuela and Colombia. Here may be parenthetically mentioned the mistaken idea somewhat prevalent that the designation 'Spanish Main' refers to the seas in these latitudes. Even the poet Longfellow fell into this error, for he speaks of an ancient mariner 'who had sailed the Spanish Main.' After the Spaniards discovered America, they made their first settlements in the West Indian Islands; and when at a later date they commenced to colonise the mainland they called it (to distinguish it from their insular possessions) Tierra Firme; and the English settlers called it the Spanish Main—that is, the mainland—a name which it still retains.

In the prosperous days of St Thomas, nearly half a century ago, it was the custom for merchants in all parts of the West Indies to place their orders there. In the town were many large stores, stocked with merchandise of the most valuable kinds from all parts of the world, where one could place an order for goods worth ten thousand pounds, and they would scarcely be missed by the vender; indeed, such an order was looked on as a very ordinary transaction. Cases of Manchester goods, bales of French and Italian silks, and costly Spanish wines were to be found there, as well as flour and hams from the United States, and hats from Ecuador. These latter are not made in Panamá, which is only the port of shipment; and they are not to be confounded with the articles of straw frequently sold in English shops as 'genuine Panamá.' A good Panamá hat costs more than a suit of clothes, and will last a lifetime. It may be rolled up and put in the pocket, being as pliable as silk, and can be washed like linen. They are made by hand from a very fine species of fibre, and the finer kinds sometimes take months of labour to produce. We have seen these costly hats in St Thomas

pressed together in bales like ordinary Manchester goods.

Alas! St Thomas can now only reflect on its past glory, for the trade of the island has sunk into comparative insignificance. It is no longer a wholesale centre of any importance, though some trade is still done with San Domingo and St Croix, and also with Porto Rico; but it is uncertain how the annexation of the island to the United States will affect this commerce. The people of St Thomas used to look with great affection on the Porto Ricans, who were their best customers, and whose beautiful island was a favourite holiday resort of the inhabitants of the quondam Danish colony, for Porto Rico is quite near, and its mountains are plainly visible from St Thomas. During the American civil war the waning fortunes of the island were benefited to some extent by the diversion of trade caused by blockade-running, which became a regular business, though it never was a great centre for this hazardous form of commerce like Nassau (in the Bahamas) or the Bermudas. The decline of its trade has been most noticeable, however, since the conclusion of the civil war in 1865.

The population of the island is about thirty thousand, nearly one-half of which is in the town of St Thomas; it was formerly more numerous, and is mainly black or coloured. Spanish influence is still evident in the general architecture of the houses, and also to a certain extent in the habits of the people. The natives of St Thomas, who have emigrated to a great extent owing to the decline of its prosperity, are to be found all over the West Indies and adjoining countries on the mainland. The blacks are noted for their energy, like those of Barbadoes; and all, black and white, are noted linguists. There are few who cannot speak two or three languages, and many speak four or five fluently. Although St Thomas was for centuries a Danish possession, a new arrival might be totally unaware of the fact, as far as any external evidence goes, were it not for the Danish flag flying over the little fort and the names of the streets in Danish, which is the official language, though its use is almost entirely confined to a few Government officials. The language which one hears in the shops and in the streets is English.

There are no industries in St Thomas, except those connected with the shipping and transit trade, though a little bay-rum is manufactured, which finds a ready sale for toilet purposes in the United States. There were formerly numerous sugar plantations on the island, as is attested by the ruins of many stone windmills. There is no permanent water-supply on the island, for the brooks, which are roaring torrents after heavy rains, are entirely devoid of water during the long dry season. It is said that springs at one time were numerous, but after a severe earthquake they disappeared, presumably owing to a dislocation of the subterranean strata of rocks. At the present time the inhabitants are dependent for their supply of water on large cisterns attached to nearly every house, which catch and store up the water that falls abundantly during the rainy season.

During the time of the buccaneers St Thomas was their favourite resort, and there is still pointed out an old stone tower known as Black Beard's Castle, so called from a famous buccaneer who bore that nickname, derived from his long flowing beard, which he wore in plaits, for he was a great dandy. He must also have been a great favourite with the ladies, for he enjoyed a plurality of wives, like his namesake the fabulous Bluebeard.

The year 1867 was calamitous for the Danish West Indies, as the colony was then visited by a cyclone of exceptional severity, and also by an epidemic of cholera—a combination of disasters which caused much destruction and loss of life, principally among the shipping, for there is no harbour which is secure against a West Indian cyclone. The houses of the well-to-do classes, specially built to withstand cyclones, suffered comparatively little damage; but the frail wooden houses of the negroes, with their contents, were scattered to the four winds of heaven. The writer was in St Thomas during that time; but his walk through the negro suburb after the disaster was an experience too painful to describe. The trees were completely stripped of their foliage, and presented a strange sight in these islands of perpetual verdure, reminding one rather of an English winter than of a climate where the summer is eternal. Yet—such is the vigour of nature in these latitudes—in a few weeks, one might almost say in a few days, the trees had regained their verdure, and showed scarcely a sign of the catastrophe which had overtaken them, except that some had been uprooted and overturned. Slight shocks of earthquakes also are frequent—too frequent, in fact, to attract much notice; but destructive ones are happily rare. However, one occurred in the same year as the cyclone and epidemic just mentioned; and, like many occurrences of that kind, it was accompanied by an immense tidal wave, which swept over the lower part of the town, after completely swamping the shipping in the harbour. The destruction would have been much greater had it not been for the narrow entrance to the harbour, which broke the force of the wave and caused it to spread out like a fan.

The neighbouring island of St Croix—notwithstanding the spelling, pronounced in the Spanish fashion, Santa Cruz—unlike St Thomas, is mainly an agricultural island, and was formerly cultivated like a garden, though it also has shared the general depression which has overtaken the West Indies.

We have before us as we write a copy of the *Royal Danish-American Gazette*, published in St Croix on 5th October 1791. It is printed entirely in English, and contains the latest news from Europe, the most important being the decrees of the French National Assembly and the intimation that the French monarch was practically under arrest. It also states that the news had already been received in Guadeloupe, and had caused great consternation in that French West Indian colony, where a petty revolution had taken place; the soldiers had joined the mob, and the planters and gentlemen of property in the island had assembled and marched against them sword in hand. Some of the advertisements in this sheet are curious enough. For example, after announcing the sale of some pipes of Madeira wine, a few barrels of herrings, rye-flour, vinegar, snuff, tea, &c., the following notice appears: 'On Wednesday the 12th inst., at eleven o'clock, will be sold at public sale, at the English Tavern, the following negroes—namely, Maria, a good seamstress and darner, with her child Richard; Johanna, a seamstress; Marian, a washer, with her child Feronie; and Jennet, a baker and seller.'

To those who think of trying their fortunes in these latest colonies of the United States we should say we consider the chances of success somewhat doubtful. Porto Rico, in the immediate vicinity of St Thomas, is much more prosperous, and affords more scope both for business and agriculture; it has also a cooler climate in the mountainous districts. The language of the latter colony is of course Spanish; but in Ponce, on the southern coast, the outlet of the richest agricultural district, are many English and American residents, sufficient at the time of our visit to support a small church, where the service was conducted in English. This was prior to the American annexation; English-speaking residents have presumably increased since then.

CLIPPED WINGS.

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CHAPTER XXVI.—JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS' MEETINGS.

A LITTLE apart from the expectant passengers clustered forward on the promenade deck, Lucie and Tresscott stood silently watching the appearance of each familiar landmark.

The Great Barrier lay far behind them, and the *Ruatapu* was threading her way through the islets dotting the Hauraki Gulf. The storm had passed, and the sun shone radiantly upon the vivid greens of the semi-tropical spring.

A little later they had rounded the North Head, and Auckland Wharf, with its groups of waiting friends, was in view. The emotions rising in Lucie's softened heart at the sight of her home-land had dimmed her vision, and it was Tresscott's sharp eyes that first distinguished her people.

'Straight is there; I see him,' said Tommy, picking out the tall figure of his rival. 'Your father and mother are there too, and Kitty. Yes—and Kitty is holding up the Angel. It's just as well we said good-bye last night, Lucie,' he added with unwonted bitterness; 'there wouldn't be much chance of a word now.'

'Oh, *don't*, Tommy!' Lucie protested feebly, gulping down a lump in her throat, for the presence of Straight only served to reveal the futility of the cherished hope that he had forgotten her.

As the *Ruatapu* drew near it seemed to Lucie as though all save herself were unchanged. How peaceful and home-like the town looked after the irritating bustle of London and the restless turmoil of the ocean! Standing on the identical spot whence they had waved farewell, Mr and Mrs Lorimer and Kitty waved a welcome; but now their faces were suffused with smiles. The tears were in Lucie's eyes, not in theirs.

Straight's appearance, Lucie could not help remarking, was remarkably improved. He wore a high collar, and his hair was becomingly cropped. Apart from these needed emendations, his parliamentary position appeared to have given him an assurance of bearing sadly lacking before.

During her absence Lucie's family had gained new beauty in her sight. The affectionate pride in her mother's eyes, the warmth of her usually laconic father's welcome, touched her keenly. And Kitty! She had never before realised how pretty and sparkling Kitty was. Returning from sojourning in a land where every face was strange, the delight of meeting known faces thrilled the wayfarer's heart.

'If the Lieutenant does not sail till to-morrow morning, he must come right back with us now, and stop over the night,' said the ever-hospitable Mrs Lorimer. 'No—no,' in reply to an attempted refusal from Tommy, who had no desire to witness the triumph of his rival. 'You must come. We won't take a denial.—Will we, pa?'

Mr Lorimer having seconded his wife's invitation by summarily rejecting any further protest, Tresscott speedily found himself perched up beside Straight in a high dogcart, already on the

way to Pipimutu. Mr Lorimer, who was detained in town by business, had promised to see the luggage through the Customs, and send it on to Ingarangi in the care of the outdoor man, who was waiting in readiness with a cart. Kitty was driving her mother and sister home in the buggy.

After a parting that has lasted months, such a diversity of thoughts seek utterance that at the first interview conversation usually flounders among a medley of topics.

'And you are quite strong again, mother? I was *so* anxious when I heard you were ill,' Lucie said, with a loving pressure of Mrs Lorimer's plump hand. 'And how well father is looking, and how nice!'

'Oh Lucie! pa was so pleased when you wrote to say you would like a photograph of him. I don't know when I saw him so proud; not since you were born, I do believe. He went that very day your letter came, and got taken. What a nice new way that is you do your hair!' Mrs Lorimer branched off, in kindly criticism of her elder daughter. 'You must teach Kitty to do hers like that. And what a terrible time you had with those impostors, Lucie! I declare, when we got your letter telling us about it I was so upset I couldn't sleep in my bed at nights. And pa, he was for cabling to you to come home at once. But what a position for a young girl in a strange land! And the man's paralysed now, and there is no hope of his ever recovering. Well, well!'

They had reached the outskirts of the town, and were driving along a retired road, before Lucie, who was eagerly enjoying the well-remembered surroundings and thirstily drinking in long draughts of the familiar exhilarating air, noticed that Kitty's tell-tale face revealed a warring mixture of expressions.

'How smart David Straight looks to-day!' Lucie remarked, unconsciously touching upon the subject of her sister's confusion. And Kitty, meeting her eyes, blushed furiously.

'Weren't you surprised when you heard our news?' she asked diffidently.

'About the marriage, you know,' assisted Mrs Lorimer. 'We were sure you'd be surprised.'

'Surprised? I should say so,' agreed Lucie. 'But her niece marrying the lawyer and claiming possession of the house and everything served Miss Santhem right, for the property was really left by Millie's father—wasn't it? So it must have been hers all the time.'

'Oh, but Millie Santhem's marriage is fiddler's news,' Kitty interposed quickly. 'Didn't you get our letters last mail with our special news, and a list of things we wanted you to buy?'

'No; the mail was ten days overdue when we sailed. Broken a shaft or something; we signalled her in the Channel. I'm sorry I did not get the list in time; but I've got lots of nice things for you in my boxes. What was the news?' she asked, seeing Mrs Lorimer and Kitty exchange conscious glances.

'Then you don't know that Kitty and David Straight are going to be married? Yes.' Mrs Lorimer beamed and nodded her best bonnet in triumphant confirmation of her announcement. 'They made it up all of a sudden. You know you never cared for David yourself, Lucie,' Mrs Lorimer broke off to say with motherly solicitude. 'And when Kitty agreed, David wanted to have the marriage right off. Though, as I told him, he needn't be afraid of Kitty jilting him. But Kitty wouldn't hear of having it till you came home.'

The sudden illumination of Lucie's face left Kitty, who was breathlessly watching her reception of the information, no doubt as to the cordiality of her sister's congratulations as, with a fervour that rendered the driving somewhat erratic, Lucie bent forward and embraced her, saying, 'Oh Kitty, I am so glad—so glad!'

The road they traversed was the well-worn highway leading from Auckland to Pipimutu; but with the falling of the burden that for many weeks Lucie's slender shoulders had been bent under, it had suddenly become transfigured. A radiance overspread the sky; never had foliage seemed so luxuriant, never air so fragrant as that perfumed by the blossoming sweet-brier that wreathed the hedges.

'The English wild-roses are scentless;' unconsciously Lucie murmured her thought aloud. 'Oh Kitty, I am so glad!—you can't guess how glad.'

'Then you really aren't vexed, my dear?' inquired Mrs Lorimer, with well-intentioned but blundering solicitude. 'I was saying to pa only this morning that even if you did feel a wee bit slighted it would only be natural.'

'Slighted? Oh, no, no! There is nothing else that could possibly have happened that would have pleased me nearly so much,' Lucie replied with conviction. Her eyes had strayed to the distance where she could see the dogcart crossing the paddock towards where the bungalow, amid a blaze of azaleas and gorgeous velvet-petalled pelargoniums, nestled at the foot of the Maori *pah*.

Alighting from the buggy, Mrs Lorimer hurried off to the kitchen to hasten the preparations for lunch; Kitty hastened to the stables to assure her lover of Lucie's unreserved good wishes; and Lucie was free to seek Tresscott, who, actuated by a desire not to interfere with what he believed to be Straight's prerogative, was strolling alone on the lawn, viewing with unseeing eyes the glorious medley of blossoms—roses, wallflowers, ixias, pansies, Cape jasmine, iris, anemones, bride gladioli, sweet-peas, gaillardias, eschscholtzias, forget-me-nots, yellow broom, and Michaelmas daisies—that, encouraged to rebellion by a generous

climate, had loosed the galling bonds of conventionality, and, taking no heed of times and seasons, were all blooming together this balmy late October day.

Standing near where the gnarled branches of the great wistaria that entwined the veranda posts had burst into a fringe of fragrant lilac tassels, Tresscott sought to relieve the monotonous melancholy of his soul by watching the efforts of the indefatigable white duck to teach deportment to a brand-new brood of fluffy yellow ducklings, and did not hear Lucie's approach.

'Tommy,' she panted, rendered breathless by the rapid throbbing of her heart—'Tommy'—— and Tresscott turned to see her face aglow with ecstasy.

'Lucie, what is it? Tell me,' he urged, eager to learn what glad tidings had wrought the enchantment; but a sudden bashfulness possessed Lucie, and words forsook her. She stood before him tongue-tied, her cheeks aflame, her gray eyes downcast, her breath coming in little gasps.

'What is it, dear? What has happened?' he asked gently.

'Kitty'——

'Yes, yes, dear. Kitty?'

'Oh Tommy, Kitty is going to marry David!'

'Kitty—going—to marry—Straight!' cried Tresscott exultantly. 'Then, Lucie—then——?' Whereupon the white duck, actuated by a sense of delicacy exceptional in one of her race, promptly hustled her fledgelings out of sight and hearing under the deodar.

THE END.

RAPID TELEGRAPHY.

THIS is the age of inventions—of inventions which a score of years ago seemed outside the realms of possibility. Marconi has demonstrated the utility of wireless telegraphy; Edison has, among other things, given us the phonograph; the indomitable Santos Dumont has partially surmounted the difficulties of aerial navigation; Tesla has created many marvels; and Röntgen, by means of his rays, has revolutionised the operations of the surgeon. Other men in other directions have added materially to the wonders of the twentieth century.

Among these must be included a young Australian journalist named Donald Murray, who has been engaged at the General Post-Office in St Martin's-le-Grand for some time, justifying to the satisfaction of the chief officials the possibilities of an invention which he has perfected for attaining a high speed in telegraphy. When Mr Murray's machine is brought into general use, as it undoubtedly will be, in our telegraphic service, a great benefit will be conferred on the public, inasmuch as it will expedite business, and help materially in preventing those delays in transmission which every now and again are causes of complaint against our telegraph department.

It was while pursuing his avocation as a journalist in Australia that Mr Murray, a few years ago, came to the conclusion that telegraphy, as dotted and dashed out by the Morse instrument, was a slow process, and might be improved on. The average speed of a skilled Morse operator is twenty-five words a minute. The ingenuity of Mr Murray has increased this to at least one hundred and thirty words; and working quadruplex the speed is increased to four hundred words, as against the highest with the Morse, which is set down at eighty words per minute.

The inventor with implicit belief in the possibilities of his invention has plenty of grit in him. This is not the prerogative of any one nationality, strong though it may be in the British race. Marconi has said that apparent failure only made him strive the more, Edison has worked against enormous odds, and Santos Dumont in the face of what seemed the most crushing defeats has never once let his enthusiasm wane for an instant. Mr Murray, in the same way, surmounted difficulties enough at the outset to make even a strong man weary of his task. Having made his machine, having satisfied himself that it was capable of performing all that he anticipated, his next difficulty was to induce other people to adopt it. The telegraph authorities in Australia would not have it. No doubt, they said, it was a very good thing, and would accomplish all that was claimed for it; but they were content to continue on the old lines. Then it was that Mr Murray packed his machine and took it to America. It was some time even in that go-ahead country before the young inventor secured a trial of his machine, which fulfilled all his expectations; and the proof of his success is the fact that at the present time his high-speed machines are established in the New York postal telegraph offices, and are giving every satisfaction. The tests were severe. Between Chicago and New York and Boston and New York a speed of over one hundred words a minute was attained. On a line three hundred and eighty-four miles long the rate was increased to one hundred and twenty-five words, and in subsequent tests it rose to one hundred and thirty words per minute.

Four main instruments are brought into use, two for transmitting and two for receiving the despatches. There is a special alphabet, consisting of eighty-four characters, including capitals, small letters, and figures. In the despatching-office is a

transmitting perforator and a modified automatic Wheatstone. At the other end of the wire is a receiving perforator and an automatic typewriting attachment. The despatch, instead of being punched by hand as in the case of the Wheatstone, is perforated by an instrument not unlike the usual typewriter, though much more compact. This is so constructed that as the tape is run through the machine, the striking of each key makes the proper combination of perforations in each half-inch of character-space allowed. On the transmitting and receiving tapes the different characters appear as small circular perforations. In each half-inch division one letter or numeral is dotted; and it is the arrangement of these dots, their position, and the space between, that determine the letter or numeral. As soon as the message has been punched it is torn off and inserted in the modified automatic Wheatstone transmitter, which performs the functions of an ordinary telegraphic key. The tape is fed by means of an electrical pendulum motor, driving a small star-wheel which engages the central line of perforations and draws the tape through the machine. While the transmitting instrument is worked by hand, the receiving perforator is actuated by electrical energy, and accurately reproduces the perforations and spaces of the transmitting tape. The automatic transference of these perforated characters to a printing-machine, in order that they may appear in page form in Roman characters, is done by means of a typewriter, the key-levers of which are operated by a combination of five transverse-locking combs and a set of vertically oscillating levers.

The adaptability of Mr Murray's machine for getting through the mass of daily work, especially when there is a glut of messages, has been fully demonstrated. The inventor does not claim that any great saving of labour is effected, but that there is an immense saving of wire. So far the tests of this long-distance and high-speed page-printing telegraph invention has been in every way satisfactory, and its adoption at the postal-telegraph offices may be looked upon as practically settled.

TWICE BALKED.

SOME ten to fifteen years ago the Republic of Argentina was making very rapid strides in growth and prosperity. The country was then enjoying a temporary boom, which promised to bring that great country almost on a parallel with that greatest of republics farther north. Everywhere railways were being constructed or extended. Foreign capital, principally British, had been poured into the provinces of Buenos Ayres, Santa Fé, and Cordoba, and the country fairly swarmed with engineers, contractors, and navvies, until apparently, and I believe actually, the native element was in a minority as compared with the hosts of Englishmen, Italians, and men of other nationalities who were working at the making of a roadway for the iron horse, the first essential towards progress in a young country.

At that time I was under contract with the Octavia, Novita, and Buenos Ayres Railway Company as engineer of the construction between the towns of Octavia and Novita. These towns were then of very little importance; but to-day they are flourishing, having increased in size and importance at an almost incredible rate, owing chiefly to the railway and the vast wheat-fields it taps, which produce great quantities of grain for the European market. However, virgin prairie or 'camp' then lay for hundreds of leagues on both sides of the railway, and it might almost be said that the natives hardly knew the face of a white man until we disturbed their isolation and the indolent life they had led. I gained some very valuable experience of railway work during the construction, and also—which was perhaps not quite so valuable—a knowledge of the ways and character of the native, or *gaucho*.

I camped with my staff not far from the point of rails in the district known locally by the name of Padre Muerto. I chose this site for our camp on account of a small *laguna*, or lake, which afforded good duck-shooting. The camp-grass also was of fair quality, so that our horses had a chance of picking up a bit after having just passed through a long tract of salt-country. The earthwork contractor had pitched his camp—which included a gang of about two hundred Italians—some two miles farther ahead.

With so many men on the job, the 'grub' question was, of course, an all-important one. Arrangements were made, as usual, with the *estanciero* through whose camp we were laying the rails to supply us with the butcher-meat we required, and several *gauchos* were employed by Don Manuel Rojas, the *estanciero*, to slaughter the animals and deliver the beef to the contractor's gang. The *gaucho* in charge was one of the most ruffianly specimens of his kind I have come across, and that is saying a good deal.

In the ordinary course of events I had no occasion to come in contact with this brutish native. It so happened, however, that I was travelling between two stations in the brake-van of a material-train, which was stopped to pick up the butcher's gang. Now, we made a point of never allowing these men to travel in the van, as it was the only part of the train in

which the engineers and assistants could travel with any degree of comfort. On this occasion, as usual, the natives were given a 'flat' or open truck on which to travel along with the newly killed beef. There seemed to be some delay about getting the gang on board; and, as we were all in a hurry to get back to camp, I stepped out to ascertain the cause of the delay. On reaching the platform I was confronted by Ignacio, the afore-mentioned ruffian, who pushed past me muttering something to the effect that he wouldn't travel *como un perro* ('like a dog'), and swaggered into the van.

As it was the duty of the guard to turn out the intruder, I did not pay much attention to his growling; and just then the guard, on seeing me looking along the train, gave the signal to the driver, and we went ahead.

When the guard swung himself on to the footboard I saw from his face that he had a grievance; and he no sooner got on board than he informed me, with many exclamations in mingled Spanish and Italian, that this *bruto* Ignacio refused to travel except in the van. 'The worst of it is,' added the guard in a low voice, '*el canallo* would put a knife into me as soon as look at me.'

I felt bound to back up the guard, who had been instructed repeatedly not to allow *gauchos* into the van; so I went along with him, and in as diplomatic a way as possible told Ignacio that the van was reserved for the engineers.

'*Si, señor!*' was all the reply vouchsafed to me by the native, and that in a tone of voice which was in itself an insult.

'Stop the train,' I said, turning to the guard.

The train was brought up with a jerk as the driver caught sight of our signal.

'Get down!' I commanded the *gaucho*.

'*No me bajo*' ('I will not get down'), he replied.

Although feeling very irate, I kept my temper as best I could. It didn't suit me to have a row with this blackguard, so I turned over in my mind how to get the better of him. I remembered that some five kilometres ahead there was a loop-line or siding for shunting purposes, and a brilliant idea at once suggested itself.

'All right,' I said to Ignacio; 'but of course you will have to take the consequences.'

I then took the guard aside and gave him certain instructions. A grin of satisfaction spread across that individual's face as he went along to the engine-driver to explain matters.

Accompanied by my assistant I betook myself to the front platform of the van, where we were presently joined by the guard, and the train once more proceeded.

The *gaucho* was now left in solitary possession of the van, the door of which, at the end of the train, was closed but not locked. The guard now inserted the key as quietly as possible, and locked the door of the van.

On nearing the siding the train was slowed down sufficiently to allow the fireman to run ahead and change the points, and the train rolled into the siding. We now passed from the platform of the van to the truck directly in front of it; and at a favourable moment, when the train had reached the middle of the siding, the coupling-chain between the truck and the van was cast off, a signal given to the driver, and we forged ahead, leaving friend Ignacio and the van in solitary grandeur, ten kilometres from the next station and several leagues from any *estancio*.

The train was well clear of the siding before the native rushed out of the van; and it was with unmitigated satisfaction that we saw his furious gesticulations when he comprehended the trick played upon him. His companions in charge of the beef were hugely tickled at the situation, and I gathered from this that Ignacio was by no means a favourite with his own men.

At the next station we wired down the line giving instructions for the van to be brought on by the next day's train. On arriving at our camp I related the occurrence to the fellows there, who of course enjoyed the joke played off upon the wily *gaucho*. Then, for the time being, I forgot all about the incident.

Now for the sequel. During several weeks thereafter my attention was fully occupied with the work on hand. Then a report was given in by one of the engine-drivers to the effect that a fencing-post had been found lying across the line at kilometre one hundred and fifty; but the cow-catcher fortunately cleared the line. The post, I thought, must have slipped off the load brought out the previous day. Two days later, however, another report was handed in, stating that a steel sleeper had been found lying across the track a short distance from the spot where the post had been found. On this occasion the driver was keeping a smart lookout ahead, and he spotted the obstruction in time to stop the train. Thinking it was high time to make a move to prevent a serious derailment, I held a council of war, in which several *capataces* and train-guards took part. One of these men told me that there was a *pulperia*, or drinking-booth, about a league distant from that point of the line, and situated on the camp of Don Manuel Rojas.

These *pulperias*, which are plentifully distributed about the country, are known to be the rendezvous of all the *gauchos* in the district. The natives meet there on a Sunday or feast-day to run races, play the game of *taba*, gamble, and get drunk on the vilest of liquor. At these meetings half the murders done in the country are committed by the *gauchos*, who, when in their cups, are perhaps the most dangerously vindictive and unscrupulous blackguards in existence. As every *gaucho* carries a knife and knows how to use it on the slightest provocation, it is no wonder that stabbing cases are as common in these places as pocket-picking

is in London. I very naturally connected the attempts to wreck our trains with the habitués of this gambling hell, and resolved to pay a visit to Don Manuel Rojas, who was known to be a very decent sort, and enlist his influence in order to prevent a recurrence of the outrage.

On the following day I rode over to Don Manuel's *estancia*, La Estella. I found that gentleman taking life with his customary ease. I was received with great courtesy, and presently lay on a deck-chair alongside my host, while a good-looking *china* (pronounced 'cheena'—that is, half-breed) girl served the inevitable *maté*. Cigarettes were in full blast before I ventured to inform Don Manuel of the object of my visit; and his indignation on hearing my complaint was undoubtedly genuine. He vowed in sufficiently strong language that he would put a stop to such practices in his neighbourhood. '*Me estraño*' ('It surprises me'), he exclaimed, 'that such a thing should have happened on my camp. As you know, Don Carlos,' he continued, 'I am *juez* [judge] of this district, and, *carramba!* if I can lay hands on the animal who has done this, he will pay dearly for it. *Pero mire*, Don Carlos,' he continued, 'did you not have some disagreement with my *capataz* Ignacio the other day?'

'Ah! *si*,' I replied, remembering the occurrence; 'but surely one of your own men would not dare to do such a thing?'

'But Ignacio doesn't work for me any longer,' replied Don Manuel. 'You see, he told a long story about not being allowed by you to travel in the train, and I said that if he couldn't work amicably with the *Ingleses* he had better find work elsewhere.'

'Oho!' I said. 'Ignacio, no doubt, wants his revenge, does he?' Then I laughingly told Don Manuel how we served him.

'*Que rico!*' ('How rich!') he cried after listening to the story of how Ignacio was cast adrift. '*Bien hecho!*' ('Well done!') '*amigo* Carlos.' '*Muy bien*' ('Very well'), he went on as his face again became hard, 'I shall soon fix the matter. On Sunday next there will be races at the *pulperia*. You must meet me there at, say, four o'clock in the afternoon, and never fear but that I will *arreglar este* Ignacio.'

I promised to do as he suggested, and after many assurances of goodwill and so on, I was permitted to take my departure.

As a result of the arrangement, on the following Sunday afternoon I cantered over to the *pulperia* shortly after four o'clock, fully expecting to find Don Manuel there. As I neared the mud-hut which did duty as storehouse and bar, I saw that the usual motley crew were disporting themselves about the premises. The racing was evidently over. Perhaps twenty horses were tethered to the *palenque*, while their owners were amusing themselves, some by playing *taba*, and others were lying stretched in the shade of a solitary tree, smoking the inevitable cigarette while they watched the players. I fully expected to hear the usual uproar proceeding from the drinking-shop as I rode up; but just then there must have been an unusual lull, which I concluded was due to the presence of Don Manuel. However, to make sure, I rode up to the nearest *gaucho* and asked, 'Is Don Manuel in the *pulperia?*'

'*Si, señor gringo*' (contemptuous name applied to foreigners), the native replied, with a drunken swagger.

His insolent manner, I suppose, more than his reply, called forth a derisive laugh from the crowd. The players had suspended their game as I approached, and they were evidently in a mood to be amused by trifles.

Supposing that Don Manuel Rojas must be in the *pulperia*, I tethered my horse, and, paying no attention to the facetious remarks of the natives, walked over to the house. I discovered afterwards that the owner of the *pulperia* was also called Don Manuel; so the *gaucho* I had questioned probably believed that my query referred to him.

On pushing open the door of the hut a roar of laughter greeted me, followed by a dead silence as the occupants of the room saw I had entered. Only when my eyes became accustomed to the smoke-laden atmosphere could I distinguish the crowd of ruffianly faces. A moment later I saw the bloodshot eyes of Ignacio blazing into mine; he had evidently been drinking hard. In fact, the whole crew were in more or less advanced stages of intoxication. Evidently Rojas had not arrived.

'*Carramba, señores! Hablar del diablo*' ('Speak of the devil'), were the first words to break the silence. Ignacio spoke, and his Spanish version of the well-known proverb was evidently connected with my appearance.

I must confess that I began to wish myself anywhere else; but I also knew that I must put a good face on the situation, and hoped that the timely arrival of Don Manuel Rojas would terminate the unpleasantness of my position.

'Hullo, Ignacio!' I said, nodding towards him as I walked up to the bar, and in a loud voice asked the tender if Don Manuel Rojas had not arrived.

'No, *señor*,' was the reply.

'Ah! then I shall wait for him, as he promised to meet me here at four o'clock.'

I noticed that some of the *gauchos* looked less glaringly insolent after they heard my question; but my enemy Ignacio was either too drunk to hear, or, if he heard, too enraged to heed. I ordered a drink, and as it was being served kept an eye on the movements of the drunken beast, who evidently meant mischief. I saw his hand loosen in its sheath the silver-handled *facon*, or long double-edged knife, with which he was armed. Then I put my fingers into my right-hand waistcoat pocket, where I carried a derringer pistol, the two barrels loaded with the usual heavy ball-

cartridges. I thanked my stars that I had taken the precaution to put the small but effective weapon there before starting. However, Ignacio evidently had no intention of attacking me without having duly enjoyed the situation.

'*Señores!*' he cried oratorically, 'this is the same *gringo*, of whom I have just told you, who left me planted in middle camp, on foot, five leagues from my house. '*Si, señores!*' he continued, with a drunken and diabolical oath; 'so you can imagine with what pleasure I shall shake hands with him.'

As he spoke he advanced a grimy paw as though to clasp mine.

I saw his ruse, however. A vision of my severed hand lying on the floor warned me to grip the butt of my derringer.

'You refuse me your hand, you —— *gringo!*' he yelled. '*Yo le enseñare*' ('I'll teach you'), he panted as he drew his *facon*.

I confess that I am not a man of iron nerve, and must say that I felt as if growing white and cold when I realised it would be necessary to shoot the brute before me to prevent that foot-long burnished steel knife being inserted in my body with deadly effect. I resolved, however, with a calmness which I had not thought myself capable, that I would use my pistol only as a last resort. What I feared most was that the native would throw his knife, a practice in which these men are so clever that they can hit any desired spot at five or six paces with unerring aim and most deadly effect.

I can see the picture quite clearly even now. The slanting rays of the sun fell in bars and patches on the whitewashed wall on my right, as it was prevented from blazing in at the window in one unbroken square by the crowd of *gauchos* who had left their tamer sports to witness the *matanza* of a *gringo*.

The *gaucho* Ignacio, with murder in his heart and in his bloodshot eyes, stood in the middle of the room, his finger feeling the point of the knife, the silver handle gripped by his sinewy right hand. The onlookers had withdrawn to the sides of the room and out of the line of fire in case I should prove to be armed; and I am safe in saying that the same lust for blood which encourages the torturing and final slaughter of a helpless bull in the ring was in the heart of each. They were on the tiptoe of expectation, and no doubt already pictured me lying bleeding on the floor.

The strain on my eyes was now becoming painful with watching my would-be murderer's every action, and I felt my nerves would soon fail me if the tension they were undergoing were not relaxed. But there was one more drop required to fill the cup of enjoyment which Ignacio was bent on drinking to the dregs, one more dig of malice to administer before sending home that final and deadly thrust.

'Ho! ho!' he cried maliciously; 'you wonder who it is that is trying to smash up your —— engines? Well, well! this is going to be better sport than derailing trains.'

He balanced the knife in his hand as if to throw it; but his jaw dropped as I covered him with my derringer, and ——

There was a movement amongst those blocking the doorway, and the jingle of a spurred heel.

'*Alto!*' ('Halt!')

The one harsh word burst into the strained silence with an incredible shock. Every eye in the room was flashed in the direction whence it came. There stood the commanding figure of Don Manuel Rojas, his hand, holding his *revenque*, or short whip, pointing in our direction.

'Seize that man,' he commanded, indicating Ignacio, as two soldiers pushed their way into the room.

A moment later I had the satisfaction of seeing Ignacio led out by the hardly less ruffian-looking soldiers, while I gulped down the glass of cognac which still stood on the counter.

Luckily Don Manuel had overheard the words in which Ignacio confessed himself to be the perpetrator of the attempts to wreck our trains, and subsequently a local paper announced that the *gaucho* had been condemned to undergo five years' imprisonment, which I sincerely hope may have had a salutary effect on his revengeful disposition.

SUMMER IN THE HEBRIDES.

Half October, all September,
Half of August: you remember
What a time for you and me,
Sailing on the Hebrid sea;
Sailing on from isle to isle,
Threading strait and narrow kyle,
Spying o'er the open main
Severed summits link again;
Pleased to watch the waters sleep
Round Iona, green and deep;
Pleased to watch the waters roar,
Lashed on Scavaig's iron shore.

Pleasant summer scenes like these,
Bowers of the Hesperides,
On the sense return again
Through the fog and London rain.
Dearest, were it well that we,
Hand in hand, light-heartedly,
Running to a prosperous gale,
Round the west should ever sail?
Pushing our adventurous bark
Far from 'Ronin's mountains dark;'
Far beyond the racing seas
That vex the Outer Hebrides;
Far beyond the frown and smile
Of St Kilda's changeful isle;
Till on our astonished eyes
Strange new Hebrides arise.

J. E. M.

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SIXTH SERIES.

MRS HUGH MILLER'S JOURNAL.

EDITED BY HER GRANDDAUGHTER.

PART IV.—CONCLUSION.

(Continued from page 464, Part 55, *Chambers's Journal.*)

'THE great grief of our early married life and residence in Cromarty was the loss of our darling child. She was a delight and wonder to Hugh above all wonders. Her little smiles and caresses sent him always away to his daily toil with a lighter heart. When he took smallpox, I, of course, slept on a couch in his room and was with him night and day; but the great privation was that he could not see her. We ventured when he was mending to open the room door and let him look at her across the entrance lobby, and to allow her to stretch out her little arms to him. Her own illness began soon after. It was a very tedious one connected with teething, and lasting nine or ten months. All our mutual recreations and many of my employments, including a school for fisher-lads, which I had taught for some years at eight every evening, had to be given up. In the spring of 1839 I had a close nursing of several weeks. Then there was a marked amendment. One lovely evening in April I went out for the first time that spring to breathe the air of the hill. When I returned I found the child, then seventeen months old, in the nurse's arms at the attic window, from which she used to greet her papa when he came up the street. She had been planting a little garden in the window-sill of polyanthus, primroses, and other spring flowers. When she saw me she pushed them away with the plaintive "Awa, awa," she used to utter, and laid her head on my breast. The next time she looked up it was to push my head backwards with her little hand, while a startled, inquiring, almost terrible look came into her lovely eyes. All the time she lay dying—three days and three nights—her father was prostrate in the dust before God in an agony of tears. Whether he performed his daily bank duties, or any part of them, I do not remember; but such a personification of David the king at a like mournful time it is impossible to imagine. All the strong man was bowed down. He wept; he mourned; he fasted; he prayed. He entreated God for her life. Yet when she was taken away a calm and implicit submission to the Divine will succeeded, although still his eyes were fountains of tears. Never again in the course of his life was he thus affected. He was an affectionate father, and some of his children were at times near death; but he never again lost thus the calmness and dignity, the natural equipoise as it were, of his manhood. He made the little headstone for his darling child himself. It was the last time he ever put chisel on stone.'

'We buried it,' wrote Hugh Miller in his autobiography, 'beside the old chapel of St Regulus, with the deep rich woods all around, save where an opening in front commands the distant land and the blue sea; and where the daisies, which it had learned to love, mottled, star-like, the mossy mounds; and where birds, whose songs its ear had become skilful enough to distinguish, pour their notes over its little grave.' It was there in the churchyard hallowed by so many associations of joy, and now of sorrow, that Mrs Miller wrote the pathetic little poem quoted in *Schools and Schoolmasters:*

Thou 'rt 'awa, awa' from thy mother's side,
And 'awa, awa' from thy father's knee;
Thou 'rt 'awa' from our blessing, our care, our caressing,
But 'awa' from our hearts thou wilt never be.

Thou 'rt 'awa, awa' from the bursting spring-time
Tho' o'er thy head its green boughs wave;
The lambs are leaving their little footprints
Upon the turf of thy new-made grave.

It was very soon after this that Hugh Miller became absorbed in what was then called the

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Church Question. In May of this same year he wrote his *Letter to Lord Brougham;* and hoping that it might be of some little service on the popular side, he sent it to Mr Robert Paul, of Edinburgh, asking him to try to find a publisher for it. 'The price,' he wrote, 'may be very low; the writer's interest in it will not add to the expense; it is an offering for the altar.' Dr Candlish tells how a few days after this he met Mr Paul in the street, who 'in a casual, off-hand manner' told him of the manuscript, and asked him to look at it. 'I suppose he mentioned Mr Miller's name,' writes the Doctor; 'but I had not heard of him before. I took the manuscript home and laid it aside, intending to give a cursory glance over it in the course of a day or two, and then return it; certainly expecting to find nothing remarkable in it. . . . That same evening, being alone—for I recollect that my family were in the country—and being somewhat dull and listless, I thought I might as well look at the manuscript Mr Paul had given me. I began to read it in a thoroughly indifferent mood. I never can forget the rapture—for it was nothing short of that—into which the first pages threw me. I finished the reading in a state of great excitement; so much so that, though it was late, I could not rest till I had hastened with the manuscript to Mr Dunlop, beseeching him to read it that very night. The following day Mr Dunlop and I met with Mr Paul and a few friends, and either then or a few days thereafter it was agreed to ask Mr Miller to become editor of the *Witness* newspaper, then about to be started.'

Mr Paul wrote to Hugh Miller asking him to come up to Edinburgh on important business, but not telling what exactly it concerned. As Mrs Miller was in need of a change of air, Hugh asked Mr Paul kindly to find lodgings for both of them, and Mr Paul replied by cordially inviting them to his house in Melville Street; and so, not knowing how profoundly his life's current was to be changed, Hugh Miller went to Edinburgh.

'To our surprise,' writes Mrs Miller in the manuscript, 'Hugh was looked upon as a lion—a sort of remarkable phenomenon. So far as I could understand the matter—and I happened to meet with a few people *not* of the "non-intrusion" way of thinking—things had been very much asleep, and the question had excited but a faint and feeble interest. Chalmers and Candlish had written; but the gist of the matter was little understood. It was not from the clerical but the lay aspect of the subject that the public mind was to take fire. To find himself a leader on a great public question was a position that Hugh had never for a moment contemplated. He shrank from anything like public life, the embroilments and perplexities of public questions being exactly that which he would have wished most carefully to avoid. Had any sort of attention been paid to him as a literary man, to that he had been in some manner accustomed, and he would have been noways surprised. His *Traditions of Cromarty* had been published and had been well received, and he was engaged in writing for respectable periodicals, while the consciousness of an innate power of literary achievement and success must have been strong within him. But he had written the *Letter to Lord Brougham* in all simplicity, without the least idea of being moved from his quietude and repose. It was a subject that touched all personal traditions and sympathies of his life. Old Donald Roy of Nigg (in Ross-shire) was one of the heroes of his boyhood. That old man had left the Church of Scotland under protest. All Hugh's feelings of indignation against the wrong about to be perpetrated were aroused. To him the question had a personal and not a political aspect. The same subject may be regarded in these two vastly different ways: the member of Parliament who votes for Free Trade in order to keep his seat or strengthen his party is at one with the poor man who is looking at the increasing or diminishing loaf on his table for himself and his children. (Yet they regard the matter from very different standpoints.) So Hugh's first views on the subject of his Church being kept open to the popular voice in the selection of pastors might be the narrowest, but were beyond all question the most intense. But beyond this simple expression, as a unit of the people interested, he had never thought of advancing.

'We enjoyed the time of our sojourn with Mr Paul and his family very much. There was, of course, a famous dinner-party at which we were introduced to Dr Cunningham, Dr Candlish, Dr Abercromby, and others. We were very much pleased and gratified by the kindly and friendly tone which prevailed as to the real business of coming to Edinburgh. Mr Paul complained that it progressed but slowly. He could not get Hugh brought to definite terms. The truth was that, as might be expected, he fought shy. The cause was a great cause, and his heart was in it; but the change was sudden and startling, and the responsibility at such a crisis was tremendous. Then he thought himself unfitted by nature, and he felt himself to be so by habit, for any public sphere. He to be the editor of a newspaper when he scarce ever read one! When compelled, he looked at the latest news for political intelligence, scarce ever otherwise. Whatever his literary talent was, he was sure it did not lie that way.

'Surely one cannot wonder at his backwardness when so much was at stake for himself and others. The failure of the first newspaper which was definitely instituted to advocate the cause of the people and the Freedom of the Church would not certainly have ensured the failure of the cause; but it would have been a sad discomfiture and sore disgrace. "It did not

follow as a matter of course," he argued, "that because a man might have considerable power of mind and literary ability he was therefore able to conduct a newspaper." Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, &c. had tried it, and had failed. What power had he to succeed that they wanted? I was, as usual, sanguine. Perhaps I did not see all the difficulties. My confidence in his powers was greater than his own; my appreciation of the position, from the inferior grade of mind, was less. I see it, now that the din of conflict and the dire results of the battle are before me, better than I did then. Whether this was best or not I cannot say. If I had been more clear-sighted I, too, might have shrunk back in dismay, and might not have used what influence I had in the onward direction.

'On the 25th of November 1839 God made up to us in some measure for the loss we had sustained by the birth of another girl. She was baptized by Mr Stewart in the parish church by the name of Harriet, the name of her father's mother. It had been agreed that the *Witness* was to start at the New Year of 1840; therefore Hugh prepared to leave for Edinburgh in less than a month after his child was born. There was then no railway to the North, and the readiest and most convenient mode of egress from Cromarty was by sea; but it was the month of December, and the very depth of winter, and the young infant and myself were feeble for such an undertaking, so it was arranged that I should remain till the following spring, and that Hugh should go into lodgings. So Hugh set forth on his knight-errantry alone.

'The gulf that separated the life after the year 1840 and that before it was indeed a very wide one. I know not anywhere else an instance of a man being apparently not one individual but two. During the foregoing portion of Hugh's life repose and serenity had been the conditions of his being; mildness was the expression of his countenance—extreme gentleness of his manners. I remember the great amusement caused in our circle in Cromarty by the remark of a little portrait-painter, who had spent most of his time in Italy and who spoke a kind of mongrel English, that "Miller had the most infuriated expression" he ever saw. It was his eye at which the painter looked, and he saw there the capacity for enthusiasm—the divine *fureur* which is always characteristic of genius. But as applicable to his general expression and deportment, the mirth excited by the remark shows how wide it was of the reality. In his inner sphere of thought he inhabited constantly—not sometimes but always—that higher and nobler world, in which he hoped to be always left to dwell. His findings in geology gave a sort of vent to his day-dreams which seemed to piece the outer and inner life together. While breaking open his specimens or thinking over them at his work, he was intensely happy—the happiness of an unruffled spirit at peace with God and all men; and he drank daily deep draughts of increasing knowledge from nature around him and from the magnificent visions of past creation which opened themselves up to him. For it is a curious fact that Hugh had no geological books to instruct him. Now I think of it, it seems odd, yet is nevertheless true, that when I wanted some initiation into the mysteries of the science he had not one treatise to give me. I had to get some volumes of Lyell's for myself. Such as he had consisted only of old odd volumes full of monstrosities and absurdities, such as *Tchamed on the Wonders of the Sea*, which pleased him by their air of traditional extravagance: a proof this, *en passant*, of the reality of geological facts and inductions, that they may be rediscovered and reconstructed by solitary individuals, just as the discovery of a planet has taken place in two different parts of the world at once. To a mind like Hugh's, so tenacious of facts, yet with an imagination capable of soaring so far beyond them in its reconstructive power, what the wonders of the shore must have been when those visions of past creation first unveiled themselves to him may be readily conceived. But independent of these, a serene happiness and tranquillity was the normal temperament of his mind. I believe it would have continued so to the end of his days but for shattered nerves and disease of the brain. Of the aspirations of ambition to trouble him he had none; or, if he had any, they were of that tranquil literary kind which had every reasonable hope of being gratified. To dress better, to live in a better house, to have daintier fare—all these were things to him as if they were not. Indeed, the absence of that ordinary kind of ambition in him might be said to amount to a fault. I might want respectable tables and chairs, and take pleasure in painting and garnishing my house, and he might look upon all this as something to be expected in the feminine gender, and to be tolerated accordingly; but, for himself, he professed just what he felt—to be content with a table, a chair, and a pot, with a little fire in his grate and a little meat to cook on it.

'He took pleasure when he could—for that was rare—in sitting with fossil-shelves and book-shelves around him, and with a heap of literary confusion about, which was order to him, and which no hands might touch. And if I came in and sat on his knee and talked to him a little, that was his paradise. But of personal ambition, other than to write something which men would not willingly let die, he had not a single grain. So in setting his face toward the metropolis, there was none of that desire to rise in life, that appetite for personal applause and distinction

which might have made the difficulty and the struggle appear less.'

Here the manuscript ends somewhat abruptly. Henceforward Hugh Miller's life was to be lived amid the storm and stress of a great ecclesiastical upheaval, not any more in the quiet and peace of the little seaport town, with its fair surroundings and its kind and loving hearts. Mrs Miller refers to the great change in her husband that this transplanting brought about. No one could be more utterly relentless, it seemed, in his castigation of an opponent, no one more keenly stinging and caustic in the manner of giving it. Yet the old gentle nature was always there deep down, and it was always the *view*, the *opinion* he really attacked, not the *man*. 'If you want me to crush any one,' he would say, half in jest and half in earnest, 'don't let me see him.'

Dr Guthrie used to tell how sometimes he would try to draw Hugh Miller out for the benefit of a dinner-table of admirers; but as surely as there was a suspicion of lionising, so surely would he withdraw into his shell. Yet among intimates his charm was always the same. Among his closest friends in Edinburgh was Mr Makgill Crichton of Rankeillour. At his house Hugh Miller was as much himself as he had been in the little circle in Cromarty. There are stories told of long, fascinating winter-evening talks by the library fire at Rankeillour, when Mr Makgill Crichton, Sir David Brewster, and one or two others would sit till all hours, while Hugh Miller enthralled them by eerie tales of the supernatural, so vivid and realistic that Sir David would insist on being escorted every step of the way to his bedroom door when the party broke up in the small hours of the morning.

It might have been expected that the sudden change from his quiet life in Cromarty to the position of a public leader, admired and courted, as he came to be, by all classes of society, might have spoiled him; but it does not seem to have done so. There were many ways in which he changed little in his new life. Personally he seems to have been always rather shy and proud, hating to be made much of, and persistently refusing invitations to great houses. A remark Mrs Miller used to make on the scrupulous integrity that made him fear to incur even a sixpenny debt recalls Dr Guthrie's account of an episode which took place in 1855, the year before his death. He was weary and overworked, and some of his friends were anxious on his behalf, and hailed with joy an offer made him by Lord Breadalbane of a small Government post bringing in about eight hundred pounds a year, and offering him the opportunity of much-needed rest; for, although the money responsibilities were heavy, the actual duties were light. Dr Guthrie was made the bearer of the offer to Hugh Miller, and they paced up and down the street outside his door considering it, the one urging, the other thinking and hesitating. At last Hugh Miller said, 'My powers are not what they were. I could not take the responsibility of having so much money pass through my hands. I cannot accept it.' Dr Guthrie thought it might have saved him from the tragedy that came afterwards.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL

CHAPTER IV.—A BRIEF PAUSE.

MR BARROWS had been placed in a difficult position. Curiosity, and some better emotion, had urged him forward, despite the fact that he had long ago cut himself off from all connection with Styria and the Styrians, and had even ceased to feel any particular interest in their affairs. He now felt vaguely that he had entered upon a course of which he could not see the end. Had he been able to see the end that first step would never have been taken.

The Countess Hamar had received his suggestion as a gift of Providence. The events of recent months had broken down both her health and her spirit, for despair had been added to grief, and grief piled upon despair. Never a woman of strong mind, her fortitude and even her natural pride had given way at the realisation that she was left with her daughter without resources and without friends in an alien land; and as a natural consequence, her thoughts had even begun to turn to their persistent enemy as an only hope. But then, at the last, came a man who had seen her husband's name upon a cross and had recognised it. He had sought them out, had spoken as a friend, and had even shown an acquaintance with their native tongue. Further, with a quiet tact that was in itself reassuring, he had placed aside all barriers and had learned all that there was to know of their story. Then he had made a suggestion which seemed to offer a temporary salvation, and hope had returned. Sympathy, knowledge, suggestion—all were forthcoming, all that they needed most. They had come to Welding.

It was dusk when they reached the town, and Mr Barrows led them direct through the quiet streets to the welcome which awaited them. As soon as the door of Hadfield's house had closed they found themselves secure in the atmosphere of a home.

The way had been well prepared, and every-

thing went smoothly. The 'little woman,' as Barrows was accustomed to call Mrs Hadfield, knew all the arts of homeliness, and was possessed of no small share of tact. Nor was there any awkwardness of greeting, for even that had been smoothed away beforehand; 'Mrs Mathias' and her daughter took their places in the little household as guests who had been looked for.

To the Countess the change of atmosphere and the relief brought a sudden breakdown after the strain of the past days and the burden of anxiety. On the morning after their arrival she was prostrate, and medical advice had to be called in. For a week the utmost care was necessary, and even after the first danger had passed there was still need for watchful attendance and sympathy.

In about a fortnight, however, the Countess was able to come downstairs. That was on a brilliant afternoon in May. Mr Barrows, who had been most helpful throughout, presently came over from his own garden to join the little group that sat at the door of Hadfield's dining-room, in the sunshine.

He received a grateful welcome, and opened a conversation in that quiet, sympathetic manner which he had used on the occasion of their first meeting. The range of talk, however, was limited, for the past was too painful to be discussed, while by tacit agreement the questions of the future were left until the health of the Countess should be in a better condition. He spoke of his little garden, to which he had been giving his attention during the intervening days in an unusually restless and intermittent fashion; and he listened, with much apparent interest, to a description of their gardens at Cronia. As he listened he watched the face of the younger woman, who was sitting before him; and he became so absorbed in this that he ceased to make any remark, so that presently a silence fell. He was thinking, indeed, of this girl's pursuer, the man whose face betrayed so much of the brute; and as he compared them an angry indignation stirred his heart, and was reflected in his face. The Countess looked at him, and saw it.

'What is it, my friend?' she asked gently. 'Of what are you thinking?'

'I was thinking of Count Philip,' said Mr Barrows hastily. He spoke without thought, and regretted it immediately. A flush stole over the girl's cheeks and brows; but in a moment she looked up and met his glance. There was confusion in her eyes, but there was no reproach.

'Ah!' said the Countess, 'here, for a while, we do not need to think of him. Let us not do so until we must.'

'Certainly,' agreed Barrows. 'I was very foolish.'

He blamed himself secretly with much more vigour, and felt that it was time for him to go. At that moment Mrs Hadfield came in with some dainty preparation for the invalid, and he took the opportunity to rise. He walked down towards the garden door, but he did not go alone. The girl rose to go down with him. He fancied that she had guessed his self-reproach. Nor was he mistaken. Edna—for that was her name—said little as they trod the length of Hadfield's garden, and he said less; but when they reached the door she held out her hand with a smile.

'You must not think that we fear any one here,' she said. 'In this home, to which you have brought us, we feel secure.'

'And you are secure!' was the answer that came readily to the man's lips, a reassuring, convenient, and every way suitable answer, but not a true one. Because it would not have been true he did not utter it. He was quite an ordinary man, a man of expediency and not over-particular; but as he looked into her face he felt that he could not do with her what was only expedient and convenient. So he did not answer at all.

'I must tell you what my mother will tell you when she is stronger,' the girl went on quickly—'how grateful we are for what you have done. Some day, when we go back, we shall be able to repay you.'

Here, too, Mr Barrows found himself at a loss. 'When we go back' was the expression she had used, full of the hope of young days, and of the confidence which had not yet fully realised their calamity. He failed to find words, and she took sudden alarm at his silence.

'You do not say!' she cried. 'Don't you think that we shall go back? It is not that?'

There was no answer; but evasion was now absolutely necessary. The fear which he saw come into her eyes spurred Mr Barrows to an effort.

'Go back?' he said, smiling. 'Are you, then, so eager to leave our England?'

The device was successful. 'I did not mean that,' she explained. 'You must not think it. I shall always think of England as this place, and shall always like Englishmen.'

Mr Barrows bowed and smiled playfully. Fearing a return to the other topic, he seized the opportunity to go, and raised the latch of the door. After a few further words she returned to her mother, and he entered his own garden.

'*When we go back.*' He shook his head as he thought of that remark, for he knew that unless a miracle took place there could be no going back. After a public denunciation and a public flight, the Styrian Government could show no weakness, and could not be expected to show any, further than in the promise which had been given to the Brodes. That was the only way of going back, and even the matter-of-fact and easy-going Mr Barrows felt his cheek burn at the thought of it.

The next hour was a troubled one for him. He sat at his window with a cigar, and now and

again a word or a sentence reached him in the clear voice which he was already beginning to know so well. There was no laughter, for sorrow was too near; but the tones had life and hope and affection in them, and they jarred upon the spirit of the man who knew what clouds overhung. As he listened his mood grew darker; and it was bitter enough when Hadfield came over in the evening.

Since the arrival of the strangers, that young man had lived in a state of half-subdued excitement. It seemed to him that his plain and straightforward existence had been transformed, or that he had stepped over its borders into a realm of stir and romance, peopled with the mighty. He had a great respect for the mighty, and it was no small thing to find that his next-door neighbour was the one-time secretary to a prince and a partner in revolutions; it was naturally a still greater thing that he should be sheltering under his own roof a countess and the daughter of a countess. It was as much as he could do to keep the secret, and a hundred times a day he feasted his imagination upon the scene which would follow if he should drop it into the serene atmosphere of his office.

'I say,' he remarked now, as he took a seat at his neighbour's side, 'I can't help being glad that you brought them to us. They're awfully nice people.'

'Really?' said Mr Barrows absently.

'Yes. There's no nonsense about them, you know, and no pride. No one would think they were of the nobility.'

Mr Barrows smiled, perhaps at Hadfield's simple conception of the manner in which the pride of race and place might have displayed itself.

Hadfield went on: 'The only thing is that they're so sad. The Countess especially seems very much depressed. I wish we could cheer them up.'

'Ah!' said Mr Barrows, his smile vanishing, 'you must remember what trouble they have had, and wait a little.'

Hadfield was struck by his sudden change of tone. Mr Barrows, however, went on, glad perhaps to have an opportunity of expressing some of the bitterness of his mood.

'You asked me,' he said, 'why I was so hard on Prince Adrian in that book. Perhaps you understand it better now, when you have some of his victims in your own house.'

'Why, of course,' said Hadfield. 'This comes about through him.'

'Quite through him. The man who never did any good with his life has been able to do incalculable mischief, even after his death. I could wish him nothing worse than that he should see what he has done.'

'Oh, well,' said Hadfield awkwardly, 'it can't be helped now, you know, and I suppose it will all come right if we only wait a little.'

After he had gone Mr Barrows continued to turn that remark over in his mind. It was as hopeful as Edna's, and showed just as much knowledge of the truth. Then he tried to consider the question, 'What next?' It had haunted him from the first. He knew the character of the Countess's enemies, and felt that they would not lightly give up their purpose. Here was a prize both for the father's greed and the son's passion, and they would do anything to win it. Anything, with them, would mean a great deal. He foresaw a struggle, and a struggle in which all the power was on the other side. Nor was the prospect brighter when he looked at the alternative. Suppose they gave up the chase, or suppose the pursuer failed to find a clue. What was then in store for those two helpless women, strangers in a strange land? Their resources would be exhausted, and that very soon; and there was no hope from their own country. They would suffer poverty, with all its accompaniments. He knew, or at least he could guess, what poverty would mean for this broken woman and this lovely girl. After what had so lately been theirs, they would have to seek some kind of work in order to live. He could do little for them, even if his little would have been accepted, for his income would afford no more than the very modest comforts he now enjoyed. It seemed to him that the situation was a singularly hopeless one.

A few days passed quietly, but there was no lifting of the cloud; and after those few days he was obliged to face a danger which he had failed to count with, and one that became pressing.

It was connected with the health of the Countess. To a certain point she recovered her strength; but there the progress was stayed. As her mind became clearer, the first relief afforded by the new situation passed away, and she began to remember the power of her enemies. Her despondency made her morbid, and she followed her daughter's movements with a despairing look which spoke clearly of fear and terror. This reaction was disastrous in its effects, for it was accompanied by a nervous condition which caused her to start at the sound of the door-bell, and to tremble at the approach of footsteps. This last phase greatly troubled the physician, who decided to consult Mr Barrows.

One morning, therefore, after leaving his patient, he called next door, and found Mr Barrows at his writing-table. He gave a brief outline of the symptoms which troubled him in the Countess.

'This is something I cannot reach,' he said, 'and it is, therefore, all the more serious. She is labouring under some uneasiness which must be dissipated. Have you not observed it?'

Mr Barrows was obliged to admit that he had. After a pause Dr Henslow decided that he must speak more clearly.

'It is having a very grave effect,' he declared. 'In fact, I must tell you that unless some change takes place in this respect I cannot answer for the consequences. She is thoroughly worn down in health, and the strain is too much.'

Dr Henslow's patients were accustomed to say that he was too reserved, and that he did not treat their complaints with sufficient seriousness. Mr Barrows remembered this when he had gone, and saw its significance. He also saw the cause of the evil.

'It is that fellow, of course,' he said to himself. 'After what he has done she has a morbid fear of him, and feels, rather than knows, that he will hunt them down. If he comes, the shock will probably kill her; and if he does not come, the strain will have the same effect. That would be another death to Prince Adrian's account.'

He clenched his hands at the thought. Yet what was to be done? He pondered this new question deeply, and at last arrived at what seemed to be the only possible solution, though even here the hope was very slender. It occurred to him that the pursuer might be met and faced, and even forced to abandon his purpose. Or, if he had already gone, the fact might be ascertained and the Countess's mind relieved by the news.

The latter chance was a very feeble one, and the first meant an ordeal from which he shrank. He already detested and feared Count Philip, knowing fairly well the mingled strength and brutality of his character. This was a task for a strong man, and he was not strong; his, indeed, was a most dangerous weakness — the weakness of one who distrusts himself. He knew that he was not by any means a man of action; yet this course offered just that chance which he felt forced to take.

Naturally his mind dwelt on the alternative——the hope that Count Philip had already given up the pursuit. It was but a frail hope, and it was shattered finally before he had fairly considered it.

As he sat at his table he glanced occasionally into the street. Very few people passed in that quiet spot, and most of those were quite familiar figures. For this reason his attention was caught presently by the appearance of a person who passed, in a leisurely way, on the other side.

He was of a very commonplace appearance, not in the least unlike one of the half-dozen insurance canvassers or touts who came daily; indeed, he was much more like one of those persons than he required to be in order to play the part. Mr Barrows had an observant eye, and something about this stranger's bearing fitted in with an expectation of his own. He saw the man pass out of sight, but still kept a watch upon the street; and he was not at all surprised, after he had waited ten minutes, to see him pass the window again, this time on the nearer side.

Mr Barrows decided to make sure. Moving nearer to the window, he saw the fellow leave the street once more, and vanish; but he knew that if his suspicions were just the matter was not done with. This time he waited half-an-hour; then he heard brisk footsteps on the pavement, and the same man walked innocently up to Hadfield's gate, opened it, and made straight for the front door. He carried a worn leather bag, which was well stocked, no doubt, with insurance company leaflets or sewing-machine prospectuses. In another moment he would have rung the bell; but before he could do so Mr Barrows had thrown up his window. It was a bay window, and he was face to face with the stranger.

'Not to-day, thank you,' he said pleasantly.

The man stopped, and stared. He raised his hand to the bell.

'No,' said Mr Barrows firmly. 'Not to-day, thank you. You mustn't call to-day, *there*.'

The visitor sought words, but was so utterly taken by surprise by this flank attack that he could not find them. He saw detection in Mr Barrows' look, heard it in his voice, read it in his smile. Without a defence, he retired to the gate, passed out, and made his retreat, looking back once in mingled fear, anger, and amazement.

'Very clumsy indeed,' thought Mr Barrows, closing down his window. 'They do these things much better in Styria! But it is just as I thought. There is only one thing to be done.'

He reflected uneasily upon the way in which he was being led from one step to another. But there was no one else to go!

THE COMING RUSH TO SOUTH AFRICA.

A FAMOUS phrase of the last generation, 'Young man, go West!' is likely in the near future to lose its significance for Britons. Certain it is that, with the cessation of hostilities and the consequent removal of martial law restrictions, the tide of emigration will follow the flag, and an unprecedented rush set in to the El Dorado in the South recently acquired by an effusion of blood and expenditure of treasure only justified by the fact that the war was deliberately forced on us. Therefore, a few hints may not be unwelcome.

Before the writer's recent return to England, after an absence of some years, he and other residents in the country had reason to deplore the presence in the coast-towns of numbers of Britons who, in their anxiety to be in good

time for the golden future, had rushed out to South Africa, where, on arrival, they were disillusionised by the discovery that for every practical purpose they had better have remained in England for some months longer. Martial law wisely prohibited them from proceeding more than a few miles up-country. Trade and business in the annexed territories were in a condition of coma; and in the coast-towns, where the immigrant was compelled to remain, the cost of living is far greater than in England, and for any and every kind of vacancy which may occasionally present itself the applicants are superabundant.

To those who intend to emigrate to South Africa a word of kindly warning is here offered: Do not be in a hurry. Rest assured that everything will come, improved and mellowed by the delay, to him who waits. Spend the interval in finding out everything that is to be found out about the country which you intend shall be your future home. See that your outfit, while not profuse, is well selected, and above all do not go out 'on spec.' It is not to be expected that every one can go out to a snug appointment secured in advance; but have some fixed ideas as to what you intend, or at least wish, to do—some more or less predetermined plan of campaign. There is, generally speaking, no more hopeless failure than the man who is 'willing to take anything;' he is usually one who can or will do nothing. Having settled what occupation is the most suitable for you, or you desire to follow, ascertain if there is a friend or even acquaintance already in South Africa who could, in some measure, assist or advise you before you sail. Above all, having found something for your right hand to do, do it with all your might; and, having put your hand to the plough, do not turn or even look back, but push steadily on to success and a future competency. Both can be assured to any one possessed of energy and perseverance in the South Africa of the future.

Now, to commence *ab initio*, we shall deal first with the large majority to whom the Rand will be the goal. As is generally known, the three leading steamship lines carrying passengers to South Africa are the Union-Castle of Fenchurch Street, Bullard-King of St Mary Axe, and the Rennie Line. While the first-named has incomparably the largest traffic, the other two have certain special advantages which preclude leaving them out of consideration when the question as to which line shall be chosen comes up for consideration. The fact, however, that the Bullard-King and Rennie boats run direct to Natal without any stoppage at the Cape greatly simplifies the matter of choice. Generally speaking, if it is intended to proceed to Natal direct, or to reach Johannesburg *vid* Natal, there is much to be said in favour of travelling by one of these lines; for, although the Union-Castle boats also reach Durban, it is only after calling at all the Cape Colony ports, with a delay of perhaps two or three days at Capetown; which, of course, means additional expense, as one naturally goes ashore during coaling, &c. Another point for consideration is, that the fares of the Rennie and Bullard-King boats will be found to be considerably lower than those for corresponding classes in the Union-Castle line; and while the boats of the former may be smaller and less ornate, the life on board a trifle more restful, and the table a little less lavish, it is not to be imagined that they are in any way strikingly inferior, for emphatically they are not. The only drawback to the two direct lines mentioned is that they carry no third-class passengers. If it is desired to proceed to Natal in this class, the Union-Castle line becomes a very pleasant 'Hobson's choice.'

A word in passing on the subject of third-class travelling. It is fair to assume that the majority of people desirous of reaching South Africa also desire to do so at as moderate a cost as possible, compatible with comfort. Now, the average second-class fare by intermediate Union-Castle steamer to Natal is twenty-six guineas, and the average third-class four-berth cabin is sixteen guineas, a clear saving of ten guineas. When the writer first went out to South Africa some years ago he travelled third class for reasons of economy, and was so comfortable that he has no hesitation in recommending the adoption of the same course to-day to young men for whom a saving of ten guineas is a consideration; the more so as third-class accommodation has vastly improved of late years.

It is not intended to encumber this article with information which can be more conveniently and fully obtained from the various shipping companies. A few suggestions having been made which may assist in the selection of one particular line, reference will now be made to the provision of a suitable outfit. However, little need be said regarding outfits, for what is used in England is, with few exceptions, used in South Africa. As the writer is only qualified to advise men, the following remarks must be considered as strictly applicable to them.

While an elaborate outfit is undesirable, it is very desirable that, as far as possible, all articles should be of the best quality. Cheap boots, cheap mackintoshes, and cheap clothes are as grass in the oven in the dry Transvaal climate, and a sheer waste of money. A heavy greatcoat is hardly necessary, and might with advantage be replaced by a covert-coat; while a really *waterproof* waterproof is essential, as also one good pair of shooting or field boots, even for a town life, South Africa's rain being as vehement as its sun. In choosing suits, it should be borne in mind that one of the Transvaal's leading characteristics is a prevalence of red, sandy dust

during high winds; therefore, if one or two suits of reddish-brown homespun are provided, the spoiling of clothes by dust-storms will be reduced to a minimum. Owing to this dust nuisance spotless linen is at a premium; and, as the laundrying by coolies and Kaffirs is frequently of a painfully vigorous character, the wear and tear in shirts is considerable. To counteract this to a great extent, an excellent plan is to procure shirts of the 'reversible-cuff' pattern now so freely advertised. One or two washing suits, preferably of khaki drill, will also be found to save their initial cost over and over again.

Outfit and voyage being disposed of, the next points for consideration are the conditions of life in South Africa in general, and Johannesburg—the Mecca of most South African pilgrims—in particular. Business—and, for the matter of that, social—life in Johannesburg has two very distinct and different phases, namely, town and reef. By the latter term is meant employment and life on one of the many mines on the line of reef, which stretches twenty-five miles east and west of Johannesburg. The work, conditions, and pay at each are so different that it will be necessary to deal with them separately.

Every mine is a little township and community by itself. The leading positions, such as general, battery, cyanide, mine, and compound managers, are, of course, filled by experts who have qualified for the lucrative positions they hold by lengthy experience at their special work; while the actual mining—that is, excavation by drilling and blasting—is in the hands of miners, experts in their way, from the mines of Cornwall and the north-country. While there is no reason why new-comers and novices should not aspire to, and ultimately gain, positions in the higher grades of the gold-mining industry, it would be useless to do more than simply refer to them in an article written especially for 'new chums.' So we give particulars, stating the salaries and duties, of the subordinate positions which even a new-comer might reasonably feel himself competent to fill.

Storekeeper.—Twenty pounds to forty pounds per month. Ordering and issue of all mining stores and material, and keeping of books thereanent.

Assistant Storekeeper.—Fifteen pounds to twenty pounds per month. Assisting storekeeper. The larger mines may employ two or three assistants in the store, the senior usually obtaining promotion on the departure of the storekeeper.

Timekeeper.—Fifteen pounds to twenty-five pounds per month. Keeping of native time-tickets, denoting number of shifts worked, and by which the workers are paid.

Mine Secretary.—Twenty pounds to fifty pounds per month. Secretarial duties in the mine-office, as apart from the town or transfer office where the share records and transactions are kept. Compilation of statistics dealing with the cost of working, keeping of all accounts, and making up of pay-sheets. In fact, the manager's adjutant.

Office Assistants.—Twelve pounds ten shillings to twenty-five pounds per month. It is from among the office assistants, after they are quite familiar with the work, that the secretary is usually appointed.

Battery-hands (Amalgamators).—Fifteen pounds to twenty-five pounds per month. This work, which is largely manual, consisting of the first stage of the recovery of the gold as it passes under the battery stamp-heads, is, of course, technical, but can readily be learnt in three months—during which period merely nominal pay is given. After this hands are graded through various classes; the lucrative and exceedingly responsible position of battery-manager is conferred on senior amalgamators.

Cyanide-hands.—Fifteen pounds to twenty-five pounds per month. All above remarks *re* amalgamators apply here, the cyanide being the second or further process of extraction. The hope of every cyanide hand is to become a cyanide manager with forty pounds to sixty pounds per month, and allowances.

Electrician.—Twenty pounds to fifty pounds per month. Sole charge of all electrical plant on property, with responsibility for efficient lighting of all surface and underground works.

Assistant Electricians.—Fifteen pounds to twenty-five pounds per month. Assistants to above.

There are many other positions—such as carpenters, blacksmiths, &c.—on a mine filled by white men; but the above has been compiled with a view to its utility to the class that will be most likely to read the *Journal*. The storekeepers, timekeepers, secretary, office-assistants, and electricians, unless breakdowns occur, work regular hours, generally from eight in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon. The cyanide and battery hands work in shifts of eight hours on and sixteen off, an arrangement somewhat analogous to the 'dog-watch' on board ship, being adopted to obviate one set of hands always having night-shift turn.

It must not, however, be understood that it is possible to rise from the lower to the higher figure given in the approximate statement of salaries merely by long employment on one property. The lower rate is given on small mines; the higher on larger and richer properties, where the duties are more onerous and the responsibilities greater.

Now for the cost of living. As far as single men are concerned, a very few words will suffice. More fortunate than their town brethren, they obtain a room, with electric-light, free, or at an absolutely nominal rent. Excellent board can be arranged at the mine boarding-house, the usual charge being six pounds per month, and washing costs another sovereign; and with medical fund, recreation-room, and all deductions added, the

total cost of living on a mine, for a bachelor, should not exceed eight pounds per month. The married fare even better. Those on the staff—such as secretary, storekeeper, electrician, engineer, &c.—are always provided with a house on the property rent free, also coal, lighting, and Kaffir labour, so that the actual cost of living is reduced to a minimum—namely, providing furniture, provisions, clothes, education for children, and any luxuries desired.

When the reason for all these special advantages is traced to its source, it will be seen that the effect is due to a very distinct cause. It is essential to the efficient and economical working of the mine that all employés, from the humble Kaffir to the general manager, should reside on the property. This, of course, tends to make life on a mine somewhat restricted, all social pleasures and amusements having to be sought in town; which, when a mine is perhaps twenty miles out, is an item to be considered. Further, high pay on a gold-mine is regarded as a species of insurance. Where gold is being won it is imperative that the employés shall be above suspicion; and the best means to ensure this is to pay well, so that the temptation to steal is minimised or non-existent.

A fair idea having been given of the possibilities and probabilities of a mining career, we will now turn to the town. We find that in town the average salary may be somewhat smaller, and unaugmented by the special advantages which obtain on the reef; but this is more than compensated for by the fact that, although the competition in town is keener, there exist here potentialities and opportunities quite unknown among the mines. On the reef the number of positions to which one may aspire are precisely known; the emoluments, though comfortable, are rigidly limited. In town, however, it is different. There, in the heart of the mêlée and keen spurring competition, the man of action, who sees long vistas of glowing possibilities—not chimerical—rising before him, feels at home. As the bottom of the ladder will have to be negotiated before the top rungs are reached, it will be advisable to restrict data to that referring to the ordinary business and commercial posts more or less accessible to all.

First and foremost comes the Civil Service. This, under the Dutch régime, was a very abstruse scheme, and must perforce be vastly more so in the future. In the past it embraced, *inter alia*, the Postal, Telegraph, and Customs Services, Government Offices, Mining Commissioners' Departments, and Police. It would be quite impossible within the limits of this article to enter into this vast question, the future workings and scope of which are at present so nebulous and tentative. The information, moreover, will no doubt, be shortly procurable in official handbook form.

Clerks in ordinary offices receive from fifteen pounds to thirty-five pounds monthly, a knowledge of typewriting and shorthand being essential with many employers; while ability to correspond in French or German means a certain advance in salary.

Assistants in stores receive a rate of salary very similar to that of the clerks, the range of necessary attainments being smaller, but the hours longer.

Commercial travelling offers a magnificent and a most remunerative field, save in cases where the square peg has been fitted into a round hole. Travellers are usually engaged under a combined system of salary and commission, which in the hands of a capable and pushing representative of a good house easily reaches fifty pounds or more.

On the Rand mechanics are in clover, one pound a day being readily obtained.

In the banks a somewhat lower rate rules than in the offices, but still one on which it is possible to be very comfortable and yet to save. Tellers are usually started at a minimum of twelve pounds ten shillings or fifteen pounds per month, rising by fixed increments to anything up to seventy or eighty pounds monthly.

One great advantage attaching to town billets is that it is always clearly recognised that the motto for all is 'Excelsior.' Fresh openings at higher rates of salary are always offering themselves, and it is universally understood that an employé, unless indispensable or under agreement, shall be permitted, at the expiration of a reasonable term of notice, to transfer his services to another and more highly paid sphere of labour should he so wish it. This does not mean that the commercial organisation becomes disjointed. Constant change is unavoidable in a new country where the volume of business is ever increasing and new industrial concerns always being floated. This is recognised and allowed for. More latitude is permissible in business circles in South Africa than at home, though fully as high a standard of work is maintained; and what would here be regarded as a rolling-stone disposition is there recognised as a definite forward and upward movement, and an unavoidable phase of commercial advance and exploration.

The above is the '*Cr.*' side of the ledger of life in Johannesburg. An inquiry into the items constituting the '*Dr.*' side will give a representative idea of things in general. Taking first the case of those who are at present ploughing their furrows alone, the bachelors of the community: Board and lodging are readily procurable at seven pounds to ten pounds per month; washing, one pound to one pound ten shillings; allowance for possible medical attendance, pleasure, &c., three pounds to seven pounds—a monthly expenditure of from eleven pounds to eighteen pounds ten shillings. Thus a single man, receiving what may honestly be described

as the minimum which a white man is ever asked to work for in Johannesburg—namely, twelve pounds ten shillings per month—can, if he wishes, put something by; while those in the higher walks of business life would have no difficulty in saving at least one hundred pounds per annum.

For the information of married men, a slightly ampler scheme is necessary; and as a basis for calculation we will take an average household of one man, his wife, two children, and one native servant: Average rental of a five-roomed house, unfurnished, eight pounds ten shillings; butcher's bill, two pounds fifteen shillings; milk, at sixpence per pint, one pound two shillings and sixpence; grocer's bill, including coal, seven pounds; chemist's bill, ten shillings; wage to Kaffir 'boy' under British rule, two pounds; allowance for rates, &c., three pounds two shillings and sixpence—total, twenty-five pounds. This amount may be accepted as an honest indication of what it should cost per month for a small family in Johannesburg to live, if not in luxury, at least in quiet comfort. While a married man would be precluded from accepting the minor appointments at which a bachelor would be content to start, he is usually a man more advanced in age and business experience, and qualified by these conditions for better appointments, which he can usually expect to obtain. Education, which has not been included in the above schedule, is provided for by numerous public and private schools at moderate fees.

One final word before leaving the Transvaal for a survey of the conditions in the neighbouring colonies of the Cape and Natal.

One often hears it said, 'What is the use of going to the Transvaal? Salaries certainly are higher, but so are expenses.' A moment's reflection will demonstrate the shallowness of such an argument, which only holds good so long as the amount received in salary is not greater than that expended in living. The moment the former exceeds the latter it is obvious that every spare sovereign in South Africa is practically equal to one in England. Indeed, taking the increased and improved openings for investment and legitimate speculation into consideration, it is obvious that they far more than counterbalance the higher relative cost of luxuries and pleasure.

Such towns in the Cape Colony and Natal as Capetown, Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban are, in their way, but pocket editions of Johannesburg. The business of the Gold Reef City is largely conducted in these towns; her imports pass through them in a ceaseless stream, and emigrants bound for the Rand are compelled to land at one of these ports. Thus the business openings are very similar, though on a far smaller scale, with lower salaries but a decreased cost of living.

The average store assistant in the older colonies receives from ten pounds to seventeen pounds ten shillings per month; the average clerk the same. Civil servants commence at twelve pounds ten shillings, and rise to a maximum of about fifty pounds monthly, in some departments, with, of course, pensions under the present system. The Customs and shipping offices generally open up a wide field; while the railways, which are in South Africa invariably State-owned, are part and parcel of the Civil Services of their respective colonies.

The cost of living in Natal and the Cape Colony in normal times is about seven pounds per month, inclusive, for a single man; and from fifteen to twenty-five pounds for a married couple. Under present circumstances, however, the price of everything is inflated, and all perspectives distorted; therefore intending emigrants are advised to wait till normal conditions again obtain.

It has been impossible to compress within the limits of a magazine article a really comprehensive scheme of advice to emigrants. There are many openings not even indicated here, either from incompetency so to do or lack of space; such as the vast schemes which are mooted for settlement on the land, stock-raising, and agricultural expansion and development, all of which can only be handled at length and by experts. It might, however, be mentioned ere closing that for those who think of settling upon the land, according to Colonel Parrott of the New South Wales Corps of Engineers, there is a fine climate, rich soil, and plentiful rainfall in the Transvaal, and ample water in many parts for irrigation purposes. The amount of Government land in the Orange River Colony is small; in the Transvaal a great area belongs to the Government. The late Mr Rhodes, who formulated a scheme of his own for land settlement, estimated the cost of starting one yeoman upon a dry or pastoral farm at four thousand pounds, and he was of opinion that the introduction of two thousand British farmers to the Transvaal lands would be sufficient to work a social and industrial revolution. The Scottish Settlers' Association (32 York Place, Edinburgh) has already been the means of settling wage-earners, small capitalists, and farm pupils. And for all classes it is of importance to get a knowledge of both the present and past in South Africa. This may be done by a perusal of Dr Theal's *Progress of South Africa in the Century* in 'Chambers's Nineteenth Century Series.' My aim has been as much to interest and suggest as instruct; to assure falterers that for the ambitious, the energetic, and the industrious there is no finer field than South Africa under a newer and purer administration.

THE LOST GALLEON.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IT was not likely the old compact should be remembered except by Bridget, my nurse, and she had been present when my father and the Lord Fitzwalter had joined my baby hand and that of Lady Nesta: a jest of fine gentlemen over the wine, to be forgotten when the Considines of Doon had come low in the world, or to be remembered only by a fond old woman, and she half-crazed because of the misfortunes of those she served, who were dearer to her than her own flesh and blood.

Of our misfortunes I will not speak. My father, Brian Considine, was at rest; and the bailiffs, who had become as familiar about the place as the crows of our old rookery, had winged their flight elsewhere. They had not troubled my father's last hours, God rest him! for I had bled myself and my name dry that every man should have his own, and none have cause to reproach him who was gone.

In which matter I had proved myself in the eyes of many but little of a Considine; for what Considine ever before had taken his debts anything but gaily? I am serious, inheriting the gravity of my mother, a Langton of Langton in the county of Devon, who had loathed the debts, and had indeed, dear soul, died of the trouble of them. At her knee I learnt to hate the load that was fretting her thin. So here I was at twenty-five a free man from my father's creditors, but utterly stripped and bare, so that I knew not whither I must turn to earn so much as should keep the life in me and the few helpless folk dependent on me.

These were, firstly, Bridget, my nurse; secondly, Thady, our old butler, and in these latter days my father's body-servant; thirdly, his son Tim, but the rascal could have earned a living for himself anyhow, and would have gone soldiering with me in Flanders with a joyful heart if I had held myself free to go; fourthly, a number of the halt, the sick, and the blind, little children and old people, who had been fed from Doon since time immemorial; fifthly, those gentle pensioners, the horses and the dogs, mainly old, and in no wise fitted to make a way for themselves in the world.

'Twas wintry weather, and the hills around were covered with snow. Between them the lake was black as steel, excepting where at the opening to the southward the sea came leaping and roaring. Every little pool was frozen, and the trees outside the window were fringed with icicles like old men's beards. But the lake was not frozen, for the sea-salt in it kept it unfrozen in the hardest weather; and the like of this in our soft climate no man remembered. Great flocks of gulls had come crying about the house. I had ordered food to be set for them, but they were insatiable; they quarrelled among themselves and with the greedy crows, so that the little singing-birds had but one chance to be fed, and that was to snatch a piece when the great birds were quarrelling.

Thady had come in and closed the shutters and heaped the turf on the fire. Happily, for fires we did not want, since the bog was at our door—neither I nor my poor neighbours. As the flame leaped up I surveyed the pleasant room which was yet mine. It was hung with cordovan leather finely tooled and gilt. The parquetted floor was a thing of beauty. The great mantelpiece of inlaid marbles framed a Madonna of Bellini. Yet all these too must go. So many things had been thrown to the wolves that Doon was become an old rat-hole, hardly fit to house us. But no one who trusted me should want while I had these things to excite the greed of a London dealer. And for all of them one had offered great quantities, as it seemed to me, of gold.

'Tis a night for a glimpse of the *Santa Anna*,' said I to Thady.

'On such a night, your honour, it was seen last,' he replied, 'and that was in the lifetime of your great-grandfather. I wish 'twould give up its gold.'

'I'm at one with you there, Thady,' I made quick reply, 'for it was never more badly needed.'

'Lord!' said he, 'to think of the Don's doubloons and pieces of eight and gold plate and silver plate blackening in the brine, and Doon and the Considines vanishing from earth because of the need of them.'

'I have no money to sink in search of the treasure-ship,' said I.

'Nay, your honour,' said he, 'too much has gone that way already. You might believe the ship had never been there but that so many witnessed the contrary, let alone that the ghost of her drives on Carrigadoon hull foremost like a bull in act to charge. Yet in the great depths of the lake none has ever discovered her, though we chartered many a diver in days gone by. Just to think the Don's parchment rots for useless!'

'Ay, good gentleman!' said I. 'He would do us a good turn because we had saved him, cast up by the waves, from the fate that befell his

friends over at Smerwick. He could not have thought his galleon would have vanished like a pebble sucked in by the sea.'

'True for you!' said Thady; 'yet vanished it has as though the *Santa Anna* was a thing to be lost like a needle in a hay-rick.'

A shrill bell pealed through the house, and Thady, with an exclamation, shuffled away to open the door.

I had few friends to visit Doon in these days, except Father Simon O'Clery, the abbé, as he liked to call himself, a thin, silver-haired old priest who had been at Douai the happiest days of his life, and was parched for equal friendship in those latter evil days.

But it was not the priest in his faded cassock whom Thady ushered in. It was a lady veiled from head to foot, yet carrying herself so freely and graciously that the glint of gold hair revealing itself through the veil might have been a crown.

'A lady to see your honour,' said Thady, and vanished discreetly.

When the door had closed behind him she threw back her veil. Her face was white amid its golden hair. Her eyes were at once imperious and tender. As I looked upon her she lowered them, and the colour of roses surged in her cheeks. Her lips took a delicate line of submission, and she stood leaning towards me a little as though she would yield her beauty to her lover.

As for me, a gust took and shook me. I controlled myself by a strong effort. Coming so, alone, under shadow of nightfall, she had trusted me, and I would repay her trust.

'Lady Nesta,' I asked, 'why are you here?'

'Sir Maurice Considine,' she replied, 'so that you may save me.'

The colour flickered in her cheek like a candle blown by the wind. Then it settled in two deep spots which I could have sworn I saw pulsing, so living were they.

'My father would marry me to Damer of Coote Hall,' she went on.

'Doubly forsworn,' I cried; 'a traitor to his God and his country; old, lean, yellow—a lover of gold. Is the Lord Fitzwalter mad?'

'Alas!' she said, 'he too is eaten up by the lust of gold. He sees Mr Damer through a golden air of it. But I—I swear if I marry the man I will kill myself at the altar. I am young to die, Sir Maurice Considine.'

Her voice went off like the mourning of doves. As for me, I felt the soul in me toss like forest trees in a storm.

'What would you have me do?' I asked in a stifled voice.

She came a little nearer.

'We were betrothed in infancy,' she murmured, and her voice was like a silver rain.

'You know it, then?'

'I know it. My father broke the compact with yours. I am ready to fulfil it.'

'To save yourself from Richard Damer?'

'Because I would give my hand with my heart,' she said, her eyes closing as though she would faint.

I caught her to my breast and held her there. Before, I had hardly known that I loved her, the little promised wife of my infancy; but what bond was it by which my love now sprang full-grown, and I knew I would die a thousand deaths rather than that she should suffer ill?

Again the bell pealed through the house.

She clung to me fast, and I knew her fears.

'It is no pursuer,' I said; 'only the Abbé O'Clery, who plays dominoes with me of nights. Do not be afraid, my beloved. I think he will place you in safety.'

'In your arms?' she said. 'Then I am ready.'

I put her in a chair and went to meet the old priest. He listened to me perturbed, taking snuff agitatedly as I told him my tale. But his eyes were not afraid.

'I shall make the lady your wife,' he said at last. 'She must be protected, though 'twill be the worse for me. Fitzwalter is powerful, and—I ask your pardon, madam — unrelenting. We are only suffered here, and have no friends but the poor. His vengeance will fall on me. Yet,' he went on, 'what have I to do with it? Shall a priest of the Most High fear the frown of his fellow-creatures? We must save the lady, Sir Maurice.'

Without in the frost a twig crackled. Otherwise the night was dead-still, for the distant booming of the waves on the bar of Doon was beyond our hearing.

I went through the marriage like a man in a dream. I was too overwrought and too much on fire then to think of my poverty and how poor an estate I had to offer to the heiress of the Lord Fitzwalter. Truly, while the priest prayed over us I had but one thought, but one apprehension, that something might happen to prevent the marriage. But nothing happened. The words were said; my mother's ring was on her hand; the old servants, who had come in to witness the marriage, went away with joyous and disturbed faces. She was mine who had seemed so far beyond me; and nothing now could break the bond, since the Lord Fitzwalter, albeit an irreligious man and a persecutor, was also of the old religion, or at least had never abjured it openly.

When the marriage was over and the priest had left us together, she clung to me a while; then she took her head off my breast, and taking up her cloak and the hat with its long veil, she swathed herself in them. It was like night putting out the day, when the glories of her face were eclipsed, and also her petticoat of white

and silver, for she had come gorgeous under her clouds of blackness.

'Would you leave me?' I asked, looking at her in wonder.

'Alas! I must,' she replied. 'I go to win my father. I am his one child, and I would not have enmity between you and him.'

'But how will you do it?' I asked.

'I know not. Give me time. He sups to-night with Mr Damer. I shall be at home long before he reaches it. Good-night, my beloved.'

I did not dispute her will, although I was loath that we should part so soon. Had she not done enough in coming and giving herself to me? And must not Doon be somewhat habitable to receive its mistress? I went with her over the low hills of Daragh and by the footpath-way across the Lord Fitzwalter's park, and nothing more unfriendly met me than a herd of grazing deer that sniffed with their nostrils as we came nigh, and then were gone like the wind.

'I return the way I came,' she said as we approached the lancet-topped postern in the high wall of the Italian garden. 'None will have missed me except one who is in my confidence. Good-night, heart's beloved. To think that I return a wife! Ah! with this talisman of your ring I shall have nothing to fear.'

As I went homeward a low mist writhed and curled below the trees of the park. It made things old seem new and unfamiliar. My mind was in that state that I had no leisure to think upon it; but now I remember that the Valley of the Heifer was filled in with a solid floor of the mist, so that I could have sworn it was a lake like my own Doonass, with the mountains ringing it about.

It was a sudden mist, not borne on any wind, but exhaled, it would seem, from the stiff ground. Sometimes it was in a solid body of vapour like that which lay upon the Valley of the Heifer. Again it was broken up in shreds and patches. My feet walked in it and my head was clear, or else I stood all clear, and could place my hand within that thistledown. Looking over the hedges on either side of me, I could see now a clear space with the rushes standing like lances of silver, and again nothing but the magic mist that veiled I knew not what.

I came out presently on the edge of Doonass Lake, emerging there from the low wood full of myrtles and fuchsias, with many choice ferns uncurling among the bracken. It was an inhospitable air for them to breathe on such a night. So hard a frost it was that it seemed to me my breath froze as it mingled with the air. I came out on the edge of Doonass Lake, as I have said; and it was well for me I was so familiar with the place, or I might have gone to join the Don's treasure at the bottom of that inland sea.

The whole lake was covered with a mist—gray mist, silvery shining, because the moon was at her full somewhere out of sight. A night-bird cried across the dark waters. Where I stood was clear enough, yet the lake water lapped almost at my feet and was not visible.

An instant I stood gazing into the mist. Then something—something of movement in its dullness—arrested my vision. I stood like one turned to stone. What was that that took shape in the silver? The great ship came on soundlessly. I could see her high poop crusted with images. Above it I saw the faces of men—dark sunburnt faces, with the gray veil of the mist or some other pallor upon them.

The mist now had turned gray and threatening. It was streaked through and through as with rain driven by a great tempest. There was not a sound; yet I swear that a hurly-burly of a wind arose, was let loose from all the quarters of heaven upon the galleon. I saw her great sails flap helplessly, and wondered an instant that they did not fill; till, as the galleon slewed a little towards the shore, the pitiless rents revealed themselves, and I saw how naked she was of all succour, flogged by the merciless wind into the reef and the terrible cliff-face of Carrigadoon.

More than that I saw, for the magnet that was in the rocks I observed to be drawing her. There was no sound, and yet she sped over the waters like a racer, not wallowing in the trough of the waters, but hurling herself upon her ruin as though she were driven by all the furies.

Then, as I looked, one face separated itself from those others—the pale and careless faces that leaned above the poop as though they watched a fair and quiet shore; and the face I saw so distinctly that I have never forgotten it. It was that of a man of more than middle age, dark and handsome, with curling moustachios and a little pointed beard. It was framed in long ringletted hair that was thickly powdered over with gray. A scar ran across the right cheek, showing darkly purple. The expression of the face was noble and dignified, as I could not fail to see, since the two eyes looked in mine. Looked, did I say? Why, they drew me as Carrigadoon drew that unhappy vessel, and I could not choose but gaze into them, so that for the time we were alone, although all those silent figures crowded the poop and leant upon the bulwarks.

The message of the eyes was something insistent. I remember that I marvelled what the ghost's business might be with me; for that it was a ghost I never doubted, nor those dark sailor-men nor that ill-fated ship to be of anything but the company of ghosts.

Then the eyes seemed to withdraw themselves, and the ship to retreat to a great distance. Once more I was a spectator of her peril, and now I perceived that she was almost upon the rocks. I listened for the roar of the impact, the crashing

of her timbers, the crying of her doomed crew, when Carrigadoon should crush her and fling her back broken and writhing upon the waters. I listened in terror, I say, for it would not be the first time I had heard on this treacherous lake of ours the cry of the dying.

But, lo and behold! while I yet looked the vessel recoiled a little, shuddering as though about to take the leap that should destroy her. Then she rushed upon the rock and I saw clearly, plain as the face of day, that she seemed to pass within it. The rock might have opened to receive her; of that I could not be sure; but she passed from before my eyes into that tremendous wall with its great columns range upon range, that only the gannet and the gull have visited. She passed, I say, and there was nothing before me but the steel-gray lake of Doonass, with the mists blowing off and letting the frosty moon shine through.

SIR WILLIAM LENG AND CHARLES READE.

KEEN literary swordsman as each was, going straight for his enemy and with the sharpest of weapons, the journalist William Christopher Leng and the novelist Charles Reade were just the men to appreciate each other. The town of Sheffield and the crying evil of her trade-union outrages brought the two together, even as Sheffield's fierce clannishness and contempt of law, bred of her long ages of geographical isolation, produced the outrages.

The local trade-law of Sheffield handicrafts forty years ago—almost the only law that ran there in the early part of last century—was that each worker should enter, and loyally support and obey, his trade-union. If he did not—and providing he worked at one of a few select trades—certain rudely expressed, ill-spelt missives reached him, pointing out his duty and sternly ordering compliance. Further neglect saw his workshop entered during his absence and his tools stolen or destroyed, or, in local phrase, he was 'rattened.' If yet unyielding, he soon found the opposing argument taking the shape of explosion at home or at his work, of bullet as he sat at dinner, or of personal assault and disablement as he walked the street at night.

The perpetrators of these iniquities were never caught, and although the moral certainty was that the instigators were the officials of this or that trade-union of ill-repute (for not all the unions were tainted), the fact could never be brought home to them; but, offering rewards for the detection of the offenders and indignantly repudiating all part or lot in the matter, they long escaped discovery.

Grown up amidst these conditions, the average respectable Sheffielder deplored but yet thought little of them, taking them for granted and as much a local product as Sheffield steel itself. An outsider was needed to catch the full significance of this strange development; and fortunately the man was forthcoming in William Christopher Leng.

In the year 1866, and soon after Mr Leng came to Sheffield, the house of a saw-grinder was blown up. In the early hours of a foggy autumn morning a can of gunpowder had been thrown, with a lighted fuse attached, down the cellar-grating. Mr Leng went to the house, found the side of the wall blown out, and the man's wife almost dead with terror. Letters were shown to Mr Leng threatening the husband—a defaulter in the eyes of his trade-union—with a dose of 'Linley's lead-pills,' a reference to the death of a man named Linley, who had been mysteriously shot as he sat in a Sheffield tavern some time before. After reading the letters Mr Leng was convinced that the explosion had been ordered and paid for by William Broadhead, the secretary of the Saw-grinders' Union. Saying this—or what practically amounted to it—in his paper, the *Sheffield Telegraph*, Mr Leng himself became the recipient of similar threats; but, with revolver at hand day and night, he dared everything, and pursued his investigations, ably seconded by the late Mr John Jackson, then chief constable of Sheffield. Light began to dawn. It was noticed that in the suspected trades certain workmen who seldom or never worked were yet never short of money. These were watched, suspicion grew, and evidence gradually accumulated. At length the fear, jealousy, and greed of one of these men placed a secret confession at the searchers' command. The suggestion of the *Telegraph* that a Royal Commission should sit to inquire passed into effect, and presently the whole thing was out.

To most people it was a nine days' wonder, with Sheffield as the burning mark for the pointing of the world's finger; but to Charles Reade it was a fascinating problem in human motive and conduct—a problem which, seeing its possibilities, he resolved to study on the spot. He therefore went to Sheffield, prepared to stay some little time.

'On coming to Sheffield,' Sir William Leng himself told the present writer, 'Charles Reade took rooms at the Victoria Station Hotel. He called to see me at my office; and, being very busy myself, I placed my foreman-compositor at his service, who took him round the town and

district, including the upper reaches of the neighbouring streams, where the lonely grinding-wheels are, and explained to him the whole *modus operandi* of "rattening," with all the perils that followed when rattening failed of its purpose. Charles Reade was a large, genial man, apparently a little lethargic. I saw him twice in London. The first time, he was at work, writing rapidly and in a bold hand on foolscap paper. As he filled each sheet he threw it on a pile of such sheets on the floor. The house was fitted up in the French style: no heavy furniture, but everything very bright and light. Several large mirrors reflected the light from side to side of the room, and I noticed a few lounging-chairs. His back windows looked into the Park, whilst those at the front were screened from Albert Gate by little ornamental balconies packed full of flowering plants. The second time I called I asked him what he was doing. He said he was doing nothing, but was waiting for ideas. I met him one night by appointment at the Victoria Station Hotel, Sheffield. It was an exceedingly hot night. I remember he made up a large bowl of claret-cup, putting in the ingredients himself, about which he was very particular; and he was surprised and disappointed because the hotel-people could not get him a bloater. At length, with the claret-cup, he had anchovies served on toast, but he would plainly have much preferred one of the old-fashioned, copper-coloured, smoked bloaters. The extreme heat was such that we surprised ourselves and each other by the quantity of claret-cup we drank. I did not see much of Mr Reade myself whilst he was in Sheffield, my time being much taken up with my paper. Under the guidance of my foreman, however, he saw the formation of the country, and noted the fine opportunities it gave for the carrying out of secret plans when rattening was afoot. My foreman, too, had been intimate with Broadhead, and by this means the novelist was enabled the better to understand and delineate the man whose characteristics he afterwards so powerfully portrayed in *Put Yourself in His Place*.'

In a letter written from Sheffield and quoted by his biographer, Charles Reade wrote: 'I saw Broadhead yesterday, and indeed was in his bar-parlour for nearly an hour. Noted his head, face, and conversation; but of course we never touched the particular subject in which he is distinguished.'

Of the indomitable editor lately dead—the Mr Holdfast of the story—the novelist drew in his book the following sketch: 'A gentleman not above the middle height, but with a remarkable chest, both broad and deep; yet he was not unwieldy, but clean-built and symmetrical. An agreeable face, with one remarkable feature, a mouth full of iron resolution, and a slight humorous dimple at the corners.' Throughout the story it is plain that Mr Leng's dogged tenacity and untiring 'go' had won Charles Reade's unstinted admiration.

The tradition remains at the Sheffield Free Library of the novelist's frequent attendance there to consult newspaper-files and to study the literature of the locality. The book itself shows that he must have passed freely amongst both masters and workmen at the works and grinding-wheels, picking up anecdotes and racy sayings, and seeing both sides of the question. To the same source we must turn to note how quickly he caught the tone and colour of local life and character, mastered intricate trade problems, took advantage of the most striking features of local scenery, legend, and incident; and how vividly, unsparingly, effectively, he held up to light the horrid deeds of darkness done, until brutality itself cried shame. It is painful reading, too, especially to a Sheffielder. But it should be remembered these men believed they were maintaining their rights, however wrongly they did it; and there is extenuation in the fact that it was only in 1870, the very year in which Charles Reade's story was published, that England first grappled, in anything like adequate measure, with her awful arrears of national education.

THE SHADY SIDE.

Our house is on the shady side;
  And neighbours just across the way
Remark, with pardonable pride,
  That all their garden-beds are gay
And sweet with many a varied bloom,
While ours lack colour and perfume.

Ah, well! there must be dark and bright.
  The sun is good, we will confess;
But even in reflected light
  Some have to find their happiness,
And watch the sunshine as it falls
Upon their neighbours' roofs and walls.

What time the summer sky is hot,
  And flowers droop under fervid blue,
The grass within our homely plot
  Is dim with shadow, fresh with dew;
And o'er it, in the quiet dusk,
Float vagrant scents of rose and musk.

Across the way laburnums shake
  Their yellow tassels, bright as gold;
We note the glory that they make
  As morn by morn new buds unfold.
We hear the music of the leaves,
And martins build below our eaves.

And when at noon each brilliant lawn
  Lies baked amid a fiery glare,
And all our neighbours' blinds are drawn,
  We revel in our cooler air,
And say, 'Tis better to abide—
At times—upon the shady side.'

E. Matheson.

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THE PURCHASING OF ANTIQUES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

By HARRY OATWAY.

IN a previous article (*Journal*, May 3, 1902) instances were given of clever painters and others lending themselves to the production of spurious works of art. These were necessitous and comparatively unknown men, as one would expect the generality of such individuals to be; so that it may come as a surprise to some readers to learn that the name of Michelangelo must be added to the list. It is on record, however, that at least upon one occasion the great artist was an offender in this respect. Heath Wilson, in his interesting and exhaustive Life of Buonarotti, relates that one of Michelangelo's earliest sculptures, representing a recumbent and sleeping Cupid, in its execution so closely resembled ancient work that, when seen by Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, he suggested that it might be artificially discoloured to produce the appearance of age, as thus it would fetch a higher price. This advice was acted upon, and the figure, after treatment, was parted with to one Messer Baldassarre del Milanese, a dealer, who sold it in Rome to the Cardinal San Giorgio as an antique for a sum equivalent to ninety-six pounds sterling; only fourteen pounds having been paid to the artist.

Now, it is not in the power of all persons to enforce the return of their money, as did the Cardinal; in many similar cases victims of less importance and strength of mind prefer to suffer in silence rather than face ridicule, as the following old, but some say well-authenticated, story tends to show:

A Parisian dealer, part antiquary and a good deal adventurer, misled by the bragging of an Englishman as to his intentions of forming an art collection, wasted several days of valuable time in endeavouring to sell his client genuine but (as is always the case when unimpeachable) high-priced goods. Failing to effect any business in Paris, he proposed that the would-be amateur—who, by the way, belonged to the genus *nouveau riche*—should accompany him to Rome, where, the dealer asserted, his artistic requirements could be satisfied at lower prices. The journey was agreed upon, and shortly after their arrival in that city, dealer and client visited the Borghese Gardens, where the Englishman was mightily smitten with a statue which he had taste enough to consider worthy of being placed in the grounds of his newly acquired estate. The dealer—who had again tried and failed to do any legitimate business, but had been the recipient of a good deal of native insolence—thoroughly disgusted and amused with the ignorance his patron displayed, on the spur of the moment decided to exploit him. With unblushing effrontery he observed that the purchase of the statue might be advantageously arranged if left entirely in his hands; and, in effect, concluded the transaction that same evening, greatly to the Englishman's satisfaction. Upon receiving a receipt and permit to remove the statue from the grounds, the Englishman handed his agent six hundred pounds, with which it is needless to say the Parisian immediately decamped. It is hardly conceivable that a foreigner visiting London would be so grossly ignorant as to allow the cleverest confidence-man to sell him, for example, Le Sueur's statue of King Charles at Charing Cross. Still, there is a good foundation, it is believed, of truth in the foregoing, although the actual sum netted might not be so large as stated. No ill befell the dealer; for, when the purchaser discovered and realised the full measure of his stupidity, he preferred to lose his money and hush the matter up rather than become the laughing-stock of the smart acquaintances he was anxious to cultivate.

There is another of these tales of which no doubt exists, to the effect that a wealthy

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American (not entirely unconnected with the mining interest), anxious to form a collection, conceived that the wisest course to be adopted so as to ensure authenticity and fair prices was to purchase direct and only from private owners. When this gentleman's fad became generally known he was given up by the legitimate traders, who could not afford to be bothered with a person that doubted every one's judgment but his own. However, two speculative dealers elected to satisfy his requirements, and to that end purchased a château in France, which they filled, at considerable expense, with antique goods, the bulk of the pieces being genuine but unsaleable to connoisseurs. This done, it was arranged that the old country mansion and its art treasures be brought to the prospective purchaser's notice through private and apparently *bona fide* agency. The American inspected the place; noted that the tapestries, pictures, armour, and the hundred-and-one other things it was crammed with appeared to have stood there for centuries; and, feeling perfectly secure, straightway purchased the contents *en bloc*, greatly to the satisfaction of the interested parties, who are credited with having netted the modest profit of seven hundred thousand francs.

It may be unpleasant for us to admit—still, it is nevertheless true—that the French amateur must rank as the most generous buyer and finest judge of works of art in the world; for, relatively to his wealth, the Frenchman will pay a higher price than any one else for desirable *objets d'art*, and next to him the American, and then the Englishman.

Whilst on this ground it may be well to correct the erroneous impression that prevails among a section of the British public regarding the people across the Atlantic. Before an educated and leisured American commences to buy artistic or antique goods he generally decides to confine himself to one branch, and, whether his purchases are to be of large or small extent, throws himself into the matter heart and soul, reads all available works on the subject, visits museums, obtains the best advice and judgment, and then, when he has attained an astonishing mastery of all details, considers himself in a position to treat with dealers, and able to insist upon and verify the absolute integrity of each piece offered for his consideration, for which, whilst paying liberally, he will disburse no greater amount than would be expected from a wealthy Englishman, and certainly not so much as might be obtained from a Frenchman. This is the man who considers fine specimens only, knows his requirements, and—what is more satisfactory from the vender's point of view—is quite aware of the value of what he is purchasing.

Another popular fallacy is that buyers for the best class of antiques are more numerous in the United States than elsewhere. This is not so; neither can gorgeous rubbish be sold at big prices to Americans in general. Certainly a few instances may be cited like the one already given; but such cases are quite unique, and the persons who have created this false impression are a distinct type from the New York or Boston amateurs, who collectively are a very cultured and charming people. That many Americans should not have sufficient knowledge to avoid mistakes is not surprising when one recollects that it is no uncommon occurrence in such a country as theirs, abounding in natural resources and Arabian-Nights-like possibilities of wealth-gathering, for a man who has retired overnight comparatively poor to rise the next morning and find that at last his plans have matured and wealth is pouring in upon him from all sides. Directly such an event occurs, and the full extent of this change of fortune is realised by the feminine portion of his family, a residence in New York is insisted upon, a large house taken, and furnishing in the highest style of the modern upholsterer's art commenced. This occupies some time; but before it is finished the women, quick to accustom themselves to their altered circumstances and surroundings, commence to push their way into a more exclusive society than they have hitherto had the opportunity of enjoying; and as they gain step by step a higher position in the social world and penetrate other homes, they see pictures, statuary, and various evidences of culture and refined taste treated by their possessors as customary objects of everyday life. Straightway such things appear to become necessary for their well-being, and paterfamilias is urged to 'do Europe,' and buy pictures and a host of other things. Now, the head of the family, poor man, knows as much about art (to use an Americanism) 'as would fill a filbert,' and, fully aware of his deficiency, endeavours to make up for what he lacks by bringing the full force of a trained business instinct to bear upon all purchases. This American certainly does now and again crop up in picture galleries on the Continent and elsewhere, and after pricing works of art regardless of their merit, but simply because they bear names the press has familiarised him with, makes an offer of a lump sum for the lot just in the same way as he would operate in a purely mercantile transaction.

There is, again, the type of American who is too busy and cannot afford to leave his work. Caring nothing for art, and thinking only of pleasing his wife, he leaves the matter entirely in the hands of an agent, or buys from dealers' recommendations. That man certainly does, at times, get fairly decent things; but he is also the person mainly responsible for the very high prices which now rule. Leaving *carte-blanche* commissions in dealers' or other people's hands is risky work, unless one is quite sure of his agent.

Whether the American taste may be at fault or not, it is, however, hardly satisfactory for us to remember that the all-absorbing passion of the women of the early Victorian era was Berlin

wool and — lightly whisper it — *bead-work*. For the distinctive features of the bead-work period, the reader, if of robust artistic constitution, should refer to the illustrated catalogue of the 1851 Exhibition.

It was only during the eighteenth century that the best English houses became what may be called completely furnished. In most cases the styles of furniture so much in vogue in the reigns of Louis XIV. and of Louis XV. were altered without improvement, the exception being Thomas Chippendale, the greatest *maître-ebéniste* England has produced. A host of imitators followed in this master's footsteps, most of whom endeavoured to improve on his designs and gain trade notoriety by wildness of conception, as the bulk of the drawings of Johnson, Ince & Mahew, and others plainly show. The popularity of his style appears to have declined during the later years preceding the French Revolution; and the English Louis XVI. period commenced, expounded chiefly by the brothers Adam, and in a lesser degree by Hepplewhite and Sheraton, whose productions, although comparatively beautiful, cannot claim to have improved or created a style. In due course these designers and makers were succeeded by what Smith, sometime keeper of the prints in the British Museum, refers to as 'the beautiful classic change brought in by Thomas Hope, Esquire,' author of *Anastasius, or the Memoirs of a Greek*, whilst Chippendale's *chef d'œuvres* he describes as 'unmeaning scroll and shellwork;' but it is interesting, in view of Smith's foresight and the appreciation of to-day, to also read that 'Chippendale's book will again be sought after with redoubled avidity; and, as many of the copies must have been sold as waste-paper, the few remaining will probably bear rather a high price.' The writer, who tried to purchase a copy at auction recently, can verify that fact, for the work fetched twenty odd pounds, and then, in trade parlance, 'money was run on it.'

The term 'money was run on it' refers to a settlement vulgarly called a 'knock-out,' an institution which plays an important part at most sales; and as few people outside 'the trade' understand its working, an explanation may be appropriate. A settlement is brought about by two or more dealers at a sale by auction agreeing not to oppose each other; practically a syndicate is formed to acquire certain lots upon terms the most favourable to themselves. At the end of the sale, or at such time as the desired lots have been purchased, an adjournment is made, generally to an hotel, where the goods are put up for settlement, the dealer who offers the highest advance being the holder. The difference to the ordinary routine is that the profit is shared by all admitted to the settlement in ratio to the advance each man's individual judgment permits of his offering. Thus, supposing Jones, Brown, Smith, and Robinson desire lot No. 60. They agree to 'join'—in other words combine—to purchase that lot for their mutual account, and secure it at the sale for ten pounds. At the settlement Jones offers a profit of one pound in advance of the purchase price, Brown two, Smith three, Robinson four. It then becomes Jones's turn again, and he says five; Brown and Smith, having gone as far as their judgment considers safe, withdraw further opposition, and are each entitled to one-fourth of five pounds. The price now stands at fifteen pounds; and later on Robinson and Jones, who both know the true value, 'run' another ten pounds upon the lot, when Jones, having made the highest offer, 'holds' it and pays out as follows: Robinson, who was in at the finish, takes six pounds five shillings; Brown and Smith take twenty-five shillings each; Jones, the purchaser, keeps his share and adds it to the cost of the goods, as he would have received nearly that amount had he not topped Robinson's last offer. So the total cost and approximate value of the lot is twenty-five pounds. Robinson and Jones would make the second settlement privately, in order that the other two dealers should not benefit by their superior judgment.

With important goods as many as four settlements or more may be made; and, in view of this it is scarcely wise for private buyers to base their judgment upon records of sale prices and accounts of sales. As a case in point, quite recently some articles realised under the hammer prices that were commented upon in a journal as excessive; but, as a matter of fact, money was paid out on these very goods in a settlement, and they have since changed hands three times, and each time at a profit.

It is difficult to decide the question as to the morality of the arrangement termed a settlement. Upon the face of it the system certainly appears to be lacking in principle; yet in these days of big combines it is somewhat illogical to single out any one trade and prohibit the men engaged therein from buying as well and cheaply as their knowledge will allow. Besides, it is open to all those wishing to dispose of goods by auction or private treaty to safeguard their interests by obtaining the advice and assistance of an expert valuer for quite a moderate fee; and the best judge of such values is the man who deals in the goods and knows the markets, not the man in the rostrum, as many imagine.

Whilst dealers, naturally, are bargain-hunters, none worthy of the name are 'poor buyers;' generally speaking better prices for small collections of antiques may be obtained from firms of known reputation than would be realised by an auction sale of the same goods. It must, however, be admitted that there are people engaged in the business who leave no stone unturned in their endeavours to buy goods for considerably under

the market value; and when one of these individuals is deceived or overreaches himself his fall is generally interesting.

Too great a leaning towards this dubious kind of smartness once cost a member of the trade the loss of a goodly amount of profit which, had he exercised quite ordinary business methods, would have accrued to him. The event happened whilst the dealer was staying for a few days' holiday in a small German village, situated close to the French frontier, shortly after peace had been concluded between the two countries. Returning from a long country ramble one morning, the dealer was overtaken by a peasant, who was jogging along the dusty road in a wagon; and, feeling hot and tired, he requested and obtained a lift. No sooner was he comfortably seated than the driver plied him with questions as to his reason for staying in the village, his age, family, and on many of the other details country people are so anxious to know about. Having by cross-examination elicited the fact that the stranger was by trade a dealer in old things, the driver dived into the recesses of the cart and produced therefrom a magnificent old Sèvres vase mounted with gilt metal-work. This, together with some other pieces he was carrying to market to dispose of, he offered to sell for the value of the old metal. Without betraying any great interest in the matter, the dealer ascertained that the articles had been left during the war-time—and never since claimed—by two soldiers who were billeted upon the countryman; and the statement satisfying his doubts as to the original and rightful owners of the property, he suggested, as some return for the ride, that they should proceed to an inn, where over a bottle of wine the goods could be examined and, if worth anything, perhaps purchased. Nothing loath, the man agreed, and in a private room the dealer feasted his eyes upon some thirty important pieces of Sèvres china, most of which were mounted. The next proceeding was to purchase without raising suspicion as to their real value. Taking his cue from the fact that the owner harped strongly upon the value of the metal, the dealer observed that he was quite right, as of course the china was of small account, and so offered a small sum per pound for the mounts, the china to be thrown in. This was accepted, and the weight computed by the vender at so much. All would now have gone well; but the dealer, overacting his part, would not accept the other's decision, and haggled about a difference amounting to a few shillings, for the whole sum asked was absurdly small. The rustic, perhaps a little fuddled with wine, resented strongly any reflection upon his judgment, waxed disputatious, and ended by backing himself for another bottle against the dealer or any man as a computer of weight. Finally, he insisted upon carrying the goods to his friend the village butcher, to have them put in the scales. The other, sure of the pigeon he was preparing to pluck, agreed to this, and sat chuckling over another bottle of wine while he waited for his victim's return. At the expiration of half-an-hour back came the peasant, and, throwing a sack at the feet of the horrified antique dealer, shouted triumphantly that he was only '*zwei Pfund* out!' To arrive at an honest weight, the simple-minded fellow had broken every piece of china to remove the mounts, as it had suddenly dawned upon him that to weigh the china *in* would not be fair. Ever since that dealer has deplored his sharpness; for the Sèvres, being of the earliest period and finest decoration, was then extremely valuable, and at the present day would have realised fabulous prices.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

CHAPTER V.—MR BARROWS MEETS AN ENEMY.

IN these new days of vast fabrics and world-wide advertisement, the Hotel Petersburg holds no prominent place in the public notice. Situated on the corner of a quiet square in Westminster, it appears to avoid rather than to court the attention of busy travellers. Perhaps for this reason it is almost unknown to the ubiquitous American; but it has, nevertheless, a standing of its own and a vogue which many a more pretentious house might envy.

Its proprietor is a native of that territory which, while Lusian in sentiment and by tradition, forms a small portion of the Russian dominions. After his emigration he kept his nationality well in view, and decided to bid for the patronage of his own people and their neighbours. Success rewarded him richly, and to his house came an ever-increasing stream of notables from eastern Europe, with many others who had no claim to be described as notables at all, glad to find, at such a distance from home, their natural tastes thoroughly catered for and their natural, national, and sometimes their personal peculiarities fully comprehended. In this way the Hotel Petersburg held its own place securely; and if you knew that a Russian, Styrian, or Balkan personage had arrived in London, you might reasonably expect to find him established there.

To the 'Petersburg,' therefore, came Mr Barrows, late in the day upon which he had resolved to take a second step in other people's affairs. Entering

the vestibule in the somewhat unobtrusive manner which betrayed a comparative stranger to hotels and their ways, he advanced to the office and inquired whether Count Philip Brode were staying in the house. The answer, as he had expected, was in the affirmative.

His success did not seem to give him any particular pleasure. 'I wish to see him,' he said, with an effort. 'Is he in just now?'

An attendant was called, a splendid personage who dwarfed Mr Barrows both in figure and in manner. He was able to answer the second question.

'Yes, sir; the young Count is in.'

Had not Mr Barrows been somewhat agitated he must have noticed the significance of the expression used. As it was he noticed nothing, but produced a card on which he had written the words 'On important business' beneath his name. In a few minutes the man returned, to lead him upstairs.

It seemed but a moment more before he was standing within the doorway of a luxurious room on the first floor, facing the person he had come to see. Philip Brode had been reading an evening journal, and was standing in the window. He turned as the door was opened.

Mr Barrows had known, of course, that he would meet the man whom he had seen in the cemetery. He saw the same face, the only difference being that the features were not now illumined by that species of evil triumph which had been so noticeable on the first occasion. Without this illumination they seemed heavier and older. The man was little over thirty; but his was a life in which every passion had moved unchecked. If Barrows thought of Edna at that moment he may have shuddered. Her mother had good cause for fear.

What the young man saw was what all saw who looked at Mr Barrows: a plain, middle-aged, and most unpretentious man, though possibly a gentleman. After the first glance, however, he knew that they had met before. Moving forward to a table, he laid his paper down and looked at his visitor questioningly.

'Good-evening, sir,' said Mr Barrows plainly.

'Good-evening,' said the other, with a slight inclination of the head. 'You wished to see me?'

It was a sufficient opening, and Mr Barrows took it. 'Yes, sir,' he said; 'I have come as a friend of the Countess Hamar.'

This was a new note, and the younger man's attention was caught. He waited with a look which became intent.

'Circumstances,' explained Mr Barrows, 'brought me into contact with the Countess some days back, and made me acquainted with her situation. As it happened, I had known the late Count Hamar, and felt bound to serve his family in their difficulties. At my suggestion they left London, and went to find quiet and rest in the country.'

Mr Barrows had schooled himself well. So far he had spoken without apparent emotion, and evenly. At that point, however, his opponent's face darkened and hardened.

'Ah!' he said abruptly. 'So it was you?'

Mr Barrows experienced an answering emotion. 'Yes,' he answered briefly but rather more firmly, 'it was I; and I am now come to tell you what the Countess and her daughter desire, and what will be best. It is that you should cease to persecute her, because your attentions to her daughter are'—loathsome was the word that his rising anger suggested, but he thrust it aside—'because your attentions are distasteful.'

'And by what right do you speak?' asked Count Philip, after a pause that seemed full of restrained wrath.

'I speak as one who has a right to assist two helpless women,' answered Barrows, who was surprised to find himself master of his tongue, 'one of whom you have already terrorised into a serious illness. I request an assurance that you will trouble her no further.'

There was a longer pause. As he waited for his answer his detestation for the man he addressed seemed to gain new force. Equipped with some experience of character, he comprehended with vivid clearness the pure young girl's feeling of repulsion and her mother's dread. As for this anxious suitor, taken wholly by surprise, faced by a situation entirely unexpected, he was utterly at a loss. His anger could not find words; and probably his difficulty was the greater because it was necessary, as far as he knew, to find English words. His command of that language was not sufficiently complete to suit moments of emergency.

'And if I refuse?' he said at last hoarsely.

'If you refuse,' said Mr Barrows promptly, 'it will be necessary to make you suffer. Things here are not as they are in—in Styria. The law can do much, and beyond the law there is public opinion. It would not serve you, either here or at home, to have your conduct made public.'

If Mr Barrows had been forced to describe his attitude at that point in one word, he might have chosen the somewhat vulgar term 'bluff.' It was plain, nevertheless, that this attitude was the best for his purpose. For a moment or two the young man stared into his face, mute with rage and bewilderment; then he turned abruptly and walked to the window. Mr Barrows sat down at the table.

Several minutes passed. Count Philip was plainly at a loss, and Mr Barrows saw victory within his reach. As he had hoped, the enemy's ideas had been thrown into confusion by the discovery that his intended victims had a protector and a champion. He prepared one or two convincing remarks, and waited.

It was something from outside that changed the situation. As they waited in complete silence, they heard some one pass up the thickly carpeted corridor and open a door on the other side. Mr Barrows heard but took no notice. The young man heard it, and started. One moment he gave to consideration, and then he spoke, harshly:

'Excuse me for one minute, sir.'

Without waiting for a reply, he left the room. Apparently he crossed the corridor, to the door which had just been opened. Mr Barrows heard him enter and close it behind him. Then silence fell.

This movement had taken the visitor somewhat by surprise. Naturally his thoughts flew to seek an explanation. Some one had entered a neighbouring room, and the young man had gone to consult that person. Who could it be?

With the question came the answer, for only one answer seemed possible. As it came Mr Barrows half-rose from his seat; then he sat down again, all his thoughts in confusion and alarm.

The minutes that followed were anxious ones to this would-be protector of women. He passed them in a pitiful state of indecision, now rising to move to the door, now taking his seat again to wait. To go was to throw away everything that he had come for; to stay, said Hope, was at least to have a chance. He was not quite certain; his idea might be a mistaken one. Yes, he must wait. So he waited. It might have been three minutes, it might have been ten; but the man that waited was scarcely the man who had so forcefully delivered his ultimatum just before.

Presently the door was opened, and Philip Brode returned; but he brought with him the person whom he had gone out to consult.

The stranger was a man of something over sixty, but not an old man nevertheless: a man with scanty gray hairs brushed back from his brows, and a white, clean-shaven face showing a thousand lines and wrinkles. But there was no sign of age, either in impaired vigour or in dullness of intellect. Every movement was quick and alert, and the keen, hawk-like countenance was that of a master.

There was no ceremony in what followed. Mr Barrows sat facing the door, and did not move at their entrance. The thing he had feared had now come to pass.

'This is the man,' said Count Philip, in Lusian; and the new-comer, standing just within the threshold, looked at Mr Barrows attentively. He had spent some thirty years of his life in the diplomatic service, and had not lost the effects of his training. If he felt any surprise, the fact could only be guessed from the length of his scrutiny. He took up a card which lay upon the table—Mr Barrows's card. Looking again at its owner, he smiled.

'So,' he said, 'Mr Barrows!'

As he spoke he sat down at the table, facing the man he addressed. In the silence his mind worked swiftly. Philip, leaving his case in abler hands than his own, retired to the window to watch. Mr Barrows was pale and mute.

Count Brode soon came to a conclusion. He turned in his chair to address his son, speaking suavely and slowly. He was a man who never wasted a syllable.

'So, Philip,' he said, 'this is the gentleman who intervened. He speaks to you of the law, and of something beyond the law. He threatens to make your business public—public!'

The young man nodded sullenly. His father turned to Mr Barrows, his every word clean-cut and measured.

'Mr Barrows, your name is one that I have heard before. There was a Mr Barrows who was secretary to a man now dead. You, I take it, are the same person?'

It was a remark rather than a question, and Mr Barrows made no answer. The Count went on:

'Then surely it was not discreet of you to speak of the law and the public. One might speak to the public of you, Mr Barrows. One might ask the public to inquire'—he leaned forward over the table, and ended his sentence in a lower tone—'to inquire *how your master died.*'

Mr Barrows opened his lips, but no words issued. He made a movement as if to rise, but a careless gesture from the Count seemed to force him back into his place. He might have been drawn as a picture of incarnate guilt.

Count Brode spent two minutes or so in deep thought. His fingers played with the slip of pasteboard, but otherwise he did not stir. Once he glanced at his son, who was watching the scene with quiet enjoyment. It was after that glance that the idea for which he had been seeking came to him suddenly.

'This is a very perplexing situation,' he said; 'but I see a way out of it;' and he turned again to his son.

'Philip,' he began grimly, 'Mr Barrows certainly has some claim to protect the persons we know. Mr Barrows, nevertheless, is a man of honour, and he will no longer speak to you of law and of the public. As a man of honour, he perceives that there is another way.'

'And that way?' asked Philip; for no sign came from the other side of the table.

'The way we have in Styria,' answered the old man, 'when two gentlemen seek one woman.'

His face was never more hawk-like than now, as he fixed his gaze upon Mr Barrows. It was the look of one who loves cruelty for its own sake.

'To fight?' asked Philip, with sudden intelligence; and his father nodded.

'You understand, Mr Barrows?' he went on carefully. 'This is a simpler and quieter way out of our difficulty. It is the best way, and,

indeed, the only way we can accept. We shall abide by the result as a matter of course. If fortune favour you, my son withdraws, and will trouble the Countess no more. On the other hand, if fortune favour my son, I take it that you will no longer stand in the way.'

There was no emphasis upon the last words, and only the man addressed could see their diabolical meaning. Mr Barrows saw it, and spoke with dry lips. He was in the other man's place now.

'And if I do not care to—to fight?'

'That,' said the Count, smiling, 'will amount to the same thing. If you refuse, you will see it is impossible for you to meddle further. This is your opening. If you take it, whatever the result, no one shall know of your story. If you refuse, there is the law—and the public!'

A minute fled in silence; then the Count, as if weary, ended the interview.

'That is all, Mr Barrows. We shall wait a week for your answer—yes, a week, for you shall have time to think. If you do not accept in a week, we shall know that you will not stand in the way. If you accept, we can make all further arrangements then. That is all.'

He rose, and stood at the table waiting. Then Mr Barrows rose, without a word, and fumbled for his hat and gloves upon the table. Finding them, he went hurriedly to the door, passed into the dusky corridor like a man half-blind or half-intoxicated, and so towards the stairs.

Count Brode, after closing the door, joined his son at the window. The old man was smiling at his own thoughts, perhaps at the recollection of Mr Barrows's appearance in departing. His son searched his inscrutable face in bewilderment.

'And what does it all mean?' he asked. 'What has that man done?'

The Count touched his shoulder half-playfully. 'No questions, Philip,' he said pleasantly. 'No questions. You must trust me in this affair.'

'But a duel?' said the young man. 'Why did you arrange a duel?'

'Because, my son, you are a good swordsman and a splendid shot. That is a good reason.'

There was some pride in his tone as he spoke. He admitted that his son lacked the gift of intellect, but he was accustomed, naturally, to look at what he had. These possessions suited the present occasion admirably.

'But,' he said a moment later, 'perhaps he will not accept—perhaps he will not come. And that—that will be just as well.'

Philip seldom endeavoured to search out his father's thoughts. There was a perfect confidence between this father and son, based on the son's sense of his own lack and his father's powers. So he asked no further questions, either by word or look; but even he could see that the Count was enjoying a season of triumph. His look was as of one who said, 'My enemy is given into my hands.'

(To be continued.)

'WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA?'

I thumbed well and skipped nowise till I learned
Who was who, what was what.
—Robert Browning, *in 'Asolando.'*

THAT handy and useful volume of contemporary biography, *Who's Who?* in the fifty-fourth year of its issue with us, has a companion and corresponding book on the other side of the Atlantic, *Who's Who in America?* which made its first appearance in 1899, under the editorship of John W. Leonard, and is published by A. N. Marquis and Co., Chicago. The new volume for 1901–2 has been thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged; and, as becomes a nation of some seventy-six millions of people, it forms a marvellous testimony to the ability, energy, and pushfulness of our American cousins that eleven thousand five hundred and fifty-one individuals exist about whom the general reader and the man in the street may wish to know something. There were only eight thousand six hundred and two persons notified in the first edition, so that either a fresh crop of notabilities has arisen since or the first edition was less comprehensive.

The book is brimful of interest of the most varied kind: millionaires, preachers, statesmen, inventors, merchants, manufacturers, and authors jostle one another in the orderly confusion of alphabetical arrangement, and another excellent feature is a key to the publishers of books by the various authors. The facts are given in the briefest possible way—in telegraphese, in fact; a lifetime's achievement as well as a notable discovery or invention is summed up in a sentence. The addresses given are an immense convenience; but the securing of them was a work of great labour and difficulty. Some preposterous replies were received in answer to queries sent out by the editor. One man who was asked for the maiden name of his wife wrote on the corrected proof: 'I am sorry I cannot comply with your request to give my wife's maiden name, as she is now travelling in Europe.' One lady wrote in reply to the request for the date of her birth: 'I am not young enough to be careless, nor old enough to be reckless.' Thus, while the book mirrors the national life in all its phases, it also epitomises 'the stories of opportunities grandly improved by thousands of men and women who have helped to shape the conditions of to-day in American thought and action.' Education counts for much

in that bustling, pushing life, and we find amongst eleven thousand notabilities that nearly one-half are graduates of universities and colleges, eight hundred and eight were trained in public schools, and thirty-one are self-taught.

Not colonels but inventors and authors seem to figure very largely in *Who's Who?* Nothing is more interesting than to note the number of useful inventions by people entirely unknown to fame. It may be of interest to mention a few of the inventors and manufacturers, known or unknown, to whom we are indebted for many everyday and useful inventions.

Alexander Graham Bell, born in Edinburgh in 1819, now resides in Washington. He is the inventor of visible speech, and has written on phonetics. His son, Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone (1876) and the photophone, was born in Edinburgh in 1847, went to Canada, and became professor of 'vocal physiology' in Boston in 1872. How many who use the telephone ever think of Alexander Graham Bell or of Francis Blake of Keewaydin, inventor of the 'Blake transmitter,' the telephone transmitter most in use? Ohio C. Barber has founded and built up Barberton, a town of six thousand inhabitants, on the strength of the match industry, which he consolidated under the name of the Diamond Match Company. James Ogilvie Clephane, lawyer and financier, 45 Broadway, New York, son of James Clephane of Edinburgh, Scotland, has interested himself in the development of the typewriter, and under his direction the first Sholes or Remington typewriter was built. He suggested to Mr Ottmar Mergenthaler the idea of a typesetting machine, 'and furnished the means whereby was evolved the present successful linotype machine.' Later, we are told, he was assisted by Whitelaw Reid and others; and at his instance the Fowler and Heinkle printing-press was constructed, enabling presswork to be done directly from linotype bars. He has also interested himself in the Graphophone Company.

The English Kodak Company is notable for its success and large dividends. George Eastman of Rochester, N.Y., who perfected a process of making dry plates, is inventor of the kodak. He was born at Waterville, N.Y., 12th July 1854, is general manager of the Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester, and managing director of the English company. The achievements of Thomas Alva Edison, born at Milan, Ohio, 11th February 1847, are sufficiently well known. Henry Fairbanks of St Johnsbury, Vermont, has thirty patents to his credit, and is the son of an inventor of scales. Merritt Gally of Brooklyn has over four hundred patents to his credit, including a 'Universal' printing-press and a machine for making linotypes and printing machinery. He was a clergyman for three years, but on losing his voice devoted himself to mechanics. Richard Jordan Gatling of Hartford, Conn., who graduated at Ohio Medical College, but never practised, assisted his father in perfecting a machine for sowing cotton-seed; later, he invented a machine for sowing rice and wheat; but his name is more widely known for the Gatling gun of 1862. In 1886 he invented a new gun-metal of steel and aluminium. He is also the inventor of a steam-plough and a hemp-breaking machine. James Weir Graydon, born 1848, is inventor of the Graydon dynamite-gun and the Graydon gigantic wheels exhibited at Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Rome, and Blackpool, besides an aerial torpedo and a carriage-heater. Charles Martin Hall of Niagara Falls invented the electrolytic process for the manufacture of aluminium which has so much cheapened that valuable metal. Samuel Johnston of Buffalo has a long list of inventions, including corn-planters, harrows, self-rakes for harvesters, corn-harvesters, platform reapers and binders, and a new method for coking fuels. Albert Augustus Pope, founder of the Pope Manufacturing Company of Boston, in 1877 began selling imported cycles, and introduced the cycle industry in 1879. He also founded the *Wheelman*, now *Outing*, devoted to the pastime of cycling. Mr Lovejoy of the Carnegie Steel Company was the first man that owned and rode a cycle in the States.

Louis Prang of Boston has a world-wide reputation for colour-printing and Christmas cards, and is author of *The Prang Standard of Colour*, showing one thousand one hundred and seventy-six colours. Thaddeus S. C. Lowe invented the compression ice-machine in 1865, making the first artificial ice in the United States. Sir Hiram Steevens Maxim, born in 1840 at Sangerville, Mo., had a common school education and obtained his scientific knowledge by study and attending lectures; he served a few years' apprenticeship to a coachbuilder, and worked in various ironworks. Many inventions stand to his credit besides the Maxim gun and cordite, and he is a director of Vickers, Sons, and Maxim. Guglielmo Marconi was born at Marzabotto, Italy, in 1875, his father being Italian, his mother English. He was educated at the universities of Bologna and Padua, and began in 1890 those experiments in wireless telegraphy now leading to practical results. Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, born at Williamsburg, 18th April 1862, drove the stage from Loretto to Cresson when a boy; then he began work with the Carnegie Company as a stake-driver, and rose to be superintendent of the Homestead Works and president of the Carnegie Steel Company. After the amalgamation of the Carnegie Company with other steel firms he was appointed the first president of the vast concern. Lyman Cornelius Smith of Albany, N.Y., is inventor of a typewriter known as the Smith-Premier. Nikola Tesla, the famous electrician, was born at Smiljan Lika in 1857, and after some experience in

telegraph engineering, came to the United States, where he was for a time employed in the Edison works. Next he became electrician to the Tesla Electric Light Company, and established the Tesla Laboratory in New York. He invented 'the modern principle of the rotary magnetic field embodied in the apparatus used in the transmission of power from Niagara Falls,' dynamos, oscillator, &c. The name of George Francis Train suggests the beginnings of tramways in England; while Charles E. Tripler of New York is famous for the manufacture of 'liquid air,' which he has applied to the operation of an engine. George Westinghouse, Westinghouse Buildings, Pittsburgh, invented in 1865 a device for replacing railroad cars on the track, and the Westinghouse brake in 1868. His name stands identified also with railway signalling and twelve industrial corporations. John Wilson Wheeler, who had been a farmer, grocer, and carpenter in turn, started a sewing-machine business now known as the New Home Sewing-Machine Company.

We have spent so much time over the inventors and manufacturers that there is less space than is desirable for those interesting persons who are either authors or journalists by profession, or have published successful books. To find a stockbroker both poet and essayist, with much distinction of style, is an uncommon combination; yet Edmund Clarence Stedman is all these! To single out the magazine editors: there are Henry Mills Alden, who has been editor of *Harper's Magazine* since 1869; E. L. Burlinghame of *Scribner's Magazine*, since 1886; Richard Watson Gilder of the *Century:* he was also on the old *Scribner* (the pioneer of the American illustrated monthlies), founded by J. G. Holland and Roswell Smith. Samuel Sidney McClure has been editor of *McClure's Magazine* since its start in 1891; and Frank Andrew Munsey founded *Munsey's Magazine* in 1891. It is hard to think that Samuel Langhorne Clemens, 'Mark Twain,' is bordering on his seventieth year. Like Sir Walter Scott, he espoused the debts of a publishing firm with which he was connected, that of C. L. Webster and Co., and lectured round the world and scribbled himself out of his difficulties. Fannie Mack Lothrop of 106 West Ninetieth Street, New York, author and journalist, is said to own the largest collection of portraits of celebrities in the world, numbering two hundred thousand. Jane Cunningham Croly ('Jenny June'), an American lady-journalist, heard of sometimes at the Pioneer Club, London, started the duplicate system of correspondence which is said to have led to the rise of the modern syndicate. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, of the *New York World*, has the reputation of being the highest paid lady-journalist in the United States. She was married at sixteen to a wealthy American, who went into business but failed for a large amount, when Mrs Ayer started a manufacturing business by which she cleared two hundred thousand dollars in four years. She forsook business for a post in the *New York World* in 1894, and has educated her daughters at the best European schools without extraneous help. Mrs Frank Leslie, whose maiden name is Miriam Florence Folline, belongs to a French creole family of New Orleans. She has shown distinct business capabilities in literature and also the publishing of magazines and periodicals since the death of her husband, Frank Leslie. She has some fresh enterprises on hand. Irving Bacheller, who was on the staff of the *New York World*, has made a great hit with that fresh and delightful story, *Eben Holden*. Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian of the western part of North America, has collected a library of sixty thousand volumes to assist him in his work. James Baldwin, as an educational editor in the employment of Harper Brothers, has been responsible for a vast number of schoolbooks. Sarah Knowles Bolton, a delightful compiler of biographical books for young people, is responsible for quite a small library of such books, including *Poor Boys who became Famous* and *Girls who became Famous*. Frances Hodgson Burnett (author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*), born at Manchester in 1849, has two residences, one in Washington and another in Kent. John Burroughs, the delightful essayist, since 1874 has gone back, like the late R. D. Blackmore, to the land, devoting his time to fruit-culture and literature alternately. F. Marion Crawford the novelist, son of Thomas Crawford the sculptor, spends much of his time at Sorrento, Italy. Jeremiah Curtain, who has travelled in Mongolia, is credited with knowing over sixty languages.

It is curious how talent, contrary to experience, sometimes descends to succeeding generations. A son of the poet Longfellow, Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow, is an artist; a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edward Waldo Emerson, is an instructor of art anatomy in Boston; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, a son of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, is a Chief-Justice of the Judicial Court of Massachusetts. A son of Henry George, bearing the same name, also finds a place here. Finley Peter Dunne, a Chicago journalist, is creator of 'Mr Dooley.' There are a number of eminent Shakespearian scholars, such as Horace Howard Furness, which shows the grasp American scholars have of English literature. Mark Harvey Liddell has edited an edition of Shakespeare in forty volumes; so has W. J. Rolfe, besides quite a library of English classics.

No explanation is offered as to W. H. Gannett's home monthly, *Comfort*, which is said to circulate to the tune of one million two hundred and fifty thousand monthly. Joel Chandler Harris, the creator of 'Uncle Remus,' served an apprenticeship to the printing trade. T. W. Higginson, author of *Cheerful Yesterdays*, has a splendid list of books to his credit. There is an enormous

Jewish Encyclopædia in progress in twelve volumes, with two thousand illustrations, of which Isidore Singer, a native of Austria, is managing editor. The first volume appeared last year. On the staff of this *Encyclopædia* are Joseph Jacobs, the well-known author and journalist, who left London in 1900 to assist in this work; Cyrus Adler; and Kaufmann Kohler, a well-known Biblical critic and Jewish rabbi.

The literary syndicate is a wonderful creation of the last century. The sermons of the late T. De Witt Talmage, editor of the *Christian Herald*, have been published weekly for the past thirty years, and through syndicates were published in three thousand six hundred papers, reaching, it is believed, thirty millions of people weekly in the United States and elsewhere. Louis Klopach, journalist, proprietor of the *Christian Herald* since 1892, through its agency has raised millions of dollars for philanthropic purposes such as famines in India and Russia, besides guaranteeing the support of five thousand famine-stricken orphans in India.

Theodore Roosevelt, before he became President of the United States, was known as the author of *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, *Rough Riders*, and other books showing vigour and distinction of style. His uncle, Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, banker, has even a longer notice than the nephew, so dramatically hoisted into the President's Chair. He has interested himself in field sports and in the protection and preservation of game, was editor of *New York Citizen* for some years, and has been a member of Congress. He is author of books on game birds and fish, *Progressive Petticoats*, &c. Of the *Sacred Songs and Solos* of Ira D. Sankey some fifty millions have been sold, and the book has been translated into many languages. One is glad to hear that Marcius Willson, author and editor mostly of schoolbooks, has received two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in royalties, of which sum two hundred thousand dollars were from the Harpers alone. As far as we have noticed, this is the only instance of such a fact being mentioned in the volume. W. D. Howells, Henry James, Mrs Ward, and a host of less-known authors all find a place.

Artists, well-known actors, soldiers, scientists, bankers, and financiers are all here, although John Jacob Astor, James Gordon Bennett, Andrew Carnegie, Pierpont Morgan, Admiral Dewey, the Rockfellers, Vanderbilts, and other famous magnates are quite on a level, as far as space is concerned, with many of their poorer but still notable brethren. These magnates have specially signalised themselves by their large gifts for educational purposes, libraries, and for technical and engineering purposes to various colleges.

George Cadbury's model village of Bourneville, near Birmingham, is well known; but the experiment made by Elbert Hubbard, an American author and journalist, who started the Roycroft Shop at the village of East Aurora, New York State, for the work of printing and producing *de luxe* editions of the classics, is not so well known amongst us. To printing has been added illuminating by hand, bookbinding, cabinetmaking, and clay-modelling, until some three hundred dwellers in the village have been interested and employed. Mr Ruskin attempted the revival of village industries, but was never so successful as Mr Hubbard, who took his inspiration from William Morris. Two magazines are produced, one of which, *The Philistine*, edited by Elbert Hubbard, has a circulation of one hundred thousand copies. Thus, according to *The Shrine*, Elbert Hubbard has reversed the process by which the town drains the life-blood of the village. There is a library, as well as a recreation-room, pictures, statues, flowers everywhere, and a piano in every house. Dances, concerts, and lectures are arranged for the evenings, and every opportunity is given for individual instruction. It is the founder's conviction that the beauty with which the workers are surrounded, the liberty which they enjoy, the cheerfulness and kindliness of their intercourse, are faithfully reproduced in the work they put forth. These advantages, as he puts it, 'are all transmuted into good, and come out again at the finger-tips of the workers in beautiful results.' Elbert Hubbard, who was born in 1859, is author of a clever story, *A Message to Garcia*, and *Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great*.

Cecil John Rhodes, in some political notes written in 1890, said: 'What an awful thought it is that if we had not lost America, or if even now we could arrange with the present members of the United States Assembly and our House of Commons, the peace of the world is secured for all eternity!' His further idea was of a Federal Parliament held for five years at Washington and five at London. The existence of huge trusts and other evidences of trade rivalry shows that a keen commercial if bloodless war is being waged between the new country and the old. Mr Rhodes urged as a measure of retaliation a commercial war against those who are trying to boycott our manufactures. Then 'you might finish the war by union with America, and universal peace after a hundred years.' To the men and women in this volume must be given a large share of the credit of working out the world's salvation in this respect, and in binding East and West together in the bonds of brotherhood.

This, therefore, is a hopeful book. Ten years hence will thirteen hundred odd pages hold the crop of notable people worthy of a place in such a volume? One thing is evident: those who are at present included deserve the distinction, and we congratulate publisher, editor, and all concerned upon the success of their efforts.

THE LOST GALLEON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

I WENT home forgetting all else, even my wedded wife. I remembered only the wreck.

I found Thady busy, as he often was, polishing up the few pieces of thin silver which represented the old treasures of Doon. I bade him come to me in the book-room—that room in which two hours ago I had stood for my marriage, and there I imparted to him what I had seen. He listened to me with his old head craned towards me, the muscles in the old neck showing above the shabby livery, one ancient hand fondling his chin.

'What do you make of it, Thady?' I asked him when I had finished.

'Make of it, your honour? Why, that the *Santa Anna* never went to the bottom of Doonass at all, an' them that was huntin' for her there might have spared their time an' trouble. She's locked fast in Carrigadoon. Sure, 'tis a wilderness of wild caves an' galleries, as all the world knows. An' there the money'll stay till the Judgment Day.'

'Why should it stay,' asked I, 'seeing that we have such sore need of it?'

Indeed, my heart had leaped up at his words, for I saw Doon proud as of old, its lands restored to it, its old chambers beautiful, the treasures of which it had been dispossessed returned again. I saw more. Through the gold of this lost ship of the Armada I saw my wife like a queen walking in these old rooms in a state that befitted her pride and beauty. I saw the Considines, who had been so stripped and impoverished that the last of them had nothing but his sword, holding their heads again with the highest. I saw my sons, her sons and mine, growing up about me, to exalt the name that had sunk into obscurity, almost into oblivion.

'Why should it stay?' I repeated, meeting the old fellow's cunning eyes.

'There is but one way into Carrigadoon,' said he, 'an' that is by the Chimney. Your honour would never take it?'

'I think Don Miguel meant that I should,' I said. 'Would he cast me on my destruction?'

'It might be an evil spirit in his shape,' said the old fellow, wiser than ever. 'Time was,' he went on, 'I'd have been for scalin' the Chimney; but old blood runs cold. You won't be for tryin' it, Master Maurice?'

'My blood runs hot enough,' said I.

'You wouldn't be for leavin' the lady a widow?'

The suggestion staggered me a little, and the old fellow saw his advantage and pressed it.

'It 'ud be the greatest of luck for old Damer if your honour was out of the way,' he said, eyeing me curiously.

'Let me be now, Thady,' I said. 'I shall take the night to think upon it.'

He went half unwillingly, and I to my bed, but not to sleep. Under the moth-eaten canopy of the great bed I lay staring into the moony dark. My thoughts were too full of excitement to let me sleep. Such happenings of a single night! Did any one ever know the like? How could I have imagined, awaking in the cold dawn, that I should be a husband before night, and that from the other world a hand should be stretched out to me proffering riches?

And I never doubted that I should go. Thady's arguments had but shaken me into the consciousness of how much I risked. Yet would I be worthy of the Lady Nesta, my wife, the Lady Nesta Considine—a fierce joy took me and shook me as I said her new name—if I were not ready for Fortune when she flung her gifts in my lap? As for Thady's suggestion about that noble ghost, I spurned it. There was no treachery in those sad eyes and on those stern lips. He was a true man that Don Miguel Santana, whether he lived or died.

I slept late, and when I awoke that rascal Tim was by my bedside. He was holding me a cup of chocolate as he had learned to make it in French Flanders.

'I thought your honour would sleep to the dinner-hour,' he said; 'and you have talked—Lord, how you have talked!—about the treasure-ships, and dead men, and other matters.'

'Tim,' I asked, 'what day is this?'

'Christmas Eve,' he answered, 'and the world sunk in the snow. 'Twill be bad for the lambs born to-night. What suit will your honour wear: the plum-colour, with the white lacing?'

It was plain he thought I would be for seeing my bride; but I had the will to thwart myself till I should pour the Don's gold into her lap.

'Nay,' said I, 'but the toughest and plainest suit I possess.'

'What would your honour be for doing?' he asked, staring.

Then I told him, as I had told his father, the story of the ship and her ghosts. He heard me out. Then—I could depend on him—he could scarce contain himself until the descent of the Chimney might be made.

''Tis no such great thing,' he said. 'A black gulf, and the roaring of waters, and the devil's name were enough to scare silly folk. So much the better for us, Master Maurice.'

Now, we did not dare to make that venture

by daylight, for I had it in my mind that at the least hint of our absence together old Thady might set the hue-and-cry upon us; and I was minded that we should see the matter through for ourselves.

The storm that day was enough to keep any one within doors. I spent the hours of it in the book-room, making a disposition of my affairs and belongings, such as they were. To the Lady Nesta, 'my beloved and honoured wife,' I left all things whatsoever of which I should die possessed, praying her out of the love she bore me to let not my old servants, and the poor who leant upon me, suffer. I left her especially that deed of gift by which Don Miguel had willed his galleon to Sir Terence Considine in the days of Elizabeth, and I set the parchment, witnessed and sealed by a notary who had come hither with the great Earl of Cork, where it might easily be found, together with a statement of where I believed the galleon to be, in case we should not return. For, living or dead, I meant her to have the treasure.

Poor Thady watched me narrowly all that day; but towards evening his suspicions lulled, and I could see that his relief was great when about ten of the clock I put away my books and retired to my bedchamber.

After a sufficient time had passed I left the room and the house, locking the room and taking the key with me lest my absence should be discovered.

I found Tim waiting for me as we had agreed under the great oak-tree in the Long Avenue. He was carrying a hooded lantern, and a thick coil of rope was round his body. He was stamping his feet to keep himself warm, and whistling a little to keep his heart up in the piercing cold and amid the shadows.

It was not far, luckily, to the Chimney and the circle of strange stones that surrounds it and of which the country people are much afraid, deeming it a sacrificing-place of witches and devils, and I know not what other wildness.

The moon was up now, and every stone threw a blackness of shadow on the snow. As we came near we could hear the whirlpool in the Chimney that never was silent, a roaring and deafening sound as though the whole sea were imprisoned in that shaft and cried to get free.

Our plan was of no great subtlety, and never were men so lightly provided for such an enterprise. Those old boulders of the Druidic circle had favoured us. Close to the Chimney, leaning towards it as though it would pass within, was a great stone in shape somewhat cruciform.

Under its arms we knotted the rope. Nothing could hold it more steadily.

'"Twill never break, Master Maurice,' said Tim. 'I have spent the day in testing it, for I would not leave my old father childless.'

With that he began to fasten the other end about his middle; but I protested, and albeit he strove with me that he should go first, he knew me too well to stand long against me.

Yet as he knelt by the edge of the Chimney, paying out the rope to me with his two hands, his face was gloomy.

'Have patience, Tim,' said I, 'for if I come not back soon, you will follow me.'

'That will I,' said he, and his face lightened; 'though I shall have to go in the dark.'

As he lowered me over the edge I felt with my feet for any resting-place on the sides of the Chimney, but found none. The lantern was slung to the rope round my waist, and by its light I could see the slimy and dripping walls, where no foothold was possible. The upper part of the Chimney was narrow—as narrow as any house-chimney; but as I went lower and lower it seemed to widen, and presently I came to the end of the rope and was dangling in mid-air amid such a commotion under me that it was as if the very cauldron of hell were seething there. For a second or two I dangled, thinking how long I should have to wait until Tim thought of pulling me up again.

Fortunately the air of the place was pure; and if I had had any doubt that it opened to the sea, I should have been persuaded by the furious wind that blew about me, making my lantern to flicker, not less than by the fact that a gull I had startled flew in my face with a scream, and then sped upwards to the opening above.

Now, I was right sure that the gull did not enter the place from above, and it occurred to me that not far from my face might be some spot where her kind nested in the breeding season. I began to feel numb, swinging so between earth and heaven; but with an effort I set myself to go backwards and forwards like a pendulum, striving so to find what lay about me at either side of the Chimney.

Then, to my great joy, I saw by my lantern-light a ledge, and on it a drift of silver sand, by which I knew that the opening into the sea could not be far from me. The next swing of the rope brought me within touch of it, and I could see that there was a little cave retiring into the rock.

Once, twice my feet touched the sands; but the impetus of the rope swung me again over the abyss. The third time I had better luck, for I grasped with my hand a rough edge of rock and drew myself on the little ledge of sand. My first care was to free myself from the rope, lest Tim should draw me up again and my work be undone; the next to flash my lantern into that dark crevice in the wall of the Chimney, startling a great many gulls, which flew into my face so suddenly that if I had not been very cautious I might have overstepped the edge, and that had been an end of me.

But, confused as I was by the roar of waters below me and the columns of spray that rose

now in my face and blurred my lantern, I yet kept my presence of mind, and had the sense to withdraw myself into the cave, being freed of the rope, lest a vertigo should take me on that narrow ledge.

Now, when I had wiped the lantern clear of the spray, I saw that the cave—for cave it was—retired inwards, but was not closed as I had supposed, narrowing rather into a passage high enough to take a man standing; and this greatly excited my curiosity.

But before I followed my instinct to explore it I turned about, seeking for some means by which I might let Tim know the way I had gone. Then I saw that the rope was no longer there, and concluded that he must have drawn it up, finding that my weight had left it; and about this I was not long in doubt, for while I yet stared from my position of safety in the cave upon the black interior of the Chimney, a pair of brogues came in sight, and I should have known them the world over for Tim's. In an instant he was by my side.

'Why, it is a country-tale,' he said, 'that the cliff here was tunnelled by fairies. It looks more like smugglers to my mind, Master Maurice; and if it is so not much shall we find of the *Santa Anna*.'

Yet they were no smugglers but men of some earlier date that made these galleries and vaulted rooms, for what purpose is beyond anything but our blind guessing. Anyhow, it was no maze, but easy to follow, that, twisting in and out, led us at last to the great cave nearly filled with the sea, wherein what was left of the galleon lay wedged with such a force that all the storms since then had not been able to free her.

We came upon her by a passage going sharply down from above; and, lifting the lantern over our heads, we could see the crowding saints and angels of her carved poop. Within that, I knew well what I should see. I have since given that dust holy sepulture; but now we did not disturb it. A window in the poop was close to us. Into it we scrambled—we had not gone bird-nesting on the cliffs for nothing—and found there a stately saloon, or it had once been so, but now mouldering and rotten.

But a little while it took us to discern that the blackened goblets and beakers were of gold, and that there was gold plate worth a king's ransom. In that deed by which Don Miguel conveyed the galleon to my ancestor there were minute instructions as to the disposition of the ship's treasures.

'Lord, if the galleon should be uprooted now!' said Tim at my elbow; but I hardly heard him. Beyond the bulkhead I knew were the treasure-chests full of doubloons and moidores and pieces of eight. For the present I let them be. I put in my breast an image of pure gold, studded with rubies and emeralds, for an earnest that I had found the treasure, and so we left the *Santa Anna* till we could return and enter upon that inheritance which was lawfully mine.

And return many times we did, till the treasure was in safer custody than that of the rotting ship. And that being secured at our own risk and peril, we brought hither the Abbé O'Clery, lowering him by a bucket, for we had procured better means of ascent and descent. He would come when he was told how the dead lay there unburied, and himself consecrate the place, so that, though the earth received them not, they yet slept like Christians at last. And all this we did of ourselves, and undiscovered, for that snowy Christmas none braved the cliffs of Carrigadoon; and those heathen cromlechs were always shunned by our people.

Yet long before this was accomplished—indeed, on the day following our first discovery; and I am not like to forget it, for it was Christmas Day—I carried my strange story to the Lord Fitzwalter; and when he would have mocked at me as mad, I placed in his hands that image with the sapphire eyes and the cloak set with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. And even then, such was the man's character that he still delayed to receive me as a suitor for the Lady Nesta until I had feasted his eyes on the gold-pieces, and he realised that I was richer than Dick Damer, who had squeezed the poor that he might amass guineas.

And when that came to pass he summoned the Lady Nesta and put her hand into mine, and swore that it rejoiced him to have me as a son; and very bitter he was about Damer and his insolence that he should have looked so high as the Lord Fitzwalter's daughter. Yet I remembered that he was not insolent before I had found the *Santa Anna;* but I said nothing, for I would be at peace with my bride's father, who when he heard that we were already married but congratulated us and himself the louder. My Nesta is, happily, but little like him.

In the storms of the March equinox that year, the cromlech of the cruciform shape was somehow uprooted, and fell across the Chimney, and there it lies to this day, since it is no one's business to remove it, and it would indeed be a great undertaking; there it remains, a monument to Don Miguel and his men.

I believe these are at peace, and that none again shall see the apparition of the galleon.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE PANAMÁ CANAL.

AN American technical journal, in commenting on the recent volcanic eruptions, suggests that they carry with them a special warning to the people of the United States in connection with the long-talked-of Panamá Canal. As most of our readers are aware, there are two possible routes by which the waters of the Atlantic Ocean may be made to mingle with those of the Pacific: one by cutting through the Isthmus of Panamá, and the other by Lake Nicaragua. The authority referred to tells us that the isthmus has undergone no change within the historical period, it bears no trace of volcanic action, and there is not even an extinct crater within one hundred and eighty miles of it. Nicaragua, on the other hand, has always been the seat of seismic disturbance, and is within reach of volcanoes which have wrought much havoc in the past. 'Only sixty-four years ago, Cosequina, in the north-west of Nicaragua, belched forth for two whole days a mass of matter that, in every six minutes of eruption, according to one authority, would equal in amount the material to be dug from the canal.' Seven years later the city of Rivas, which is only five miles from the intended Pacific terminus of the waterway, was completely destroyed by earthquake. It is considered that the location of the canal in such a centre of volcanic activity as Nicaragua is simply out of the question.

LIFTING A BATTLESHIP.

To lift a modern battleship, with its armour, its guns, and its crew, completely out of the water would seem to be an impossible task, unless indeed we were of the kingdom of Lilliput, and had a Gulliver to do the work. Our Gulliver is not of flesh and blood, but takes the form of a floating dock which has been built, for naval use at Bermuda, by Messrs Swan & Hunter of Wallsend-on-Tyne. The dock takes the form of an enormous letter U, the walls being a hundred feet apart, and long enough to shelter a fifteen-thousand-ton battleship. A pontoon deck connects these two walls—a deck which can be sunk far below water or raised above the surface by the simple operation of pumping. When the dock was tested recently, H.M.S. *Sans-Pareil* was floated between the mighty walls, and was then drawing over twenty-seven feet of water. The pumps were then set to work, and in about two hours the big ship was standing high and dry on the now exposed deck of the dock. It was then seen that the hull of the vessel was thickly coated with marine growth, thus indicating one important use for this wonderful piece of naval engineering. The dock is to supersede a smaller one built in 1863. It is to be towed across the Atlantic, and has been insured by the Government to the extent of nearly a quarter of a million sterling.

DR GRÜN'S LIQUID LENS.

A lens enclosing a liquid, instead of being wholly of glass, is no new thing, the coloured lenses in chemists' lamps being often of this description. Indeed, we may say that in principle it is as old as life itself, for the eye comprises such an optical arrangement. Lenses of this description were constructed for various scientific purposes until improvements in glass manufacture placed a better material in the hands of opticians. Dr Ed. Grün has recently patented a lens, partly liquid and partly of glass, for photographic uses, and it has the merit of being so rapid in action that he has been able with it to secure pictures instantaneously of actors on the stage. This has been done without prearrangement, the camera-bearer taking his seat in the pit of the theatre as an ordinary member of the audience. That he has been able to take quick pictures at all under such conditions is surprising; but unfortunately the lens, as at present made, has a want of sharp definition which detracts from its value as an optical instrument. If the inventor can see his way to obviate this defect, photographers will not be slow to avail themselves of such a promising aid to their work.

LIGHTING RAILWAY TUNNELS.

Mr F. D. Black, of Gourock, has devised a system of lighting railway tunnels by means of a row of electric lamps suspended above the four-foot way which lies between the two pairs of rails. These lights are under the control of the signalman, and they are switched on by him directly a train enters the tunnel, the result being a well-lit track instead of a dark one, and consequently increased safety to travellers. There are, however, one or two considerations which seem to us to militate against the system, and the principal one is the provision of the necessary electric current in uninhabited districts. We foresee, too, the gradual elimination of the old oil lamps in railway carriages in favour of electric lamps, which can readily be turned on or off from the guard's van. On all the best-managed railways such lights are already in use, and they are switched on as a matter of course when darkness, caused by the approach to a tunnel or of the shades of night, comes on.

SEASHORE ALLOTMENTS.

The Eastern Sea Fisheries District Committee, under the authority of the Board of Trade, are

about to try an interesting experiment on the coast under their control. They will let out portions of the foreshore of the Wash to fishermen for the culture of mussels, oysters, and cockles, on the allotment system, each allotment not to exceed five acres in extent. The lettings of these 'layings,' as they are called in the district, will be by private treaty or by auction, and the rental will be of a moderate amount, for the intention is to encourage individuals to take up small allotments, and not to let large areas fall into the hands of a few speculators. The money obtained as rents is to be expended in the general improvement of the fishery as a whole.

THE MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.

Much correspondence has lately been published with reference to the unfortunate state of certain branches of the glass trade in this country, owing to the limitations placed upon the masters by the men, as represented by their trade-union. American manufacturers are not handicapped in this way, and new methods of working are quickly adopted, with advantage both to masters and men. One of the most recent introductions is a new means of using compressed air in the manufacture of large articles of glassware. Hitherto it was deemed impossible, on account of the limited capacity and power of the workers' lungs, to produce a larger receptacle of glass than that represented by a twenty-five gallon carboy. A German inventor, Paul T. Sievert by name, has overcome the difficulty by a clever adaptation of the power of compressed air, and the process is fully described and illustrated in a recent number of the *Scientific American*. A glass bath, of the usual domestic pattern, such as is generally made of porcelain or more often of iron, can be turned out by this new process in the short space of five minutes; but it is right to add that the gradual cooling or annealing in an oven occupies several days. Briefly put, the new process consists in flowing a mass of liquid glass over a flat table, clamping its edges, and then, after removing the table, supplying compressed air so that the central portion drops into the form required. The table is then applied at a lower level, so as to give the plastic bath a flat bottom.

NEW USES FOR PAPER.

The number of uses to which paper is put is most astonishing, and new applications of this truly valuable product of human ingenuity are being constantly found. It would seem to be almost outside the bounds of possibility that the same material which is employed in fashioning a bank-note can be turned into a railway-carriage wheel or a tea-tray; but a more recent employment for paper is found in the manufacture of artificial teeth, which are said to be cheaper than those of other material, while at the same time they cannot be so easily broken, and are quite unaffected by atmospheric changes. Paper is also now being used for foot-gear. We are quite aware that for a long time this has been done in a surreptitious manner, layers of brown paper constituting the principal parts of soles which are supposed to be of leather. But the new material which we have now in view rivals patent leather in its appearance, and is used for the 'uppers' of boots and shoes. It is perhaps better suited for indoor than outdoor work, because of its fragility; but it is serviceable. One advantage it has over its prototype is in being so thin that the apparent size of the foot is reduced. This advantage will probably commend the new material to the public more than any other, for small feet are universally admired.

STREET CLEANSING.

A new form of sweeping-machine is on its trial in the streets of New York. It consists of a large two-horsed cart, and behind it is a rotary sweeper operated by chains and sprockets. The rotary brush gathers up the dirt, which is carried by an endless belt furnished with scrapers into the cart above, and dropped into a dustproof receptacle. The apparatus also includes a water-tank and attached sprinkler under the control of the driver, who sprinkles the road just in advance of the brush. The cart holds two cubic yards of dirt, it can be controlled by one man, and does its work without raising any dust in the air. If we compare this clean, convenient, and quick method of gathering up the refuse from the streets with the common plan of sweeping by hand and raising almost more dust than is carted away, its advantages are beyond dispute. We trust that some such plan may be quickly adopted on this side of the Atlantic.

TUBULAR RAILWAYS.

Mr John Leighton, F.S.A., has forwarded to us a booklet which deals with 'Tubular Transit for London,' and which is apparently applicable to the needs of other cities and towns. The old adage, 'slow and sure,' as exemplified in the fable of the 'Tortoise and the Hare,' must be regarded as obsolete in these go-ahead days, for all our efforts are directed towards obtaining the utmost speed in getting from place to place. Mr Leighton's object in writing this brochure is to plead for an orderly system in the laying down of tubular railways in the Metropolis, and insists that their general arrangement with regard to one another should present a network, not a patchwork. So far we are quite in agreement with him, and should like to see the same orderly system extended to our streets. But with regard to design, as set out in his maps and plans, we must differ from him. He advocates the establishment of eighteen lines of underground railway, two miles apart, half of them running north and south, and the other half, at

a different level, running east and west. A more rational method, we think, would be a radial system: a wheel-like arrangement of the lines, with the hub at the Bank of England and the spokes stretching out into the suburbs. Most persons living in Greater London have business in the City, and this arrangement would present the most direct way of getting there. Moreover, the successful 'twopenny tube' already finds its terminus at the Bank.

METALS FOR ENGINEERING.

In a recent lecture delivered by Sir William Roberts-Austen on 'The Relations between Metallurgy and Engineering,' it was pointed out that the necessity for pumping water from mines was the main factor in the evolution of the steam-engine, and in turn the development of the iron and steel industries dated from the time when the steam-engine was employed to pump air into the blast-furnaces. The age of steel began less than half-a-century back, and since that date much attention had been devoted to the molecular structure and properties of steel. In a presidential address to the Institution of Civil Engineers, delivered in 1862 by Sir John Hawkshaw, that eminent authority asserted that if the strength of iron could by any means be doubled, the discovery would be equal to the production of a new metal more valuable than iron. Metallurgists had actually accomplished this feat with regard to steel by adding to it other comparatively rare metals. The lecturer also dealt with the importance of microscopic examination of steel, which might thus be able to reveal by its structure its past molecular history, and even the vibrations to which it had been subjected.

NEW PAPER FROM OLD.

Many thousands of tons of paper are utilised daily in the printing of newspapers, and it stands to reason that there must necessarily be in this immense output a large amount of waste. Besides which, a large portion of this ephemeral literature is thrown aside after perusal, and in due course finds its way to the waste-paper merchant to be ultimately converted into a lower class of paper. Many attempts have been made to convert such paper into a quality of pulp which can again be manufactured into good printing-paper; but the presence of the greasy ink stood in the way, and that source of discolouration could not be removed except at prohibitive cost. A German chemist, Herr Knopf by name, who hails from the University of Munich, has recently given a demonstration in London of a process which he has discovered by which the difficulties just detailed have been overcome. After reducing a sheet of the *Times* to pulp, which was black in colour owing to the presence of the ink, he treated it with a soap emulsion, which at once extracted the impurities, and he then converted the cleansed pulp into a new sheet of paper. Whether the process can be worked profitably on a commercial scale remains to be seen.

DUSTLESS CARPETS.

The Booth system of removing dust from carpets and other household fabrics will be found of great value to all who regard cleanliness as one of the necessities of civilised life. The apparatus, which is readily adaptable to hotels, theatres, and all carpeted premises where men most do congregate, consists of a vacuum-pump to which is attached a dust receptacle and tubes which can be carried to any reasonable distance. To the end of such a tube is affixed a bladed instrument furnished with a narrow slit, which is passed over the carpet with a sweeping motion, by which action every particle of dust is sucked up. We lately saw the apparatus in action, and by way of demonstration a handful of flour was thrown on a carpeted floor and thoroughly rubbed into the fabric by energetic feet. The dust-extractor was then passed over the place, and in a few seconds no trace of the flour remained. It seems incredible that from a carpet measuring two hundred square yards in area forty-nine pounds of dust should have been extracted by this means; but we can easily believe that this is possible after seeing the apparatus at work. It should be noted that the dust is removed without a particle of it being floated in the air, and that a carpet thus cleansed, instead of being submitted to the usual beating process, has its life immeasurably prolonged. The system is being promoted by the Vacuum Cleaner Company, of 25 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

LOVE'S GUERDON.

Let Love be mine with all his bitter-sweet;
His thorny roses I am fain to weave
Into a crown to bind about my brows,
Knowing the wounds 'twill leave.

His hands may loose the fountain of my tears,
And flood my life with Marah's bitter brine;
His fruit may turn to ashes in my mouth,
Yet still let Love be mine.

Let Love be mine! What though the harvest be
A sheaf of sorrow at the summer's close;
I shall rejoice that Love has laid on me
The burden of his woes!

M. Hedderwick Browne.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SIXTH SERIES.

NEW SAMARIA.

By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., Author of *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker; Dr North and his Friends; History of François;* &c.

CHAPTER I.

THIS is what happened to me in July 1873. It chanced in the middle of a prosperous and easy life, in which, as a banker, I had doubled the property left to me, an only child. My days had been free from money cares, and in all other ways what might be called uneventful and happy.

In looking back over the unlucky incidents I here record, I fail to see what better I could have done. One of the three or four people who have read this story of my sudden isolation thinks I might have found sooner some way of relief. I leave the reader to decide.

The West was not the West of to-day. Travel was more difficult, the post slow, the telegraph a new means of communication.

In 1871 I became the unwilling owner of certain mines in western Arkansas. They had brought ruin to two owners, and I went to the West to see what I could do with them. I told my people not to write until they heard from me, and that I should be gone three or four weeks.

On July 3, twenty miles from my destination, New Samaria, I left the unfinished railway, and on July 4 took the stage early in the morning. To my disgust, my baggage had been missing at the station. A too sanguine stationmaster 'reckoned it would turn up soon,' and I went away annoyed, anticipating the discomfort of being without power to change my clothes. My trunk turned up a month later.

I reached the new town of New Samaria at noon. I had a horrible meal, and, evidently by reason of my being without baggage, was not very cordially received. It did not trouble me. Being rather energetic, I meant to lose no time, and, without stating my errand, asked to be driven out to the mines, some twelve miles distant.

When the driver appeared with a good-looking horse and buggy he was distinctly drunk. I tried to find the landlord; he was absent. A sympathetic bystander said the road was plain; better to drive myself. Dismissing my driver, I received a pretty clear statement that I was to follow the main road to the bridge, which was under repair; then I was to turn to the left and along the river road to another bridge a mile away. After that it was a plain road: 'No fellow could miss it.'

As I was about to get into the wagon a tall man touched my arm, a liberty I disliked. He began to tell a woeful tale of how he was out of work, never had begged, would I—and so on. I said, 'Oh! go and get work. I never give to beggars.'

He said—and I thought it queer—'I wish to thunder I hadn't asked you.'

He did look pretty well used up; but I was still in a state of vexation about my baggage, and so got in and drove away. I was saluted at the hill-top by a pack of fire-crackers, and that and the face of the beggar were the last things I remember.

When I was reborn to slowly improving conciousness, it was to recognise the place I was in as new and the light as dim. I recall my first puzzle as to whether it was morning or evening. I concluded that the change of light would soon tell me, and was pleased at my own intelligence. By degrees the light increased, and with it my knowledge of my own condition. My head was bandaged and I was now and then a little giddy, and especially if I turned over in bed. My right hand also was bandaged. By degrees I saw that I was in a large, whitewashed room, in one of six beds. It was close and not over clean. My pillow smelt horribly. Two

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other patients were snoring. By-and-by came a young woman neatly clad in gray linen. She said, 'Oh, you are better. How do you feel?'

I said feebly, being still rather dazed, 'Thank you, I am very weak and giddy.'

'Well, you are out of danger, the doctor says. You have been very bad.'

'Pardon me,' said I, 'are you the nurse?'

'Yes.'

'May I ask your name?'

'Why, yes; my name's Jane Wright.'

'And I am in—well—in—a—hospital?'

'Yes; but here's the doctor. I will fetch your breakfast pretty soon.'

The doctor was young, and, as I found, positive. I was becoming curious, and was beginning to feel a little more secure of my power to think and to speak.

'Oh, you are all right to-day,' said the doctor. 'Any headache?'

'No; but I have more or less vertigo if I turn over suddenly.'

'Then don't turn over. If you keep quiet, you will be about able to go out when we close for repairs on the 14th.'

'May I ask, my dear doctor, how long I have been here?'

'Since July 4, and this is the 10th.' He turned to leave me.

'Indeed! A week. Pardon me if I detain you a moment. What happened to me? I have lost nearly a week. It is an absolute blank.'

'You want to know what happened? You started out after a Fourth of July frolic to drive over a bridge with no flooring. You were pretty well set up.'

'What! I was drunk! Do they say that?'

'Yes, a man tried to stop the horse. He succeeded, but there was a smash, and you got a crack on the head, and he broke his leg. The horse had to be shot, and the wagon was in toothpicks.'

'Well,' I said, 'this is an amazing tale. I was drunk, you say?'

'Yes, so they say. I wasn't there.'

'It strikes me as comical.'

'Does it? Your idea of a joke is unusual. Wait till you see the man who let you have his horse.'

'I presume, sir, that I can pay for it.'

'Well, for a fellow that did what you did, that is rather cool. You had better keep quiet. In three days I can let you go.'

I said, 'Wait a little, doctor; there is some queer mistake. I am—I am George Woodburn, of the banking firm of Woodburn & Caruthers, Wall Street. Where is my purse? It was in my inside breast-pocket. There are cards in it.'

'Purse? There was no purse.'

'And my watch—a gold repeater?'

The doctor said, 'My good man, you are either off your head a bit or else you are playing a little game. It won't do. I have no time to waste. Best keep still. If you get excited you will be the worse for it.'

The situation was really so odd that as he moved away I laughed outright. This hurt my head, and I reflected that his last advice was good. I said no more until the nurse came with milk and bread and butter; then I asked her, 'Miss Wright, have I been here a week?'

'Yes.'

'Was I much hurt?'

'Yes; a cut on the head and one on the cheek. But you got off pretty well: dislocated thumb and sprained wrist.'

'The doctor was in a hurry. He should have heard more patiently what I have to say. He seems to me rather positive.'

'Oh, that's because he always knows.'

'Indeed! How could he know about me? I do assure you, my good nurse, that he is strangely mistaken.'

'I wouldn't excite myself if I were you.' Miss Wright seemed unwilling to discuss the doctor's opinions.

'Thank you,' I said. 'No doubt the advice is good; but it is somewhat necessary that I should communicate with my people and settle all this nonsense as to what I am. It is rather amusing to be taken for a tramp by that doctor.'

'Oh, he only says what every one says. Mind, I don't say it. I told him it was nonsense—that tramps did not talk the kind of way you do. I don't know what you are; but you're no tramp.'

'Many thanks, Miss Wright; and kindly tell me what else is said of me. It is interesting.'

'Oh, it's all in the New Samaria *Herald*. Mr Smile—that's the landlord—says you are in with a lot of policy men.'

'That is agreeable. Is it really the case that my purse and watch are gone?'

'Well, we couldn't find a cent, or anything to say who you were. Your socks were marked with initials. We wanted to know, because we thought you were going to die.'

'One can do that without having a name. Does your doctor never believe a man in a hospital?'

'Yes, of course. Now eat your breakfast. In a day or two you will be able to go out. I must go; and don't you worry.'

I asked for the paper, which she said she would fetch.

I lay quiet all that day. Here was a pleasing scrape. I was weak, alone, presumed to be a scamp, without a cent, in a Western town where no one knew me. However, I was glad to have been so well cared for, and, after all, when once I was up and dressed I could easily arrange matters.

The next morning my head felt clearer, and I began to consider my surroundings with more

care. I sat up after a breakfast of milk and bread, and observed that I was No. 5. My only near neighbour was No. 6. He was a man under thirty, and had red hair, which was cut short and stood up straight from the scalp.

I said, 'Excuse me; do you mind talking to me a little?'

'No. I meant to, but until two days ago you have been roaring about mines and buying houses.'

'Is that so? Thank Heaven, I am getting better; pretty soon I shall be able to get out and settle things, and reward all these good people who have been taking care of me.'

'Well, you are a cool hand,' said No. 6. 'The landlord says you were drunk, and my advice to you is to get away quietly out of this town. I wish to Heaven I had never set eyes on you!'

'May I ask what you mean?'

'Mean! I caught your horse. He was going for the bridge. In a moment you would have been a gone man.'

'Then I really owe you both an apology and gratitude. But no one told me who or what my neighbour was, and so you have gone unthanked. I am most grateful.'

'Oh, that's all very well. But here I am with a leg broken and laid by for six or eight weeks, and my salary stopped.'

'That's pretty hard; but in a few days, when I get out of this place, I hope to satisfy you that your sacrifice has not been in vain.'

My neighbour laughed. 'By George! The doctor says you *can* talk, and that is all there is of you.'

'So the doctor has been gossiping. Upon my word, you and he are oddly mistaken.'

'Oh, shut up!' said No. 6. 'I know your kind.'

'I cannot reply to a man who saved my life as I would to another; but as you seem unwilling to believe me, may I ask one other question?'

'Oh yes. What is it?'

'Who brought me here?'

'Oh, some circus chaps picked you up.'

Then I understood where my purse, watch, and, as it proved, my trunk-check and cigar-case had gone.

'Well,' I said, 'I will not trouble you further. You will find out some day that you have made a mistake about me. I can very well understand why you feel as you do.'

'Oh, gammon!' said No. 6. 'I've heard all I want to hear. I am laid by for two months, and I have to pay a fellow to clerk for me in the bank. Suppose you quit talking to me.'

I said, 'Very well, as you like.'

After this I began to reflect, and when put myself in the place of No. 6 I knew that I should have been equally sceptical. At the same time I felt a certain amused interest as to how my too unusual situation would end. The next day No. 6 was removed, as I heard, to his own home. I learned that his name was Thomas Sedgeley. He seemed to have recovered his temper, for as they lifted him he repeated the advice he had given me as to leaving town, and seemed to take in me the kind of half-interest to which an act of self-devotion seems to pledge a man. His removal left me with no one to talk to except the doctor, who had made so decided a moral diagnosis, and the nurse, who was both civil and kind.

The day of my first talk with Miss Jane she brought me the paper she had promised; but it was not until much later that I could read. Until then my sight was doubled, and any effort to fix my attention caused a return of giddiness. I put the paper under my pillow, and waited until I could read with more ease what New Samaria thought of me.

The second day I asked for pen, ink, and paper; but my right hand was sadly cut and sprained, and I could not write a word. Miss Jane said she would write for me. I dictated a note asking my partner to arrange for a credit at the National Bank of New Samaria for ten thousand dollars. The little woman looked up in amazement.

'Ten thousand?' said she.

I said, 'Yes, that is correct.'

She evidently regarded it as an attempt to impress her with the belief that I was really what I had said I was. I added, 'If you think a little, my good nurse, you will see that my writing a letter to New York can do me no good with people here. Kindly finish it.' She said no more, and I ended the letter.

I knew that my letter could not bring me a reply for a week, and that no means I could employ would put me at once in easy circumstances. In any case, I should have to be identified before I could get money. It must have been several days before I was able to think clearly, or else I might sooner have seen my way. But, as I have said, for some time, even before I left the hospital, and for some days afterwards, all effort to concentrate attention confused me and gave rise to vertigo. I finished my letter with a brief statement of my having had a slight accident to my hand: this to explain a signature which would excite much comment in the home office. Then I said I must ask the charity of a three-cent stamp. When she returned with it I said, smiling, 'You have made an investment. What for a month will be the interest on a three-cent stamp?' She said I must still be off my head a bit, and again advised quiet. I had evidently damaged the good opinion she had had of me. However, that could not be helped, and so the letter was directed and sent. Reflecting over what had passed, I was somewhat surprised that quiet talk and civil ways should have affected so little the people with whom I had

come in contact. In fact, it made some of them suspicious; but to none did it bring conviction, as I was soon to learn.

Two days went by, and I was told that I was well enough to go out. I was really quite unfit to leave; but what else could I do? This was July 14. I was advised to live on milk and vegetables, and to avoid the sun; best not to try to use my right hand for a week or two. It was pleasingly vague. In fact, I was eager to get out and settle my difficulties. A screen was set up and I was left to dress. I was appalled. My neat gray travelling-suit was ragged, muddied, and blood-stained. My felt hat was torn half across. When I contrived to clothe myself I asked for a needle and thread and tried to repair certain rents. It resulted in sewing my pantaloons to my drawers.

The little ward was now empty, and the doctor gone on a fishing holiday. After I had been up and dressed an hour, the nurse came with my usual diet of bread and milk. It was certainly good for me, but not otherwise desirable, as I disliked milk.

I stuffed the *Herald* in my pocket, said good-bye to Miss Jane, and, a little giddy, went down a narrow hallway to the street. I looked up and down the road. It was very hot, and few people were out of doors. I remember saying to myself, 'Shall I go to the right or to the left?' when suddenly I remembered that I was penniless. Although I was weak, the comic element of my situation was at times uppermost in my mind. What should I do? For a very few days I must manage to live. But how? Returning, I rang the bell. The door was opened by Miss Jane.

I said, 'You are very hard people. I am not fit to go out.'

'I am very sorry; but what can I do?'

'That is also my question. No one believes me to be a man by accident left without money. I don't think I would believe it. I never did believe beggar stories; but you do know I am a man, and have no home, no money, and am too weak to work. I want you to give me half-a-dollar.'

'I can't give you that much; I will give you a quarter.'

'I should have said, lend me that amount.' I realised then and there the tremendous gap between competence and the outstretched hand of want. For a moment the sense of humiliation was immense; nevertheless I took the coin and said, 'That makes twenty-eight cents in all. You believe me a tramp or worse, but kindly tell me where I shall go to get a bed. Even tramps must sleep.' Upon this she drew out another quarter and said, 'I just ought not; but I must. Some one will feed and lodge you for fifty cents. We'd keep you along till you got strong; but we shut up to-morrow for repairs. I am awful sorry.'

I thanked her. I looked back as I moved away. She was watching me. I was glad to find, as I walked on in the cooling twilight, that I was better of my vertigo. That I was a notable object was soon made clear to me. Some boys jeered at me. I went to the telegraph office. Here I asked the clerk to send a night message to my partner:

'Arrange credit at New Samaria bank at once; am without funds.—C. O. D.'

The clerk declined. He was civil but firm. He glanced at my pantaloons, and the hat confirmed his judgment. No, I had to confess that I had no abode in New Samaria and no money. A paid telegram was beyond my means. I gave that up. Again I was grimly amused. I said, 'This town thinks I am a tramp or a gambler, and so do you.'

'I do.'

'Well, I am worth about three millions. Suppose you bet the cost of a telegram on the chance of its being true. Think not? Much obliged.'

I went out. Looking back is instructive; my friend was gaily relating the tale. I hesitated where next I should go; but, still satisfied that my language and manners must be such as to get me a quiet hearing, I turned and walked to the tavern where my calamities had begun. I found the owner even too easily. At first he did not know me. When I began to defend myself by stating my case, he poured out a series of epithets which at once disposed of my modest hopes of a lodging; and, taking me by the arm, he dragged me out and threw me on the sidewalk. I was too feeble to resist. My hurt arm was no better for the treatment. Sore and furious, and more dirty than ever, I staggered to my feet, and after a little sat down in the dusk on a doorstep. A grizzled, mangy cur, clearly a canine tramp, loafed across the street, and, recognising me as a comrade, put his nose in my hand, and finally sat down to await my pleasure. Then came a man, the owner of the house, and kicked the dog and told me to get up and move on. I obeyed, the dog following me.

BEE WAYS.

THE unfailing interest taken in the observation of bees may be explained in various ways. There is always something new presenting itself, they are a continual illustration of the imperfection as well as of the perfection of nature, and they keep their stings handy.

On one of the very hot days of August I noticed a swarm issuing from a hive in what seemed a more than usually deliberate way. When one has handled a dozen swarms in a day little things are observed that would escape the less experienced eye. This swarm kept close together, and almost at once settled on a stake supporting raspberry canes, a place from which they could be easily got into a new hive. They gathered close together, and held firmly to the spot on which they rested. The swarming-box was placed over them and a little smoke applied; but they declined to move upwards, as they naturally tend to do in such a position. The cloth saturated with apifuge was brought into requisition, and those on the outside of the cluster ran about, but few could be forced into the box above; and as soon as the instruments of terror were withdrawn they returned to the cluster and sat close.

I made up my mind to lose this swarm, though only twice in twenty-five years had swarms gone away. It was evident they had a purpose different from mine, and meant to keep to it. So I drew in my chair, put up an umbrella as a shade from the sun, and sat down to watch. Very soon half-a-dozen scouts could be seen at work on the cluster; they ran over it with great eagerness, stopping at every two inches, and, lowering their heads, clutched a bee firmly with their fore-feet and made a rapid buzzing with their wings. I knew this bit of their language meant motion; but the manner and destination I could not guess. They soon let me know, for within about two minutes the cluster enlarged like a ball expanded by air within, and the bees loosened their hold, rising into the air in mass. Up they went with scarcely a sound till they were above the trees, and then, without leaving a straggler behind, went off in a south-east line and were lost to sight in the clear blue sky. Within one minute from the expanding of the cluster not a trace of the swarm could be seen.

About a mile distant, in the direction they had taken, a turret of a mansion-house was the attraction for them. A place of residence had been looked out, and the whole movement arranged before the swarm left the hive. On a previous occasion I saw a swarm going away in the same direction; but, knowing the queen was old, and there being a slight breeze ahead, I felt pretty sure she would alight and rest by the way; so I followed. At about half the distance to the mansion-house I found them gathered on the branch of a tree, which I cut off with a little saw carried in the pocket for the purpose; and while carrying the bees home clustered on the branch, I met the lady of the manor on the path, who refused to believe me when I said it was only a bunch of grapes from her hothouse.

It is a common enough thing for bees to look out and fix upon a place of future abode before swarming from the parent hive; but generally in the excitement of swarming all seems to be forgotten, and they allow themselves to be easily captured, and in the most docile manner enter a hive prepared for them.

It is no less certain that swarming frequently takes place without any previous preparation, and I have had them hanging for days on the high branch of a tree, and beginning to build comb there, without shelter from the weather. Why it is that on occasion some half-dozen bees will take the lead, assume the mastery, and be obeyed by the whole hive is not clear. Some time ago, while putting into a hive a lot of bees which had come four hundred miles by train, I observed those officious individuals at work. The hive had been prepared and filled with frames of comb, partly empty and partly full of honey, and I sat down to lift the bees from their travelling-box with a spoon—a long one, as might be expected. This apparently slow method, by its quietness and simplicity, I have found the most speedy in the end, and it is a very sure way of observing the queen. When the first spoonful was laid gently down at the hive-door, they soon showed they were pleased. Being hungry, and scenting the abundance within, they went in to it. The operation proceeded till nearly all the bees were inside, when an outward movement began. I applied the smoker; but it was no use. Two leaders ran over the other bees with their peculiar buzzing motion, and were obeyed. No doubt others of them were at work inside, and the whole mass of bees left the honey, came out, and rose in the air as at swarming-time, though it was the end of September and getting dark. When they alighted and clustered I forced them into a swarming-box, uncovered the frames, and by a violent shake cast the bees into the hive and closed it. The leaders lost their power, and by morning a happy family were at work. Now, who are those leaders that control the movements of thirty thousand peaceably disposed citizens, and even deprive the hungry of their food? Are they appointed by the queen, or by the general vote of the hive? or are they self-constituted officials? They are certainly strong-willed fellows, who have got the knack of controlling others, for those entering the hive

turned at their bidding, and those feasting on the opened honeycomb left it at their command. In this case at any rate their rule was certainly as much against the interests of the community as it was against the wish of the proprietor of the hive.

This rule and guidance on the part of a few bees goes on continually in the working of the hive. I have observed them inside evidently communicating their commands to the bees around. When a hive gets overheated they send a lot of the bees outside, and these will stay out and perish in the rain rather than go in for shelter till they get the order. When in such a case I have opened wide the hive door, or raised the hive from the floor and let in air, out came one or two of those 'gaffers,' who walked over the clustering bees, bent down their heads among them, and fluttered their wings, and at once some freed themselves from the crowd and walked into the hive. This may go on till one-half of those outside are allowed in and the rest still kept out, or till the whole enter the hive. Nor will those ordered out of the hive in this way on a warm day, when the workers are busy gathering honey in the fields, go and work. They hang about the sides of the hive or under it, as if waiting for the command to enter whenever they may be needed to keep up the heat. During two days in August of the Queen's Jubilee year the heat was so intense and the air so still about the hives that almost all the bees came out and spread themselves over the tops and sides of the hives—a thing I have only witnessed on those two days. The combs inside became soft with the heat and threatened to fall, as I found on gently raising the hives to prop them up from the floor and let in air all round. Though the scent of clover made the air heavy, the bees outside never joined their fellow-workers in improving the shining hour by gathering the honey; they waited till the hive was cooled, and then went in. Could this spreading themselves as a thin layer over the top and sides of the hives have in it the idea of forming a shade from the sun, and in that way tempering the heat, while hundreds were making the most violent effort to create a current of air by the rapid motion of their wings? Every movement in the working of the hive seems to have a purpose in it, and seems to be under the guidance of overseers, who at one time are walking about in the most leisurely way, and at other times are in such a desperate hurry and making such frantic efforts that life and death seem to hang on the rapid discharge of duty. Who appoints these overseers? The queen is the one mother of the hive; but I doubt whether she takes any active supervision of its affairs. I have watched her movements inside and out, but never saw anything like supervision on her part; rather she herself is continually followed and looked after by a company of bees. She appears to be a generally helpless creature who easily loses her way when she ventures out of doors, and cannot or will not even feed herself. Yet there is rule and authority and obedience and power of communicating purpose within the hive. Who will give us a key to bee-language and enable us to read the secrets of this wonderful organisation?

There are times when it seems as if bees, like many other workers, only follow the 'rule of thumb' in their operations. They build beautiful combs, and if a number of broken pieces of comb are loosely placed together, tied with a string, and hung into the hive, they will make a capital job in joining them together and mending the broken parts; but if a round hole be made in the middle of a comb, they cannot put a patch on it or mend it up. They will fine away the cells and round the edges of it; but the hole remains. It would be rash, however, to conclude that they are without brains or unable to use them on occasion. The early summer of 1899 was cold and wet, food was scarce, and the bees could not venture far in search of it. Indeed, the garden-flowers had to be for a time the chief supply both of pollen and honey. Being a lover of the long-spurred *Aquilegia*, I had for years hybridised them, and there were thousands of blooms on the plants. Only the humble-bee with its long trunk could reach the honey-drop secreted at the end of the long spur, in many cases over two inches in length; but the hive-bee, in its time of need, discovered the honey-drop was there, and, failing to reach it by the open door, became housebreaker, bit a hole in the end of the spur, and stole the sweets. Not a bloom that year could be seen without the little hole in the spur; while the next year, being fine and rich in honey, not a single bloom was tampered with. This may suggest caution in forming conclusions from such interesting experiments as those carried on by Sir John Lubbock.

When bees are pinched for food they are careful searchers for it and quickly discover it if at all within their reach. When honey is scarce I put sugar syrup in vessels for them daily at two o'clock. Five minutes before that time a few bees may be seen on the outlook, and if the day be cold they come singly and quickly from the hive, and return at once. Three minutes after the food is down thousands are at work, streaming from every hive, and crowding the vessels; and the rapidity with which four pints of liquid will disappear has astonished many a visitor. On the other hand, if honey is plentiful in the fields the bees pay little heed to bits of comb lying about or to syrup set down for them.

Circumstances have a good deal to do both with their intelligence and their morals. In spring, when there are hundreds of mouths to feed and stores are getting low, they begin to

show a wonderful interest in their neighbours' pantries, and to test their power of protecting them. Again, in autumn, with the long winter before them, and a scantily filled house, they make desperate efforts to increase supplies. At such times they will slip in and steal from a neighbour on the sly at the risk of a broken leg or wing or a general mauling; or they may play the part of a gang of robbers and make a regular fight for food, killing or being killed as may chance. In ordinary times, however, I have seen year after year pass with a score of hives standing side by side and nothing but honest and honourable work going on. Indeed, when honey is plentiful the bees get quite careless about it. As an experiment I have made little boxes with a bit of guide comb in them, and set them outside the hive near the entrance-door, and at once the bees entered them and began to store honey there.

The season, the flow of honey, the strength of the hive, the stores laid in, the age of the queen, and the number of young being raised are all elements requiring to be taken into account in making experiments with bees. On a bright summer day, when there is the pleasant hum of plenty of work and good pay for it, the hive may be opened and examined while the bees go on with their work undisturbed. The wax-makers, clinging to each other's feet, hang in their rows unmoved, and the comb-builders may be seen walking over them and gathering up the scales of wax as they are formed, and carrying them off. At such a time the bees will walk over the hand or rest on the face in the most friendly way. Then on an autumn evening, when the honey-season is quickly closing and winter preparations are being pushed on, if you drop a large moth near the hive door, or make there the faintest scratching with a straw, a score of furious guards rush out ready to deal destruction all around. So jealous do they become at this time that they never learn to distinguish the hand that feeds them from the hand of the enemy. If their stores be low and one feeds them daily for a month to increase the winter stock, they are as ready to sting him on the last day as on the first.

The power to sting is not the least interesting thing about the bees. Among creatures generally, the male is the stronger, is the fighting animal, and the best furnished with weapons of attack or defence. The male bee is, indeed, the large and stout fellow of the hive; but he is a gentle, good-natured creature, is no fighter, and has no sting. A baby may play with him with impunity. To see him fly abroad when the sun shines and listen to the deep-toned *bum* he makes, one might expect great things from him; but he does no work, returns quickly if a cloud covers the sky, and never attempts to defend himself when attacked. For all the purposes of nature a score of these fellows would be more than enough for the wants of each hive, and yet thousands may be reared, only to be done to death in the most cruel way ere they have lived more than two months. The prodigality and ruthlessness of nature are here painfully illustrated. As soon as the honey-season begins to fail and food for storing gets scarce in the fields, the hive resolve to send forth no more swarms and be content with the queen they have. That means they have no more use for males. If they have been rearing young queens, they tear the royal babies out of the cells, suck the juice out of their bodies, and toss the empty skins to the door. The baby boys are dealt with in the same way, and scores of the fat white creatures may be seen thrown out. Then an attack is made on all the full-grown males, and a dozen colonies standing side by side may be seen to begin the attack on the same day. It is a painful sight. The small worker-bees seize them by the wings and by the legs, mount on their backs and try to sting them, bite them, and hustle them till they are glad to escape by flight from the hive. Having no home but the hive, they soon return, only to experience the same treatment, till, wearied out, they drop down to die. Three of these small workers may be seen holding on to one male till one of them manages to sting him; and though he may fly off, paralysis and death overtake him. At other times the workers chase the drones as a sheep-dog does a flock of sheep, gathering them together from every corner into a compact mass, and, surrounding them, prevent them from reaching any food, force them steadily towards the door, push them outside in the evening, and keep them out to be chilled by the cold and so perish. The question whether they feel pain is often forced on the observer. If the worker-bee should by chance drive its sting into the firm part of the back or into the head of the male it cannot withdraw it, and will turn round and round so that by a twisting motion it may manage to get the sting out; but the sting remains in the male, and the twisting motion wrenches it from the body of the worker and gradually draws out its entrails, and yet the bee goes on with its movements as if unaware of what is taking place with itself. So in such a case the use of the sting brings about the death of its possessor. It is different when the sting is used on another worker-bee, for then the slightest prick seems to be enough to kill. The stung bee seems to be at once struck with paralysis, curls up, and dies.

In contrast with the male bee stands the queen and her life. The queen is the only perfectly grown female in the hive, and there is but one in each hive. She may live and reign for four years. Only once in her life she knows love, and out of a thousand suitors one only touches her, and dies, and she is rendered fertile for life. Year by year she will lay thousands of female

eggs in small cells in which the insects can never grow to maturity, and thousands of male eggs in larger cells to be reared for their short-lived existence and violent death. If queens are to be reared in a hive, the worker-bees must build special cells of larger size, and lifting an egg out of the small worker-cells, place it in the queen-cell, and nourish it there on special food. Only in this roundabout way and by this special process can a female bee be brought to maturity to be constituted queen and become the mother of a new race. This perfect female is not so bulky in body as the male, but longer and more graceful in form; and she has a sting, long, curved, and powerful. The only creature that seems to rouse her ire and compel her to use the sting is another perfect female, like herself a queen. When these two meet, if they are not restrained by their followers, they at once engage in battle to the death. She never seems to use her sting on any of the worker-bees about, and may be caught and handled with impunity.

Thus in a hive of thirty thousand bees busy at work on a summer day there may be two thousand males and one female; all the rest are worker-bees who alone do all the active work of the hive. They are small, imperfectly formed females, who live only to labour, to struggle, and to die. It takes three weeks from the laying of the egg till these imperfect females are hatched out, while the perfect female is hatched in a fortnight. The workers are the bees that sting, the defenders of the hive from enemies, as well as its providers. Their short, straight sting, with its bag of poison at the base, is a very ready and effective weapon. A bee may dart from the hive at the face, and before you can put up your hand you are stung; but in firm flesh like that of man the sting remains, torn from the body of the bee, so that it dies in the very use of its weapon of defence. The same thing may take place, as we have seen, in part of the ordinary working of the hive, the killing of the drones; and in defending the hive from common intruders, such as mice, many bees perish in this way. On a winter day, in a severe snowstorm, I went to examine the hive doors to prevent the drift from getting too freely into the hives. The door of one hive had been left rather wide, and I felt sure there would be a mouse inside; but the blast was so severe that I could not lift the hive to look in. Very soon the hives were covered with snow; but next day I dug out that particular hive to see if my surmise was right. The warmth under the snow had made the bees active; they had discovered the enemy, and there it was stung to death. In every part of its body there were stings, from nose to tail. Its ears were full of stings, and I counted as many as thirty on the tail alone. That hive did no good, but dwindled and died out.

The bee and its ways are full of mystery. What can be the impelling motive in the life of the worker-bees? They gather the food, build the combs, nurse the young brood, defend the hive, and keep it scrupulously clean. So hard is their work in summer that about six weeks is the measure of their lives. Their wings even are worn to rags by continuous use till they fail to bear up the bee, which falls to the ground and perishes. Yet they never know conjugal love, and all their toil and care are for the children of another. Nor do they even show any affection for each other. If food is scarce they remorselessly drag the young out of the cells, suck the juice out of the body, and cast out the shell; their dead or dying neighbours they carry to the door and drop outside; and yet, while perishing from hunger themselves, they will gather round the queen and with their trunks feed her with the last drop of honey in their sacs. One wonders by what strange process of nature such a state of things could have been brought about: so much imperfection in so perfect an organisation, such devotion to the life of one female, and such cruelty to the males, and that on the part of creatures who know neither love nor the jealousy, affection, and hate that spring from it.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL

By W. E. Cule.

CHAPTER VI.—A MISSION TO STYRIA.

'SO you have seen him?' asked the Countess anxiously. 'What did he say?'

Mr Barrows replied with much deliberation. Since his interview in the Hotel Petersburg he had found time to recover his self-possession, and his bearing now gave no sign of that painful experience. He had also found time to decide what portion of his story might be communicated to those who were awaiting his return.

'I cannot tell you that there was any final settlement—that the man will not trouble you any further,' he said. 'In fact, matters are to be left for a week, after which the difficulty will be ended one way or another. During this time we may think of some plan. At all events, you need not fear anything for the present.'

The Countess took his remark in such a sense

that her thoughts were diverted from the question of the interview. 'A week?' she said. 'I know what that means. It means that he will take time to consult his father. Plainly, the Count is not in London.'

Barrows was silent.

'I feel sure it is that,' she went on wearily, but still with an interest which she had not exhibited for days. 'The young man can do little of himself, evil though he is. It is the Count that is the brain and soul of this wrong, as he is of a thousand others.'

Then, with a sudden anger that rose in spite of her weakness, she gave way to her emotions. A flush crept into her lined and pallid face; a light came into her eyes.

'If you have ever seen Count Brode, my friend—and perhaps you saw him when you were in Styria—you have seen the consummation of human evil. Cruelty, avarice, malice—all these are in him at their worst. He makes many enemies; but he conquers them, for he is wise as well as evil. Once—only once—he fell under the Emperor's displeasure, through a quarrel with Prince Adrian; but that was the only time he took a false step. When the Prince fell he crept back into the sunshine again, and there he has remained since. But have you met him? Did you know him?'

'Yes,' answered Mr Barrows quietly. 'I met him in those days.' And after a moment he added: 'I too fell under his displeasure.'

'Ah!' said the Countess, 'is it so? Then I fear—I fear that he will hate you after this. He never forgives, never forgets.'

She was troubled by the thought, and Barrows regretted that he had said so much. But in a moment her face cleared.

'Yet what can he do to you?' she asked. 'Against you he is powerless. You are an Englishman.'

'And that is a great deal to say,' agreed Mr Barrows, rising to take his leave. 'But for the present, Countess, your mind will be at rest. Do all you can to recover your strength. We have a week to consider matters, even at the worst; and it will be hard if we cannot think of something by then.'

Hope returned to her worn face. 'Yes,' she said. 'And in a week we may hear something from friends in Styria. Who knows?'

Barrows left her without saying what he knew: that even their most faithful friends in Styria would not dare to lift a finger to assist those whose names were marked with the leprosy of treason.

When he reached his own house he went to his room, and sat down at the writing-table. In the course of many years' leisure he had acquired many trifling habits which betrayed a man of abundant time and of a methodical turn of mind. He had much to think of now, and a course of action to mark out. It seemed to him that his thoughts were never so clear as when he was alone in his own room, with a pen in his hand and with a sheet of paper before him. It might not be necessary to write, but it was always well to be ready to jot down any point which might seem worthy of special consideration.

So to-night he took the pen and prepared the paper. Then, leaning back in his chair, he pondered the situation seriously. It was the situation which had been created by his interview with the Brodes. He saw at once that he had a choice of three courses. They were these: first, he might refuse the duel and let the Count do his worst; second, he might retire from this affair altogether; third, he might accept the challenge.

This being clear, he looked for the results of each course, beginning with the first. What would happen if, refusing the challenge, he allowed Count Brode to take his own way? What way would he take? The answer was clear enough. He would take the way he had indicated, and would ask, perhaps through a newspaper paragraph, perhaps even through the police, the question which he had asked that evening. 'This man,' he would say, 'was once secretary to Prince Adrian of Zell. Ask him how his master died! Ask him how he became possessed of the money upon which he lives!'

Mr Barrows did not take longer to consider this conclusion than he had taken to arrive at it. His face paled at the thought, and he turned at once to the second course.

He might retire from the affair altogether—this unfortunate affair into which he had been led so strangely. He could go away, taking what he could take, leaving what he must leave. The world was wide, and he could begin again elsewhere; for with his disappearance the Brodes would serve no purpose by betraying him. This, as he saw at once, was a simple and easy course. It even seemed a natural one to take. There was only one thing against it, and that was the thought of what must happen after. Count Philip's path would be open, and he must eventually win his prize. No, not win it, but seize it. 'Women are weak,' groaned Mr Barrows; 'besides, the Countess's life is a poor thing to count on. The girl will be left in an impossible position, and the Count will work cleverly. At last, her only way out will be painted for her in sympathetic colours—even by the Hadfields. That will be the result!'

It cost him much pain to contemplate it. Drawing his hand across his brows, he turned to the last course. He might accept the challenge.

He recalled the whole of the circumstances under which it had been given. He recalled the expression of his enemy's face, his very words, in the endeavour to grasp his motives. In this way he arrived at certain conclusions.

It was plain, in the first place, that the challenge was an unnecessary step on the Count's part, for Mr Barrows had been sufficiently in his power in any case. That is to say, he need not have placed his victory in this affair on the hazard of a duel. Knowing the man's nature, Mr Barrows felt sure he had been led to this step by two arguments. One was his own natural cruelty, which led him to take pleasure in simple torture; the other was the conviction that the challenge would never be accepted. For this conviction Mr Barrows knew that the Count had very good grounds.

'It was mere malice,' he decided, 'and perhaps the idea that in this way he would frighten me away a little sooner. It was giving me a choice, not between betrayal and disappearance, but between death and disappearance. At the same time he felt certain that I would not fight. There I have his motives; now for the results.'

It did not take him long to arrive at the results. 'If I fight,' he thought, 'it is certain death. With one shot the young man clears his own road and gives his father a final revenge; and the result, as far as the women are concerned, will be the same. I shall simply be throwing away my life—for nothing. No, no; he certainly does not expect me to fight!'

Now, Mr Barrows was not at all in love with life. He had no particular ties of family or affection, his income was only just what was necessary, and he had put ambition out of his career long ago. Thus the motive forces of life, which lead men to love existence and to guard it, were of very little power in his case. On the other hand, he did not like pain, and he had as much dread of death as most men, if not more than most. Besides, it would be for nothing. He would be throwing away his life for nothing.

Here, it seemed to him, was the hinge of the whole affair. To accept the challenge would be to surprise his enemy, and perhaps he would find a certain grim pleasure in surprising such a man as Count Brode. But it was too expensive a pleasure at such a cost. Yet—might this sacrifice be made to help the Countess and her daughter?

At first it seemed an unanswerable question; but something told him that he must keep to this point. Surely a man's life—even the life of such a man as himself—might be used to some purpose. Then he reflected that the best thing for those women would be a restoration to their home. Restoration!—that was the word. He repeated it again and again—Restoration! How could James Barrows, by the sacrifice of his life, restore to them what Prince Adrian had taken away—even if he decided to sacrifice it?

So he pondered, all his energies bent upon this one point, the lamplight shining on the white paper before him, and his pen gripped fast between his fingers; and the solution came at last, or at least a suggestion of a solution. It came suddenly and vividly, and Mr Barrows started as it came.

'Ah,' he said under his breath, 'if that could be done!'

The minutes that followed were filled with pain. The course that had suggested itself involved many things that filled him with aversion. There was shame in it, and humiliation; and there was more: there was the reopening of an old wound, and an appeal to an affection which had been betrayed and outraged. But then he thought of those who were so near, and saw that the call of their need was clear and urgent.

'And,' he said at last, 'there is no other way. This is the only opening!'

So he resolved to take this way, and regarded that question as settled for the present. But its consideration had tested him severely, and it was with much agitation that he turned to himself and asked, 'Can I do it? If the way prove a good one, have I the courage, the strength, to go through to the end, knowing what that end must be?'

Here he came face to face with himself; and throughout life he had distrusted himself. Yet he realised that if he would carry out this plan he must abandon this attitude of mind altogether. He must assure himself of his own ability to pay the price, and he must not allow any distrust to creep into his mind. He began to have an idea, too, that the cause of his distrust lay entirely in the past, and that he only feared for himself in the remembrance of his past weakness. It was as if James Barrows of Welding had to struggle against the influence of another James Barrows, a creature of certain contemptible characteristics. What he must do was this: he must keep the later James Barrows to the front and in the ascendency, and let him be the actor throughout this trial. If the other creature obtained power the end would be, not restoration, but failure.

He did not try to examine himself further, or to consider the influences which made the later James Barrows a stronger being than the other. If he had done this he might have surprised himself. Instead, he dismissed the question, and set about making his plans.

All that night, however, was a time of conflict for him, a conflict in which the old came up again and again to attack the new; but the result was the same, and in the morning his plans were unaltered. Once again he consulted his time-table, this time for a longer journey; and he reflected as he did so upon the curious results of first steps. His first step had been taken only a few short weeks ago, yet he was already preparing for one from which there would be no return. After he had chosen his time, he went in to Hadfield's.

He had forgotten that the Countess was not likely to be down in the morning. Edna, however, had been stirring long ago.

'I have some news for your mother,' he said after the usual greetings. 'I have decided to go to Styria.'

'You? For us?' she asked, with a directness that was somewhat startling.

'Well,' he said pleasantly, 'perhaps I may say that. I have remembered one or two acquaintances who may possibly be able to do something for us. It is only a chance, of course, yet I do not care to despise it.'

The girl looked at him intently. It was a grave look, too, and he thought it must pierce his mask of indifference. When she spoke, however, he found that she had misread.

'You will be in danger in Styria?'

'No,' he answered earnestly; 'there will be no personal danger for me. You may be certain of that.'

His manner seemed to reassure her. He noticed that she placed implicit faith in what he told her, and remembered that she had done so from the first. This gave him a feeling of curious and unreasonable pleasure. Her anxiety on his account also had an effect upon him, and he began to feel that the task he had set himself was less difficult than it had appeared to be. To a self-distrustful nature, the faith of another person must needs be grateful.

'I am glad of that,' she said. 'When do you start?'

'In an hour's time.'

'Then I will see my mother. If she has anything to say she will send me in to you.'

Mr Barrows returned to his own house and completed his preparations. Presently Edna brought in a note from the Countess, in which she thanked him most warmly for his efforts. She also enclosed a list of influential persons in the Styrian capital who might be disposed to help her cause.

Mr Barrows read the note and glanced at the list. When the girl had gone he tore the paper into fragments. It would have been quite useless to him.

WITH A CORPORATION DOWN A WELL.

By W. Victor Cook.

IT is not every day that the members of a respectable Corporation, clothed in funereal white garments, can be seen wandering about in the dim bowels of the earth like a procession of lost souls. Therefore, when such a rare opportunity occurred one bright June day one took advantage of it. On that afternoon, if anybody had wanted the Mayor of Brighton or a number of the principal officials and the most daring members of the Corporation of the 'Queen of Watering-places,' he might have searched far enough; for these gentlemen were fathoms below the surface of the green Sussex Downs, in long cavernous tunnels of white chalk, down whose wet sides the percolating water trickled in drops, and in whose cold and usually silent depths the sound of voices was confused and muffled and strange.

Brighton, and all the region round about for some miles, draws its supply of water from numerous springs deep in the bosom of the green, rolling Downs which bound it on the north. Scattered over the hills in the neighbourhood are a number of pumping-stations, where great marine engines are continually pumping up, with regular pulsations, the clear, pure water that is a source of pride to the town. Far underneath are the silent tunnels, running for thousands of feet beneath the chalk, and usually filled with invisible rivers. At rare intervals of years, however, it may happen that for a special purpose these rivers are pumped dry; and this was one of these rare occasions, for a new pumping-station was to be opened. Few, however, of those who went over, ostensibly to see two big new engines christened, knew what was in store for them. Most of us were very much surprised when a Councillor stood forth and invited all his fellows to go to the lower regions. Of course he put it much more nicely than that; but that was what it came to. Quite a number of Councillors were anxious to go. 'Follow your Mayor!' said the Mayor of Brighton, heroically setting his foot on the steps that led to the engine-room. Courageous Councillors, resolved to do or die, followed him; and the writer, feeling that it would be a sad pity to let the Mayor and half the Corporation of Brighton be engulfed without some reliable person being present, either to record the catastrophe or to perish with them, took his courage in both hands and made one of that devoted band.

Behind the engine-room, where the great twin marine-engines were pumping, was a smaller room, where the adventurers arrayed themselves. There might be seen the Mayor clad in white cotton overalls; and his face, framed in a great oilskin hat, was set in grim determination as he made his way slowly but surely into a pair of monstrous sea-boots. Around sat or stood Aldermen and Councillors, struggling with the various items of similar costumes. The writer grabbed a costume and a shiny black helmet, and fought hard to get into a pair of the boots, but had to abandon the attempt and hurry on over the slope of the Downs to where the well-mouth gaped. Here the white-clothed company were

collected, looking like spirits surprised by the sunshine. A Councillor, with a view to possibilities, levelled a camera at us ere we vanished from human ken.

Four at a time the earth swallowed us. The present recorder, as he swung with three others in the iron bucket over the diminishing perspective of the well, had the gratification to see that he was corded in with the Medical Officer of Health. This knowledge was very comforting when the Councillor with the camera leaned over the giddy brink and facetiously inquired, 'Any messages for friends?'

The word was given, and the strong little steel rope that held the bucket began to run out. Down, down, down. The sides of the well sloped upwards above us with that curious appearance of slanting caused by the circumstances of the perspective. Looking down over the side, one saw the blackness below gradually take shape, and presently the bucket swung down into a circle of candle-lights, in the hands of those of the party who had descended already.

Soon we were all supplied with candles, and, guided by the engineers, filed off ghostlily along a lofty tunnel of pallid chalk. At the side of the narrow, squelching footway of wet chalk flowed still narrower water-channels, perhaps six feet in depth. The sense of that vast mass of chalk hanging above grew a little less oppressive to the imagination after the first few minutes, as we wandered on in search of a 'fissure.' Then somebody (voicing a general sentiment) wanted to know what would happen if the great pumping-machinery up above were to stop. The guides politely informed the inquirer that in that case the water would cover the footway in a few minutes, would be up to our knees in a quarter of an hour, and over our heads in about an hour! In a few hours the lofty twenty-six feet passage through which we were walking would be full, and the water would have risen many feet in the well.

The water was rushing in all the time through these same 'fissures' that we were looking for, and presently found. Here and there in the chalk walls along the narrow footway, either above or below the level of the track, would appear a cleft in the chalk, through which the water was pouring into the side-channels in a steady stream or in a rushing, splashing cataract, according to the size of the fissure. One such cataract was foaming right across the whole width of a passage, barring all progress in that direction. The roar of it sounded weird and mysterious down here under two hundred feet of solid chalk.

Always the direction of the flow was towards the sea. When a pumping-station is commenced, boring is made from above to the depth at which it is judged water is to be found (which of course must not be below sea-level, for the water will not flow upwards), and then the cutting of the chalk passages or 'headings' is commenced. By-and-by the heading will cut through the course of some underground flow of water, and the water will begin to fill the heading and mount into the well. Then the pumps come into play, and Brighton has got a new supply of water.

There were other experiences in store besides fissure-gazing. Piloted by the engineers, the Mayor and Councillors picked their way down to the end of a smaller tunnel, some six feet high, where a few little round holes were bored deep in the chalk. These holes were filled with charges of tonite, a violent explosive which a knowing member of the party declared was equivalent in power to 'No. 1 dynamite.' The party, after a momentary peep, retreated respectfully before the spectacle of 'No. 1 dynamite,' and coming to another passage making a V-shaped angle with the first, they retired to the utmost extremity of the V to see what they should see. With unexpected suddenness it was upon them: a shattering report like the crack of doom—a deafening, stunning shock as if the world were in collision. Then everybody looked nervously round to see if everybody else were still there, for the candles had all been instantaneously extinguished by the shock. Nobody was missing, and the thick chalk held solid about us still. We breathed again, relighted our candles, and mutually communicated sensations. But there was more coming, and it was a bigger charge this time, too. 'Are you all ready?' sang out the chief engineer. One gentleman thought he would prefer to be on the upper Downs when the next explosion happened. However, on learning that any one going out of the sheltered passage would risk serious injury to his health, by being blown headlong to earth by the wind of the explosion and bombarded with huge masses of flying chalk, he resigned himself; and we all stood and wondered if anything could go wrong anywhere, and whether in one of those silent seconds that were slipping past we should be blasted into a confusion of chalky paste. *Bang!* The massy earth seemed to quiver around us; sense for a moment was annihilated; a gust of cold air rushed up the passage, extinguishing the lights; and—ah! could it be possible that we were still alive?

Somebody asked if there were any more coming? The chief engineer said, 'No;' at which the writer, for one, is not ashamed to confess to have experienced a certain feeling of relief. We wended our way again along that passage and the next, to where the holes had been bored for the tonite. All along the passage the atmosphere was heavy with the fumes of the explosive, though there was very little smoke. At the end, where we had stood a few minutes before, the solid chalk was gouged away to a

depth of some feet, and the face of the chalk in the direction of the discharge was crushed for some six feet farther as soft as powder. Powdery, too, to the touch, were the masses of chalk that had been hurled along the floor of the passage, and even the hard flints embedded in it crumbled to dust between the fingers. But even in the close vicinity of the explosion the chalk side-walls stood firm. The nature of chalk allows of a close approach to the scene of blasting operations that might be dangerous in the case of coal.

Gathered once more at the bottom of the well, like souls waiting to be reborn, our white company looked gladly towards the tiny patch of light far above, that showed where the upper world was basking in the summer sunshine. Four at a time, upward now, the crane at the top hauled the party back to light and life and warmth.

THE PARLIAMENTARY RESTAURANT.

By Henry Leach.

ST STEPHEN'S is the happy possessor of many reputations apart from the most public one of the excellence of the legislation which it has the privilege of making. The younger and more up-to-date generation—and especially that section of it which sits on the Government side of the House, and revels in wealth and social prestige—does not feel altogether at liberty to subscribe to the old declaration that the House of Commons is the best, or at least one of the best, clubs in London. There is, after all, a certain amount of conservatism about the club arrangements of St Stephen's, whereas Pall Mall has tramped gaily onward in the path of luxury, ease, and expense. Besides, to the good old-fashioned Tory, the House, considered from the purely club point of view, has rather lost caste since the forces of Labour first began to make themselves felt. The old country squire who, in the intervals of sport, had represented a division of his shire to the best of his ability for a quarter of a century, found disagreeable contemplation in the possibility, as he saw it, of the fragrance of his choicest cigar commingling in the atmosphere of the parliamentary smoking-room with the heavy stench of the thickest and blackest twist. Of course these things never happen in real parliamentary life, for the truth is that the Labour member, when once he finds himself on the cool green seats of Westminster, develops a taste for the pleasures of life which would do his toiling and subscribing constituents a world of good to see. Especially after his humble dinners at home does he appreciate the merits of the Commons' *chef*. I met one of them I had known aforetime, only a few evenings after his triumphant return, in the lobby; and the first remark to which he gave utterance after greeting was—in great enthusiasm—'By Jove! you should just have seen the dinner I have had here to-night for half-a-crown.' Without doubt the House is a positively epicurean Walhalla to the Labour member; but those smart young bloods whom I mentioned in beginning, who have been trained to appreciation of the Pall Mall cooking, and have often dallied with the expensive rarities of 'Prince's'—well, the home comforts of the parliamentary club do not always come up to their most exquisite standard. They say that stomachs are not what they used to be—and there is something in that—and that they must be so very careful as to what they eat. So with these is the House not now considered to be the very best club in the Metropolis; yet, nevertheless, to the rank and file of members it still has a reputation, and a goodly share of that reputation is awarded to the restaurant department, which is at least one of the most interesting places in London to those who have the smallest curiosity concerning the personal side of the high political life.

Now, lest it may be imagined that there is anything of real disparagement in these preliminary remarks, let me say at once that that high dignitary the Cabinet Minister often considers the House quite a good and proper place in which to take his food. There are exceptions, and I believe that it is on record that the late Mr Gladstone had been a member of Parliament for upwards of half a century before he took a seat for the first time in the dining-room; but Mr Gladstone was not an epicure, and he had reasons of his own for this abstention. In the chamber and its precincts the Cabinet Minister, as befits his political dignity, must preserve a certain aloofness; and he need not stay away from the dining-room because of mixing there with the vulgar mob of ordinary and unofficial members. His aloofness may still be satisfactorily preserved. As a matter of fact, there are two or three dining-rooms; and custom has ordained that a particular one of these, though not actually set apart for the official member and the Cabinet Minister, shall be considered their own private dining preserve, and the common member of Parliament, therefore, very rarely intrudes himself. Only, a member, having once graduated by right of rank to this apartment, always afterwards—so it is held—maintains his right, even though with the inevitable changes of Governments he may have fallen from his

high official estate. Ex-Ministers dine second class no more, except by choice. In this holy of holies is also one spot even more sacred still; for there is a table which is reserved for the members of the Cabinet of the day. Here, of evenings when the House is sitting, so many of them as were able and so disposed have been wont to sit round the oval board, and talk what is disrespectfully called, by those without the pale, Governmental shop to their hearts' content, till the House was warming to its night's work, and duty made its call to the Front Bench. If only wood could speak, what a tale could be told by this simple table of the final planning of historic orations, of the settling of details of policy, of the concoction of political thunderbolts! Better, after all, that it is dumb, for the prandial confidences of the Minister are not for the knowledge of the nations.

It may seem strange, but is true, that in the House of Commons they feed the Cabinet Minister at the same price in the same way as they do the honourable but humble member, who for the most part dines in a room which may be called the general room, but the particular designation of which is the Strangers' Room, because it is here that people who are not even members may be brought to dine. In practice it has naturally become the most common resort of the hungry member of Parliament of every nationality and of every hue and shade of political opinion. Yet some arrangement is naturally preserved; for members group themselves here just as they do in the field of political battle; and it is taken for granted, or at least it seems to be, that the precept that outside the Chamber itself there are no political divisions does not apply to the Commons' dinner. Therefore, there assemble at the different tables parties of the Toriest Tories, Tories of the more progressive type, Liberal-Unionists, Liberal-Imperialists, Liberals of the centre, Nationalists and otherwise of the Irish section, and so on. Here, again, will also be found a lively party, half parliamentary and half lay, who are for the hour regarding Parliament as a restaurant in the fullest sense, and from whose thoughts there is nothing so far as Bills and debates, and nothing so near as the latest Pinero play. Yes, there are the Irish here, although the remaining dining-room of the trio has been called the Irish Room, and is to some extent regarded as the Irishmen's own restaurant in the House. In these matters the sons of Erin like to preserve their solitary independence, just as they do in others with which this article has no concern; but lest it should ever come to pass that usage held that there was any place in all Westminster to which they had not the right of entry, as conferred upon them by the suffrages of a suffering people, they all make habitual use, as has been said, of the Strangers' Room. I do not pledge myself that this is the spirit of their practice; but it is the playful view taken by many of those poor mortals who have not the honour and privilege of belonging to the noble race. To these dining-rooms in this new session comes to be added another, completing what must be admitted to be a very comprehensive series. We have had, as you see, the official room, the room for everybody, and the private members' or Irish room. Obviously one more was still wanting: there was no room designed exclusively for the visitor—the wealthy relative, the influential constituent; the person, in short, whom the member of Parliament feels it to be a duty and a delight to honour at the parliamentary table. In the new room, as I understand it, only the stranger, with, of course, his parliamentary host, is to be admitted.

Such is the latest advance of the Kitchen Committee, which is animated very largely with the spirit of progress. '*Nil desperandum*' is its motto; and, what with this and the competition between Governments, there are honourable members who profess to believe that before they are gathered to their fathers they will dine at Westminster to the sweet strains of a parliamentary orchestra, hidden behind a curtain or perched up in a gallery, a musical accompaniment being of the essence of the perfect dinner. For, it must be noted, the Kitchen Committee comes and goes with the Government, and while it lasts it is practically omnipotent as far as the kitchen and refreshment-rooms of the House of Commons are concerned. Why, not so long ago it was solemnly invested with the power 'to send for persons, papers, and records'—which is surely giving these amateur restaurateurs a most lordly autocracy. But though this great committee is a party affair, it is non-party in constitution, for there are upon it such Radicals as Mr Broadhurst on the one hand, and such Irishmen as Mr William Redmond on the other—a fair sprinkling, in fact, of divers political and other tastes. The spirit of emulation leads the committee each session to attempt something greater than before; and thus it comes about that my Labour friend may smack his lips over a dinner of courses that has not cost his party funds more than a single half-crown. The committee has achieved more than that. For but a shilling the hungry member may lunch from a half-pound steak, with two vegetables and bread thrown in, and a sufficiency of cheese; whilst for three shillings a really good dinner may be enjoyed.

The member's beer is ridiculously cheap, and he gets excellent wines and cigars at practically store prices. Once upon a time the House did its wine business through a wine-merchant, or rather through many wine-merchants, and a most curious state of things arose. Bottles take up much room, and room is very expensive in London. The brilliant idea occurred to these traders that the House of Commons might just as well be used as an auxiliary storing establish-

ment as any other place; whilst it had this advantage, that it would probably be quite easy to 'bounce' the legislators out of rent. So it happened. Nominally, a score of wine-merchants stored their vintages at St Stephen's for the use of the members, all wine to be paid for as used. Actually, they were kept there for the convenience of the vender. What was used by the members had to be paid for at fancy prices; and whenever the value of any particular vintage went up, as values will do, the merchant's cart was round at Westminster betimes, and the rare wine was disposed of elsewhere. Nowadays the House stocks its own wine-cellar; and not long ago, in great form and ceremony, it proceeded with the christening of its own whisky-vat. How times have changed! Once not even a sandwich could be purchased in the House for love or money; then, again, the Bellamy meat-pies had a reputation beyond compare; then, by degrees, the House progressed to the steak and chop stage, and so onwards and upwards till there came the rich cut off the joint at popular prices; now, anything. And it is confidently declared that the tariff of the House is at least 50 per cent. below that of any first-class West End restaurant.

The committee has a *fidus Achates* in a salaried manager, who must surely have the most anxious time of all the restaurant managers in the world. I remember Mr David Moss, a quondam manager, telling me, in a serene moment just at the close of his three years' service, that every session in the House took a couple of years off the manager's life. There are times when this burdened official has to work eighteen hours a day, and he must exercise control over a staff of eighty or a hundred assistants, with sometimes thirty or forty extra waiters. When the House is comparatively free from excitement, and is exercising a calm and proper regularity in its habits, all is well, and the manager may find some joy in living; but nowadays these may hardly be accounted normal times. It has sometimes been largely a question of whether the House were counted out or not counted out at dinner-time.

Supposing now that the manager had in his wisdom prepared dinner for two or three hundred members, and the House all of a sudden rose and dashed off home at a quarter past seven, as it has been known to do. There was then, perhaps, not a single dinner eaten in the dining-rooms, and the funds were the loser to the extent of thirty or forty pounds at least. For the avoidance of such contingencies, as far as possible, the manager has to make himself a student of debates, their possibilities and probabilities, in the matter of length. Even the Chief Government Whip himself has sometimes no better idea than the manager as to whether a parliamentary wrangle on a particular occasion will last an hour or will last all night; and, coming to his own conclusions, the lord of the kitchen has sometimes to take his courage in both hands and run a dreadful risk. He decides, say, that the House will not last till dinner, and, rather than risk the throwing away of all the good things designed to feed a flock of hundreds, he prepares no dinner at all. It is a bold move, which can have no justification save in its success, and which even then can bring no glory. Between six and seven on the dinnerless day the manager strolls along the lobby just a little nervously. Seven o'clock strikes, and the House is still sitting; when at a quarter past it remains so the manager feels considerably alarmed. The terrors of the situation would be too much for contemplation if a hungry House were to clamour for dinner and there were no dinner for it. At seven-thirty—still sitting—he begins to feel a shakiness in the legs; five minutes later his colour goes; and at seven-forty he has broken out into a cold sweat. He now drops into a nervous contemplation of the various methods of respectable suicide, when—hurrah! God bless the Parliament of the King!—the House has risen, and the manager has not a stain upon his character! This has happened more than once; and again, when a long and important speech by a Minister is prolonged about dinner-time, and there are delicate dishes prepared which will spoil with a few minutes' waiting, the manager is far from happy. The new rules of procedure, however, may alter much of this, as they certainly will many others of the dining arrangements and customs of the House.

There is the all-night sitting to be reckoned with as well, for the member of Parliament does not sit all night through without being fortified for the task, and obviously the kitchen cannot keep an all-night supply of victuals on hand, 'on spec.' as it were. The worst of it is, that when the emergency suddenly presents itself the shops are all closed, and the kitchen is at the not always tender mercy of the hotels and the clubs for its extra supplies. One time when the state of affairs was ominous, the manager had in the late hours to take to a cab and scour the west for food. He came back laden with modest necessaries: two thousand eggs and nine hundred pats of butter, with extra supplies of bread, sugar, coffee, and tea to match; but when the supper needs of the members were satisfied they still went on sitting, and it gradually dawned upon the chief that breakfast would be needed. So away he went again in a growler, and returned with a cargo of fish; a second journey yielded the required bacon, and a third a few gallons of milk; and they were all needed, every bit and drop of them. No, like the lot of the policeman, that of the manager of the House of Commons restaurant is not a happy one.

The grand scale upon which the St Stephen's restaurant is conducted may, however, be best

appreciated by a consideration of the total volume of its business for a period. Only in this way may the country understand the feeding capacities of its faithful legislators. They are truly amazing when thus considered in the bulk. If it is not beyond the mind to do so, try to imagine twenty-one thousand luncheons, thirty-three thousand dinners, seven hundred suppers, forty thousand teas, and six thousand meals served at the bars standing-up-wise, for the honourable member is in such a hurry at times that he must needs refresh his inner man in this primeval or City fashion. There you have over a hundred thousand meals, and those figures represent what was consumed in the Commons last session, when the financial turnover was some sixteen thousand pounds. Half the money was spent in provisions pure and simple, and three thousand pounds disappeared in wages and salaries; whilst nearly four thousand pounds went down to the wine account, and about four hundred and fifty pounds to cigars.

Then, in my examination of the figures which are before me, I make a curious discovery, which is that the member of Parliament, in contradistinction, I should imagine, to most others of His Majesty's subjects, both drinks more and smokes more when the weather is showing a tendency towards heat, and body and mind a corresponding tendency towards languor; for I find that whereas the members in the cool months of April and May were satisfied with a hundred and fifty pounds' worth of cigars, and just about ten times as much wine, in June and July, when they were caparisoned in flannels and straw hats, they smoked away nearly two hundred and forty pounds, and tickled their palates with wines for which a sum of over two thousand three hundred pounds sterling was paid. The secret, perhaps, is to be found in the fact that the London season is then in full swing, and that Westminster at such a time is not the least favoured of places of entertainment. Certain it is that of that enormous aggregate of forty thousand teas the ladies, if they would, could tell a pretty tale—a tale of silvery speech and sunny smiles, and of the ardent gallantry of the faithful Commons as they idled on the terrace by the Thames.

This is indeed a hunger-making story, and it will be but a small consolation to our dear constituent readers to know that their representatives at Westminster do not pay for quite all the good things that they get, but that they, the constituents, have unconsciously to help them out when the time comes to settle the bill. For in the rows of figures which show the cost of maintenance of the fabric and form of Parliament may be discovered an annual item of some two thousand pounds, which is a subsidy of which the Kitchen Committee is in receipt that it may be able to make ends meet. The stern economist, the elector who rates of public want and public waste, must needs be told in a hurry now that the committee really does its best, and that, gathering up the refuse fragments that remain in the kitchen, after the manner of a thrifty housewife, it sells them for aught it may get, and faithfully puts down in the half-year's accounts seven pounds.

So does the parliamentary restaurant flourish, and so whilst the member of Parliament remains so very human as he is to-day will it continue to do so. It is a wise principle of the day that no good government was ever yet performed upon an empty stomach, and Westminster would have lost a charm if the Spartan manner of diet by any curious set of chances ever became the vogue. Conceivably, also, it might have lost some members.

MY LIBRARY.

Home of the lofty thoughts of those
Immortal ones whose works repose
'Twixt tawny calf and vellum old,
And creamy sheets that dainty hold
The fantasies of poet-minds,
The monkish lore that velvet binds
With 'broideries rare, by fingers wrought
In convent cells, and pious thought.
And on the parchments' musty face
Rich colouring the letters trace:
Emblems of Hope and Faith and Love,
The Virgin, Child, and Holy Dove,
With pigments bright and gold o'erlaid,
And blazonries which never fade.
The classics in their ancient tongue
Recall the time when once was sung
The Orphic hymns, Homeric lays,
And deeds of valour, in the days
When men the bard with laurels crowned,
The goddess throned on holy ground.
The ancient Bibles, bossed with brass,
With rude inscription tell who pass;
The children's names, by parent hand,
Alone in faded ink withstand
The fleeting tenure of each year,
Speaking aloud to living ear
Of loves which, formed, so soon dissolve
In higher realms where souls evolve.
Sifters of problems, wrapped in gloom,
Evoke the echoes of life's tomb.
The clam'rous notes of new-born rhymes
Bespeak the force of modern times.
Bright lines of scholars and of wits,
How rich their vein, how easy sits
Their courteous speech! each precious page
Recalls to us the Golden Age.
No more the studious hush of life,
The clashing strokes of worldly strife
Ring out upon the stormy day.
In strident notes they seem to say,
'Gone are the peaceful days of yore,
The faiths of old shall be no more;
But in the brilliant rising sun
What was attempted shall be done.'

VIOLET TWEEDALE.

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SIXTH SERIES.

WELLINGTON'S GREAT CONCENTRATION CAMP.

By Captain the Hon. H. N. SHORE, Author of *Three Pleasant Springs in Portugal.*

WHAT short memories we have! How otherwise can the fact be explained that, while the subject of concentration camps has been widely discussed, no reference is made to the greatest concentration camp within recent centuries that history records? Has the British nation forgotten the immense camp formed at Lord Wellington's suggestion during the winter of 1810 outside Lisbon, while the French army was lying at bay before the Lines of Torres Vedras? Why, the concentration camps of South Africa pale into insignificance before that one; and the people who feigned to be horror-struck with what they called the 'barbarities' of the system of concentration camps, and whined and shrieked alternately over the supposed sufferings of the occupants of these refuges in South Africa, should have turned back a few pages of history and read of the hardships the poor Portuguese peasantry endured in consequence of an edict which had been dictated by stern military necessity. Let us also take note of the fact that the Portuguese were not a bitterly hostile people, who had maltreated, insulted—ay, and even spat in the face of women and children of our own flesh and blood, and whose protectors had abandoned them to fight against us, to lay waste our territories, and to pillage our property. They were our allies who had received our troops with enthusiasm, treated them with kindly hospitality, and whose fathers and sons, brothers and husbands, were even then fighting shoulder to shoulder with British soldiers against the common enemy.

To grasp the full significance of the enforced migration of the inhabitants of Estremadura in the autumn of 1810, we must recall some of the circumstances which rendered necessary so dire a calamity. Masséna, one of Napoleon's most capable Marshals, had just crossed the frontier of Portugal, at the head of an immense army, for the purpose of driving the 'English leopards' into the sea, and simultaneously fixing his talons so deeply into the soil of Portugal that no armed resistance could ever again loosen his grip. The storm had been long foreseen by Wellington, and every precaution that either wisdom or experience could suggest was taken to meet it. Recognising the futility of attempting, with his inadequate resources, to resist the overwhelming force Masséna had in the field, Wellington developed a plan which had long been maturing in his mind—a plan which for boldness or magnitude has rarely been surpassed in military annals. This, briefly, was to convert the Lisbon promontory into an impregnable citadel; and, by devastating the entire country to the northward, deprive the investing army of supplies. From this project there sprang into existence the celebrated Lines of Torres Vedras, which stopped and eventually beat back the vast host destined by Napoleon to weld Portugal into his chain of conquered states.

A man of less nerve and genius for war than Wellington might well have quailed before the gathering storm, and asked his Government whether it was worth while sacrificing a few thousand British soldiers in a hopeless cause. Wellington, however, was cast in a sterner mould. With a full recognition of the tremendous issues at stake, and the grave significance of the approaching invasion, he set his back to the wall, and, with a truly splendid fortitude, rebuked the craven Government of Portugal, encouraged the Ministers at home, and faced the task before him with a heroism which, in these neurotic days, seems almost sublime. In short, Wellington rose to the occasion as few British generals have ever risen to an equally momentous crisis before or since. As the great historian of the war, Napier, truly says, it was a design of 'terrible energy;' and, to make it yet more effective, the inhabitants of the province within the sphere of operations were required to destroy their mills, remove their boats, break down their bridges, lay waste their fields, abandon their dwellings, and

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carry away their property. In short, the province of Estremadura was to be laid waste; and the devastation was to be effected by the sufferers themselves.

The design bore the impress of a master-mind which had grasped the vital issues at stake in all their complex bearings. Think of the iron will and the unconquerable resolution that could enforce that stern decree while conducting the retreat of an army before a vastly superior enemy! Could England have produced another general capable of conceiving such a design, and then carrying it through in spite of every obstacle which a timid Government at home, and a lazy, corrupt, and spiteful administration on the spot, could place in his way? Probably not. All honour, then, to the man who, at that awful juncture, saved the Peninsula and with it the European continent from falling paralysed under the iron heel of that insatiable despot, Napoleon.

Then what praise can be too great for the touching fidelity with which the peasantry of Estremadura observed the edict of banishment and the destruction of their homes? History may be searched in vain for an example of nobler behaviour, of truer patriotism, or of a more pathetic picture of resignation. Happily for the cause of European freedom, there were no shrieking sentimentalists to follow in their train and to unnerve the authorities at home by voicing the woes of the suffering refugees. What would have been the fate of the Peninsula, of Europe, and even of these islands if the campaign had been shaped by our modern 'stop-the-war' shriekers who would grovel under the heel of the veriest monster of wickedness and cast aside every shred of self-respect rather than sanction the shedding of one single drop of blood or the striking of the mildest blow in self-defence?

This migration of the inhabitants of an entire province, including the populace of one of the chief cities of Portugal, commenced with Masséna's invasion; but it only assumed definite shape after the battle of Busaco, when the Portuguese, perceiving the futility of trying to stem the flood of invasion, declared that 'the English were for the sea, but the Portuguese for the land.' In short, there was no one in a position to estimate the chances—whether in the Regency at Lisbon, in the Ministry at home, or even amongst Lord Wellington's personal staff—but was convinced that the game was up, and that a few weeks would see the British army on board its ships in the Tagus. All this shows how incapable even those nearest to Lord Wellington were of fathoming the depth and the power of that master-mind, or of appreciating the iron will that dwelt in so slender a frame.

The fidelity of the poor Portuguese peasantry received a pathetic illustration during the progress of the battle of Busaco, when, as Sir William Napier tells us, a Portuguese orphan girl, of about seventeen years of age, and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain and through the midst of the French army, driving an ass loaded with all her property. She had abandoned her dwelling, and now passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, totally unconscious of her perilous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the hostile and which the friendly troops, 'for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her.' The whole history of the war offers no more touching picture than this. The episode stands out all the more brightly in contrast with the folly, the incompetence, and the downright treachery of the miserable wretches who had been pitchforked into the Government offices at Lisbon.

With the arrival of Lord Wellington's troops at Coimbra, the appalling horrors of the retreat commenced in grim earnest. Yet only one short year had elapsed since these very troops were welcomed with almost frantic enthusiasm by the inhabitants of this great city, who regarded them as deliverers; and now they returned as fugitives, flying before the conquering hosts of the great Napoleon, and driving all before them.

From the stern drama of the war two scenes present themselves with a vividness which not even the lapse of over ninety years has sufficed to dim. One was the gathering of the British army under Sir Arthur Wellesley at Coimbra in the spring of 1809, preparatory to its advance on Oporto, and the expulsion of the French from Portugal; the other, the retreat of this same army the following year, through this very city, onwards to the Lines of Torres Vedras. The dramatist's wildest flight of fancy could scarcely have devised two more strongly contrasted situations.

The appalling misery of that retreat on the Lines of Torres Vedras in the autumn of 1810 was unparalleled. Even our own historians have glossed over the sickening tale. In truth, the full measure of the distress of the peasantry of Portugal during all those long years of warfare with a fierce and relentless foe has never been fully realised. The narrative would be so vast in its scope and so absolutely revolting in the details which diligent search would disclose that no one would care nowadays to draw aside the veil of oblivion which time has mercifully thrown over it. Nevertheless, we may get a very fair notion of the occurrences if we will search through the masses of long-forgotten war-literature—histories of the campaigns, officers' journals, and personal reminiscences—wherein, amidst much that is of purely antiquarian or professional interest, we ever and anon come across descriptions which, for realistic power and gruesome interest, might vie with the productions of some of our most accomplished 'war correspondents.' Jotted down while the impressions were fresh in the mind,

these personal reminiscences carry us back to the days of the war. Once more we seem to hear the tramp of feet, the rumbling of the guns and carriages, and see all the confusion that accompanies the retreat of an army; while, above all this, we seem to detect that long-drawn wail of thousands of innocent, suffering creatures of all ages who are being urged on, day after day, by firm but kindly British officers, appalled at the misery from which there is no escape, and doubting the wisdom and justice of the edict they had to enforce.

There is scarcely a rood of ground between Coimbra and Lisbon but is associated with some affecting or tragic episode in that enforced migration. Even now it is impossible for any one to traverse the scenes of so much suffering and woe, or even to read of it, without his sympathies being touched and a feeling of utter detestation evoked for the author of it all—that truculent monster, Bonaparte.

To return to our story. So confident was Masséna in his power of crushing all opposition, and so buoyed up were his troops with the prospects of plunder which the cities of Coimbra and Lisbon seemed to hold out, that the invading hordes dashed forward with but fourteen days' bread in their haversacks; and this supply was exhausted before even Coimbra was reached, owing to the check which Masséna most unexpectedly met with at Busaco—an engagement alluded to by a certain school of writers as 'a political battle.' Until further supplies could be obtained, most of the French soldiers had to subsist on Indian corn, with which the haversacks of the prisoners and the wounded were found to be stocked. Masséna had set out as a conqueror. He was repulsed at Busaco, and little divined the troubles that awaited him at every step of his advance. On his arrival at Coimbra two days later, where he had hoped to refresh his troops and replenish his magazines, a second great disappointment awaited him. This he bitterly describes in a letter to Berthier, dated Coimbra, 4th October 1810, which was intercepted: 'The enemy burns and destroys everything as he evacuates the country. He forces the inhabitants to abandon their homes on pain of death. Coimbra, a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, is deserted. We find no provisions. The army is subsisting on Indian corn and vegetables which we find remaining on the ground.'

Napoleon, at a later period, seeking to excuse the miscarriage of his carefully laid plans, referred in the *Moniteur* to Lord Wellington's retreat as having been conducted 'avec une barbarie unique et inconnue dans nos guerres Européennes'—a remark, by the way, which came with a peculiarly bad grace from the slaughterer of prisoners of war in Egypt, and at a time when the inexcusable atrocities of Soult's retreat from Oporto were still fresh in people's minds.

From the accounts of British officers who were present during this terrible retreat, we learn that the Lisbon roads were blocked up with wagons, carts, mules, horses, and bullocks; mothers, their eyes streaming with tears, carrying their screaming infants; young women of genteel condition, on foot and in tears, separated in the crowd from their families; men with heavy hearts, but in silent sorrow; and evidences of trouble and confusion everywhere. 'Coimbra,' says one account, 'was left literally a desert;' for the inhabitants of this wealthy and populous city, after removing all they could themselves carry, requested the soldiers to take the rest, and were actually seen to throw the remaining provisions into the Mondego rather than leave them for the invaders.

The misery entailed by this exodus exceeded anything witnessed in the course of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat on Coruña. Moreover, the sufferers were the peaceful citizens who but the year before had shown the utmost kindness and hospitality to the troops they now saw fleeing before the victorious French, leaving the poor Portuguese, as they themselves believed, to their dreadful fate. War's ironies could hardly have devised a more tragic situation or one more painful to both troops and civilians.

Lord Londonderry, describing what came under his own observation, says: 'Spectacles more afflicting than the prompt obedience on the part of the Portuguese presented it were hard matter even to imagine. Crowds of men, women, and children, of the sick, the aged, and the infirm, as well as of the robust and the young, covered the roads and the fields in every direction. Mothers, with their infants at their breasts; old men, scarcely able to totter along, made way chiefly by the aid of their sons and daughters; whilst the whole wayside soon became strewed with bedding, blankets, and other sorts of household furniture, which the weary fugitives were unable to carry farther. Those who forsook their dwellings forsook them under the persuasion that they should never behold them again; and the agony which such an apprehension appeared to excite among the majority exceeds any attempt at description.'

Colonel Tomkinson tells us that 'the whole road was covered with families of the first rank in Coimbra, walking on foot with bundles on their heads. I went into one or two houses,' he continues, 'which the people had only left in the morning. We found sheep, turkeys, geese, and fowls in greatest abundance, and table-linen, shirts, with every other kind of thing, left in the houses for the enemy. Not an inhabitant remained behind. A person in Coimbra went back to fetch some gold chains left behind in mistake, and never again saw her family.' The Colonel then goes on to explain that, in consequence of the short time allowed to the inhabitants for removing their goods, some had not time to remove

any and many not one-half of their property; besides, as many of the carts had been taken for the use of the troops, their owners were left without conveyances.

Perhaps the most painfully realistic picture of this dreadful retreat is that touched in by Sir William Napier. He says: 'As the inhabitants had unfortunately delayed removing their property till we were actually on the march through the town, the hurry, fright, and confusion were beyond description, and I never witnessed so heart-rending a scene. Beautiful women and young children, the aged, the decrepit, the sick, the poor, nobles and peasants, all in one dense mass of misery, wretchedness, and confusion; some barefoot, others crying; women tearing their hair, with loud lamentations and calling on every saint in the calendar for protection; and all drenched with rain, the weather being bad. And to crown all, when we, who were the last of the troops, were passing the prison, which was also the madhouse, the unfortunate inmates, prisoners and maniacs, were all at the grated windows rending the air with wild shrieks of despair at seeing the whole population of the city driven before us through the gate; and these wretched creatures being all locked in, and a fire having broken out in some houses close by them, they with reason expected every moment it would communicate with the prison, and that they must all perish in the flames! British officers and soldiers could not stand this sight, and we soon broke open the gates and let them loose. The maniac, the murderer, and the thief were turned adrift without a moment's hesitation or an instant's thought, by which many a villain of the deepest dye was again let loose upon society and escaped the punishment due to his crimes.' He feelingly adds: 'I could not help cursing war and all its dreadful attributes, and inwardly feeling that I was myself one of the instruments by which so much misery was inflicted on a poor, guiltless race of inoffensive human beings, who were being scourged so severely, for what?—the inordinate ambition and personal aggrandisement of a ruthless soldier, Napoleon Bonaparte!'

How exactly these remarks—with a few alterations in names—apply to the recent situation in South Africa will at once strike every honest reader; and in both cases the real authors of all these miseries were safely ensconced in distant corners of Europe, poisoning the public mind and flooding the press with their abominable lies!

Face to face with these appalling scenes, was it surprising that many thoughtful officers should feel doubts as to the wisdom and the justice of the measure which had brought all this misery to pass? Lord Londonderry, for one, says: 'At the moment there were few amongst us who seemed not disposed to view it with reprobation; because, whilst they condemned its apparent violation of every feeling of humanity and justice, they doubted the soundness of the policy in which it originated. But there can be no question now that this very measure, more perhaps than any other, preserved Portugal from subjugation and England from defeat.'

Unfortunately, Wellington's designs were but imperfectly executed. Portions of the territory were never cleared. Nay, according to Napier, 'the inhabitants remained; the mills were little injured and quickly repaired; and there were ample means to have carried off ten times the quantity of provisions left for the enemy, which could not then have remained a week before the Lines, and his retreat would have been attended with famine and disaster.' Who was to blame for this? According to Napier, it was the 'criminal conduct' of the miserable intriguers installed at Lisbon that 'really nourished the war.' It was their worse than negligence that wrung from Wellington the bitter cry, 'It is heart-breaking to contemplate the chance of failure from such obstinacy and folly.'

The autumnal rains had set in with their accustomed torrential force long ere the advanced guards of the army had entered the Lines, intensifying the sufferings of the wretched fugitives to an incredible degree, and greatly impeding their progress; and thus, with accumulating horrors, the human torrent rolled southwards. On the 5th of October—a week after the migration had fairly set in—a British officer commanding at Torres Vedras wrote: 'Everything is in confusion: the people are all running away, and a string of men, women, and children, in cars, on animals, and on foot, crowd every road to Lisbon. No one will believe that the army will halt till it reaches St Julian [at the mouth of the Tagus], and all order and authority is beginning to be lost.' The influx of such a host of destitute and starving creatures raised the gravest apprehensions in Lisbon. The number of people that had to be nourished was estimated at three hundred thousand, irrespective of about one hundred and twenty thousand troops; and the task of providing food and shelter for this great multitude throughout the winter was a gigantic one. Nevertheless it was accomplished.

All classes united in the endeavour to mitigate the sufferings of the poor creatures to the utmost of their power. 'The inhabitants of Lisbon,' wrote an eye-witness, 'particularly those of the higher ranks, received the emigrants from the provinces with open arms, and contributed in every possible way to their relief. People of all ranks and even characters were united in a common sympathy with their suffering compatriots. Persons but little suspected of generosity or of possessing tender or generous feelings showed both compassion and bounty on the present melancholy occasion.'

Yet, strange as it must seem, Lisbon, after the first alarm, became, as it were, intoxicated by a

strong feeling of security: the result of the inevitable reaction after recent weeks of awful suspense. 'There never was a period,' wrote a British officer who was a witness of what he described, 'when this city was more crowded with objects of misery, or when provisions were more extravagantly dear; yet at no time had their theatres been better filled, their societies more gay and brilliant, than when seventy thousand vindictive enemies lay within sixteen miles of the city, panting for the plunder of it. It is but justice to add,' he goes on, 'that everything which prudence and humanity could suggest was done by the inhabitants of Lisbon to alleviate the public misfortune. Charitable institutions were set on foot, and food was daily distributed to such of the fugitives as were necessitous and helpless, while labour was provided for the others.' Nor was the British nation backward in showing its sympathy with the stricken subjects of its 'ancient ally.' The House of Commons voted for the relief of the poor sufferers a sum of one hundred thousand pounds; while a sum at least equal to this was raised by voluntary subscriptions; and the money was very judiciously employed in the purchase and freightage of such things in Great Britain as the Portuguese were most immediately in want of. A large additional sum was subsequently sent from England with a view to resettling the peasantry on their derelict farms; and a joint Commission, partly British and partly Portuguese, was engaged for several months in examining claims and apportioning the award. And the sequel? A Lisbon paper which boasts of a large circulation and considerable influence recently referred to England as 'that nest of pirates who have never come to Portugal without carrying away far more than they brought'!

So Lisbon was saved, and with it the cause of European freedom; but at what frightful cost the world will never know. Great Britain still bears the burden of that tremendous contest in her National Debt.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

CHAPTER VII.—BARON QUINZELL, IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR.

MR BARROWS reached Paris as an unconsidered unit of a curiously mixed company of travellers and early holiday tourists. There he spent as little time as he possibly could, taking the first opportunity of continuing his journey. Fifteen hours later he arrived at Graaden, and sought quarters in a small hotel much favoured by travellers of an unpretentious description.

In the evening of that day, and not till then, he set about his business. He had taken care to arrange his programme beforehand, making all the necessary inquiries in a way which proved that he had not forgotten what he had learned so many years before. His first act was to proceed to the official quarter of the city, to the residence of the Imperial Chancellor, Baron Quinzell.

Here he was received by a couple of dignified servants with the very natural rebuke that 'His Excellency was not receiving visitors.' Mr Barrows, however, was not to be repulsed.

'His Excellency will consent to see me,' he replied in Styrian, though with a distinct English accent. 'I will wait.' And he handed one of them a sealed note, which he had evidently prepared in view of such a check as this.

His assured manner had the effect he had intended. The note was taken in, and as a result the visitor was conducted to a small waiting-room, where he sat alone for some fifteen minutes. Whatever his business might be, it was evident that the Chancellor did not wish to give his servants any impression of its importance. After that time he was told that he would now be received.

The Chancellor Quinzell was one of those men of whom it might be said not only that speech had been given them to conceal their thoughts, but also that a countenance had been given them in order that they might conceal their feelings. Plain, alert, imperturbable, it had been said that he had never been surprised. During his reign as Chancellor he had distinguished himself by the way in which he had brought order and rule out of the chaos of Styrian parties, and combined a resolute firmness with a policy of conciliation and consolidation. He had a genius for seizing adverse circumstances, and treating them in such a manner that they seemed to have been foreseen, and often proved to be circumstances of fortune rather than of difficulty; and this was the best proof of the quickness with which he grasped the features of a new situation, and decided exactly where he should stand with regard to it. In addition to these gifts, he possessed a charm of manner which even his enemies acknowledged, while it had been claimed for him that he preferred a straight course to a crooked one whenever there was a choice to be made between the two.

At the time of Mr Barrows's entrance he was dictating to a secretary, and he did not pause when he saw the stranger upon the threshold. The last direction was given, and then the third person silently left the room. The Chancellor turned to Mr Barrows, picking up a note from

the table at the same time. It was the note which his visitor had sent in.

'Mr Barrows?' he said questioningly. 'From England?'

It is difficult to say what kind of reception the visitor had expected; but it was quite plain that he was immediately put at his ease by the one he received. He advanced a little.

'Yes, your Excellency,' he replied.

The Chancellor glanced at the paper again. 'You have written a name here, sir. You say that you come upon the business of a man who has long passed away.'

'Yes, your Excellency. I feared that you would not see me unless you knew that I had some claim upon your time. I felt that that name would be remembered.'

The Chancellor glanced at the paper yet once more. Then he tore it across several times with great care, his plain, strongly cut features quite inscrutable. As he turned back to Mr Barrows he might have been, for all that his face betrayed, examining an applicant for some minor official post or questioning a secretary upon some trifling matter of detail.

'Yes,' he said; 'naturally that name would claim my notice. Then what is your business, Mr Barrows?'

It was evident that Mr Barrows had trained himself well; also that he had made up his mind to be as plain and direct as possible.

'It is this, your Excellency,' he said, with just a trace of nervousness in his speech. 'I have come from England on behalf of two exiles, ladies from Lusia. I speak of the Countess Hamar and her daughter. I have an appeal to make to the Emperor on their behalf, and I ask you to procure me the honour of an interview with His Majesty.'

There was a pause.

'An interview with His Majesty!' echoed the Chancellor, as if he were considering the suggestion with some surprise. 'That is not easy to obtain.'

'It is never difficult to your Excellency.'

'Further, Mr Barrows,' the Chancellor went on, heedless of the remark—'further, such an interview would remind His Majesty of an unpleasant incident. In one of his advanced age this is not to be desired.'

So far the interview had been of the smoothest, for the statesman was simply feeling his way to a full understanding of the situation. Now, however, it became closer. Mr Barrows seemed to admit the force of the objection by his greater earnestness.

'That, Excellency, is a point which I have considered. Only the greatest necessity makes me ask this thing. My purpose is to save two innocent and friendless women from the hands of a powerful and unscrupulous enemy. An interview may give His Majesty pain; but there is very much at stake. I ask for an hour; but I am giving all that I can give—my life!'

Checked by his rising emotion, he stopped suddenly. But the busy mind of the Chancellor had been at work, and not a motion had passed unheeded, not an allusion but had been marked on the instant. Before the last sentence had been spoken it is probable that he had guessed correctly at the identity of the 'powerful enemy,' and that from this knowledge he had gained a fair idea of the general situation.

'Then your purpose,' he said, 'is——?'

'Restoration,' answered Mr Barrows softly.

'Restoration?' echoed the Chancellor. 'Ah!'

He surveyed his visitor calmly. It was the survey of one who is accustomed to judging and appraising his fellow-men, and one who leaves no possible motive unprobed in his search for cause and reason. Mr Barrows thought of another point, which he had passed too lightly.

'As for His Majesty,' he said, 'I have hopes that my action will serve to heal an old wound.'

The Chancellor asked another question. 'And what if you cannot have this interview?'

'That,' was the reply, 'is in your Excellency's hands.'

Perhaps the statesman liked the answer. Apparently he had no more questions to ask, for he stood silent, his hands at his back, his eyes turned towards the table littered with writing, his face in shadow, but with the soft glow of a shaded lamp falling around it from behind. For Mr Barrows it was a long and anxious pause.

It was broken suddenly. 'To-morrow,' said the Chancellor thoughtfully, 'you shall have your answer. You may come here by eleven o'clock.'

'I thank your Excellency,' said Mr Barrows.

The interview was over. Instead of calling a servant, the Baron, without a word, conducted his visitor from the room, and then led the way from the main corridor into a smaller one. This brought them to a side-door facing a deserted street.

'This is a better way,' said the Chancellor. 'To this door you will come to-morrow.'

That was all. Mr Barrows passed out, and the door closed silently behind him. Making his way back through the quieter streets of the city, he returned to his hotel, and passed the remainder of the evening in his room.

He spent a night of restlessness and anxiety. One part of his trial had now passed, and it had passed in a better manner than he had dared to hope; but he saw that the way was not yet clear. In dealing with statesmen nothing must be taken for granted, and nothing regarded as certain until it had been accomplished. Yet he knew the reputation of the Chancellor, and, indeed, knew a great deal more; and all that he knew, as well as the incidents of the interview, gave him a certain confidence. That keen and able brain would weigh this matter in its every

aspect, and would sift it thoroughly. It would number the points as they rose, good and evil; and exactly as the numbers stood at last, so would his action be. Mr Barrows thought he had put his case in such a way that it was a strong case; but he tormented himself all night with the thought that it might have been stronger. For instance, might he not have used a name instead of the phrase 'a powerful and unscrupulous enemy,' knowing, as he knew, that the Chancellor and Count Brode had no sympathy with each other? Yet on full consideration he felt that he had done wisely not to use a name.

As it was, his impression of the Chancellor as one statesman stood in opposition to his knowledge of diplomatists as a body, and this gave him a very troublous time before morning came. When he went to keep his appointment it was with a doubtful heart and a hesitating step.

On reaching the house, however, he found that he was looked for. The door opened as he reached it, and a mute servant ushered him into the cabinet. There he found the Chancellor waiting.

His greeting was answered briefly. Then came the other answer.

'I have seen His Majesty, Mr Barrows. He has consented to grant you an interview this morning.'

Watching the effect of this abrupt announcement, the Chancellor saw relief and some other emotion—could it be gratitude?—appear in his visitor's face. 'Come,' he said an instant later, 'we will go at once.'

He led the way, and Barrows accompanied him in silence. They passed into the gardens of the Chancellor's house, which were very extensive; for this quarter of the great city was entirely devoted to official purposes, containing not only the Government residences, but also the Congress buildings and the Imperial Palace. Mr Barrows knew that the Chancellor's house was that which stood nearest to the palace, and saw that his ordeal was close at hand.

Presently they reached, at the end of the garden, a door, which the Chancellor opened with a private key. A short covered way brought them to another door, where an armed sentry stood on guard. He saluted the Chancellor, who opened this door in the same way. Mr Barrows followed, and found himself standing in the imperial gardens.

They lay utterly deserted in the morning sunshine, silent save for the murmur of fountains and the cooing of numberless doves. As the two entered Mr Barrows had a glimpse of the palace in the distance, rising white-fronted upon a series of terraces, brilliant with flowers and gleaming with statuary. It was only a glimpse, however, for his guide turned into a walk which led them away from the palace at right angles, and which was sheltered by tall shrubs. In a few minutes they reached a small summer-house, standing where several paths converged.

'His Majesty,' said the Chancellor, 'will see you here. If you please, you will wait until he comes.'

He led the way into the building, which was simply furnished. They looked round in silence. Then the Baron faced his visitor.

'Bearing in mind the pain of associations—remembering what His Majesty has suffered, and his advanced age—you will be discreet?'

Mr Barrows breathed deep. 'I will be discreet,' he answered quietly.

That was the last word. The Chancellor walked away, taking a path towards the palace.

If Mr Barrows had found the night of uncertainty trying, this period of waiting in the midst of silent sunshine was much more so. One difficulty had vanished, only to give greater prominence to the next; and he was face to face, sooner than he had expected, with that which was the most difficult part of his adventure. He had time to realise this while he waited; and the realisation threw him into a state of agitation which boded ill for the fulfilment of his pledge to be discreet. He paced the chamber unevenly, now pausing to move a chair, now bending over the table to examine with unobservant eyes the books scattered upon it. All the while he strained his ears to listen, and turned again and again to glance at the turn of the path which the Chancellor had taken.

The moments passed slowly—all the more slowly, it seemed, because of the stillness; and they were moments during which he lived intensely; but at length his straining ear caught the sound of footsteps. As soon as he heard them they seemed to strike loud upon the stillness. Breathlessly he watched the turn in the path.

Then an old gentleman in gray, tall and military in figure, but with the unmistakable stoop of age, came round the corner and approached the summer-house.

SWIMMING: IN PEACE AND IN WAR.

WITH PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

By Karl Blind.

IS it not extraordinary that in a country like England the noble art of easily and rapidly moving with your hands and feet through river, lake, and sea should be so strangely neglected among the mass of the people? In a sporting column I recently read:—

'The deterioration of swimming in the south of England is becoming more marked every year, and no serious efforts are being made to arrest the process. The difference in style between swimmers from the north and those in the south is apparent to the inexperienced eye. All the championships are in the hands of the northerners. Many reasons for this state of things can be adduced. Swimming is better taught in the north of England. In the south there are few teachers of proved ability. Attendants have been employed who have been unable to swim. It is no cause for wonder that boys—hundreds of them—taught by poor instructors should develop bad, ugly, and indifferent methods of progression.'

In the next paragraphs of that sporting communication no mention is made of river, lake, or sea, but merely 'public baths' are referred to, and, in a single line, 'a few free open bathing-places.' This in itself is curiously noteworthy. It looks as if swimming were merely a question of bodily exercise in a closed building—not in the natural courses of water under the canopy of the sky, and often amidst circumstances of wind, weather, and dangerous currents calculated to tax the presence of mind of the swimmer to the utmost. Yet that is a paramount consideration for the true devotee of this athletic art—an art invigorating in the highest degree in peace, and frequently most serviceable in war, when streams are to be crossed. The English soldier, however, is not—unlike the soldiers of foreign armies, where there is universal service—compelled to learn swimming.

As to the difference in style between swimmers from the north of England and those in the south I cannot speak, never having had anything to do with the subject in the way of competition. This, however, I may assert with a degree of regret, that every good swimmer from the Continent, when coming here, has but too much reason to express surprise at finding that so very healthy and useful an exercise is far less practised in this country than one would expect among a people of islanders, nurtured, or at any rate surrounded, by the deep.

Only quite recently, again, I had such an experience. A young relative of mine, an Oxford student—English by race and birth, but partly brought up abroad—confessed to me that he was rather taken aback at the apparent neglect of swimming among his countrymen in general, and at the poor show even those who evidently are conversant with the art make in the sea; professionals and a few men trained for competition, of course, excepted.

When, a great many years ago, I first came to England, I was even more astounded. I had swum in the Rhine and the Neckar, and in the German Ocean, and I was positively dismayed on seeing the state of things here. No doubt matters have considerably bettered since, especially even among women. Still, there is the largest margin imaginable for further improvement. Every year since 1854 I have been at the seaside in the south, the west, and the south-east of England, and on the coast of North Wales, generally for six weeks, and often for two months; swimming every day, irrespective of weather, mainly at high tide, either before breakfast or before one o'clock. Once, at Hastings, I got, not exactly to my pleasure, among a dark shoal of dolphins that suddenly rose, and from which I had to swim away with the utmost speed. At another time I experienced much difficulty in avoiding the tentacles of numerous slimy creatures in the bay of Llandudno, one of which, when I had got back to the bathing-machine, I actually found sitting on the steps; not to speak of masses of troublesome jelly-fishes which lately appeared at Eastbourne.

I merely mention this to show that I have had good opportunities for observation in every way. All the more so because, from the interest I have taken in the subject since boyhood, I frequently make it a point, when out of the water, to watch those that are in, either from the shore or from the pier, which for years I took as my starting-point.

Now, what has always struck me, and still strikes me unpleasantly and quite incomprehensibly, is that a race so brave—I mean both men and women, boys and girls—and one so zealously given to athletic pursuits, is woefully failing, in more than one respect, in what might be assumed to be one of its native elements. Excellent rowing there is, no doubt, in boats; but what about rowing your own body with its natural oars?

First of all, a strange shyness has to be mentioned as to going into the water at all unless there be a somewhat favourable temperature. If the air is ever so slightly fresh, you find

almost invariably that the beach is nearly deserted. Even young fellows then go by preference to an indoor public bath! To my amazement I have seen young friends, former university students, who as boys had been brought up at an educational establishment at the seaside, and who had learnt swimming at a public bath, actually going in summer, at the very same seaside place, quite regularly to the public bath, until, partly by coaxing, partly by taunts, I made them come out into the open salt-water.

If the weather is a trifle cold, I have found by long experience that you generally have the beach almost, or sometimes quite, to yourself in the early hours of the morning—say, at six-thirty, seven, or even eight o'clock. The few who venture in are continually heard to exclaim, 'Bitterly cold!' when the water is just pleasantly fresh. I trust I will be excused—as I have, after all, a good object in view—for mentioning that under these circumstances I have often asked myself, 'Are the Teutonic Anglo-Saxons really changed so much—nay, have they become such a shivery race as to make one conclude that they had been transplanted here from some Southern clime?' There are, it need not be said, a few eccentrics who bathe in the open throughout the year, either in ponds or in the sea, even as there are abroad some who have the ice broken for themselves in rivers for the same purpose. But this does not affect the general state of things, which to my mind amounts to a mystery.

For the better encouragement of those who show such strange timorous coyness as regards the coldness of the sea-water, it may be said that it is often warmer than the temperature of the air seems to indicate. Only a quick, hearty dip or plunge is wanted to overcome the first feeling. No one can become a truly efficient swimmer—that is to say, in the way of being able to meet great danger in case of need—who does not make it a point to go in day by day, thus becoming conversant with all the various moods of the sea or of rivers. Not only have ebb and flood to be studied; but also the extremely changeable quality of sea-water has to be coped with. There are days when you shoot, as it were, like an arrow through the water, so light and rapid is the carrying power it possesses, in spite of the calmness of the surface, and quite irrespective of the state of the tide, whether high or low. There are other days when you are pulled back, as it were, as by a magnetic force.

On some days the bitter saline contents of the sea are stirred up more powerfully, as may easily be felt when you get a gulp of them into your mouth by choppers or breakers, which from too frequent repetition may become dangerous to life. On other days the water is far less bitter. All this is probably the result of strange disturbances at the bottom of the sea. I have frequently asked others as to their experience in that respect; but they were generally rather astonished at hearing these facts mentioned. Even the easily ascertainable fact that the water of the German Ocean—that great herring-pond, which seems to be properly salted in advance for that useful fish—is more strongly briny than that of the Channel did not seem to have struck them.

Here we come to another question which is in close connection with the foregoing: Why do those who evidently can swim well venture out so little, preferring to hug the shore, and so missing all the proper training which comes from such special studies as are necessary in the variable element we have to deal with? The answer I always got was that they 'fear getting the cramp.' I cannot understand it, unless a person is foolish enough to go into the water soon after a meal. A really skilful swimmer, even if he got cramp in the legs, would not be quite at the mercy of the waves. He must be able to lie on his back perfectly still, whether with his arms stretched along the legs, like a piece of wood floating, or with arms akimbo, or spread out in cross form in case there were heavy waves. The fact that this is quite easy, that man can float without making the slightest movement, ought to give confidence to those who are nervously inclined. By nature man can thus swim. It is only the faint-heartedness of many which makes them grasp convulsively and incessantly at the unstable water. Thereby they destroy its carrying power, which in the sea, it need scarcely be mentioned, is very great—much greater than in rivers.

From what is usually called 'cramp,' but which in medical science would be attributed to another cause, I have known a young man, a remarkably fine-looking German from the Baltic province of Kurland in Russia, to be drowned near me at Eastbourne, at the head of the pier, where he had gone in. He went under whilst I had just begun dressing. His disappearance was only observed after some time. There was no boat near; but even if there had been one, his whereabouts could not have been detected. As his body was only washed ashore, near the Burlington Hotel, three days afterwards, I confess I felt rather a dislike to going in again at that particular spot until the corpse had come up. It was not a pleasant idea that you might possibly strike upon the dead man in jumping from the pier. At the inquest it was ascertained that he had plunged in immediately after a heavy breakfast. No wonder he lost his life.

Years ago, while swimming at Brighton from the beach to the pier-head, I met a young man who had swum the same distance. It is

certainly not a very great feat. Still, it interested me, considering the rarity of the occurrence, to find out the man's nationality. So I engaged him out there in a little conversation. His first word showed me, by his pronunciation, that he was not an Englishman but a Frenchman. We therefore went on for a while in his own language, and then parted. In France, as in Germany, swimming is actually more generally practised than here. Historically speaking, we know since Cæsar's time how much our people were given to that healthy exercise. In Germany, swimming is compulsory in the army; and quite right too. It is a means of preserving many a soldier's life in campaigns in which rivers have to be crossed, often in a hurry, when there is little time for pioneers' work in the way of laying pontoons.

Thinking of such possible warlike emergencies in a nation's life, one feels somewhat annoyed at the sight presented by a mass of swimmers, or rather bathers, either in the open air or at public baths. Every year you may observe boys and men at the seaside clambering upon a board moored near the shore, exposing themselves for many minutes to the gaze of those on the beach; then diving; clambering up again, and sunning themselves once more; and so on until they return to their machines. They scarcely do anything else. In public baths you may see many using the spring-board in a similar way, diving nearly the whole time, to the discomfort of swimmers. It is most absurd. How much better could they employ their leisure!

Never have I, during all the long years I regularly stayed for months at the seaside, seen any one treading water. It is a most excellent and useful exercise, to be done either with arms held aloft or with hands on the hips. When I have been treading water at some place where I had not been before, the attendants generally became alarmed. I remember one occasion when the bathing-woman of the place shouted, 'Jim! Tom! the gintleman is a-drownding!' and excitedly wanted the appliances for saving life to be brought down. As it was full-tide near a strongly sloping shore, I could only smile at the unnecessary hubbub, and calm the excitement by a deprecatory wave of the hand.

Once I asked a professional performer at Eastbourne, who really did wonderful feats from the pier before an admiring public, whether he would tread water next day, holding his clothes above his head. I told him that, to my surprise, I had never seen any one treading water in this country. It need not be said that this feat, too, may prove useful in war. Nor is it difficult if you hold your head well back. The professional promised to do the trick next day, but never did!

If there is a heavy sea on you seldom see a man swimming through the surf; though going in, with proper calculation, is by no means so dangerous as it appears, if you dive under a breaker and quickly come out on the other side. Coming back only involves some peril. But if you have presence of mind to calculate and watch for the comparative lull which usually happens after six or seven tremendous waves—whilst you are tacking to and fro in the meantime—and if you are nimble enough then to rush quickly out, the performance is quite feasible and affords as much pleasure to the resolute swimmer as any other athletic 'close shave.' Sometimes, it is true, I have been thrown on the shingle by a pursuing wave of angry Nereus; but I always managed, amidst the blinding spume, to scramble out uninjured—excepting a few unimportant abrasions now and then. The satisfaction of thus dodging the tricky sea-god is not to be despised. But the exercise is highly useful in case of a shipwreck, when there are heavy surging breakers near the shore.

Curiously enough, also, one never sees any one swimming with one hand, the other being held aloft. Yet this again is not difficult even in the heaviest sea. I need scarcely say how useful the practice would be in trying to save a drowning person, or in case one arm had been hurt in shipwreck.

On one occasion—the only one when I was in great and imminent danger, though I had swum for ever so many years in the heaviest and stormiest seas—the ability of breasting the waves with a single hand stood me in good stead. It was in the Lake of Geneva thirteen years ago. I had forgotten that the Rhone, the most rapid river in Europe, runs through the lake. Not noticing a red-painted buoy which is set as a limit for swimmers, I went far beyond.

Unfortunately, I had not brought my own short, elastic bathing-drawers with me, but had to use long ones lent to me, which were to be tied with a string. When I had proceeded for some distance the action of the rapid Rhone water loosened the string and I tried to fasten it again whilst treading water. I found it impossible; no sooner were the drawers tied than they again became loose. Then I attempted to fasten them whilst floating, but presently was shot far away through the enormous current. At last I tried to slip them off altogether, but this too became impossible. So I held them with one hand, and, swimming with the other, attempted to return. But I found the current almost insuperable—so much so that for a moment I doubted whether I ought not rather to make for the shore, out of the Rhone current, instead of for the starting-point, which was a bathing establishment. The thought, however, that I might thus suddenly strike upon a hidden sharp rock—as I did once, rather unpleasantly.

on the Devonshire coast—held me back. So I struck out once more with might and main for the starting-point, but soon found that I could not make any headway. I became breathless and exhausted. A false pride, which I could not overcome, prevented me from shouting for help. Nor would my voice, had I done so, perhaps have been heard.

In this plight I at last held out one of my arms, all the while swimming, or rather being driven backward by the current, with the loose drawers hampering me badly. Far in the distance this was seen. The head attendant, who had watched the unusual case, concluding that I was in danger, came to my rescue with a boat. I was already too exhausted to clamber into the boat, and could only grasp the rope. On landing I spat blood for some ten minutes.

My wife, who, with my sister-in-law, had observed the whole affair from afar on the terrace of an hotel, had no idea of the peril I had been in. She felt no alarm even when I occasionally seemed to disappear for a while, being accustomed, as she said afterwards, to such evolutions from our stay at the seaside.

I mention these personal experiences simply to show how necessary it is for those who wish to become really good swimmers, able to save themselves or others in cases of emergency, and also in cases of shipwreck or of boat accidents, to practise continually, each time they go into the water, swimming with one hand, floating motionless, swimming on the back either with feet or hands only, treading water, and so forth.

After all, gaining championships and prizes in competitions at public baths, or during annual regattas under favourable conditions of tide and weather, is no proper substitute for one's own training to full efficiency and presence of mind under the most adverse circumstances.

Englishmen are excellent rowers, bold mountain climbers, fearless explorers of unknown lands. Why should they not become, in the mass of the population, better swimmers—and I will at once add, also more given to fencing and shooting—instead of devoting themselves almost exclusively to cricket and football, which, in a moderate way, are certainly very good as open-air games? I have for many years often preached on that theme to young English friends; but it seems useless. In this respect much might be done in public schools by those who have a right understanding of the matter.

I will only add that in a country where there is so much lung complaint, no better exercise could be had than swimming, which widens the chest, and therefore produces more room for the breathing organ. So I end this well-meant appeal, in more than one sense, with the ancient Greek warriors' enthusiastic exclamation: 'Thalatta! thalatta!'

NEW SAMARIA.

CHAPTER II.

MY sense of the comic was fast leaving me. I went into a drug-shop and asked where the president of the bank lived. The man in charge said it was a mile out of town, and I was told the way. Then I said I was just out of the hospital and weak; could I rest a little?

'Why, yes.'

I sat down. He asked where I came from.

'New York.'

'What's your business?'

'Banker.' I related my story.

Then the man said, 'I wouldn't make it all so big. You ought to write novels.'

'I knew you would not believe me.'

'I don't, and I've got to shut up.'

Then I moved on again and kept moving, like a famous boy in a certain novel. I walked out of the town in the darkness, and on to a country road, feeling better and wishing I had a cigar. At last I got over a fence and found a lot of heaps of hay. On one of these I lay down, thankful for the warmth of a July night. I slept well, and, waking at dawn, saw a man standing in front of me. I knew him at once. It was the man who had begged of me as I was entering my ill-fated wagon. He had a rake in his hand.

'Hullo!' he said; 'better get up. The boss will be along, and he's rough on tramps.'

I rose with some difficulty. The man gave me a hand, and said, 'You look right bad. What's wrong?'

I told him I had been hurt and was just out of a hospital. He did not recognise me, which was not surprising. The notion came to me that I would see if a fellow-tramp would believe me. I said, 'If I tell you a queer story, will you think it is a lie?'

'Why should I?'

'I am not a tramp. I am a rich man, but no one here believes it.'

'Well, why not? I was rich once. I had five thousand dollars once.'

'Indeed! And it is all gone?'

'Oh yes—old story—bad years, mortgage on farm, and busted. No work, and took to wan-

dering. I got a job ten days ago. When you get that fortune back do you remember Thad Petersen. Got any money?'

'No.'

'Well, here's ten cents.' I took it. He had asked; I had answered, 'No;' now he it was who gave unasked. I thanked him, and as I walked away he cried after me, 'Round the turn there's a house. There's a nice woman lives there; guess she'll give you a bite.'

I went on. I began to see how hard it was to tell a true story so as to be believed. I concluded that, as I meant to make my tongue secure my breakfast, I would fall back upon fiction. I went up to the open door of the little cottage, and smelt tobacco. This had the double effect of giving me a terrible desire to smoke, and of making me sure that a man was within, and that I was, therefore, less secure of a meal than I should have been without the too critical charity of my own sex. I knocked with the timidity of the hungry. A very young woman came out of the back room. 'What is it?' she said.

I replied, 'I am an unfortunate man just out of the hospital. I have a wife and nine children; the youngest is blind, and my wife is sick.'

'Poor thing! How old is she?'

'About twenty-five.'

This seemed to strike the woman as comical. She laughed aloud. 'Well, you are certainly a very lively liar. Aren't you the man that got drunk and drove poor Mr Smile's horse into a circus, and broke my husband's leg, and told him you were a banker and worth three millions? Oh dear! but you can fib, and you don't do it well. I could fib better; and, oh my, that poor wife and nine children at twenty-five years of age!'

Upon this she fell into a chair and laughed herself into prodigality of tears. At last she said, 'Wait a bit. It won't keep. It's too big a joke. I'll fetch you some milk and bread, but I must tell Tom first.'

With this she fled, laughing as she went. Then I laughed too and sat down on the stone steps, relieved to know that my comrade in calamity was incapable of active hostility. When the woman came back she was so ashake with this cherished joke that the milk was spilling over.

'Good heavens!' I said, 'don't spill that milk.'

'Well,' she said, 'it's my milk, I do suppose.'

Humility and hunger suggested a modest 'Yes, ma'am.' I swallowed the milk and bread while she stood and watched me. 'Would you like more?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

She went away, and came back with a pitcher of milk and a half-loaf of bread, and again studied my performance with amused curiosity. I thanked her warmly and was about to go away, when it occurred to me to further test this amiable, merry woman.

I said, 'How would you like to lend me five dollars?'

'Not at all. Five dollars, and Tom in bed for weeks! You must really think me a fool. What would you do with five dollars?'

'I should get a good dinner, smoke a good cigar, and wire to New York.'

'To that lady of twenty-five years old, the mother of nine? Now, I would. She'll be right anxious.'

I was fed and rested and gay—sure soon to be altogether at ease. I laughed and said, 'Suppose I were to tell you my true story. It would be worth—now, what would it be worth?'

'Well, twenty-five cents.'

She put it in my ready palm. 'I promise you a true story. I am a rich man; I am here on business. I was never drunk in my life. The horse was frightened and ran away; the rest I do not remember. I lost my purse, watch, and cigar-case.'

She shook her head. 'Do rich people travel without baggage?'

I added the sad tale of a lost and stolen check. Then I said, 'It sounds too complete, doesn't it?'

'No. A liar and a tramp would have been more cunning. You are not a real tramp. You may be worse, or better.'

'Suppose on the faith of your doubt you invest to the extent of a dollar. It might pay.'

'You are no tramp, that's sure; and if you are lying or not I cannot tell. Wait a little.' She was back in a moment. 'Tom says he doesn't believe a word of it, but that you must be pretty badly off, and I was to say he was sorry—I am too—and to give you a dollar.'

I took it, well pleased, saying, 'You ought to tell me not to get drunk on it.'

'I was going to.'

'People usually do,' I said as I was about to leave her. 'You have been really very good to me. It is unfortunate that no one believes me, but that does not alter my obligation to you. Some day you will be thankful that you fed a hungry man.'

'But I am always thankful for that.'

I said, 'Good-morning, madam.'

'Oh, good-bye.'

I went away down the road with the remnants of my loaf, missing the dog, which had left me the night before to forage for himself. The air was cooler, the country pleasant. I wandered into byroads, or sat and considered ways and means of bettering myself. I did steal four pears (they were lying near the road). I watched some boys fishing in a mill-race, and gave useful

sporting advice. One of them gave me an aged apple—a russet. After they had gone I sat down by the mill-stream, ate a little stale bread, and—from habit—feeling for the absent luxury of a handkerchief, became aware of the newspaper in my breast-pocket. It was only a fragment—a small half-sheet. I settled myself on the grass with some curiosity as to this bit of biography. I still have the paper. It ran thus:

'OVERWHELMING CATASTROPHE.

DRUNKEN HORSE-THIEF—ATTEMPT TO STEAL MR JOSEPH SMILE'S MARE.

'Yesterday a man without baggage arrived at the Washington Hotel and hired a man to drive him to the mines. He got rid of the driver on some pretext, and drove himself down the hill. There he collided with the Boss Elephant of the circus, smashed the wagon, killed the mare and a monkey, lamed a zebra, and broke his own head. Our distinguished young financier, Mr Thomas Sedgeley, the cashier of the bank, stopped the horse and saved the life of the horse-thief at the cost to himself of a broken leg. The circus people carried both men to the poorhouse hospital. Mr Smile has the sympathy of his fellow-townsmen. The man may recover. His injuries probably saved him from the prompt punishment of a justly infuriated community. Mr Sedgeley is doing well.'

I began to see, as I read this over, that my future in New Samaria was not to be unclouded. Assuredly, as a statement of facts, the report lacked accuracy; but if a newspaper were always accurate what would there be left to say next day?

On this Saturday evening I went back to the town and spent thirty cents on a luxurious supper. I bought two two-cent cigars and a box of sulphur matches, and then returned to the country and my hay-heap hotel. No tobacco was ever so good. About nine next day, being Sunday, I smoked my second cigar and counted my cash: fifty cents from the nurse, ten cents from Petersen, twenty-five cents from Mrs Tom, one hundred cents from ditto—total, one dollar eighty-five cents. Of this thirty cents had gone to sustain life and four cents to make it cheerful. I could have wired to New York; but then I must live, and it seemed well that I should keep up my strength, and my hunger was that of a convalescent.

As I sauntered into town I saw my grizzled dog slaking his thirst at a wayside stream, where I stayed to wash my bandages. I dried them and replaced them with difficulty. As I entered the town, the dog at my heels, I heard a church bell ringing. I am sorry to say it only suggested the brilliant idea that here was a place where I could rest. I went into the bare brick chapel with the want of assurance bred of being ill-clad and of the treatment to which I had been subjected. I did not expect to be received with that eager hospitality which in city churches so warmly welcomes a disreputable-looking man; but by good luck it was very hot, and the congregation was scanty. I entered a well-cushioned pew far back and near to the door. No one came to my pew. When the service began I arranged my cushions and enjoyed comfort unknown for days. I slept through the sermon, which seemed to me quite too brief.

I think my canine friend missed me, for just as the sermon began he scratched at the door of the pew. It was not my business, and I let him amuse himself. Some one told him to get out, which order he apparently mistook, for he walked lazily along the aisle and went up into the pulpit. The preacher, in apparent uneasiness, asked some one to remove that dog. My tramp did not wait, but, conscious of being unwelcome, went down the middle aisle and out of the church. If there be a religion for dogs, he had not found it here. After this I fell asleep, as I have said.

I spent ten cents on milk and bread, and priced a pipe; it was beyond my means. After this mild meal I once more retired to the country. I found, as I expected, that I could not telegraph on the Sabbath. I recall that latter half-day as the only one in which I felt at all bored during this Bohemian time.

Resolved on economy, I tried two farmhouses before I could get as much as a crust, and it was eight o'clock when I persuaded an old woman that I needed help. I drank her sour milk and retired to the bank of a brook, where I ate my remnant of bread, finding it pleasant under the willows.

I meant on Monday to wire my office, but foresaw that, do what I might, I should still need some one to vouch for my identity. Altogether the outlook was not reassuring. Somewhere about 7 P.M. I felt a drop of rain and saw threat overhead of more to come. The Inn of Out-of-Doors is pleasant enough when skies are fair in mid-July; but the absence of roof may prove uncomfortable. I got up and looked about me. Then I took off my ragged hat and looked at it. Why I do not know, except that I saw Joe Jefferson do it in playing Rip Van Winkle. I laughed as I recalled my home and my stables and the club and the busy life of my office. I was beginning, however, to acquire a certain respect for my ability to overcome the difficulties of my curious isolation, and, indeed, at times to enjoy what I knew to be only temporary misfortune.

I wanted a dry shelter. I knew better than to try the barns; the dogs of Samaria were by no means amiable. Then I remembered the church. It was nearly dark when I entered the grave-

yard. It was supper-time, and no one was near. I found a window at the back which opened with ease; and, climbing in, I closed the sash. By the fast-fading light I saw that I was in what seemed to be a modest study. Here were half a hundred books, a desk, sermon-paper, and, above all, a lounge.

I was soon at ease. The time for an evening service went by. I began to think how pleasant it would be to write a sermon and leave it for the parson's use. Then I began to be conscious of a want. If only I had a pipe, a cigarette, a cigar. I think this was a suggestion due to the stale odour of tobacco, which revealed one weakness of the gentleman who had that morning so soothed me into slumber. Perhaps—oh, strong-winged hope!—perhaps he keeps here his pipe and his tobacco!

I came upon a glass petroleum lamp set on a table, and longed to light it; prudence prevailing, I resisted the temptation. Amidst the increasing gloom I began a search, conducted chiefly by touch. If I were found opening drawers and desk I would surely be convicted as a burglar; but no one was near. By-and-by, on a chair, shut in a book, I found a short pipe: I suspected what book it was, but shall never say. I had a kind of joy unknown since, as a boy, I ate my first stolen green apple. I came next upon a small bag of tobacco in the second drawer from the top on the left of the desk. Not to be seen of any, I sat on the floor; and, having sulphur matches in slabs, I lit my pipe. I sat still with my back to the wall, deliciously comfortable, while overhead the rain roared on the roof. I was soon to learn a lesson as to the limitations of human happiness.

I heard a noise within the church—steps. I learned long after that the good clergyman was apt to enter his study by this way. I stuffed pipe and tobacco into my pocket, and in the darkness dropped a row of matches. Awkward from weakness, I stumbled across a chair, put out a saving hand, and knocked over the petroleum lamp; it fell with a crash. I smelt the stuff just as I saw a yellow flash, and knew that I had set my foot on the matches. I understood at once what must happen. I snatched at the matches as the sulphur flamed up. It was too late. My hand was in the oil, and the flame caught my soaked bandage. The oil was all over the floor in a moment. I threw up a sash and jumped out, smothering the burning bandage with my coat-tail, and ran for my life through the darkness. It was raining heavily. When across a dozen fields I pulled up, well blown, and looked back. The wooden addition to the church was blazing, and the side windows of the main building were glowing with ominous red. It was a very fine, complete, and undisturbed fire; but I did not enjoy it. I was in the eyes of Samaria a tramp, and probably a horse-thief. Now I had burned their church up—or down, as you like to put it. I was really terrified at the prospect of what might happen to me if my involuntary arson became known. Who would believe me?

As I smelt horribly of petroleum, and as my bandages were evidently scorched, I thought it as well to conceal this material evidence of guilt. I tore off the outer rolls and put them in the brook and piled stones on them. I needed them; but the need not to wear them was the larger need.

The night was long and wet. At last, completely soaked, I lay down and fell asleep. I shall not dwell on my misery. I had made a great escape, and was thankful; moreover, I had —good heavens!—I had stolen a pipe and tobacco —oh, enough for a week. I discovered this at dawn. Properly speaking, penitence should have been accompanied with unwillingness to profit by my crime.

I lighted a pipe to assist me in the settlement of this problem in morals. I only clouded counsel with the pleasant results of wickedness. It takes at least four hours of the sun to dry clothes on a man. I never before knew that.

About ten on Monday I drove a hard bargain, and had for breakfast, at a cost of seven cents, a bowl of milk and bread as usual. Thus reinforced, I went past the smoking wreck of the church, reflecting on my amazing connection with the ruin, upon which many comments were being made by a loitering crowd.

I found my telegraph-man and asked him to write, as I could not use a pen. He grinned and said, 'What is it this time I am to wire?'

I said, 'To Woodburn & Caruthers, 3 Wall Street, New York. Wire credit, New Samaria Bank, ten thousand dollars. Use numbers.'

He said, 'That would be, at fifteen cents a word, one dollar and twenty cents.' He seemed to think it a grim joke.

I had now a capital of fourteen cents.

After this I went to the bank, attracting some attention by my raggedness. The bank appeared to have been once a small brick chapel, now converted to the use of Mammon. It had a look outside of melancholy indefiniteness, but within was prosperous with varnish and paint. I saw no one but an old, very bald man perched on a stool behind bars.

I said, 'I want to see the president.' Upon this the bald man became abruptly excited.

'Don't have no tramps here. You get out, and pretty quick, too.' His unlooked-for alertness was emphasised by a revolver, which he laid on the counter.

I said, 'I will keep away from the counter, but it will do no harm to hear what I say.'

'Well, what is it?'

'You will get a wire from the Eleventh National Bank, New York, crediting me, John Woodburn,

with ten thousand dollars. I will come back about half-past two.'

As I reflected on my appearance I said to myself, 'What will the man say?' My statement was calculated to tax the credulity of man or banker. I was pale, in rags, dirty, with plasters on my face and the remnant of a dirty bandage on my right hand.

'Yes, you'd best come then. If I was you I'd have made it thirty thousand dollars. Set-up job.'

'I thought of wiring for more,' said I.

This seemed to excite the bald man, and he let loose on me such ingenuity of epithets as a mule-driver would have envied. I left him unanswered. My vocabulary is limited. I bought one cigar, and inspected the town.

I had learned much in the last four days, and had added volumes of varied knowledge to the library of memory. I never in my life believed a beggar's tale, and now that no one credited mine I was amused and, I may add, instructively astonished. My funds were down to twelve cents. I was now well used to my extraordinary outfit, and took little note of the attention I received, except to wonder why the dogs so mistook a gentleman as to bark at his toilet. But the dogs of New Samaria seemed to share the prejudices of their masters. I spent three cents on milk, and was sure that under this simple diet I was fast gaining strength and freedom from vertigo. I was thus reduced to a capital of nine cents.

THE ASS IN REPARTEE.

IT requires a residence in the East to appreciate the ass at its true worth. There, in place of being used as a synonym for a dolt by a Dogberry or Carlyle, its patience and contentment, prudence and reflection, are extolled. It is only under civilisation that it is despised and neglected; because, as Buffon well observed, we possess a more powerful and noble animal in the horse—a truism that the following anecdote goes to prove: The then Duke of Newcastle, in conversation with the witty author of *Tristram Shandy*, observed that men of genius were unfit to be employed, being generally incapable of business; when the wit sarcastically replied, 'They are not incapable, my lord duke, but above it; a sprightly, generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.'

In electioneering humour humble Neddy has figured prominently. Many years ago an old freeholder at Hythe, who was something of a hawker, went about in a donkey-cart. He was a Tory (colour, dark blue). During a general election, the night before the polling-day, some wags painted the old man's donkey light blue, the Whig colour. Nevertheless the old man drove his painted donkey up to the polling-place, and cried out, 'A plumper for ——' (the Tory candidate). Asked for whom his donkey voted, he replied, 'Oh, he votes for the other side, as the other asses do.'

At a recent contest a ready answer secured one lady canvasser a Conservative vote. She had fluently advanced several reasons in favour of her candidate to a grumpy elector, who told her she could talk the hind-leg off a donkey. 'Well,' she replied, 'it would give me much more pleasure to drive you to the polling-station than to the hospital.' The retort so tickled the voter that he promised to support her side.

Somewhat similar was Rowland Hill's rejoinder when he read from his pulpit an anonymous letter reproaching him with driving to chapel in his carriage, and reminding him that this was not our blessed Lord's mode of travelling. He then said, 'I must admit that it is not; but if the writer of this letter will come here next Sunday, bridled and saddled, I shall have great pleasure in following our blessed Lord's example in that as in all other matters within my power.'

Another neat example of implication is the following: A young fellow, meeting a gentleman much older than himself at the house of a lady to whom both were paying their addresses, took the liberty of sarcastically asking his rival how old he was. 'I cannot tell you my age exactly,' was the reply, 'but I have always understood that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty.'

The late Archbishop Whately administered a like rebuke to a youthful A.D.C., who, dining at the Castle, Dublin, had accosted the Archbishop after dinner with the remark, 'I understand your Grace is very fond of conundrums. Can your Grace tell me the difference between an archbishop and a donkey?' 'Give it up,' said the Archbishop after a pause. 'An archbishop has a cross on his breast; a donkey has a cross on his back.' 'I say,' said the Archbishop after another pause, 'Mr A.D.C., can you tell me the difference between an A.D.C. and a donkey?' 'I cannot tell,' replied the A.D.C. 'Nor for the life of me can I.'

One of the best repartees of Dr Richard Busby, from many points of view the greatest English schoolmaster that ever lived, was provoked by one of the perverts of the time of James II.,

the famous Father Petre, who had been under him at Westminster. Busby asked him why he had changed his faith. The quondam pupil replied that 'the Lord had need of him.' 'I have read the Scriptures pretty diligently,' said Busby, 'and never read that the Lord had need of anything but once, and then it was of an ass.'

In the early days of the seventeenth century a foremastman belonging to a man-of-war, on being promoted, for good behaviour, to be a boatswain, was ordered on shore by his captain to receive his commission at the Admiralty Office. Thither Jack went, and he thus humorously described his reception: 'I bore away large for the Admiralty, and on entering the harbour espied a dozen or two quill-drivers. I hailed them. Not a word said they. "Hullo!" again said I. Not a word said they. "Shiver my topsails, but what can this mean?" said I. Then I took a piece of gold from my pocket, and holding it up to my peeper, "Hullo!" said I again. "Oh, hullo!' returned they. "So so, my boys," cried I, "you are like Balaam's ass, are you? You could not speak until you saw the angel"' (an old English coin then current, value ten shillings).

Another application of this Biblical narrative is related by Abraham Hayward, Q.C., in his essays on *The British Parliament: Its History and Eloquence.* He tells us that in the debate on the Bill for the repeal of the Occasional Conformity and Schism Acts in the House of Lords in December 1718, it was very warmly opposed by Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who said 'he had prophesied last winter that this Bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet.' Lord Coningsby rose immediately after the Bishop, and remarked that 'one of the right reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that famous prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass.' The Bishop, in reply, said, 'Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship.'

It is reported that the late Sir Frank Lockwood was in Yorkshire defending a man who was accused of stealing a donkey, when a witness for the prosecution declared he beheld the whole proceedings from afar. 'Now, my man,' quoth Mr Lockwood, as he then was, 'you must be extremely careful in your statements. You say you watched this affair from afar. Tell me, now, how far can you see a donkey to really know its points?' 'Just as far off as I am from you, maaster,' replied the yokel. And the great Q.C. subsided.

Though not strictly, yet so nearly akin to, a witty retort, the following notice, which, according to *The Annual Register* of 1807, was posted in a conspicuous place in North Shields, befits the subject in hand: 'CAUTION!—Whereas, several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr ——, the head of the Ropery Stairs: Now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public that he is determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding upon it at the time to take care of himself, lest, by some unfortunate mistake, he should shoot the wrong *animal.*'

The latest sample that has come under notice occurred last December in the House of Commons; and it can hardly be construed into even a veiled compliment to our generals in South Africa. Mr Powell-Williams, answering Mr T. Bayley, stated that according to the latest returns the number of horses landed in that country was one hundred and seventeen thousand seven hundred and thirty, and of mules sixty-four thousand seven hundred and thirty. Whereupon Mr Healy asked, 'Can the right honourable gentleman state how many asses were sent to South Africa?'

WAITING THE TIDE.

THE Sea is calling, calling; but I cannot hear its cry.
I only hear the falling of the echo ere it die;
But gladly would I follow, wherever it may be,
The land beyond the sunset, or the shores of Memory.

I've heard the same winged whisper, in the twilight of the morn,
Ring from the shining altar of the east ere day was born;
And in the deepening dusk I've seen, where burned the west in flame,
A hand that wrote in phantom guise the symbol of a name.

Oh, winds that wander, wander, to the east and to the west!
I pray you bear me yonder to the island of my quest,
Where the melody that's spoken is the song we thought to hear
From the lute that earth has broken in her fevered fret and fear.

Ye have heard that song enchanted, for ye bear it on your breath,
Though like a lilt, ghost-haunted, from the dusky hall of death.
Perchance I best shall hearken only in that twilit hall,
Or the shadows all may darken, and I never hear at all.

Oh Sea! give o'er your crying, if I must but wait the tide;
Oh Wind! cease wanton sighing, since the world is all too wide:
I'll learn a stoic wisdom till the Time-sprite sails with me
To the land beyond the sunset, or the shores of Memory.

M. ADAMSON.

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TOWN RESIDENCES OF CABINET MINISTERS.

INTERESTING HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

By WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM.

IT has been truly observed that a stranger will seek in vain in London for palaces of the nobility such as abound in Rome, Florence, and Naples—structures which bespeak their patrician ownership, and have each a history of its own as old almost and as full of matter as the city of which it forms a part. This is probably owing to the fact that the power of the aristocracy of England in the Middle Ages was not so great as that in other European countries, while their rural tastes tended to keep them from taking such an active interest in civic duties as was displayed by the nobles on the Continent.

However, *omnia mutantur*, and so we find that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many of the aristocracy had become the possessors of residences in the City so as to be in touch with the merchant-princes whose power and military prowess had such a predominant influence on the destinies of the nation. Many of these residences were occupied by their distinguished owners up to the Wars of the Roses; but from that time forward the aristocracy gradually migrated westward—first to Lincoln's Inn Fields, Soho, and Bloomsbury; then to St James's and its vicinity in order to be near the Court of the 'Merrie Monarch' at Whitehall and Parliament. A few of these residences still exist, and serve to recall the time when King Hal indulged in his mad pranks, and Charles II. habitually resorted *incognito* to the taverns of the City.

It is difficult in these days to picture Whitehall and Parliament Street (which are now chiefly occupied by large Government Offices) and Downing Street (the official residence of a number of Prime-Ministers, and now occupied by Mr Balfour) as the centre of the 'royal diversion' of the cock-pit, which was erected there by a crowned head for the more magnificent celebration of that bygone sport, cock-fighting.

Many interesting scenes have taken place in Downing Street since it was established by Sir G. Downing, who has been described as 'the maker of English history,' for at much risk he saved the life of Charles II. He was an American by birth, and came to reside in Cambridge. Appointed to the position of Secretary to the Treasury in 1667, when the office of Lord Treasurer was put in commission on the death of Lord Southampton, he gave his name to the 'greatest street in the world.' At that time there were several large houses at the upper end overlooking St James's Park. For a considerable period there seems to have been little, if any, change in the character of the street, as is shown by the following advertisement which appeared in the *Daily Courant* on February 26, 1722:

'To be lett together, or apart, by lease, from Lady Day next—Four large Houses with Coach Houses and Stables at the upper end of Downing Street, Westminster, the back-front to St James's Park, with a large Terras Walk before them next the Park. Enquire of Charles Downing, Esquire, Red Lyon Street.'

It is not generally known that, although all royal proclamations and diplomatic papers are dated from 'our Palace at Whitehall,' for nearly two hundred years the headquarters of the Government have been at No. 10 Downing Street; here the Cabinet Councils are held when the Prime-Minister is a commoner, and the home and foreign policy of the Government decided. The house belongs to the Crown. George I. gave it to Lord Bothmar, and on his death George II. offered it to Sir Robert Walpole, the Premier; but he would only accept it for his office as First Lord of the Treasury, and it has since remained the official residence of the holder of that post.

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Lady Walpole died there in 1738, and four years later Sir Robert went to reside in Arlington Street. It was to No. 10 Downing Street, too, that the great Lord Chatham was taken after his fatal swoon in the House of Lords.

William Pitt, his famous son, occupied this residence when he became Premier, and wrote his celebrated letters in reference to his attachment to Lord Auckland's eldest daughter, Eleanor Eden, in 1787. Pitt seems to have entertained the highest regard for Miss Eden, recognising, however, not only his financial difficulties, but that his health was shattered. It is somewhat remarkable that in all the correspondence which took place on the subject between the Great Commoner and Lord Auckland, the name of Miss Eden was never mentioned. Eventually the lady married Lord Hobart, afterwards the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and it is stated that when Pitt was informed of the event it almost broke his heart.

Among other illustrious personages who have lived at No. 10 Downing Street or used it for parliamentary purposes, besides those already mentioned, are Lord North, Lord Grey, Aubrey de Vere (the last Earl of Oxford), Lord Melbourne, Mr Disraeli, and Mr Gladstone. The building has no architectural features worthy of note; indeed, according to modern ideas, it is distinctly unattractive. The rooms, however, are large, and contain, *inter alia*, an old gilt state chair and other interesting relics.

Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century Downing Street—which, although its reputation is world-wide, is a short, narrow thoroughfare—contained a number of lodging-houses chiefly used by the Irish and Scotch members of Parliament. In one of them Smollett the historian, on the death of Dr Douglas, took up his residence as a surgeon, but with what success is not recorded. These houses were gradually pulled down to make room for the Government Offices; and eventually the house now used as the official residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was acquired, but much has been altered since it came into the possession of the Government. Its chief claim to notoriety is the fact that it was the residence of Mr Gladstone when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer; and it was here that he gave some of his famous breakfasts, which were at that period a very popular means for promoting an interchange of ideas. Of late years this practice has gradually fallen into desuetude. Probably the greatest historical event which took place at Downing Street was the signing of the preliminaries of peace with France in 1801; and many issues of great importance have also been decided here, the memory of which are enshrined in history.

The only other Cabinet Minister who by virtue of his position has an official residence is the First Lord of the Admiralty—a post now held by Lord Selborne. This is situated in Whitehall, near to where Charles I. was beheaded. As two hundred and fifty years have since elapsed, and as extensive alterations have been made from time to time, the actual spot on which the execution took place is uncertain; but there can be little doubt that it was witnessed from old Wallingford House, which occupied the site of the present Admiralty. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that Lord Wallingford's family saw the regicide strike the fatal blow and the man who assisted him hold up to the spectators the King's head streaming with blood, and also heard the loud cry, 'This is the head of a traitor!'

Wallingford House was the scene of many historical events. After the death of Charles I. it was used by Cromwell; and, subsequently, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was born there. Having spent an immense fortune, the latter died in very unenviable circumstances, as will be seen from the following lines written by Pope:

> In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
> The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
> On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
> With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw;
> The 'George' and 'Garter' dangling from the bed,
> Where tawdry yellow strives with dirty red,
> Great Villiers lies. Alas! how changed for him,
> That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
> Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove—
> The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
> Or just as gay at Council, in a ring
> Of mimic statesmen and their merry king:
> No wit to flatter left of all his store,
> No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
> There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
> And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!

The residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty adjoins the main building, and is a spacious house. Here he conducts all his official business and prepares the naval estimates. There is a door communicating with the Admiralty, so that the First Lord can be in touch with all the officials. The elevation of the main building is built of brick and stone, and in the centre is a tetrastyle Ionic portico with projecting wings. In the interior is a large hall with numerous offices. When Nelson was killed at Trafalgar his body was brought to this country, and lay in state for several days at Greenwich. It was, the day before the funeral at St Paul's, conveyed to the Admiralty, where it was placed in the large room on the ground floor.

For upwards of two centuries the houses in Arlington Street, Piccadilly, have been occupied by distinguished personages, and many of the important events which have taken place there are recorded in history. The street is now famous because one of the houses in it is the town residence of the late Premier, Lord Salisbury. The house which he occupies—No. 20—was rebuilt by his lordship, and therefore it is only

noted for the political events which have taken place there during recent years. It is interesting to recall the fact that the old Marchioness of Salisbury who was burned to death at Hatfield in 1834 was for many years one of the leaders of smart society, and her Sunday evening receptions in the old house at Arlington Street were a feature of the London season. One of the interesting events which took place in this street was the quarrel between Lord Nelson and his wife in reference to Lady Hamilton. Mr Hazelwood (Lord Nelson's executor) in a letter to Sir H. Nicolas records the circumstances as follows:

'In the winter of 1800–1801 I was breakfasting with Lord and Lady Nelson at their lodging in Arlington Street, and a cheerful conversation was passing on indifferent subjects, when Lord Nelson spoke of something which had been done or said by "dear Lady Hamilton;" upon which Lady Nelson rose from her chair and exclaimed with much vehemence, "I am sick of hearing of dear Lady Hamilton, and am resolved that you shall give up either her or me." Lord Nelson with perfect calmness said, "Take care, Fanny, what you say. I love you sincerely; but I cannot forget my obligations to Lady Hamilton or speak of her otherwise than with affection and admiration," without one soothing word or gesture. Muttering something about her mind being made up, Lady Nelson left the room and shortly after drove from the house. They never lived together afterwards.'

Among those who have lived in Arlington Street were Horace Walpole; Lord Dorchester, with his daughter Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; the Duchess of Cleveland, after the death of Charles II.; and the Duchess of Buckingham, widow of Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham; while, according to Pepys, a sister of Milton was married from there.

It would be difficult to find a mansion in the Metropolis which from an historical or political point of view is more interesting than Devonshire House in Piccadilly. From the time when Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, held her court there, and received the homage of Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, and other eminent personages, down to the present day, this noble residence has been, so to speak, the rendezvous of the leaders of society and politics. There is nothing striking in the exterior of the building, the elevation being distinctly plain. The interior of the house is magnificent from every point of view. The rooms, which are large and well proportioned, are furnished in the most lavish style; the decorations are of the costliest character; the picture-galleries contain the *chefs-d'œuvre* of British and foreign artists; the library is rich in every department of literature; and the grounds at the back are beautifully laid out. The house, which now contains one of the most elaborate staircases in London, being constructed of marble and alabaster, with balustrades of solid crystal, was erected in 1735 for William Cavendish, the third Duke of Devonshire.

It is not generally known that there is or was a secret underground passage between Devonshire House and Lansdowne House in Berkeley Square. This was used by the first Duke of Devonshire during the Revolution of 1688, of which he was one of the leaders. The present Devonshire House, it may be explained, occupies the site of the old Berkeley House, which the first duke occupied. His Grace, who was formerly Earl of Devonshire, was raised to the dukedom for the active part he took in the Revolution.

For nearly two centuries members of the Devonshire family were identified with the Whigs, and every prominent opponent of Pitt was welcomed at Devonshire House. In 1784 the Tory party used every endeavour to defeat Fox, who was a candidate for the representation of Westminster. Nearly the whole of the other London parishes had given their verdict, and the two parties were almost equally divided; whereupon the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, with her sister Lady Duncannon, set themselves to gain the suffrages of the outlying voters. According to Sir N. W. Wraxall, 'these ladies, being furnished with lists of the outlying voters, drove in their carriages to their respective dwellings, sparing neither entreaties nor promises. In some instances even personal caresses were said to have been permitted in order to prevail on the sulky and inflexible; and there can be no doubt of common mechanics having been conveyed to the hustings by the duchess in her own coach.' By this means Fox beat Sir C. Wray, his opponent, notwithstanding the efforts which were made on behalf of the latter by the Countess of Salisbury. After the election, which was one of the most exciting recorded in history, an immense procession, composed of Fox's supporters, proceeded to Devonshire House, where a distinguished company, including the Prince of Wales, had assembled. Here the successful candidate made a speech, and the mob dispersed.

In addition to the many political events which have taken place at Devonshire House, mention should also be made of the splendid entertainments which have been given there. The balls have been graced by the presence of numerous members of the royal families of Europe; while the private theatricals have never been surpassed in magnificence.

Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, occupies the splendid house which bears his name in Berkeley Square. It was built in 1765 for the Earl of Bute, who, when made Premier by George III., brought the war between France and Spain to a conclusion by the Treaty of Fontainebleau—an act which was so extremely unpopular in this country that it was

suggested that he had either received a handsome present from France for signing the treaty, or that he had invested largely in the public funds just before peace was declared. The public indignation was so great that Lord Bute was compelled to retire into private life. He sold the mansion to Lord Shelburne, afterwards the Marquis of Lansdowne, for twenty-two thousand pounds—about three thousand pounds less than it cost.

The latter died in 1805, and the *Times* in recording the event said the principal cause of public regret for his demise was that only a fortnight before his death he had declared his knowledge of the Junius secret; and yet among his papers was to be found no indication that could lead to its discovery. He was succeeded by his eldest son, the Earl of Wycombe, whose first act on coming into possession was to sell almost all the literary and artistic treasures which his father had accumulated with so much love and labour. The greater part of these were dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, many of the pictures going to enrich the National Gallery, the Grosvenor House, and other collections. The Lansdowne manuscripts were kept together, being purchased by the British Museum; while the gallery of antique marbles was the sole portion of the collection for which the Marquis showed any appreciation—his opinion being expressed in the fact that he purchased it from his father's executors for six thousand pounds. He died in November 1809, and was succeeded by his half-brother, the third marquis, whose first care was to purchase the antique marbles from his sister-in-law, and at Lansdowne House they may now be seen, some of them—as the 'Youthful Hercules' and the 'Mercury'—justly considered the finest statues of the kind that have found their way to this country. As for the pictures, when the Marquis succeeded to the title, there was not one in this great mansion, with the exception of a few family portraits; but Lord Lansdowne set himself to the formation of a gallery, which now comprises a very large collection of great interest and value, but miscellaneous in character, no school or master predominating, unless it be Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Park Lane, in which are the residences of two Cabinet Ministers—Lord Londonderry, the Postmaster-General, and Mr G. Wyndham, the Chief Secretary for Ireland—was originally called Tyburn Lane. Here once stood the Tyburn turnpike; and up to a comparatively recent period the thoroughfare was distinguished by its rural appearance. Park Lane is now considered one of the most fashionable residential quarters of London. Londonderry House, formerly Holdernesse House, at the corner of Hertford Street, is the residence of the Postmaster-General. This noble building, which was built in 1850, is regarded as one of the finest town residences in the Metropolis. It commands a fine view of Hyde Park, and contains a magnificent picture-gallery, including portraits of British and foreign monarchs of the present century. There is also some priceless statuary by several of the great masters.

Three other members of the Cabinet live in Chelsea—Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Secretary for Scotland, at 47 Cadogan Square; Lord James of Hereford, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, at 41 Cadogan Square; and Lord Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at Chelsea House, Cadogan Place. These residences, having been built within the last twenty or thirty years, possess no historical interest. Chelsea House, which is the finest mansion of the three, was rebuilt in 1874. The principal rooms are most elaborately furnished, and one of the most noteworthy features is the main staircase, which is of Sicilian marble. The manor and estate of Chelsea came into the possession of the family through the marriage of the second Lord Cadogan to Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Hans Sloane. On the death of the latter the manor was divided between the two sisters, Lady Cadogan and Mrs Stanley; and when the Stanley family became extinct the whole of the property came into the possession of Lord Cadogan. Sir Hans Sloane's magnificent collection of books, manuscripts, works of art, &c. had previously been purchased by Parliament, and led to the establishment of the British Museum, the greatest national collection of treasures in the world.

The remaining members of the Cabinet, with two exceptions, have their town residences in places which are not remarkable in any way. The two Cabinet Ministers to whom I refer are Mr Brodrick, the Secretary of State for War, who resides at No. 34 Portland Place, and Mr Akers Douglas, the First Commissioner of Works, whose town house is at No 113 Mount Street. The residences themselves, however, are 'unknown to fame;' their importance lies in the fact that their immediate surroundings are of historic interest. Portland Place is one of the widest thoroughfares in London, and at one time was the most fashionable residential part of the West End; even now some of the houses are occupied by peers and other eminent personages. Lord Foley, who formerly owned a house on the spot now occupied by the Langham Hotel, was a friend of the great Lord Mansfield; and it is stated that the latter owned his success in life to this distinguished nobleman; for when he was studying for the Bar he was very poor, and Lord Foley, evidently seeing that he would eventually make his mark in the world, made him an allowance of two hundred pounds a year to help him to 'keep up appearances' until he could earn a sufficient income for himself. His unparalleled success at the Bar justified the opinion of his lordship, for his first case made his reputation as an orator, and within two years he was conducting appeals in the House of Lords,

eventually becoming, as is well known, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, and one of the greatest masters of jurisprudence that this country has produced.

In Mount Street (which owes its name to the fact that in 1643 a fort was erected there in the line of fortifications hastily drawn round the suburbs by order of Parliament when an attack was expected by the royal forces) was the celebrated coffee-house called 'The Mount,' from which Laurence Sterne dated many of his love-letters to Mrs Draper and other well-known society ladies of the period.

Many other interesting events connected with the London residences of our Cabinet Ministers might be recorded, but enough has been stated to prove that although, compared with the town houses of Continental statesmen, they may be inferior from an architectural point of view, yet in historic interest and the important part they have played in the political life of the country they are unequalled.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

CHAPTER VIII.—IN THE IMPERIAL GARDENS.

ON that morning the Emperor of Styria might have been mistaken for some British country squire making a tour of inspection in his grounds before the hour of luncheon. Yet his was perhaps the most striking and most pathetic figure in European politics, the man whose troubled life had been, for some score of years, the chief link that bound the constituents of the united empire under one sceptre. His private story was one of many sorrows and disappointments, while his crown had been described as one of the thorniest in the world. Many supposed that it was only in the work of governing that the Emperor found a relief from the troubles of his private life, and that a thorny crown was therefore some kind of compensation; but it is possible that these did not realise that here was one who saw that he had been given a great part to play, and had the spirit to play it greatly.

He came up the path slowly, looking to right and left; and he was within a yard or two of the threshold when he first looked before him. Then he saw Mr Barrows.

The latter had subdued his nervousness by a great effort. Standing beside the table, he saluted the Emperor and submitted to a quick but searching scrutiny. Age had not even dimmed His Majesty's faculties, for constant and tremendous use had kept them keen in spite of time. After that one look he sank into a chair. Mr Barrows remained standing, and the table was between them.

'You are the Mr Barrows?' said the Emperor placidly. 'And you wished to see me?'

Their relations during the interview took all their colour from that quiet question. 'Yes, your Majesty,' answered Mr Barrows.

'I understand that you have some communication to make in the matter of the Hamars. I am ready to hear you.'

Leaning back in his chair, he laid his walking-cane across his knees and waited. Mr Barrows had long prepared his story, but naturally found a difficulty in beginning it. He was about to open an old wound.

He began at last, huskily; but his voice gained firmness as he went on.

'Your Majesty's kindness is very great. In speaking on behalf of the family of Count Hamar, I feel that I am dealing with a painful subject.'

He paused; but the Emperor, though he was listening closely, gave no sign. Therefore Mr Barrows continued:

'Quite by accident, or perhaps by the hand of God, I found some weeks ago that the Countess Hamar and her daughter were friendless and helpless in London, the Count having died there in exile. I found also that they were being pursued by a relentless and powerful enemy. This enemy had accomplished their ruin at home out of malice; but their ruin was not enough. In order to profit more fully by their situation, he had followed them even in their exile.'

Again Mr Barrows paused. The Emperor had turned, his face darkening perceptibly.

'Be careful, sir,' he said.

Mr Barrows was sufficiently pale, but he showed an unexpected courage. 'I will be careful, your Majesty,' he said, 'speaking only what is necessary, and what I know to be true.' And with that he resumed:

'When I saw this, I remembered that the prime cause, or one prime cause, was Prince Adrian of Zell, by whose influence Count Hamar had been led into disloyalty; and I felt that if he had lived to this day he would have seen it his duty to do, for those helpless women, anything he might be able to do in atonement. I felt also that there was some such duty even upon myself, through my connection with the Prince and my knowledge of his affairs; therefore I offered the Countess my protection, and found her a shelter. Her enemy, however, still pursued her, and at last I resolved to appeal to him in person. In seeking him I came face to face with one I had not thought to see, one who knew a secret which placed me in his

power. He was also an old enemy of mine, and it was his nature neither to forget nor to forgive.'

Mr Barrows's voice faltered slightly at that point. It recovered its firmness immediately.

'This man was relentless. He gave me a choice. I must either abandon those whom I wished to protect, or I must face the chances of a duel—a duel, not with him, but with his son. I may tell your Majesty that there would be no chance for me in such a contest as that, even if I chose to face it; therefore the result would be the same, as far as his victims were concerned, and for me much worse.'

The level tones of the speaker now seemed to have a slight vibration in them. The shadow was still upon the Emperor's face.

'There seemed to be only one thing to do—to move out of the way. At this point, however, I remembered your Majesty's kindness and your unfaltering justice; and it came to me that I might appeal to that justice on behalf of those who were suffering for the faults of—of my dead master. But I knew well that Prince Adrian owed a debt to the name of your Majesty's House, and that debt his life. He cannot now pay it; but I thought that another, and that other his companion in fault, might take the debt upon himself instead. And if he did so, I thought that he might ask one thing of your Majesty: protection for the helpless. As far as it might lie in his power, he might make restitution.'

The voice sank at the end of the story, until it was little more than a whisper. When his story was done Mr Barrows stood waiting, one hand resting upon the edge of the table.

Several moments passed in a constrained silence. The shadow had now left the Emperor's face; but it had been replaced by a slight smile, not of pleasure but rather of a bitter amusement. There was some trace of this in his speech.

'Then, if I understand you, you wish to make what amends you may to the Salzberg honour. But in doing so you also wish to make a bargain with the Head of the House?'

Mr Barrows flushed. He might have appreciated the Emperor's directness, even if he did not like it.

'There is much to be said for your plan,' His Majesty went on reflectively. 'The only way in which Prince Adrian could have shown his sense of what was due to honour would have been by making some atonement of this kind. He failed to do it; and perhaps the only person well fitted to take his place is his fellow-conspirator and his companion.'

The words were well enough, but the tone was not promising. Mr Barrows heard the words, but took more notice of the tone. Suddenly the Emperor turned and faced him fully. There was a ring of anger and indignation in his voice.

'But, my friend,' he said, 'there are two or three points which you have forgotten to take into consideration. You are not well acquainted with the Salzberg honour, and you failed to notice them.'

Mr Barrows shrank before the look that pierced him, the keen scorn in the old man's eyes. He looked as guilty as he had done in the presence of Count Brode.

'One thing is this,' the harsh voice went on: 'you have forgotten that honour is not to be bought and sold. Another, you have forgotten that Prince Adrian's debt to that honour stands quite apart from the question of the Hamars. It is owing in any case. Yet another, you have forgotten that kings do not bargain!'

Three blows, where either of the three might have been enough! The Emperor rose from his chair, but he did not remove his gaze from Mr Barrows's face. He had given his answer; he had said all that there was to say. His rising was a sign that the talk was finished.

Mr Barrows knew this, and saw that his one opening was being closed. Perhaps he valued it the more because he was losing it; perhaps despair gave him the last species of courage. He spoke again, stammeringly.

'Is this—is this my answer?'

'It is your answer,' was the brief reply.

Still there was a moment left—a moment, during which they faced each other before parting. 'The debt,' cried Mr Barrows—'the debt shall be paid. Your Majesty shall know when it is done, and the rest shall be in your hands. It is all I can do.'

There was a note almost of defiance in his appeal. He searched the Emperor's face with eager eyes, heedless of his own words, but knowing well his own meaning. In the moment that followed he thought—and how often this thought came back to him in the next few days—he thought he saw a slight sign of hope, a trace of softening, a dimness, as it were, falling over that look of keen scorn. Then he received a sign which he could not disobey.

'I thank your Majesty,' he said, 'for hearing me;' and he passed out into the sunshine.

He went hurriedly down the path by which he had come, unable to decide, such was the chaos of his thoughts, whether he had failed or succeeded. At the first turn of the path he found some one waiting for him, pacing slowly to and fro. It was the Chancellor.

They walked together towards the door, passed out beyond the silent sentry, and so into the other garden. Not a word was said until they came to the side-door of the house, by which Mr Barrows had entered an hour before. The parting was to be a hasty and informal one.

At the last, however, there was a pause, just

as Baron Quinzell was opening the door. Mr Barrows remembered what was due to him.

'I am grateful for your Excellency's help,' he said earnestly.

The Chancellor bowed in reply. Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse of kindness to this pale and shaken guest, he held out his hand. Men said that Quinzell never acted on impulse; but perhaps this case was an exceptional one. Mr Barrows went out, and the door was closed behind him.

The Chancellor lost no time in returning to the gardens. He found his master still sitting in the summer-house.

'He is gone?' asked the Emperor absently.

'Yes, sire.'

The Chancellor stood at the other side of the table, and looked at the Emperor with thoughtful eyes. Perhaps he was wondering whether this thing had been worth the doing; for he saw that the opening of an old wound had been a painful matter. Now that his emotions had died away, the Emperor looked feeble and exhausted.

'I gave the only answer I could,' he said. 'I had not kept that idea of honour so long to give even a jot of it up now. And yet—and yet—— But it was a strange thing. Of course he will not do it, even if the case be as you think; but there is the idea, the aspiration. And that is something, Quinzell.'

'Yes, sire.'

'Sometimes I think that honour cannot fail entirely in one of our House. Its call must be heard, sooner or later. It failed in Adrian; but now, you see, it cries out—it cries out even from his grave.—But there, Quinzell, I leave this to you. You will see to it, and let me know the end. Let us go in.'

He rose wearily, and they left the place together. The Emperor leaned on the other's arm, as he had learned to do in more than one sense during recent years. So they went up slowly towards the palace.

In the meantime Mr Barrows was making his way back to his hotel, whence he immediately departed for the railway station. He made no attempt at first to think of what had happened, for another matter was now pressing. The week which Count Brode had given him was passing swiftly, and he must reach home before it ended. He could find time for thought during the journey.

When the time for thought came, it brought him anything but comfort. He saw, first, that he had failed in his mission, for he had not obtained the assurance he had asked for. Then the scornful words of the old Emperor echoed in his mind, and again and again he felt the humiliation of the moment in which they had been spoken. But he remembered, too, that although he had not obtained a pledge he had given one; and as soon as quiet consideration came, he wondered what had made him do it. He had come here to offer a sacrifice in return for a promise, or rather to obtain a promise in return for a sacrifice! In the event, he had pledged himself to accomplish the sacrifice without obtaining the promise. The Salzberg honour was an inexorable code. He must do the whole thing!

His moods varied. At one time he suffered the keenest shame, and blamed himself utterly for his folly in undertaking such a cause. He would abandon it now, and take the alternative of recommencing life in some other quarter of the world, where he could once more, and this time for ever, cut himself free from old ties and follies. This mood would pass, and he would recall, with some gleam of hope, the more favourable signs. There was that look which he had seen in the Emperor's face; there was the Chancellor's grip of the hand—surely a significant thing at least. Perhaps the opening was still there after all. Then there was the pledge he had given under such a curious impulse. Honour he had considered a thing apart from him; but—— And then he thought of the Emperor himself, so old and so pathetic a figure, with his high standard of action and his life of disappointment and tragedy. Under the influence of these thoughts he changed his plans; and when to these was added the thought of those who awaited his return, he almost felt that only one course was possible to him. His life was of no value to any one; here was a chance—just a chance—of making it finally useful. He would take that chance!

His journey was as long as it was wretched, and he did not reach his house until the early morning of the sixth day. At that hour the place was silent, and after he had let himself in he went directly to his own room. It was there that he had come to his decision before, and it was there that he must go through the struggle again.

Weary from sleeplessness and travelling, it was in vain, however, that he tried to arrange his ideas and find a conclusion. Torn between doubt and resolution, racked by the deepest uncertainty, he sat for over an hour without result. Then his housekeeper, who had heard him enter, came down and prepared a hasty breakfast for him; but as soon as this was over he returned to his chair. There was no time to lose. He must write to-day, accepting the challenge, or he must go!

After a while he was startled by a light tap at the window. It was Hadfield, who, passing on his way to the office, had glanced in to see his neighbour sitting in his favourite place.

Mr Barrows opened the window. 'So you're back,' cried Hadfield. 'But how ill you look!'

'Do I?' said Mr Barrows. 'Well, it has been rather a rush, you know.'

'I suppose so. How did you get on?'

Mr Barrows hesitated. 'Oh,' he said, 'fairly well, I think; but I'll tell you all about it later. How is the Countess?'

Hadfield beamed. 'Well, the fact is,' he said, 'she has been making progress. Perhaps it was because of you—the thought, you know, that somebody was really doing something for her. She will be downstairs early to-day, in the hope of seeing you back.'

'Ah! Then I shall go in soon. Good-morning.'

Hadfield saluted with his cane playfully, and passed on. Mr Barrows closed the window, and found that the encounter had steadied his thoughts a little. He took a turn in the garden, and this had a further good effect. In due time he went in to see his neighbours.

They had been awaiting him, as he found when he entered the little dining-room which had been given up to their use. The Countess lay upon the couch, but she rose to meet him with a flush upon her wasted face.

'So you have come back?' she said.

'So I have come back,' answered Mr Barrows, quietly.

He turned to speak to Edna, who gave him a look of welcome. Then he sat down.

As he did so, he realised, with intense relief, that his indecision was passing away. Perhaps the period of doubt had gone; perhaps the presence of the two much-wronged women was itself enough to restore him to that mood in which he had faced a great ordeal. Or perhaps there was an atmosphere here which was capable of strengthening weakness and raising a man to his best levels.

'Well,' he said slowly, 'I think I have been able to do something for you. I have seen—I have seen the Chancellor.'

Before they could recover from their surprise he went on: 'I thought it best, Countess, to go at once to the highest place. Nor was I wrong, for I think I may say, now, that there is hope.'

Still looking into his face, the Countess smiled. But at the same time the flush died from her cheeks, and she sank back upon the cushions. Edna moved swiftly to her side.

'Ah, my friend,' she said, 'you must forgive me. This news is so good! I had almost begun to fear—indeed, I have sometimes dreamed it—that we should never see Lusia again, never see our home at Cronia.'

'That is all past now,' said Edna softly.

'Yes,' added Mr Barrows. 'I think it is all past now. You must grow strong in readiness. I must not tell you, yet, what the Chancellor said, as I may have to go away again soon; but he was willing to listen, and he was courteous. Soon there may be more to tell you; but you must leave it all to me.'

The Countess smiled gratefully. 'Fully we do so, dear friend,' she said, 'until we can repay you all. But are you going so soon?'

Mr Barrows had risen. There was no sign of uncertainty in his answer.

'For the present, yes. Perhaps I shall come in again later. This morning I have to write a letter.'

SOME HEBRIDEAN SUPERSTITIONS.

QUAINT survivals of the more primitive forms of superstition may still be found in various parts of Britain. The more remote the district and the less exposed to contact with the outside world, the greater is the chance of the old-time fancies persisting. Such conditions are well supplied in the Hebrides, and notably in Lewis, the most remote of the island-group.

Lewis is a district at present in a state of transition. A visitor finds its villages made up mainly of typical crofters' houses; but among these he will usually find one or two with modern gables, windows, and chimneys. This may be taken as an emblem of the general condition of the district: the new has intruded on the old, and the most time-honoured manners, modes of life, and even forms of thought are being gradually transformed by the contact.

Contrasts sometimes emerge so startling as to bewilder the stranger. Stornoway, the capital of the district, is no sleepy country village, as might be supposed, with an indolent interest in the parish pump; but, as the casual visitor discovers to his astonishment, a very advanced little town, even as those things are reckoned in the south, with an interest of the keenest in the larger politics of the Empire. Yet within half-an-hour's walk of the town, and within sight of the stately pile of Stornoway Castle, one may find the chimneyless and all but windowless houses where the human and the bovine still sleep beneath the same roof. Go farther out into the rural parts, and you may observe with an eye curious, if not indignant, a woman dragging a harrow over the new-ploughed croft, while overhead the telegraph-wire sings in the fresh breeze. Surely here, if anywhere, the centuries meet, and

> Old and New
> Welter upon the border of the world;

and here, in the midst of fourteenth century conditions, lives a peasantry of good physique, of

high mental ability, respectable, God-fearing, and law-abiding, with a strongly developed self-respect and a racial intolerance of adverse criticism.

Among such unique conditions there naturally lingers in their customs and modes of thought much that is fascinating and strange; but it is the purpose of the present article to confine itself to a few of the superstitions that, in spite of church and school, still survive among certain of the people in the remoter districts.

Nor need those readers who are free from the particular fancies to be mentioned be too ready to lift the eyebrow in scorn. Superstition always dies hard. How many dinner-companies could one find to-day of cultured people where there are not two or three members who would shudder to spill the salt or would feel uncomfortable in a party of thirteen? There are dozens of little superstitions still widely distributed among us: one man will not pass under a ladder, another does not care to turn back for things forgotten, and a third will not begin a new undertaking on a Friday. The difference between these ideas and the belief in fairies and witches is rather one of degree than of kind; the one person goes the length of believing in good and bad luck, the other goes further and tries to account for it by imagining that behind the luck are certain supernatural agencies friendly or hostile to the person affected.

Most of the instances to be considered fall into one of two classes: those relating to magical remedies for the cure of sickness in men and animals, and those connected with witchcraft.

The visitations of sickness and disease are more or less mysterious at all times, and it is natural that a good many superstitions connected with their cure should still remain. One of the most widespread of these beliefs is that relating to the cure of 'king's evil' through the influence of a seventh son or daughter. Many people still believe in its efficacy; but the method of procedure varies in different districts. In some cases the 'seventh son' dips his hand in water, which is then used to wash the sore; or he may rub the part affected for a certain number of times or on seven successive mornings. When the treatment is not successful the failure is easily explained away by the suggestion that the sickness was not a genuine case of 'king's evil,' but some other disease like it. A similar instance is related of an attempt to cure rheumatism in the back by making the patient lie prone on the floor while a seventh son stood on the part affected. A feature to be noted here is the use of the mystic number seven, which has had such prominence in the history of popular superstitions. Interesting cases are those where disease is treated as a personal entity—as, for example, in the attempt to cure a tumour by threatening it with an axe. The feeling which prompts this method of treatment carries one back to childhood days, and through that to the remote childhood of the race.

The regular washing of a wound with water, which is likely in itself to have curative effects, has been often associated with a supernatural or magical element. Adder-bite, for instance, is by some supposed to be cured if the wound is washed regularly with warm water in which has been steeped a serpent-stone. This is a round, bluish stone which, according to one account, is found in the serpent's hole, and which has in its centre a perforation made by the young adder. Another method of cure was for the person bitten to make as speedily as possible for the nearest running water; when, if he reached the stream before the adder, and bathed the wound in it, his hurt was healed. In one district a glossy-black stone, with a perforation similar to that mentioned, was found in the churchyard, and has been used to cure toothache. This was done by holding in the mouth for some time water which had been poured through the hole in the stone. Attempts have been made to cure a dog's bite by bathing the wound with water in which the dog's teeth had been previously washed. The homœopathy suggested here reminds one of the toper's phrase, 'a hair of the dog that bit him.'

Probably children everywhere have traditions of their own about mysterious methods of destroying warts on the hands. In one part of Lewis the method recommended is as follows: A tiny piece of stolen meat is taken, or, failing that, eighty-one joints of straws. The introduction here of the other mystic number, nine, may be noticed in passing. The meat is buried secretly in the ground and covered over with a stone in a place not reached by the direct rays of the sun. The slow decay of the meat or of the straws, providing they are not disturbed in any way, is accompanied by the wearing away of the warts. Another method of cure is for the person affected to bathe the warts in a pool in the water of which the moon's rays are reflected.

Where every family keeps one or more cows, and where the cuisine and comfort of the household largely depend on the supply of milk, it is natural that some of these magical remedies should relate to the diseases of cattle. The sick animal has sometimes been given water to drink in which a gold coin had been placed. When gold was not available—which we can well imagine was frequently the case—silver might be tried instead. Some time ago the writer was told by a gentleman who recently resided in the Lews that he had with much persuasion secured a set of 'witch stones' from their owner as a curiosity. These were certain smooth stones of a dark colour that were regarded in the district as having curative properties. One evening after dusk he was much surprised to hear that a

respectable woman of the village had come tapping at the kitchen window to prefer a request for the use of the stones to cure a cow of hers which was ailing. At first he demurred; but on the woman earnestly pressing her request, he at length gave her the stones, which were duly used for the cure of the sick cow, and afterwards returned as stealthily as they had been obtained.

Another recent instance of a similar belief was furnished in a breach of the peace case which came before the Sheriff Court at Stornoway in July 1899. During the course of the evidence one woman belonging to a village near Stornoway declared that another woman had said that if she had had 'the tooth' she would have put it down the witness's chimney and have set fire to the house. Further questions from the Bench elicited from her and other witnesses the following facts about the 'fairy dog's tooth:' It was larger than a man's tooth, and one end of it was red and the other end beginning to decay. Water into which it had been dipped was used for the cure of sickness in men and animals. Even the simple holding of the tooth had curative effects. Two of the witnesses had themselves paid a shilling for the privilege of holding the tooth, and one of them had taken it from one village to another to heal some sick cattle. Water in which it had been placed for a time was given them to drink, and as a result of this treatment they recovered. It came out in the course of further evidence that the tooth was believed to have been given to the great-grandfather of one of the witnesses by 'something' which met him one night when he was on his way home from Stornoway.

Much fairy folklore still lingers in the district, and some of the tales of the little 'dwellers in the mound' and their ways are delightful. How far any of the people still really believe in the existence of fairies is more difficult to settle; but the incident about to be related is reported to have occurred so recently as last year. Near a village on one of the sea-lochs are rocky cliffs, and from these on a certain Tuesday evening was heard the sound of the bagpipes. From the nature of the place it seemed impossible that the sounds heard could be of human origin. The only other explanation was the supernatural one. The horrified listeners sent word to the village of the strange occurrence, and forth came certain of the elders accompanied by a crowd of those who were curious enough or brave enough to venture near the spot whence proceeded the uncanny music. On arriving the elders read portions of the Scriptures, including the account of the Temptation, and offered up lengthy prayers. After about two hours spent in this manner the people returned to their homes. The exorcism had evidently been successful, as the sounds were heard no more. Two days afterwards one of the elders, with three other persons, was down at the beach engaged in painting a fishing-boat, when a mysterious sound of knocking was heard from the inside of the boat, which rocked from side to side, while the mast trembled. The other boats near, to which this one was fastened, gave no sign of sharing in the movement. The men, it is reported, dropped their tools and ran home. The explanation offered by some of the villagers was that the fairies, angry at being driven from the cliff, were doing some secret damage to the boat with the intention of causing a disaster to the crew when they had set out for the fishing. Whether this part of the story had any sequel or not the writer has not yet learned; but one can easily imagine that if any mischance happened to that boat during the fishing season an explanation in accordance with the previous occurrences would be readily forthcoming.

Perhaps the most firmly embedded superstitions, and at the same time the most objectionable in their effects, are those relating to witchcraft. The belief that certain persons, usually old women, can bewitch animals and things holds its place tenaciously. This is especially the case in connection with cows. When a cow has been bewitched the milk becomes of poor quality and ceases to yield cream. It was at one time a belief, now almost obsolete, that if any woman had borrowed a burning peat with which to kindle her fire, and if little butter came at the lender's next churning, the butter had been taken away under the guise of fire. A borrowed churn which yielded little butter when returned was supposed to have been bewitched when out of its owner's possession. Only those who have experienced at first hand the vagaries of a hand-churn, in their attempts to make butter rise in it, will understand the strength of the temptation to relieve the churner's mind by a facile supernatural explanation of what depends on such a complicated set of conditions as temperature, quality of milk, and manner of churning.

The powerful hold which fancies such as these still have on the minds of the more ignorant section of the people in the remoter districts may be best gathered from an authentic instance that occurred quite recently. In an assault case tried in Stornoway Sheriff Court in November 1899, and reported in the local newspaper, the following interesting points came out in connection with the current belief in witchcraft. In a township in the northern part of Lewis a cow belonging to a certain woman, whom we may call Mrs A., had been giving a poor quality of milk, and the notion became current that the cow had been bewitched by a neighbour-woman, whom we shall call Mrs B. On two occasions when Mrs A. was driving home her cows the particular animal mentioned broke away from the others and made for Mrs B.'s house. This seemed to confirm Mrs A.'s suspicions; and on the second occasion she

ran after the cow, calling out, 'What makes my cow go to that house to-night and last week more than to any other house in the place?' meaning thereby, as she explained herself, that her cow 'was going after its own'—that is, after the substance of its milk which had been taken away by Mrs B.'s witchcraft. Mrs B., hearing the disparaging remarks, called out her husband, and then followed the assault which had given rise to the trial.

In his defence, Mr B. said that when he heard the rumours about his wife he got three of 'the constables' of the township to come and examine his cow's milk to see if it were any richer than usual, as would be the case if the substance of Mrs A.'s cow's milk were present in it. He also said that previous to this there had been a talk of Mrs A.'s cow having been bewitched by a Mrs C., and that Mrs A. had gone to Mrs C.'s door and poured out some of the cow's milk there in the hope of breaking the spell. On being asked how many witches there were in his township, he said he thought there were two or three. At the close of the trial the Sheriff-Substitute told the witnesses that it was time such false notions were given up, that there was no such thing as witchcraft, and that he hoped they would cease to believe in it. Mrs A. dissented from his lordship's opinion, and said she could not believe there were not witches, and that she was sure there were, in her township at least.

This very recent case shows what a strong and living hold these superstitions still have on some of the people, and how they become mixed up in the most unfortunate manner with their social relationships; and, when indulged in, cannot but destroy their friendly feelings toward their neighbours. It is difficult to realise that such a state of things exists within the limits of Britain at the dawn of the twentieth century.

NEW SAMARIA.

CHAPTER III.

IT was warm when, close on three o'clock, I re-entered the bank. As before, the bald man was alone.

I said, 'Have you heard from my firm and the bank?'

'Well, about that I can't say. There is a telegram to credit a man named Woodburn with ten thousand dollars.'

'Well?' I saw his doubt.

'You sent a wire? They say at the office a tramp sent a wire for ten thousand dollars. I took it as a joke, or that you were off your head, the way you were after killin' that mare. Now, you want the money?'

'Yes. Not all at once.'

'But it's darned ridiculous. I don't know if you're you or if it's a set-up job.'

'Well,' I said, 'suppose I clear your head a little. Look at the telegram; it has a number at the beginning and one at the end.'

'That's so. It's pretty suspicious.'

'Very good. Look at the telegram. The first number is made up of the day of the week, the 2nd, and of the day of the month, the 17th. That makes 19. Isn't that so?'

'Yes, that's so; but how you knew it darned if I know. All arranged, I guess. Set up in New York.'

'No matter. The last number is four times the first; that is 76. We do this to prevent telegraphic misuse of our name. Of course we change it from time to time.'

The bald man was a queer thing to see. His scalp moved back and forward in a sort of tic, and the two quill pens in his ears moved with the scalp like undeveloped wings.

'You've got to be identified, and right well too. Any fool would know that. Knowin' about the numbers don't identify. You can't plunder this bank that way.'

'But would they have wired you if I were not known to be here?'

'You may be you, or some other you, and I don't pay a dime on such evidence.'

'You are, of course, wise to guard your bank; but why not wire your correspondents in New York, and ask them to inquire? Isn't it worth while? I'——

'No, it isn't. You go and get a man to say you're you; then we can talk. I've got to look out. I'm only here to keep house like till that red-headed fool Tom Sedgeley gets back. There ain't no use of discussin' it.'

I said, 'Very well,' and went away. The situation was, as I had anticipated, serious. I could not see any speedy way out of it. The completeness of my isolation amused and annoyed me. I was worth millions last month; to-day I was possessed of seven cents. What I had hoped was that the wire would excite enough of interest to cause reasonable inquiry. The bald cashier was, on the whole, right. In his place the same objections would have occurred to me, or to any business man; but I should have found it worth while to have corresponded by wire with the New York bank, and so settled the matter. This he would not do. As for myself, I had asked for too much. I should have wired for a hundred dollars. A beggar in rags asking for ten thousand dollars was certain to excite distrust. I had made a foolish mistake.

Tramp-like, the ease and freedom of the country drew me. It is relatively uncritical and unsuspicious. I turned to it as if by instinct, and wandered out along the only road which led away from the river and into the rich prairie-lands. My resource was to see what I could get out of the little woman who had helped me. On the way I saw my ten-cent benefactor, Petersen, raking hay in a rather lazy fashion. I hailed him, and we sat down to talk.

'Getting on, cap.?'

'No; but do you listen to me.'

He said he would.

'I've no need to lie to a fellow-tramp.'

'Oh, I'm not the genuine article, and you're not a tramp at all.'

'No, I am not;' and I related in full my adventures.

'Gosh! and you're the man I asked to help me. You were just getting into a wagon. I didn't suspicion you were the man. Clothes make a heap of difference. Suppose it's all true. What are you going to do? You can't work.'

'No, I can't even write a letter. The nurse wrote for me, but'——

'Well, I don't see what you're to do. Let's go to the circus. It only costs ten cents for a back seat, and it's too hot to work. I'll pay,' he said, when I confessed that I had only seven cents.

The recklessness of the notion captured my fancy. I was acquiring the carelessness of the true tramp. We went along talking. Evidently he more or less accepted my story; but how completely he believed I could not tell, nor did it much concern me. Something would turn up. I thoroughly enjoyed the show, and especially a clown, who was anything but sober—a circumstance which gave breadth and flavour to his jokes, as the applause showed. When it was over we went to see the animals behind the tent. This required five cents apiece, which my comrade paid. A little later we met the clown in the lessening crowd. Petersen asked him what time it was. He pulled out my watch, and said, 'Six o'clock.'

'By George!' I cried, 'that's my watch,' and foolishly caught his arm. He drew back with his left to hit me, when Petersen seized his wrist. The brief struggle called a crowd around us, the clown crying out that these tramps wanted to steal his watch. One of his acrobatic friends kindly suggested tar and feathers, when a burly man of six-feet-four shouldered the crowd aside, and, explaining that he was the Sheriff, asked what was the row. The clown stated his case. The big man considered his powdered face, and then turned to me with:

'Well, what's your side?'

I said, 'I was hurt in an accident, and my watch was stolen, and'——

'Oh yes, I know. You tried to steal Smile's mare, and got too drunk to do the trick.'

'Mr Sheriff,' I returned, 'this is a queer town. Why the mischief it is called Samaria I really do not see. The man that named it must have lived to be disappointed. I have had every kind of misfortune, and no one either helps me or believes me.'

The crowd became noisily injurious. The Sheriff cried, 'Shut up, you fellows,' and looked down on me with a slowly maturing smile. 'You've got the floor. I propose to listen.'

I thought that I had at last found a real Samaritan, and asked the clown, 'Now, what kind of a watch is it?'

The crowd was pleased. The Sheriff enlarged his smile.

'Yes, Mr Clown, what kind?'

'Why, gold, of course.'

'Give it to me,' said the big man. He quietly took it and waited while the clown reluctantly released the gold chain from its buttonhole attachment.

'Your turn,' said the Sheriff to me.

'Good,' I said, and put a finger on a button as the watch lay on the Sheriff's broad hand. The watch struck six-thirty. The crowd was still better amused, and applauded. 'Now,' I said, 'inside is the number.'

'We're getting right warm,' said the Sheriff. 'Now, Mr Flourface, what's the number?'

'Why, there isn't a man in this crowd who can tell the number of his watch.'

Several gentlemen in boots and wide-awakes said, 'That's so.'

My friendly Sheriff turned and said to me, 'Your play.'

I was dumb with horror. I could not recall the number. An hour before, or after, it was in my mind. Now I had mislaid it. The effort, the annoyance, and the excitement made me feel slightly giddy. I managed to say, 'Can't remember,' and swayed against Petersen.

'Drunk, by George!' said the Sheriff. 'I think I'll adjourn this court. Mr Clown's case is bad. He doesn't own that watch. The other man knows all about what that watch will do. But that proves nothing. Anyway, he couldn't honestly own a watch like that. Just look at him. I shall keep that watch until the rightful owner appears.' He put it in his pocket.

The crowd, by this time grown large, applauded, and there were various comments on my looks, and proposals as to what it was advisable that a town of public-spirited Samaritans should do with a drunken horse-thief.

The Sheriff cried out, 'None of that! Shut up and squander, you fellows,' then took me by the arm and so through the crowd.

'Now,' he said as again I reeled, dizzy and faint, 'you'd best get out of this and find work. We don't want tramps around this town.'

Petersen had slipped away. It was near to sunset. I was alone, without friends, without money; defined variously as horse-thief, drunkard, policy-agent, and tramp—and I had burned a church. I walked on slowly, a few yards behind the great bulk of the Sheriff, asking myself what next I should do. Should I speak to him again? At this moment he pulled a handkerchief out of his pantaloons pocket, and with it came something which fell unnoticed by him on the sidewalk. A few steps brought me to it. I picked up a five-dollar note. Now, I also had the habit of carrying notes in this careless way, and more than once had lost them just as he had done. It was a case for doubt. Absolute Honesty presented a claim to be heard. Hunger in several varieties said, 'Get a dinner, a cigar, a good mug of beer, a clean bed, and wire everybody, and then, later, return the loan.' Honesty and her twin sister, Accuracy, said, 'Kindly define a loan.'

I resolved to obey the habits of a life and return the note. I was a moment late; a man caught me by the arm and called the Sheriff. He turned and came back. The man said, 'Didn't you drop somethin', Sheriff? I was crossin' the street and saw it. This chap's got it.'

The Sheriff remembered, felt in his pocket, and missed the note. I was meanwhile offering it and explaining. The big man said, 'Well, you're a trifle behind time.'

I protested in vain. Neither man believed me, and I was thankful to be let off with additional advice in very distinct and picturesque variations upon the normal tongue of my country.

I turned about and went again out into the farm-lands in search of my Hay-Field Inn. I was hungry, and so weak that I was glad to rest once more at dusk on the still ungathered and damp hay. Too weary to go half a mile to beg milk of the wife of my partner in calamity, I lay in the deepening gloom and considered my moral frailty. I felt that with continuity of hunger I should succumb before repeated temptation; and while weighing this matter I fell asleep.

I awakened at dawn, and, despite keen hunger, felt better. A little later I set out to find Petersen at the farmhouse a field away. I lingered about, and it was after six when I met him.

I said, 'For Heaven's sake get me something to eat. I am half-starved.'

He said, 'You wait.'

He came back with two cold chops and some stale bread. I fell upon these viands with eagerness.

Thus refreshed, I said, 'How did you get these? Who gave them to you?'

'Gave? Oh, that woman don't give; I took them.'

'Oh!' I made no moral reflections upon this method of feeding the poor.

Petersen looked on with satisfaction. At last he said, 'You can't go on this way. How's your hand?'

'Bad.'

'Let me fix that bandage.' As he replaced it he added, 'And your head—how's that?'

'Better—much better.'

'Sit down. Let's smoke.'

We sat and talked. When I gave him tobacco he said I must have been extravagant. I admitted that.

My object now was to talk my comrade into a mood either of generosity or recklessness. I retold my whole story, and as I went on he listened with now and then a not unkindly comment. At last he stood up, and, looking down on me as I sat, said, 'You're leadin' up to somethin'. What is it?'

I thought it shrewd, and said, 'I want you to go into a speculation.'

'Well?'

'Lend me ten dollars.' Petersen considered me curiously for quite a minute in absolute silence.

'Well, now, that's queer; you're a bit changed since that day you wouldn't help me. I didn't mind it so much. I saw that drunken driver had got you riled. I got work here at the farm. The boss knows my people. It's a fine farm. I've quit knocking about. As to helpin' any darn nonsense like you're a-saying, I can't if I wanted to. I've got two dollars and I'm owed four; that's six, and that's all.'

'Would your boss advance wages?'

'He might.'

I hardly know to-day how I won that man. Certainly I talked my best. At last he said, 'It's right confusing and it's a big gamble. You're no tramp. You say you're rich. I've been poor enough to believe anything. The poorer you are the more you believe. The richer you are the more you doubt. You wait here.'

He was gone an hour. On his return he threw a ten-dollar note in my lap. I said, 'Thank you, my good fellow. You have builded better than you knew.'

'Don't know as I understand you. If you mean it's a big gamble, that's so. I kind of believe you, and I sort of don't. Anyhow, it's done, and I ain't goin' back on it.'

How he arranged matters with his employer I forgot to ask. I was in haste to see what I could do with my borrowed capital. I had gone a few yards when he called out:

'Hullo, there!' I turned. 'Look here, mister, I'm a-trustin' you. Don't you forget, if you're swindlin', that it's my Minny you're robbin', and Becky too—and *Becky*.'

I laughed. 'You never did as good a day's work as this.'

'Maybe,' said he, and then shouldered his hoe and went on to his work. I wondered at the man's faith, or was it a wild form of charity, or, as he said, a gamble?

In the town I found a clothes-dealer, and after much bargaining came out in an ill-fitting tweed suit, with my old rags in a bundle. I meant to keep them. My shoes were good, my head-gear hopeless. I had now one dollar and nine cents. I got breakfast for a quarter of a dollar, and had eighty-four cents left. With this I walked bravely into a barber's shop. I was studying in a mirror my face with its unshorn stubble and red scars, when behind me I heard the Sheriff say, 'Hullo! you here yet?'

I had acquired courage with clean clothes. 'Mr Sheriff,' I said, 'if you will wait until I am shaved I will tell you the number of my watch and some other things.'

The Sheriff could wait; he took a paper and sat down. When I was shaved clean, had my hair cut, and my face washed, I said, 'May I have a word with you?'

The Sheriff looked me over. 'Why did you want me to wait until you were shaved?'

'Because you will believe me the better the less I look like a tramp.'

'That's so; does make a difference. Suppose you come along with me.'

I went with him. He said no more until we came to a comfortable wooden house. 'Come in.' I followed him. 'Now,' he added, 'you sit down.' He left me, saying, 'Be back in a minute.'

I reflected as I took a seat that chairs are luxuries. I can still see the flowery ingrain carpet, the centre-table with four books placed symmetrically, the glass-covered artificial fruit, the sparrow-grass greenery in the chimney-place, the half-dozen rocking-chairs. When I looked up and on the wall recognised the deathbed of Daniel Webster I knew whence the big Sheriff came. He returned with a wholesome dame of large person, her face aglow with kindly curiosity under a mass of rather rebellious white hair.

'Now, I'm right glad to see you. I told Joe those circus men robbed you. I always said so. When they were here last summer they stole Jeremiah. Men that would steal a tortoise-shell cat blind of one eye would do most anything.'

The true Samaria was indoors. A mongrel dog, two women, and an alien tramp had been kind to me.

The Sheriff broke into her rush of talk. 'Sit down, wife. We've got to hear what Mr—— What's your name?'

'Woodburn,' said I.

'We've got to hear Mr Woodburn.'

'The watch is No. 2222,' said I.

'That's so,' said the Sheriff. 'But how came you to disremember it?'

'Now, Joe,' said the wife, 'that's real silly. Why, I forgot just now to say Jeremiah had six toes on his left hind-foot and a mole on his lip. Why, you just scared the man so he couldn't remember.—Sheriff used to scare me, Mr Woodburn, just a little.'

'Boot's on the other leg nowadays,' remarked the Sheriff. 'Fact is, I just brought you away to hear about that watch. You see it does look queer all round; but sure as I live those circus fellows are up a tree.'

'Fellows that would steal a tortoise-shell cat would'——

'Hush, my dear,' said the Sheriff, 'this gentleman's got the floor.'

Thus encouraged, I told very quietly the story of my journey, of my arrival in New Samaria, and of all I was able to remember of my later haps and mishaps. At the close I said, 'If you will wire to St Louis in my name to Mr Garvin, president of the Third National Bank, to reply at once, and that I have been slightly hurt and need him here, you will get an answer immediately and the man next day. Tell him not to alarm my people.'

'I guess that musical watch is yours,' said the Sheriff. 'You talk to the missus. I'll go and wire your man.'

We had an answer within five hours. Until my friend came I enjoyed the hospitality of the Sheriff, but did not leave the house. I was shy of New Samaria. When on Wednesday morning Mr Garvin came, it was really difficult to persuade him that I had been a tramp, a beggar, and suspected of being a gambler and horse-thief.

'Why, Woodburn,' he said, 'give a dog a bad name and he will starve.'

'No,' I said, 'give a man a dirty suit of clothes and his character is gone.'

When I related my temptations and how I had committed arson he was delightedly amused.

'My dear Woodburn,' he said, 'with some small exceptions, you have pretty well illustrated the decalogue.'

I said that I had.

My financial affairs were soon set upon a firm basis, and the Sheriff undertook to arrange for me some other matters of which I shall say a word later.

Mr Garvin was well known as a correspondent of the New Samaria Bank. He dropped in with the Sheriff and mentioned that a friend of his, whom the Sheriff would identify, might present a large draft for deposit—some ten or fifteen thousand dollars. The gentleman owned some mines and needed money to arrange matters.

Of course, all was now clear enough. On Thursday I left the Sheriff and Mrs Sheriff.

They promised to keep secret the end of my adventures. I was too uncomfortable to tempt the talent of local tailors, and went away to St Louis to refresh and clothe the inner and the outer man. I was not done with New Samaria. Indeed, who, in my condition, could have stood out against such inviting opportunities for requital?

'BULLS' AND 'BEARS.'

By W. H. Williamson.

THIS article has nothing to do with natural history. These 'bulls' and 'bears' are tame; they are not annoyed by the waving of red—in fact, they frequently wear the colour. The 'bears' occasionally put their heads into a wasps' nest and get stung, and the 'bulls' sometimes run against a brick wall and damage themselves. These and a few other things apart, the 'bulls' and 'bears' of this article may be considered human beings like ourselves. Let us see what the dictionary says: '*Bull:* one who nominally buys stock on the speculation of its rising in value. *Bear:* one who contracts to deliver stock at a certain fixed price, on a specified day, in contradistinction to the "bull," or he who contracts to take it; the interest of the former in the intervening time being that the stocks should be depressed (as the bear pulls down with its paws), and of the latter that they should rise (as the bull throws upwards with his horns). [Stock Exchange.]'

I write for that numerous class that so frequently asks, 'What is a "bull"?' and not for the man who knows. The explanation of the dictionary is clear; but I will make it more intelligible by a few illustrations.

The great business of the Stock Exchange is an unceasing speculation on the rise and fall of prices. This rise and fall is like the ebb and flow of the sea in this, that though it goes on continually nobody can predict with certainty the precise point that the flow will reach or at which the ebb will stop; and so men stand upon the beach before the ocean of Stock Exchange prices and bet upon the high and the low water-mark of the financial tide.

Now for examples. The £1 shares of the Aerated Bread Company are sold for about £14. The £100 ordinary shares of Allsopps were sold in July 1901 for between £40 and £50. Why this difference? The reason is that the Aerated Bread Company earns most excellent dividends; Allsopp & Sons do not. If, for some reason or other, people ceased to eat aerated bread, we should naturally expect to see the price of Aerated Bread Company shares fall, because we should anticipate the dividends earned by the company to be less; and if Allsopps' beer were suddenly demanded by everybody everywhere, the price of Allsopps' shares would rise. It is because people claim to foresee the rising and falling of shares in the manner we have described that there are found 'bulls' and 'bears' on the Stock Exchange.

Let us return to Allsopps. In 1892 it was possible to buy £100 of Allsopps' stock for £12, 10s. That seems very cheap. The explanation is that there seemed little or no prospect at that time of the company earning dividends. In 1887 these same shares—£100 nominal value—were sold at £180! Even in 1900 they were as high as £130, and as low as £50! Now, let us see what the 'bulls' and 'bears' would have done here. Many people must have said when Allsopps' were quoted at £12, 10s., 'That business appears to be going to the dogs. I won't put any money in it.' Others said, 'Allsopps can't go to the bad altogether. £12, 10s. seems a small price for £100 of stock. I will buy while it is so cheap. It will probably rise in value—say to £20 or £30 or more, in which case I can sell and make a profit.' That man in his way is a 'bull,' for according to our definition he 'buys stock on the speculation of its *rising* in value.' Now, suppose a man had bought £500 of Allsopps' stock (really five £100 shares), he would have paid, at £12, 10s. per £100, just £62, 10s. for stock *nominally* worth £500! Let us now grant the price of the shares rises to £50. The man thinks it is a good opportunity to sell, and for each share for which he paid £12, 10s. he receives £50—a profit on each share of £37, 10s. As he had five shares, his profit is £177, 10s. Had he had one hundred shares his profit would have been £3750!

All this just explains what a 'bull' is and may do, but no more. People who speculate largely on the Stock Exchange do not always pay for stocks and shares when they buy them; they frequently wait till settling-day, and then receive or pay according to whether the transaction has been a loss or a gain.

Now, let us see what a 'bear' is, and how he acts. We will still use Allsopps' as our illustration. In 1900 these ordinary shares, as we have seen, dropped from £130 to £50. Suppose our speculative man, noting these shares at £130, said, 'I don't believe the shares will go higher; if they move at all they will drop, so I will sell.' But, the reader may ask, if he has no Allsopps', can he sell that which he hasn't got? Yes. This is how he does it: he finds somebody who thinks Allsopps' worth buying at £130—in other

words, a 'bull.' He says to the 'bull,' 'I would like to sell you one hundred Allsopps' ordinary.' The 'bull,' thinking they will go up £1 or £2 or more, since they have been to £180, says, 'Yes, I will buy one hundred Allsopps' ordinary at £130.' That is the bargain. It is in reality a bet. The 'bull' bets the price will rise by settling-day; the 'bear' bets it will drop; the stake is the rise or fall from £130, multiplied by the number of shares agreed upon—in this case one hundred. If at settling-day Allsopps' are quoted at £120, the 'bear' has scored a victory, for the 'bull' is going to pay him £130 for what can be bought by the 'bear' in the open market at £120, so the 'bear's' profit is £10 multiplied by one hundred, which is very satisfactory.

This will allow us to understand the great excitement that raged recently in New York and London—and generally in the large towns of America and Great Britain—in respect of American railway shares. These shares suddenly began to rise. People thought they would go higher and higher till unheard-of figures were reached, so they bought hoping to sell again at a profit. They were mostly 'bulls,' and the sellers were people who did not think there was any reason to suppose the shares would rise. The story is now old. The shares of some of these American railways mounted and mounted. Many people bought in the morning and sold in the afternoon, having realised a small fortune by the transaction. We had tales of waiters rolling in wealth, ballet-girls turned financiers, bootblacks becoming rich in an hour, and big-wigs banking millions. Then suddenly there was a panic. This is what happened: people there were in plenty who saw there must be a reaction—a fall, and they waited for the psychological moment—the moment when the tide seemed highest—to play the 'bear.' They sold, and hoped for a fall so that they might buy at a lower price. A heavy fall—a slump—did occur. I will quote a few stocks, the figures representing dollars, not pounds:

Stock.	Highest in that Account.	Lowest in Slump.	Fall.
Atchison	92⅞	60	32⅞
Baltimore and Ohio	121	90	31
Erie	43¼	30	13¼
Louisville	112½	90	22½
Milwaukee	194½	140	54½
New York Central	173	149	24
Union Pacific	133½	85	48½

Surely there was jumping enough to satisfy the most excited gambler. Now, let me explain how some 'bears' were hit so hard. They sold Northern Pacifics hoping for a fall. Some sold at 80, some at 120, some at other prices; but Northern Pacifics, instead of falling, rose. There was a reason for this. It happened that two great syndicates were struggling for supremacy in the management of this railway, and consequently wanted to obtain a majority of the shares. So quite an unlooked-for cause was sending up the price of Northern Pacifics. The syndicates bought greedily, and the 'bears,' fondly imagining that they would be able to buy at a cheaper rate, sold with an equal willingness; but the syndicates grew greedier, and Northern Pacifics took mighty strides. They went to 300; but nobody had any actual shares to deliver! The 'bears' had sold by promise; but now there was nobody with any shares to sell, so the poor 'bears' were in the position of having sold and being unable to buy. Now, a 'bear' must buy if required. The syndicates might have said to the bears, 'Deliver the shares you promised to deliver.' The 'bears' would have replied, 'We can't; there are no shares on the market.' 'Oh yes,' the syndicates might have said; 'we will sell you shares.' 'For how much?' the 'bears' would ask in fear and trembling. 'At $1000 a share.' That was the collapse of the 'bears.' Of course the above was not exactly the conversation, for the circumstances were extraordinary. An arrangement was agreed upon, and by it the 'bears' were allowed to reckon the market price at $135, and pay the difference between that figure and the price at which they sold. A man who sold at $100 and bought at $135 lost $35 a share. If he had sold ten thousand shares he lost $350,000! No wonder there were great gains and losses—and failures.

THE SUMMER SONGS.

When the rosebuds are unfurled
There is music in the world
All day long.
It is whispered by the trees
As they rustle in the breeze,
And its song
Lends a mystery unknown
To the ever-restless moan
Of the seas.

In the summer-time of life,
In the pauses of the strife,
There 's a song.
It is sweet beyond compare,
And its cadence fills the air
All day long;
It is borne across the seas
By the sympathetic breeze,
Everywhere.

But the roses fade away,
And the longest summer day
Soon is past.
Life and all that it portends—
Hope, ambition, friendship, friends—
May not last.
Yet though other things be vain,
Still those summer songs remain
To the end!

Arthur Demain Grange.
Chekanow, Poland.

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PORTUGUESE CONTRASTS.

By C. EDWARDES.

PORTUGAL fascinates for its incongruities as well as its sweet air and lovely scenery. Only two or three centuries ago it could afford to squander millions on what may be called a nation's *articles de luxe;* now it has to rummage its very corners for assets which it may hypothecate to the rest of Europe for a few hundred thousands of ready-money. It is rather pathetic, if you view the matter from the standpoint of a cosmopolitan publicist; but the average Portuguese bears his burdens with smiling serenity and a shrug. Far be it from him to blame his king for the dismal plight of his country. Is not Portugal a constitutional monarchy, in which the sovereign cannot be held responsible for bad government? To be sure; and both the king and queen are excellent, good-hearted human beings, who would do their utmost for the people. Those rogues who hold the reins are the criminals. It is a pity they should be so weak and unscrupulous; but probably, if they were sent to the right-about, their successors, whether as the king's servants or the nominees of a republic, would prove just as unsatisfactory. What would you have? And, moreover, when you come to think of it, the rascals are not wholly without conscience. They refused the other day, for instance, to cater to the depraved appetites of the race and accept the solid sixty thousand pounds which were offered (of course by the usual syndicate) for the privilege of establishing gaming-tables at the pleasure-resort of Estoril. Such a sum, as a free gift towards the nation's needs, would have been extremely useful. Extremely indeed, when it is remembered that the especial effort to raise a little money virtuously, by the issue of Vasco da Gama stamps in 1898, brought in less than forty thousand pounds. Europe and the stamp collectors in other continents did not show the interest in those beautiful little printed labels which was, perhaps unreasonably, expected of them.

The argument might be carried on somewhat elaborately. Where will you find such pride of birth as among the grandees of this half-starved little kingdom, already tottering towards national chaos? And where so magnificent a State monument to the memory of a mere man of letters as that to the historian Herculano in the cloisters of the Belem Monastery in Lisbon? Yet Herculano was no flatterer of the national character: one is more than disposed to conclude that he reckoned the Moors, whom the Portuguese cleared out of the land, the equals at least in civilised qualities of his own forefathers. Still, there he lies in the cool, beautiful cloister, supported on six pensive lions; and while reading his tomb-stone lines—'To Sleep? Only the cold and senseless corpse sleeps; the soul flies to shelter itself at the feet of the All-Powerful'—one hears the soothing babble of the three hundred orphans supported by the State in the monastery buildings adjacent. Visiting these fatherless little ones themselves at their lessons or their midday meal, one is astonished at their comeliness in a land not famous for the beauty of its human stock, and is impressed by the comfort and cleanliness of their environment. Old prejudices die hard. We have had it so engrained in us that the Portuguese are a pack of unsavoury slovens and thieves that plain proofs to the contrary, howsoever abundant, confuse rather than convince us. For myself, I should feel inclined to blush for the candid criticism of any enlightened Portuguese traveller in Great Britain who put pen to paper about his experiences in our midst. He would assuredly return to his native land a cheated, derided, and disgusted man.

Portugal was a sad spendthrift in the past, and those of her people who have leisure to reflect about the subject are naturally not gay of heart. She gave us Bombay and other territorial trifles when Charles II. condescended, for his pocket's sake, to wed a Portuguese princess. That started us on our Asiatic career. They were so delighted

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with this alliance in Lisbon in those days that the people went about the streets crying, '*Viva* the King of Great Britain!' Portugal had plenty of spare cash then, due to that ill-managed goose of Asia which laid golden eggs for her exchequer. Plenty of cash, but precious little national common-sense. Not satisfied to pluck this same goose for the benefit of an alien and competing nation, she squandered her accumulated millions most absurdly. She ought to have built ships and looked to her fighting-men; but she built monasteries instead, and grew unpractically devout. She had so much filthy lucre in her vaults that she scorned to be particular to a million when a new edifice was on the stocks; nor did it matter overmuch if the building that was being raised had no human furniture assured to it. Take Mafra, that commanding barrack a score of miles north of Lisbon. King John V. wanted an heir, and made a vow that if Heaven gave him a son he would 'change the poorest into the most magnificent monastery in his dominions.' That was in 1717. The present vast block was duly consecrated in 1730. On two of its sides it measures seven hundred and seventy feet. Its enormity may be imagined from the fact that it contains eight hundred and eighty rooms, four thousand five hundred doors, and nine courtyards; that fifty thousand men were at one time employed upon it, of whom one thousand three hundred and thirty-eight died in the temporary hospital attached; that one of its stones took a hundred yoke of oxen to transport it a few miles in six days; and that a small fortune in gold and silver coins lies still buried beneath its numerous foundation-stones. The monastery church is majestic and empty, like the monastery itself, save for the few hundred soldiers who are quartered in it regally. All Portugal's army could be reviewed on its roof; and you shall find nothing but lizards on the hot stones of its porticoes, and only strenuous charwomen on their knees in the church. This is a specimen of Portugal's absurd extravagance; and by-and-by the great earthquake came and pointed the moral so forcibly that there was no longer an attempt made to justify it as a useful achievement. In the local guide-books it is fitly called 'The Monument of Mafra'—a monument of sovereign imbecility. The descendants of the subjects of John V. are content to save their money by begging vestas from the opulent stranger when he and they concurrently aspire to the luxury of a cigarette. They do it with finished grace; but it is somewhat touching nevertheless. A few minutes later you may chance to see your amiable petitioner in the nearest café, snatching up the newspaper hot from the press and the outer sunshine. He turns immediately to the fatal column headed 'Cambio' (the Exchange), and more than probably immediately afterwards says something vigorous, including mention of the devil, and throws the paper down with a shrug. The pound sterling has of course gone up a score or so of reis in the night.

But in spite of their present irritations and limitations, the Portuguese live their lives with decorum and dignity. One may add also, with comfort; for even the Government cannot deprive them of their glorious climate and the fertility of their land. With a penny you may buy bread and a handful of the best sardines in the Atlantic, and another penny will provide as much wine as you ought to crave at a draught. This explains much. It writes the people down as philosophers, on the whole. Not of the ignoble kind either. The State railway carriages may be, as some are, poor, rotten, dust-ridden things, and the rails themselves apt to shake the teeth in one's head; but you will find white walls in the cottage interiors and much scrubbing of the floors everywhere. The factories in the towns buzz with talk and laughter, and with the sounds of industry besides. In the north, where the country is matchless in its combined natural beauty and cultivation, you see the people at their shuttles early and late. It is an old-fashioned sight, but eminently picturesque; and the work suits them. They keep open doors, and often the loom is right on the threshold, so that they can see and be seen to perfection. A stranger is a godsend to them; not altogether of the dancing-dog kind, yet a little of that. They are so illiterate still that it does not take much to excite their wonder; and they value kindness in others by no means the less that they are so ready to show courtesy and respect even on the most trivial occasions. At Amarante, where the French left broad blood-smears a century ago, I found it advisable to visit the barber. The barber spent great part of an hour in artistic manipulation of my moustache (no prodigy, be it said), simply and solely, it appeared, for social purposes. The townsfolk strolled in and out, with bows and gentle comments on my foreign boots, clothes, &c., and the barber enjoyed himself. But he would not insult me afterwards by appraising his labours in sordid cash terms. If I, as a stranger of experience (presumably), was satisfied with his work, he would leave its valuation to me.

One sees next to nothing in Portugal to shock sensibilities as in other Southern lands. Animals are treated humanely. Even a Dutchman of Broek would like to see how the milk cows of Lisbon are stalled adjacent to the shops that sell their produce, iced or otherwise. The cleanliness is absolute; the tiled floors and walls do one good to look at, and the brass fittings are mirror-bright. Where the cow has its calf for companion, the youngster may be carefully saddled with a red-and-white blanket that appears to have just come from the wash. The mere thought of our own dear rural cowsheds and the adjacent farmyards in every county of the land cannot

comfortably be entertained in contrast with this picture of everyday life in Portugal's metropolis. From Algarve in the south, moreover, to Valença in the north, all the roads are suitably provided with drinking-fountains, quite as much for beast as for man.

I was considerably struck one day at Margaride —a village in the Douro district—to read in its inn this admonition: 'Women of doubtful reputation not admitted.' Were there any such?' I inquired; for I had likewise been impressed by the conspicuous industry of the local ladies either at their looms or spudding among the vines on the perfumed hill-slopes, and it seemed to me that such industry could leave no leisure for misconduct. The innkeeper, however, was quite consolatory. There were, he hoped, none such. He was new at the house, that was all, and wished to enhance his own character. He may have spoken truth, or he may have preferred to beguile me rather than candidly besmirch the good name of the neighbourhood. Anyhow, the public intimation was interesting.

So, too, is the fact that during a two months' tour in all parts of the country north of the Tagus I saw no one intoxicated save a certain female monster who cut capers by the railway station of S. Marco de Canavezes one morning for a whole hour pending the arrival of the train. She was contemplated by a dozen or more others, who expressed nothing but sorrow and shame for her plight. Their shrugs were in admirable taste, coming after futile endeavours to persuade the wanton to act a more seemly part. She cursed and sang ribald songs (while the nightingale also sang from the trees hard by), and danced with her long highlander's pike until the train came. And for the ensuing forty minutes I listened to the apologies of one of the others, my *vis-à-vis* in the journey, for this shocking spectacle which we had both been condemned to witness. 'Coming from such a great and civilised country as England,' he said, 'you may well wonder that a poor creature can so far forget herself. Probably you never saw so deplorable a sight elsewhere. But the pitiable creature had walked far in the night, and the wine was strong, and so'—— I had little to say in comment. I thought my thoughts and stored phrases and accents for my own future benefit.

On this moral theme it may not be amiss to report a little experience at my Lisbon hotel. I found myself the table associate of a gentleman who did his obliging utmost to amuse and instruct me in my native tongue. Afterwards he was disappointed because I could not conveniently spend the evening with him in the town. His 'So long' of parting was cordiality itself after mention of 'to-morrow.' But before I left the hotel I was touched on the shoulder by a servant and invited forthwith to see the proprietor. This gentleman and his son were agitated. They assumed that I was French, and they warned me solemnly to beware of any intimacy with the man who had eaten his soup at my elbow. 'He is a certain Englishman, and it is to be feared a man without principle. We have had complaints about him from others. He obtains money from them, monsieur, and does not pay it back.' I thanked them and went my way; but circumstances prevented me from ascertaining if my compatriot was as diabolical as he was believed to be. The average Portuguese will, in his simplicity, freely confess that he cannot hold a candle to the average Englishman for craft in self-seeking. It is something to his credit in these days that he does not seriously attempt to be much worse than honest; he leaves such aspirations to his Government and foreigners. It explains, too, his excited fussiness when even the rumour is whispered that negotiations have been resumed for the sale to Great Britain of Portugal's landed estate in South Africa. His pride is hurt in the thought that his necessities should so greatly degrade him; and also he has little doubt that we shall get the better of the bargain by much.

It is due to Portugal's pleasant incongruities that the stranger may, if he will, enjoy so good a time in Portugal. I need say no more about the money-gift which is presented to him if he be wise enough to step ashore in Black Horse Square with British pound-pieces in his pocket. That subject has been sufficiently treated. In Biblical terms, having much already, more is given to him; nor need he be thick-skinned and feel scruples when he considers the poverty of his benefactor. It is an unwilling generosity, confessedly.

Passing this delightful anomaly, which on the instant adds one-half or two-thirds to his capital, let me speak of the roads and the interior of the country generally.

The conveniences of travelling in Portugal are not in themselves remarkable, except on two conditions. If you go through the land in a hired carriage, like the gentleman on his travels a century ago, you will be enchanted; the landscapes are so varied. You drive through pine-forests that seem immeasurable, chasing and being chased by gorgeous butterflies. But the pine-forests end and bring you to the hills and mountains and rivers, great and small, in which trout and barbel may be seen in shoals. With the heather-crimson on their green, the mountains are more than gay. They may be high enough to hold snow-spots even in June, like the Estrellas and the Gerez; or they may be divinely wooded like so many of the ravines north of the Douro, with the roads terraced a few hundred feet above the river-bed as if especially for the good of the happy traveller in the old style; and then, again, you drop to the cultivated lowlands, with the scent of vine-blossom omnipresent, and the hedgerows a sublime tangle of aloes, flowering geraniums,

mesembryanthemums, red and yellow roses, and honeysuckle, not to mention such familiar friends as foxgloves and (in the damper spots) the forget-me-not. There are orange and lemon groves, also sweet in their season, and olive-woods and fig-trees galore. I have eaten my fill of white-heart cherries from the roadside trees near Chaves in the extreme north, and white mulberries in the midlands. Such trees are not without beauty. In the highlands the hills are laced with crystalline streams, and there is bracken enough under the chestnut-trees to remind one of our homeland covers. At Cintra the luxurious growth of beautiful things bewilders. The hedges here are of heliotrope, as well as roses and geraniums. In gardens like those of the late Sir Francis Cook, trees and plants equatorial flourish alongside smooth grass lawns worthy of Oxford's colleges. Still driving, you may get among the rice-fields of Estarreja and the flats of Aveiro, cut up by canals on which big boats with sails as precious as those of Venice and her lagoons drift under the blue sky towards the blue sea on the horizon. Then you pass into more pine-forests, with their warm, resinous odour and their cool shadows; a red road now instead of snow-white, with little crimson bluffs here and there, and with little blue boxes nailed against the larger tree-trunks, begging for coppers to help the poor souls in Purgatory — the poor souls themselves painted above the box in the midst of soaring red flames. You meet peasants of many kinds, mostly smiling. Even the young ladies and old women, who are barelegged and walk with their frocks up to their kneecaps, seem very happy. They may have fish or fruit on their heads, and be knitting while they walk, or they may be urging the domestic calf or piglings to market. They are in good spirits, anyway; and so are the beggars, who are sure to be importunate if you slip into a town on a great saint's day—an occurrence bound to happen twice a week or so. Some of these beggars, viewed with the eyes and mind of the North, are grievous sights. They are lepers, twisted wrecks, and blind; but, in spite of the worst, they are not unconscious of the pure, sweet air of Portugal, and its caressing sunshine, and they have stomachs which it is a pleasure to them to fill. Further, they do their begging with a good heart, because they know that it is not wasted toil. A vigorous hour or two of declamation and they are provided for until the next saint's day. You in your carriage may end your day by an impressive entry into some such nobly terraced city as Coimbra, where houses of all the colours of the rainbow rise in tiers, studded with gardens from the golden sand of the river towards the purple crest of the wooded hill it graces; and the next day you will have similar landscapes and experiences, with a difference. This is the one condition on which you may travel gloriously in Portugal.

The other appeals to the cyclist. With a cycle or a motor-car, Portugal seems to me little short of being the ideal pleasure-ground of Europe. You get the same sensations, of course, only more of them to the twenty-four hours; and, with curious little interspaces of badness, the roads themselves are of a gradient and surface comparable to the best of our own roads.

It is true that in summer there are such imps in Portugal as mosquitoes, fleas, and even bugs; but they might be much more numerous even where they are met at all. Moreover, you may, if you please, consider their attentions a compliment. 'It is your blue blood, senhor, that draws them to you,' I was informed gravely by my landlord in one village when I descended to breakfast after a campaigning night.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

CHAPTER IX.—MR BARROWS KEEPS AN APPOINTMENT.

WHEN the letter had been sent there was a brief delay. In forty-eight hours the answer came, and then Hadfield was taken into consultation.

'Have you arranged for your holiday yet?' asked Mr Barrows.

'My holiday? No, I haven't. At our office we go in turns, you know.'

'How soon could you go if it were really necessary? Could you go, say, on Monday?'

Hadfield was naturally surprised, for it was now Tuesday. 'Why, yes,' he said, 'I dare say I could make arrangements. Our fellows are a very obliging lot. Besides, it is quite early yet, you know. Why do you ask?'

'For this reason. If you can go on Monday, I should like you to go with me to the Continent. I am going on that day, and shall require a companion. I think first, of course, of you. Indeed, if you do not come I must go alone.'

Hadfield waited for explanations. 'It is not exactly a picnic, however,' said Mr Barrows. 'The fact is, I want your assistance in a rather delicate matter. I am going—I am going to fight a duel!'

He made the announcement with a smile. 'Jove!' cried Hadfield. 'A duel? With that young Brode?'

Again Mr Barrows smiled. 'Why, you have guessed it! It is exactly that. You see, Hadfield, things on the Continent are not as they are here. Duelling is still a custom in France, in Germany, and even more so in the Styrian

Empire. One of the most frequent causes of duels is, of course, a dispute about a woman. Now, curiously enough, I have placed myself, almost unconsciously, between this young man and the woman he wishes to secure. Consequently, by the custom in Styria, he is entitled to challenge me. As the phrase goes, "Honour will not be satisfied" without the crossing of swords or the popping of pistols.'

'But you have appealed to the Chancellor,' cried Hadfield. 'Is this necessary after that?'

'Quite as necessary, according to the code. My appeal to the Chancellor concerns, of course, the restoration of those ladies to their home. My affair with Count Philip is a thing apart; yet the first will scarcely be complete without the second, for it is well, if possible, to comply with a national custom, and to give this young fellow what he would call "satisfaction." It is all that he will get, I hope.'

Hadfield was perplexed, and could only stare at his surprising neighbour in bewilderment. 'No doubt,' Mr Barrows went on, 'it will all seem very silly to you. So it is, of course, to any ordinary, sensible Englishman. But I, you know, have lived in Styria, and have even held some kind of position there, so that there is a certain claim upon me. If I may put it so, as a one-time Styrian I may be called upon to fight a duel; as a present-day Englishman I have the privilege of laughing at the absurdity of the custom. And laugh I do, even while consenting to take part in the affair.'

'But — but is it only a laughing matter?' asked Hadfield.

'Is it a laughing matter?' echoed Barrows. 'Why, my dear fellow, what do you think? Haven't you read accounts of present-day duels?'

Hadfield's face cleared. He remembered the amusement which the latest political duel in France had given him.

'Oh,' he said, 'it's a mere matter of form, isn't it? I think I have heard.'

'Yes,' replied Mr Barrows; 'this will be a mere matter of form—nothing more.'

He drew a sheet of notepaper from his pocket. 'You see,' he said, 'after I had visited the Chancellor I consented to meet this sensitive young man; and as it was to be a mere matter of form, I was content to leave all the arrangements in his hands. I wrote to him to that effect, and this is his answer.'

Hadfield took the paper. Its message was clearly and briefly written, in English:

'Saint Claud is a small fishing-village and watering-place near Treport. There is one hotel, the "Seine," where you will find us at any time during the coming week. Everything can be arranged there.'

'Publicity is not at all necessary,' said Mr Barrows. 'Indeed, an ordinary, everyday Englishman would feel very uncomfortable if it got about that he had been making himself ridiculous in this way. If you can arrange to be free, we can go over there together for the week, and carry out this business without trouble and with expedition. But it must not be whispered to any one else.'

'No, of course. If the women guessed it they would be alarmed. They would not understand,' said Hadfield, who was beginning to find a certain attraction in the idea. It was, at least, an adventure; and he saw how effective would be the announcement in the office that he was obliged to ask for his holiday thus early 'because of urgent business on the Continent.'

In this way the arrangement was completed. Hadfield mentioned it to his wife, who, being now heart and soul in the cause of the exiles, was only too pleased to know that her husband was to do something useful in the matter. In the evening he was able to say that he had interviewed 'the office,' and would be free to go; and then Mr Barrows told the Countess that he would have to return to the Continent on Monday, and that he was taking Hadfield with him.

'Then you have heard something?' she cried.

'Yes, Countess, I have heard something.'

'I do not wish you to tell me,' she went on, 'because I trust you so fully. But is all going well?'

Mr Barrows looked at her reassuringly. 'All is going well. Indeed, I hope that this one journey may be enough.'

'If so,' said the Countess, 'we may soon be in a position to repay some part of our debt. You have done much for us, for no other reason than that you knew Mathias long ago. It is much for little—a small cause for such great services.'

Mr Barrows considered gravely. 'Countess,' he said in a low tone, 'let me say now that your view is too generous. I wish you to remember always that I am doing nothing more than trying to right a wrong. The cause of my action is, first, the idea of restoration—a just restoration to you of the happiness of which the folly and sin of my master, Prince Adrian, deprived you. That is my purpose.'

The Countess smiled kindly. 'Oh,' she said, 'but you must not say that! You are not responsible for another man. Are you doing it because—because you once loved him?'

There was a long silence. 'I cannot say that,' was the grave answer. 'There is no doubt that I once loved him. After that I hated him—hated him bitterly; and then I tried to forget him. When this is over—when this wrong has been made right—we may all forget him indeed.'

Another long silence fell. 'Let us speak of something else,' said the Countess presently. 'I am glad that you are taking this young man with you. He is to be trusted. And his little wife—what a heart of kindness she has shown us! Do you know what we shall do? When

we go back we shall ask them to come and stay with us a while at Cronia. They will see that we can be grateful.'

Mr Barrows smiled. 'You could not do anything that would please them more,' he said.

Now that the time was fixed, he was obliged to make his own final preparations. The book of his quiet life at Welding was shortly to be closed, and he left nothing undone in order that the *Finis* so soon to be written might be neat and clear. There must be no loose threads, no doubts in the minds of his friends as to his intentions. This necessitated a visit to a solicitor, and a little legal business; but he hurried it forward as much as possible, and it was all concluded on the Saturday before his departure.

During those days he saw much of the Hamars. The relations which had grown up between them were naturally intimate, and he saw no reason why he should not enjoy them to the full. Their confidence in him was in itself a stimulus, and he felt that he needed it. In their presence he found that the extraordinary thing he was about to do became natural and ordinary enough, and, indeed, the only thing possible. It was when he had left them that the struggle began again.

On the last day he spent the evening with them in the garden. Towards the close he chanced to find himself alone with Edna.

If he had cared to observe, he might have found that it was the daughter's face which always rose first before him when he thought of those whose cause he had adopted. He had, however, quite failed to analyse his sentiments; and even if he had analysed them, the resulting suggestion would have been scouted with ridicule.

'To-morrow at this time you will be on the other side,' she said suddenly. 'When do you expect to be back?'

'Back?' he said; and, as before, he found it impossible to answer her with anything but truth. 'I cannot tell you that.'

'What? You cannot even say what you think?'

'No. I cannot even say what I think.'

She was perplexed. As he looked at her he forgot the point upon which they had met, and wondered whether even the vilest of men would not be glad to give much more than a useless and purposeless life to put this woman out of the evil reach of the men who pursued her. The thought came to him again that she was very beautiful, but that her beauty was quite as much of the spirit as of the person. Her chief charm looked out from her eyes, and it was not merely a beautiful girl that looked him in the face, but a woman of heart and knowledge.

Then he saw that she had turned her eyes away. 'Do not mistake me,' he said hastily. 'It is not because I do not wish to tell you. It is because I cannot.'

Her answer gave him a thrill of pleasure. 'I know that, Mr Barrows. I was only afraid that you might go into danger for us.'

Acting upon a sudden impulse, 'If you fear that,' he said, 'you can pray for me;' and fearing that he might betray too much, he turned the conversation into another direction.

That was his last day in Welding. Next morning he went in to bid them a hasty farewell, and before noon the two men were on their way to Dover. Hadfield was in high spirits and infected with the charm of an adventure; and even if he did no greater good, he at least prevented his companion from being left too much to his own thoughts.

They crossed the Channel in brilliant sunshine, when every respiration seemed to be a veritable breath of life. Hadfield moved eagerly about, intent on seeing all that was to be seen and learning all that was to be learnt, for he had never even crossed to Calais before. Seated in a corner of the upper deck, Barrows looked out and breathed the fresh air. The day and all that was about him spoke of life, and man's natural love of life began to move within him. It did not change his resolution, but it produced a bitterness which presently found expression in words.

That was when Hadfield had ceased his wanderings to enjoy a quiet cigar in his friend's company. 'If there's one thing I've learnt lately,' broke out Mr Barrows suddenly, 'it is the folly of thinking that you may be done with your sins. Bury them as deep as you like, they'll have to be up some day; and the chances are that they'll come up at the time you least expect them.'

'Oh!' said Hadfield vaguely.

'Yes. I knew a man who buried his sin out of everybody's sight in a nameless grave. He buried it so deep and well, and covered it so carefully, that at last it seemed as if the whole world had forgotten all about it. After many years he chanced to go into a graveyard one day, just to look at the nameless graves that were there, and to plume himself upon the cleverness and completeness of his burying; but somebody—it does not matter who—had found his sin, and had painted its name large upon a cross, for every one to see. It was the first thing he saw, and as soon as he saw it he knew that it was calling upon him for reparation.'

He paused. 'That was rather hard luck,' said Hadfield, candidly out of touch.

Then another mood fell upon Mr Barrows, and he spoke in another tone. 'Hard luck?' he said. 'Perhaps so; but, after all, perhaps not. Sometimes it seems to me that such a thing as that would be the best thing in the world—an only chance. They tell us in these days that the true aim of punishment is not vengeance, but the salvation of the sinner; and it might be much the same in such a case as this. Perhaps in this way a poor fool may be given the only means of getting near straight again. If he fails—if he

refuses to take it—he goes deeper; but if he can take it he may find rest at the end, or something like rest. The only thing is, to have courage to take the chance.'

'Just so,' agreed Hadfield placidly. 'That is the point.'

Having thus relieved his feelings, Mr Barrows changed the subject; for there was certainly enough to talk of on that day without discussing sin and punishment. In due course they arrived at Calais, and proceeded immediately to make their way down to Saint Claud.

THE ROYAL KIDNAPPER.

By T. R. THRELFALL, Author of *Philippi the Guardsman, The Sword of Allah*, &c.

HOUGH some men may think themselves shabbily treated by nature in the matter of inches, they can take comfort in the fact that unusual stature occasionally entails serious hardship. This was especially the case during the reign of Frederick William of Prussia. So determined was he to secure exceptionally tall men for his regiment of giant Grenadiers that from 1713 to 1740 no man of unusual stature was safe anywhere in Europe. When he failed to cozen, bully, or bribe his brother-monarchs out of their sons of Anak, his recruiting-officers audaciously kidnapped the unfortunate men. It mattered little that these high-handed proceedings occasionally brought him to the brink of war, or that kings expostulated and statesmen wrote him lengthy despatches; he always blustered and procrastinated until the patience of his correspondents was exhausted, when he was invariably allowed to retain the lengthy 'bone of contention.' For a quarter of a century he was the bogy of Europe. Like vigilant spiders, his recruiting-officers laid their traps everywhere. Three hundred ransacked Austria, while considerable numbers penetrated every corner of Russia, Spain, and Turkey. However, the bluster and threats of the great martinet did not always protect his emissaries. Two were hanged in Holland, several were imprisoned in England, many were chased out of France, and elsewhere they had to adopt disguises in order to evade the popular anger.

The occupation of the giant recruits was as varied as their language. Abbé Baptiste, the Italian, was officiating at the altar when he was called aside, a bargain struck to the advantage of the Church and the poor, and thenceforth the worthy priest appeared in all the glory of the grenadier uniform, with its blue red-faced coat, cream-coloured tight trousers and vest, white gaiters, and eighteen-inch pointed parti-coloured hat whereon the double eagle was prominently displayed. Then the Great Joseph, a gigantic monk, was induced to join by the grant of a large sum of money to his Tyrolean monastery, in addition to five thousand florins for himself. On the other hand, the capture of a great Dutch wagoner was a more difficult matter. Seized by the recruiters, he was hurried to the nearest inn, his horse and wagon being left in the road. The tempting arguments of beer and money failing to induce the heavy-witted carter to enter the Prussian service, he was forced at the sword's-point on to a hot stove, and it was only when he had been half-roasted that he consented to become a grenadier. A Swedish wagoner eight feet high, however, proved more complaisant; but, alas! he was too stupid to learn the drill, and when expelled the regiment he died of starvation in the streets of Berlin. The lynx-eyed recruiters next discovered a German giant nine feet high on exhibition in Paris. A bargain was soon struck, and Müller was added to the three thousand colossal warriors.

As this royal drill-sergeant had an army of eighty thousand effective soldiers, his favour was naturally sought by his brother-potentates. They soon ascertained his weak point: 'He who sends me tall soldiers,' Frederick William declared, 'may do with me whatever he likes.' Acting on this, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Poland, and the King of Sweden sent him their Goliaths, and consequently stood high in his regard. On the other hand, whoever disappointed him in this respect was eternally disgraced.

Though this eccentric king was in domestic matters a miser and a tyrant, he spent fabulous sums in recruiting for his giant Grenadiers. He expended nine thousand pounds to secure one man; while John Kirkland, an Irishman, cost him two thousand two hundred pounds.

While spending fortunes on his hobby, the Prussian monarch was living like a German pedlar on brown bread and pickles; the royal children, amongst whom was the future Frederick the Great, being half-starved. On one occasion they petitioned their father, in fear and trembling, to give them more carrots and cabbages for dinner, these being the dishes with which they were most familiar.

Although Frederick William starved his family and thrashed his subjects, he treated his big Grenadiers like petted children. He had each man's portrait hung in his great gallery, he superintended their clothes, he ordered them the best food, and when he was ill he had parties of them brought into his room to perform their

drill. Assured, like President Kruger a century and three-quarters later, that Providence was particularly interested in him, he could quote Scripture on occasion. A devout correspondent drew his attention to a passage in Deuteronomy to show that he was wrong in stealing even his own subjects; but the king, with unaccustomed wit, responded by quoting a verse from 1 Sam. viii. 16: 'And he will take your men-servants, and your maid-servants, and your goodliest young men, and your asses, and put them to his work.' Despite this, however, he placed the theologian a long way behind the grenadier. On one occasion, while he was discussing some important matters with several bishops, a messenger entered to announce a serious calamity. 'What!' gasped the king, sinking pale and faint into a chair. 'Yes,' added the messenger, 'the tower of St Peter has fallen in.' 'Oh,' responded His Majesty, with a great sigh of relief. 'I feared the grenadier Glasenap might be dead.'

With an imperfect knowledge of the laws of heredity, he sought to perpetuate his race of giants by marrying them to the tallest women he could find. However much the principal parties objected, the king gave the word of command and the knot was tied; but occasionally he caught a Tartar. While riding one day through the woods of Potsdam he met a splendid specimen of a Saxon maid on her way from service to her distant home. After closely questioning her, he asked her to leave a note for him at the barracks, and accompanied the missive with a dollar. Now this generosity on the part of the royal miser aroused the girl's suspicions; but, wisely feigning compliance, she proceeded on her errand. On nearing the barracks, however, she met a very ugly old woman, and induced her to take the note, giving her at the same time the dollar. When the officer on duty opened the letter he read: 'Marry the bearer to Macdowal the Irishman. — FREDERICK.' Although the unfortunate man, who was one of the tallest and handsomest of the Grenadiers, protested and struggled, the order was emphatic, and in a short time he was firmly united to the willing old witch. The mistake was not discovered until Frederick William made his usual inquiries next morning, when, happily for the Irishman, he took immediate steps to obtain a divorce.

The devices of the recruiting-officers to entrap the wary giants were often ingenious and romantic; but happily the victims seldom met with the sad fate of the Jülich carpenter. While passing through the little town of Jülich in Prussian Rhineland, one of the veteran spies saw a very tall carpenter. A brief conversation with the young man soon convinced the rascally recruiter that it would be useless to attempt persuasion or bribes; so, giving out that he was a trader, he asked the workman to make him a very long box. On calling a couple of days later he expressed the opinion that the chest was not six feet eight long. 'Oh, I'll soon settle that,' responded the carpenter. 'Why, I'm six feet six inches myself, and I'll guarantee I can easily get into the box.' As Hompesch, the sham merchant, still expressed doubts as to the length of the box, the unsuspecting carpenter laid himself down in it, when the recruiter promptly placed the lid on, and before the surprised workman could effect his escape the wily recruiter had whipped a rope round the chest. The next moment he called in several assistants who had been hiding on the premises, and the box was promptly carried to a wagon in readiness just outside the town, with which the party drove rapidly away. Alas! on opening the chest at the frontier they found that it had been turned into a coffin, for the unfortunate carpenter was dead.

The enormous profits of the recruiting-officers might well stimulate them. From 1713 to 1735 the sum of one million seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds was expended in securing giants, and the greater part of this went into the pockets of the unprincipled emissaries. In 1731, for instance, Frederick William paid one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars for sixty men, although his recruiters had only expended ninety-seven thousand three hundred and eighty dollars. Had the Grenadiers been available for war, some shadow of excuse might have been found for this enormous expenditure; but the king shuddered at the thought of exposing his animated treasures to the risks of the battlefield.

Once the royal grip closed on a giant there was no escape. Some mutinied, and henceforth appeared in the ranks with cropped ears. Deserters were soon laid by the heels, and even the most obstinate were ultimately converted by imprisonment and starvation. This creator of the conscript system cared nothing for souls or brains or humanities; he wanted living automata, and he got them.

His surrender of the gypsy Mateko afflicted him more than his old enemy the gout. Maddened at the adroit manner in which this tall, handsome, well-proportioned gypsy had been snatched from him, he would awake from his troubled sleep grinding his teeth with rage or indulging in the ponderous German oaths of which he had such a choice assortment. Then, to make matters worse, he could not even discuss his trouble with that repository of his State secrets, Prime-Minister Grumkow, lest that scoffing, crafty, hard-drinking statesman should sneer at him and hint at failing mental powers.

The recruiters had stumbled across this treasured gypsy in one of the thick-wooded valleys of Lower Saxony. Mateko was certainly very poor and very ragged, and never saw a gold-piece from year's end to year's end; but he was free and happy, and laughed at the heavy bribes of the baffled recruiters. When foiled in their

attempts to win him by fair means, the latter resorted to their well-tested kidnapping devices, only, however, to find themselves checkmated on every occasion, for the tribe to which Mateko was attached were numerous and watchful, and on several occasions they made the recruiting-officers run. Then diplomacy tried its hand, and lady-loving King Augustus having given consent, the enemy appeared in force in the gypsies' valley; but, with true prophetic instinct, the dusky wanderers stepped over the border into Bavaria, where they figuratively put their tongues in their cheeks at the Saxon detachment, and baffled diplomacy had to whisper anew in the ear of kings. Presently his High Mightiness of Bavaria essayed to capture the bashful Mateko; but, with the agility born of wandering and poaching, the latter calmly crossed the frontier into the little state of Saxe-Coburg; and when this became too warm he passed on to Saxe-Weimar, and then patronised in turn half-a-dozen independent German states, for at that time the centre of Europe was as full of independent little kingdoms as Threadneedle Street is of financiers.

Unfortunately, love proved Mateko's undoing. He had given his heart to a little, fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon girl, who could no more be induced to leave her home and become a wanderer than a sitting hen can be made to leave its nest. Alas! it was with him as with Samson. The claims of love proving irresistible, after a few weeks' absence he was constrained to visit his pretty little Gretchen secretly. Here he was unfortunately seized by the recruiting Philistines and carried in triumph to Potsdam.

Never did a young eagle prove more untamable than Mateko. He flouted the drill-instructors, snubbed the king, ignored the officers, thrashed his more insolent comrades, kicked his imposing hat about his cell, and tore his uniform into ribbons. Though flogged and fed on bread and water, he appeared to prefer that treatment to drill. Possibly this arose from the fact that his old gypsy mother, who was esteemed the chief of fortune-tellers in Transylvania, and who was generally credited with the possession of remarkable powers, managed occasionally to croon some of her weird ditties under his prison window.

However, Mateko's obstinacy only made the king more determined to tame him. When the latter's numerous offences were reported to His Majesty, he would swear vehemently and stamp his gouty foot on the floor, and then swear more loudly than ever with rage and pain. Thus matters continued until July 1731, when Frederick William proceeded to Northern Prussia on his long-projected elk-hunting expedition. This was the only pleasure he allowed himself outside his fantastic military duties, and he thoroughly enjoyed it because of its cheapness, for he invariably quartered himself on some of his reluctant nobles, and compelled the better classes of the province to buy the venison or pork derived from his sport.

Having by means of his thirty overworked horses and his score of underpaid grooms traversed the great forest-clad plains in his dingy, creaking coach, he halted for a time at Fischhausen, and killed sixty elks. He then resumed his journey towards Pillau, where a miserly noble had prepared a feast for the still more miserly king; but the feast grew cold as the king grew hot, and when at last his destination was reached he had neither appetite to eat, wit to use his stick, nor breath enough to swear.

Soon after leaving Fischhausen an ominous change took place in the weather, and presently low mutterings of distant thunder told the fat, choleric, gouty king that he in turn was about to be bombarded by forces against which his royal stick was impotent.

Soon after midday the storm assailed the royal party with pitiless fury. A myriad blustering, mocking voices echoed through the forest, and a profound darkness, only broken by the most vivid flashes of lightning, settled upon the landscape and made progress impossible. In vain the king swore, the grooms shouted, and the horses struggled. The wheels of the heavy coach stuck fast in a deep rut, and made common cause with the storm. Worn out at last with their exertions, the noble attendants suggested that His Majesty would be safer if he took refuge under one of the trees. Now, although Frederick William essayed to make heroes on a large scale, he was certainly not one himself; and when he understood that danger threatened him he suppressed his oaths, and after gasping for a moment like a fish out of water, fell forward into the arms of his servants, and was ingloriously carried to the shelter indicated, for by this time one of the ponderous horn-lanterns had been lighted.

Leaving their royal master in this fancied security and to the doubtful pleasures of his own reflections, the party returned to the coach. Presently they were all engaged pulling and shouting without giving thought to the king, who soon had more than enough to engage his attention. He had only been seated a very short time when he became aware that a little old woman was standing beside him. Though the light from the lantern was blurred and uncertain, yet he could see that the aged crone was bent and brown-complexioned, that she had a hump on her back and a crook in her hand after the manner of traditional witches, and that her fiery eyes were as malicious as those of a baffled wolf. Though a rigid Protestant, the king, in his confusion, made the sign of the Cross and attempted a prayer; but he sadly mixed this up with words of command and guttural German oaths. Having delivered his soul more or less to his satisfaction, he relapsed into wondering and frightened silence.

The old woman, however, did not keep him long in suspense, for during a lull in the storm she screeched in his ear, 'Marry, good-day, sweet king. 'Tis well to meet your Majesty alone in the forest; but, alack! this is a dangerous place, for erelong the lightning will blast this tree, and kill all who may be beneath it. Will the kind king take shelter in my poor hut?'

Under ordinary circumstances Frederick William would have sworn at the old crone and struck her with his ever-ready cane; but he was speechless with fear and surprise. The next moment a vivid flash of lightning struck a tree about twenty paces off, and also showed him a little hut under the shelter of a great oak. Scrambling to his feet with greater haste than he had displayed for years, he passively allowed the beldame to drag him to the dwelling referred to, and as she had thoughtfully secured the lantern, they had no difficulty in entering. The hut was miserably poor, and only fit at the best for a temporary shelter for foresters and charcoal-burners. A square stone evidently did duty for a table, a couple of logs served as chairs, and a heap of leaves in a corner sufficed as a bed. Pointing to one of the primitive seats, the crone invited him to sit down; and, as the king was in no mood to refuse, he silently obeyed. Presently she croaked, 'Ay, though 'tis poor 'tis good enough for the accursed gypsies. Yet Mateko would sleep sounder here than on the soft beds at Potsdam.'

Realising that he had been led into a trap, the king was on the point of calling for help when ten strong fingers suddenly grasped his throat from behind, and compressed it so tightly that he could not utter the slightest sound. He instinctively raised his hands to loosen the grip, when they were seized and swiftly tied behind him, and a thick cloth was firmly tied over his mouth. His legs having also been securely fastened, the old gypsy said, 'There, we're safe enough now; but be quick, lads.'

A couple of stalwart young gypsies now stepped forward, and while one produced an ink-horn and a quill-pen from his capacious pouch, the other drew his dagger and critically felt the point. Then a sheet of pilfered royal paper was spread on the stone table, after which one of the men unfastened the king's hands, while the other held his dagger threateningly over the royal breast.

'Good Romany lads!' cried the beldame exultantly, 'if he doesn't write as I tell him, plunge that dagger into his heart.—Now, your High Mightiness'—and she gave a mocking curtsy—'write out an order to the officer in command of the Potsdam Grenadiers to release Mateko the gypsy instantly, and also to furnish him and the bearer with a good suit of clothes, three days' food, and fifty marks apiece, as well as a couple of the swiftest horses to be found in the royal stables. Come, quick!'

With a defiant scowl, Frederick William shook his head and settled his shoulders firmly against the side of the hut. He was, however, soon brought to a more complaisant mood, for one of the gypsies seized him by the throat and swore that if he did not instantly sign the order the dagger would be plunged into his heart. Then the king, realising that the man would carry out his threat, seized the pen and was about to write, when the woman cried, 'No tricks to trap us! We have seen a royal order before; and thou shalt die if this is not written correctly.'

Foiled in his attempt to delude his captors, what could the king do but sign?

After a careful inspection and a satisfied chuckle, the old crone exclaimed, 'But to make all doubly certain, we must have his signet-ring.'

A fierce threat that if he did not hold his hands up they would cut his fingers off resulted in the ring promptly changing hands.

'Away, lads, away!' screeched the beldame triumphantly, after the men had tied the king's hands; then blowing out the light, she threw open the door, and with a cackle departed. Securely tied to the wall of the hut, the monarch, after exhausting himself in vain struggles, sat savagely gazing towards the dark forest. Deluded by a lull in the elemental war, he began to hope that the storm had passed, and that he would soon be released, and he ground his teeth as he anticipated the vengeance he would wreak on the wretches who had outraged the divinity of kings by binding and gagging him, as well as by robbing him of one of his giants. His thoughts were, however, interrupted by a tremendous crash of thunder reverberating through the forest. The next moment a thunderbolt struck the great tree under which he had so recently sheltered, and completely shattered it. One portion of the forest monarch struck down three of the king's horses and scattered the royal servants in every direction. Impressed with the belief that they were being assailed by demons, the panic-stricken grooms and nobles fled, shouting with fear, while the horses broke their traces and dashed away.

Fully an hour elapsed ere the attendants mustered up courage to return. By this time the storm had spent itself, and the glinting sunbeams showed them that the stricken tree had been the one under which their royal master had taken refuge. Concluding that he had been killed, the babbling, grief-stricken servants sought for his remains; but to their dismay they could not find the slightest trace. At last one of them casually entered the hut, and was well-nigh startled out of his wits by discovering the king bound and gagged, and grunting and panting with impotent rage. When freed from his bonds his Prussian Majesty indulged in such a variety of oaths as surprised and shocked even his oldest servitors. At the

same time he plied with vigour a stout ash stick he had picked up, and this greatly soothed his feelings, and made the limbs and shoulders of his servants ache for a whole week.

After horses were obtained, the day was far spent when Pillau was reached. Although for hours the considerable garrison had been waiting under the blinding rain to be inspected, Frederick William forgot to indulge his mania in his keen desire to lay the hated gypsies by the heels. A couple of messengers were immediately despatched bearing an order countermanding the release of Mateko, and also to arrest all the gypsies in the kingdom. Satisfied now that the sacrilegious miscreants could not escape such a widely spread net, he sat down with the governor and other choice companions to a night's carousal.

Alas for his subsequent peace of mind! The king had not fathomed the craft of the gypsies. As the royal messengers were proceeding through the forest, some six hours' journey from Pillau, their horses were shot down, and they were left to trudge hopelessly to the nearest town, some twenty miles distant. Though they obtained animals there, they had lost so much time that on arriving at Potsdam they found that the spurious messenger (who was attired in royal livery) and Mateko had been gone some hours.

An immediate pursuit was, of course, organised; but it was of no avail, for Mateko and the gypsies generally had disappeared as effectually as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up. According to Romany tradition, however, the principal actors escaped into Holland, and succeeded in reaching England. Here, at any rate, they were safe, for it was one of the standing complaints of the Prussian monarch against this country that he was not allowed to exercise full liberty to recruit for his giant regiment.

Frederick William never forgave the gypsies. A few wanderers were captured some years later, and these were well flogged and driven out of the country with every expression of contempt and hatred. At last they all shunned Prussia as though it were plague-ridden.

When the end came, and the royal kidnapper was summoned by Sergeant Death to attend the last muster, like the commonest clodhopper, he called his ill-used and oft-thrashed son Frederick to his bedside, and gave him much advice, wise and otherwise. 'Sithee, Fritz,' he gasped, 'an a woman, young or old, looks at thee with cunning or saucy eyes, and tickles thy ears with soft speeches, or pretends that love and ambition can sit on the same throne, then she's a gypsy, and thou shouldst hang her forthwith. Ay, lad; every pretty lass is more or less a gypsy.'

Happily for the future of the German race, the Great Frederick did not see fit to follow this advice.

NEW SAMARIA.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT August 20 a neatly dressed gentleman arrived at the hotel in New Samaria with his baggage in good order. He—that is, I—was quite sure that no one would see in him the tramp who had cost the town so dear. The time that lay between my two arrivals had taught me many things which, but for my accident, I might never have known. I do not regret it. Clothes elevate or morally lower. I was myself once more.

The landlord was very civil when I said that I wanted to be driven to the mines. He recalled ruefully that drunken horse-thief who had fooled him and ruined his best horse. However, he would himself drive me. On the way I heard all about myself. It was not flattering.

'Why, sir, I had hardly set eyes on that man before I reckoned that he wasn't all right, but he had a sort of high way of talking as if he was somebody. It kind of took me in. I never thought he was tight. That horse was the quietest beast. Well, he cost me about four hundred dollars—darn him!'

I said it was hard.

The mine business was simple. There had been loose management and some fraud.

The next day I went to the bank. There was the bald man, his scalp still in motion, the two quill-pens over his ears moving. The Sheriff was with me; but at my request he loitered outside.

I said, 'Mr Baldwin, here is a draft for fifteen thousand dollars, which I desire to deposit, and against which I shall draw.'

The bald man said, 'Grayshuss! it's Mr Garvin's bank! I don't know. Who identifies you?'

I called the Sheriff, who reassured the cashier. I asked about the clerk whose leg I had incidentally broken. The bald man said he was—I think he said—a socker at figures, and confessed to his own total inadequacy as to making things balance in the last week. However, he gave me a cheque-book, and I returned to the Sheriff's and put on the torn livery of my tramp-life, to the joy of my host, who so much desired to see the end of my comedy that I had to slip out the back way to escape his company.

I was much surprised to find what a sense of freedom I acquired with my ragged costume. I went along gaily, reflecting on what moral

changes total absence of garments would bring to a man in a climate warm enough to make their absence agreeable. My tramp-life had not left me without other matters for personal reflection. As I said before, I had never had a reasonable want unsupplied. Indeed, I had been very far from a self-made man. My week of experimental autofacture had been a rather humbling proof of my incapacity; but, as every fellow is charitable concerning himself, I found excuses for my failure in my physical state, and, alas! in my rags and beard.

At this moment, being well out of town, I saw my former comrade, Petersen, leaning idly against a snake-fence, his rake beside him, his pipe in his mouth. He was wiping the sweat from his forehead with his shirt-sleeve.

'Hullo!' said I. 'Hot?'

'Hullo! Where in thunder have you been? Guess the Sheriff took you up for lying about that watch. I suppose my money's drawin interest?'

'It is.'

He grinned.

'Never expected to see you again.'

'Well, here I am, and my watch too.' I pulled it out as I spoke.

'Gosh! Got it? You done it well that time.'

'No, it is mine. I say, old man, why don't you settle down and work for yourself?'

'Why don't you?'

'I am thinking of it. Suppose we buy that farm and work it, you and I?'

'You and me? When I see that farm I'll answer. But darned if you ain't a queer chap! What are you up to anyway? Did my ten dollars buy that farm?'

'Would you work?'

'Would I? You try me.'

'Well, to-morrow at twelve o'clock you are to go to the bank. You will find the Sheriff. Ask if he has that farm around anywhere. He'll be in the bank at noon. Now, don't stay away. I told you a tale once; you half-believed it. At least you did not call me a liar. Do as I say.'

'I'll do it; but it's like a real theatre play. A farm! and my Minny! It makes a fellow sweat. I don't know what you're up to; but if you've a mind to fool me'——

'Well, you will go?'

'Oh, I'll go sure enough. But mind, if'——

I went down the road enjoying my comedy. The front door of the cottage was still open; but seeing Mr Sedgeley in a hammock under the trees, I went boldly forward. The little woman, very pretty and looking girlishly young in a white gown, was reading aloud—*The Pathfinder*, I think. I said, 'Good-afternoon, ma'am.' The man got up on his elbow and said things about tramps. I listened, comfortably conscious of his disability. Seeing that I made no reply, he came to an end. Upon this I said, 'You ought not to talk that way to any one; and, really, the wealth of opprobrious language on tap in New Samaria is rather surprising.' As my man of the red head and broken leg began anew, his wife said, 'Do be quiet, Tom,' and to me, 'What do you want?'

'Ten minutes' talk.'

'Well, what is it?'

'You made some time ago an investment of one dollar and twenty-five cents.'

'I hope it will prove profitable.'

'Don't forget, too, the pitcher of milk and a half-loaf. I should like a bill, an account, if you please.'

'What nonsense! You have made Tom very cross, and I know it is bad for his leg. I have no more money for you and no milk, and I do not fancy such jokes.'

'I have made out an account myself. If you will call at the bank at twelve-fifteen to-morrow, and ask for a letter for you'——

'What on earth does all this mean?' roared the husband. 'Is this fellow cracked? Get out of this, or—oh, darn that splint!'

'Will you go to the bank?' I said.

'No!' roared Tom, 'she won't.'

'Yes,' said madam, 'at twelve-fifteen I shall be there.—Why, Tom, what can be the harm?'

'Good-bye,' said I, assured that nothing would keep that woman from doing what I had asked her to do.

At twelve next day the Sheriff and I sat waiting in the small room at the back of the bank office. I was now again in my decent clothes and clean shaven. I heard the bald man tell Thad. Petersen to find the Sheriff right in there. I sat still at a table writing. The Sheriff, hugely pleased with the play, said, 'Your name's Petersen?'

'Yes, that's my name.'

'A gentleman, a friend of this man here'—indicating my back—'has given you a farm.'

Petersen looked at him with big blue eyes of steadfast doubt, and gently shook his head in negation. He said no words.

'There's the deed.'

Petersen, anxious and flushed, took the deed of gift. He glanced at the Sheriff and then down at the paper, hesitating as he slowly opened it and spread it on the table. I kept a side watch, as yet unrecognised.

'What's all this?' said Petersen. '"For and in consideration of the sum of ten dollars," &c., "the party," &c.' He looked up. 'But it's my boss's farm, two hundred acres. It can't be; it's impossible.'

'Yes, it's all right, Thad.,' said the Sheriff.

'And he'll move out?'

'He will.'

'And I'll move in?'

'You can.'

Petersen said, ''Scuse me, Mr Sheriff, it's

weakenin'.' He sat down and fell into intent study of my deed of gift. We were silent. At last he looked up and said, 'Look here; it ain't no joke?'

'No,' said I, turning. 'Don't you know me, Petersen? You helped a starving man, whom no one else believed. You were a real Samaritan.'

'I did, by George! and you're the man, and it was true.'

Petersen caught my hand and said, 'Just to think of it! Minny and me and sister!'—his voice broke—'and Minny!'

I said, 'That will do. It's all right.'

If it gave him the pleasure it gave me he was well repaid. He rose, saying, 'You won't go till I see you again. I've got to wire Rebecca'—he went out—'can't wait.'

The Sheriff said, 'That's worth the price of admission, Mr Woodburn. Oh, here is Mrs Sedgeley.—How do ye do? How's Tom? This gentleman wants to see you.'

The little woman said, 'Good-morning, sir,' and looked at me, puzzled.

I said, 'Mrs Sedgeley, a little while ago—a week or so—you made an investment. Here is a statement of the transaction. A tramp asked for food and money. You gave both. It seems to be unusual in Samaria. Here is the account. I am in your debt as follows: "To one mug of milk, to one slice of bread, to one pitcher of milk, to one loaf of bread, to one dollar and twenty-five cents," all put out at interest. There has been a rise in values.'

'What *does* this mean, Mr Sheriff?' said the bewildered woman.

'You'll soon see,' said the sheriff; and I went on:

'There is the product of your investment. Mind, this is yours, not Tom's.'

She looked at my cheque. 'Why, it's five thousand dollars, sir. Is it for me—mine?'

'Yes,' I said. 'And you may ask Tom if he will go out and run that coal-mine for me.'

She looked at me and said, 'Oh my!' and sat down and cried, sobbing out, 'And we were in debt, too, and—and—— It can't be true. We never had any luck since my baby died. It can't be true.'

'You can have the money now,' said the Sheriff, 'and it is as true as your own kind heart.'

I said, 'Now go and tell Tom not to swear at me. I will call this afternoon.'

Next I went alone to the dirty little building known as the Town Hospital of New Samaria, a part of the poorhouse. I found the doctor in a disorderly little office talking to my friendly nurse.

I said, 'I have called to say a word or two.'

Would I sit down?

'No. Doctor, I am the gentleman who was cared for here after an accident on July 4. I was robbed by the circus people and left helpless on your hands without a penny.'

The woman smiled and the doctor said, 'Is that so?'

'Yes; I am a New York banker, as I then said. You can find out about me from the Sheriff if you are still in doubt.'

The doctor hesitated a moment, and then returned, 'I suppose you are going to say I might have believed you. I didn't, and I would just like to ask you if I had begged of you anywhere, and told you such a yarn, and looked like such a tramp—now, sir, in justice to myself, I'd just like to know, would you have believed a word I spoke?'

'Upon my word,' said I, remembering many vain appeals to me, 'I do not think I should. However, the nurse did.'

'No, not quite,' said she.

'Yes, a little,' said I.

'But she's a woman,' said the doctor.

'Thank God for that, and for her. I was taken good care of, and we won't quarrel over the rest. My case was well managed, too. Send me your account to the hotel. I will pay it. And don't make it small. I am really grateful for what you did. As to what you said, it did no harm. By the way, Miss Jane, you lent me fifty cents.'

'Oh no; I gave them to you.'

'I am fortunately able to return them with interest; and let me add that if ever you need a friend I shall be at your service.'

She took the envelope, looked embarrassed and curious, and slowly tore it open. 'Oh, I can't, Will, I can't—can I? Why, it's a thousand dollars!'

'No,' said the doctor decisively; 'you did not earn it.'

'What the deuce have you to do with it?' said I.

'Well, we are to be married next week.'

'Of course,' said I, 'I ought to have made it clearer. It is a wedding present.'

'That makes all the difference in the world,' said the lady. 'I thank you—oh! ever so much.—And it will make things so easy, Will.'

I escaped, a little overcome by the comfort and joy I had given. I left her seated and unequal to further expression of her thanks beyond 'Oh, oh, sir!' The women of Samaria seem to be much given to tears.

I settled with the landlord for the horse and wagon, and promised to forget his hasty temper. The town has now a neat little cottage hospital and the Sheriff a gold repeater. My wife says it has all been fatal to my character, because now I believe every tramp and feed every beggar who wanders to the door of our country home.

I did hesitate a little about the church. Finally, however, I sent a confession and a large cheque to the parson, with a meerschaum pipe and a request to be allowed to keep the briarwood I had stolen. When this became known several Western editors

desired me to come and burn down their old churches, and finally threw doubt on the whole incident; others said I had set fire to the church and paid for it afterwards in order to advertise my firm.

I brought home with me that Samaritan dog which crossed the street to contribute the charity of acquaintance. He is free to do as he likes, but he will go nowhere with any one but me. He is known as Tramp, and is a dog of picturesque habits. At times he is absent for a week, and may come home lean and scared or plump and lazy.

For a year Tramp was the instant friend of every ragged scamp who appealed at my door for aid, but by degrees association with the educated class entirely altered his views, and of late it is impossible for a beggar to come near our gates, because of Tramp's dislike to the ill-clothed or to the human members of a class to which he once belonged.

SOME FAMOUS GAMBLERS.

By H. Noel Williams.

As long as the world lasts, so will men — and women too, for that matter—continue to gamble, openly if they are permitted, and behind locked doors and barred and curtained windows if the law endeavours to restrain them.

In the violent reaction against Puritanism which followed the Restoration, gambling became rampant throughout the country, and reached a fearful height at Whitehall, where the ladies of the Court indulged their passion for play as freely as did the men. Nell Gwynn and the Duchess of Portsmouth, the king's mistresses, used to play for very high stakes; and the latter on one occasion lost eight thousand pounds to the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, which success must have been peculiarly gratifying to the Frenchwoman, as they were rivals in the royal favour. The exploits of these ladies were, however, quite put into the shade by those of Lady Castlemaine, another of the king's favourites, who frequently won and lost enormous sums. We have it on the authority of the omniscient Pepys that in one night she won fifteen thousand pounds and in another lost twenty-five thousand pounds, and was in the habit of risking one thousand pounds and one thousand five hundred pounds on a single cast.

During the eighteenth century the passion for gambling permeated all classes, from the duke who won and lost his tens of thousands at Almack's or Wattier's to the very gravediggers who, like those in Hogarth's famous picture, diced for coppers with the gravestone as their gaming-board. So universal, indeed, was the craze that even stern moralists like Dr Johnson seem to have looked upon it with an indulgent eye; indeed, the Doctor is reported to have said that in his opinion 'no man was the worse for a flutter.'

The famous dandy Beau Nash, 'the King of Bath,' for many years was enabled to live in great style mainly through his success at play. He seems to have behaved with a generosity almost quixotic when Fortune smiled on him. On one occasion a young nobleman lost to him his whole fortune: his estates, his houses, and even his horses and carriages; and Nash—who, it may be remarked, had won the money fairly enough, for he never condescended to any of the disreputable practices so common at the time—cancelled the whole debt on condition that the loser should pay him five thousand pounds whenever he chose to claim it. To Nash's honour it must be recorded that he never claimed this sum till after the nobleman's death, when the executors paid it without demur. At another time, when he had won two hundred pounds at a single throw, a poor ruined gambler standing by murmured, 'How happy that would make me!' 'Go and be happy, then!' cried Nash, and tossed him the money. After the suppression of the gaming-tables at Bath, Nash, whose only source of income they had been, found himself reduced to comparative poverty. The Corporation of Bath, however, proved itself not ungrateful to the man who, whatever his faults may have been, had practically made the fortune of their city. They voted him a pension of ten guineas a month during the latter years of his life; and after his death, which took place at the patriarchal age of eighty-seven, ordered a full-length statue of him to be erected, and caused it to be placed between busts of Newton and Pope, thereby eliciting from Lord Chesterfield, the famous wit, the following lines:

> This statue, placed the busts between,
> Adds to the satire strength;
> Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
> But Folly at full length.

The author of this epigram was himself in early life much addicted to 'the pasteboard and bones.' He was also in the habit of playing billiards for very high stakes, and on one occasion became the victim of a Mr Lookup, a professional gambler, under amusing circumstances. Lookup, having won several games when they were playing level, asked the nobleman how many points he would give him if he put a patch over one eye. Now, the wily Lookup had some years before lost the sight of one of his

eyes in an accident; but of this fact Lord Chesterfield was, of course, unaware; and indeed to the casual observer one eye seemed as perfect as the other one. His lordship therefore readily agreed to give him five points; and, Lookup having duly covered up his sightless optic, they resumed play, with the result that Lookup won as easily as before. As Chesterfield had backed himself heavily, he lost a considerable sum of money. At last the nobleman threw down his cue in disgust, remarking that he thought his adversary saw as well with one eye as with two. 'I do not wonder at it, my lord,' replied the unabashed Lookup, 'for I have seen only out of one eye these ten years.' With the money he won from Lord Chesterfield, Lookup built some houses at Bath, which he named Chesterfield Row.

Great as was his passion for play, Chesterfield never allowed it to interfere with his ministerial duties, and both when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Under-Secretary of State resolutely refused to allow a gaming-table in his house.

In his last days he seems to have conceived a positive horror of gambling; and in bequeathing his property to his godson, Philip Stanhope, he inserted this clause:

'In case my said godson, Philip Stanhope, shall at any time hereinafter keep, or be concerned in keeping of, any racehorses, or pack of hounds, or reside one night at Newmarket, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners, during the course of the races there; or shall resort to the said races; or shall lose in any one day, at any game or bet whatsoever, the sum of five hundred pounds: then, in any of the cases aforesaid, it is my express will that he, my said godson, shall forfeit and pay out of my estate the sum of five thousand pounds to and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.'

One of the most notorious gamblers of that or any other age was William Douglas, Earl of March, afterwards the fourth Duke of Queensberry—'Old Q.,' as he was familiarly termed. His eccentricities are amusingly portrayed by Thackeray in his famous novel *The Virginians*. Says Lord Chesterfield in presenting Harry Warrington to his lordship:

'"My Lord March has not one but several devils. He loves gambling, he loves horse-racing, he loves betting, he loves drinking, he loves eating, he loves money, he loves women; and you have fallen into bad company, Mr Warrington, when you lighted upon his lordship. He will play you for every acre you have in Virginia."

'"With the greatest pleasure in life, Mr Warrington," interposes my lord.

'"And for all your tobacco, and for all your spices, and for all your oxen and asses, and for everything that is yours."

'"Shall we begin now?" says his lordship.'

Lord March then offers to bet Warrington odds of four to one that the latter will outlive his mother, Madame Warrington, and level money that he, Lord March, will outdistance him in jumping. In fact, there was nothing under the sun which this extraordinary man would not make the subject of a wager, from the speed of two racehorses on Newmarket Heath to that of two flies crawling up the window-pane at Almack's. On one occasion he made a large bet that he would, without the assistance of horses or carrier-pigeons, send a message fifty miles within an hour, and this he effected by having the message enclosed in a cricket-ball, and then stationing a number of expert cricketers along the road, who passed the ball from hand to hand, and so covered the distance within the time stipulated. At another time he made a wager of two thousand guineas that he would cause a pig to run a mile without stopping, and without being either driven or led. To do this he procured a young pig, which he placed in a sty with a trough just outside, to which it was regularly let out. Every day the trough was removed a little farther from the sty, until at length it was placed a mile away from it. Nearly two months were thus spent in training the animal; and, on the day appointed for the decision of the wager, immediately the sty-door was opened out rushed the pig, and without once stopping covered the mile which lay between it and its dinner, and won the duke his money.

When a mere lad of twenty-one, he and his bosom friend George Selwyn, the famous wit, put all the money they possessed into a common fund, and each stood surety for the losses of the other. 'Make your mind easy,' writes March to Selwyn in answer to a letter of the latter's complaining of his ill-fortune at play, 'for I have three thousand pounds now at Coutts's. There will be no bankruptcy unless we are both ruined together.' A few days later, however, it was Selwyn's turn to come to the rescue, for we find March writing to say that he 'had lost his match and was quite broke.'

'Old Q.' died in 1810 at the age of eighty-six; and, as he left nearly a million sterling, his gambling propensities, unlike those of so many of his contemporaries, would appear to have had no detrimental effect on his patrimony, but rather the reverse. Moreover, he seems to have been unusually shrewd; for Wraxall, who knew him intimately, affirms that 'he had received from nature the keenest common-sense of any person he ever knew.'

In the early years of the reign of George III. the gambling mania was at its height. It was quite a common event for a gentleman to lose over ten thousand pounds of an evening. Sometimes a whole fortune was lost at a single sitting. There was hardly an elder son among the men of fashion who had not bartered his inheritance to the Jews to obtain the funds where-

with to gratify his taste for faro and quinze. 'The young men of this age,' says Horace Walpole, 'seem to have made a law among themselves for declaring their fathers superannuated at fifty, and then disposing of the estates as if already their own.' The two Foleys traded so largely on their expectations that they were paying interest on their loans to the extent of eighteen thousand pounds a year between them. The Damers coolly notified their father, Lord Milton, that they owed seventy thousand pounds; and when the old lord refused to pay their debts, the eldest son blew his brains out in a tavern in Covent Garden. Lord Colebourne and his brothers squandered their whole patrimony, and then persuaded their widowed mother to mortgage her jointure to provide them with the sinews of war.

Among all that reckless crew none played so recklessly or so deep as Charles James Fox, the celebrated Whig statesman. When a friend once asked him what was his favourite occupation, he replied, 'Gambling and winning.' 'And what next to that?' pursued his interrogator. 'Gambling and losing,' replied Fox. It was, indeed, the excitement of the game which fascinated him, not the greed of gain; and as long as he had enough money left to stake on the next round he cared not a jot whether he won or lost. He began playing hazard at Almack's one evening—where, it may be mentioned in passing, the lowest stake permitted was fifty pounds—and did not leave off till five the following afternoon. On this occasion he was a loser to the extent of eleven thousand pounds. His elder brother, Stephen Fox, afterwards the second Lord Holland, lost a similar amount two nights later; and Charles, not to be outdone, 'dropped' ten thousand pounds the following night. So that in three nights' play the two young gentlemen—the eldest not yet twenty-five—lost thirty-two thousand pounds. So notoriously bad was Charles Fox's luck at the gaming-table that it inspired a wag to write the following lines:

At Almack's of pigeons I am told there are flocks,
But it's thought the completest is one Mr Fox;
If he touches a card, if he rattles a box,
Away fly the guineas of that Mr Fox.
He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard knocks
That cash is not plenty with this Mr Fox;
And he always must lose, for the stoutest of locks
Cannot keep any money for this Mr Fox.

Fox, however, does not seem to have been a loser at games which required a certain amount of skill, such as whist and picquet. It was his losses at hazard which ruined him, and it seems tolerably certain that the 'immoderate, constant, and unparalleled advantages' gained over him at the gaming-table were the result of unfair play. In order to pay his gambling debts he had recourse to Jewish money-lenders, and jocularly called the back sitting-room where the sleek, thick-lipped descendants of Abraham used to wait for him his 'Jerusalem Chamber.' His friends—more especially Lord Carlisle, who on one occasion advanced seventeen thousand pounds—lent him large sums; and it is said that at times, when in need of a few guineas, he would even borrow from the waiters at Brookes's. Money, however, went with him as ice melts on a hot plate; and when in 1773 a son was born to his elder brother Stephen, whose delicate life had hitherto alone intervened between him and all the wealth which Lord Holland as Paymaster-General had filched from the nation, not all the eloquence at Fox's command could avail 'to still the raging Jew,' and the crash came. His creditors swarmed down upon him from all sides, and the astute Lord Holland was called upon to disgorge no less a sum than one hundred and forty thousand pounds out of his ill-gotten wealth to save his idolised son from ruin. Altogether, it would seem that at this stage of his career his relatives must have found 'The Black Boy,' as the author of the *Letters of Junius* calls him, a pretty handful; but then what else could they expect when Lord Holland himself had taken Charles when a boy to Spa, and supplied him with money to stake at the gaming-tables there, and afterwards had permitted 'Old Q.' to be one of the lad's mentors?

The miser John Elwes, who would starve himself to save a shilling, was much addicted to high play. He and a party of friends once played two days and two nights without intermission; and, the room being a small one, the players were nearly up to their knees in cards before they had finished. On this occasion he lost several thousand pounds. Although Elwes frequently won immense sums, it is probable that when he died he was a heavy loser by play, as he made it a rule of his life, from which nothing would induce him to depart, never to ask a gentleman for money, and thus many large sums which were owing to him were never paid.

BELLS IN THE NIGHT.

The clear angelic voices of the bells
Ring through the night—bereft of even a star—
And call to wandering souls, alone, afar,
From that great deep of love which ever wells
To pour on dust-dry hearts cool waves of peace.
There is no light to point the heavenward way;
The bells ring out, in clamorous joy at play,
And summon prisoned souls to claim release.

At your first note all evil spirits fly;
Your rhythm unlocks the gate of memory
That opens radiant vistas of dead years;
Illusive sorrow melts like cloud away.
Ring in, glad bells, joy's everlasting day;
We hail ye through a mist of happy tears.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

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ST PARTRIDGE.

By 'SANSTERRE.'

IT is only the favoured few that can afford to keep the first great festival of the sportsman's year—the 12th of August. Grouse-shooting is a pastime that year by year is growing more expensive, and nowadays even a small moor costs a large sum of money to rent, particularly if it has a reputation for sport.

The 'bonny brown bird' is in quite a different category. The pursuit of it, although at times and in certain ways expensive, yet *can* be managed by those whose means are not commensurate with their love of sport. The season, too, opens at a time when many people take their autumn holiday. After being hard at work all the summer, either with professional or business cares and worries, paterfamilias grows jaded from close application, and after despatching materfamilias to the seaside with the olive branches, what wonder is it that he bethinks himself of a half-forgotten but at the same time pressing invitation to spend a week or so with a friend of bachelor days in Mangelwurzelshire—or, say, Norfolk—in pursuit of such sport as the carefully preserved manor can afford?

After many an apparently unnecessary stoppage—how slowly the train seems to travel on such occasions!—the panting engine draws up at the well-remembered country station, and a glance over the palings shows a neat dogcart waiting patiently for the expected visitor. Then come hearty greetings, as gun-case and portmanteau are stowed away carefully by the expectant porter; and even as the train slowly steams out of the station the reins are shaken, and Sultan, with his head towards home, settles into a swinging trot which promises to cover the intervening four miles in about twenty minutes. How pleasant is that drive in the cool, clean country air! The big bright moon is showing above the tops of the trees, and a mist is hanging over the meadows, through which the river winds in its tortuous course, promising a fine hot day for the morrow, on which the campaign opens. How much each of the two friends has to say! What a number of questions are asked and answered! Mutual friends are duly inquired for, messages are given and received, prospects of sport are discussed, old memories revived; and all too soon a sharp turn brings into view the comfortable home of the country host.

'Here we are!' he exclaims, as the horse pulls up of his own accord at the white gate. 'Confound that boy! he has forgotten.' At this moment the gate swings on its hinges, and the vituperated lad appears, his head hardly showing above the post. Inside, a hearty welcome from the aged father and mother of mine host awaits the visitor, and very shortly the four are gathered round the hospitable board, which is laden with rustic fare.

Dinner over, and the prospects of sport on the morrow once more discussed, a move is made by the two friends for the smoking-room, a cosy little den, where, with pipes and sundry tumblers of well-matured 'Scotch,' the evening passes all too quickly.

The magic 1st of September dawns bright and clear. Harvest has been early, and most of the fields, if not quite all of them, are denuded of their crops. Shapely stacks round the homestead tell of grain stored for future use, and bright green tops of mangold and turnip promise plenty of covert for unsuspecting *perdrix*. At nine o'clock the keeper makes his appearance. A weather-beaten veteran he is, who for forty years or more has not failed to accompany first his old master and then his master's son on the opening day. The old retriever is let out, and greets first one and then the other of the little party in effusive fashion. 'Jet knows as well as we do what is on,' exclaims the host to his friend as they start.

'This way, if you please, gentlemen,' says the old keeper deferentially, at the same time opening the gate into a fairly large stubble-field. The

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days of reaped stubbles have long since departed never to return. Then the cream of the sport was to be obtained over pointers knee-deep in the stiff straw. Now the reaping-machine or the self-binder shears off everything quite clean and short, so that there is little or no hide for the resting covey, nor shelter from the still oppressive rays of the autumn sun. But the birds will linger for a time where they have been feeding, and it is little short of wonderful how the covey will squat on the almost bare ground until, with a loud *whir*, and sundry vociferous directions from the old birds in *perdrix* language to the as yet inexperienced brood, the whole bunch take wing simultaneously when the shooter approaches too near. Therefore, in the early part of the day at all events, the stubbles must be patiently walked in the hope of driving the birds towards the turnips or mangold or seed-clover, where there is plenty of covert for them, and where they may be expected to rise within range. Backwards and forwards the party move with military regularity, wheeling at the hedge, and so covering the whole of the field; the guns at each end of the line, about thirty or forty yards apart, with the keeper in the middle; Jet, of course, at her master's heels, where she walks sedately, taking as keen an interest in the proceedings as any of the others. Quite in the early part of September a shot or two may be obtained on the stubbles, particularly if the land has been allowed to lie quite quietly after the corn is cleared off; but after a very short experience of the effect of the murderous tubes, the birds will learn to look out for their enemy, and will take wing long before the sportsman comes within range, flying to the —as they think—safe haven of cool broad leaves which will conceal them so well.

In the middle of the field is a large pond, surrounded with trees which overhang the water, and here a pair of wild-ducks have made their home and reared their brood. At night they have fattened on the corn by which they were surrounded, while in the daytime they have rested and splashed amongst the rushes growing at the edge of the pond. There are ten of them, the keeper says—fine birds and strong fliers all of them. On drawing near the pond the shooters separate, each approaching from a different direction, while the keeper goes boldly to the edge and begins beating the bushes with his stick. To the visitor is assigned the most likely side, and as he drops a couple of fat young mallard—one to each barrel—with a sounding *thud!* on the hard ground, he feels that life is indeed worth living, and his spirits rise proportionately when he reflects that months of close application to work have not deprived his right hand of its old cunning.

One day after partridges must of necessity be very like another. On this occasion both guns are keen and genuine sportsmen and good shots. As covey after covey rises during the day, the sharp *crack! crack!* of the smokeless powder rings out, and many a plump young bird takes its last flight. They are both shooting for sport, and not for the bag; consequently no attempt is made to kill off whole coveys by persistently following them up after shooting the old birds at the first rise. The ground has been carefully preserved for years; the season has been favourable; the attention of the old keeper and his man has been hearty and persistent; so that shots are frequent, and by one o'clock all are glad of a rest. The welcome sight of the luncheon-basket under the shade of some spreading trees in the corner of a sloping plantation is greeted with acclamation. The enforced sedentary habits of the visitor are not conducive to an extra long walk over the uneven ground, while his farmer friend, seasoned by exposure to sun and wind, and hardened by healthy exercise, seems as if he never would be really tired. How pleasant to all concerned is that short midday rest and refreshment! Even Jet seems glad of a little respite, while the old keeper cheerfully empties the contents of his game-bag to be packed on the luncheon-cart and so conveyed home. How delicious are the rolls and sandwiches; how cool and refreshing the home-brewed—pure malt and hops, and not a headache in a barrel of it! Luncheon over, time is taken for just one pipe and a little desultory chat before the campaign is renewed. Then, after packing up what is left, and with orders to look on the trunk of a certain tree on his way home where a hare or two and some rabbits are hanging, the lad in charge of the cart sets off, and the sportsmen once more go on the war-path.

With varying success they traverse field after field, until—in the case of the visitor—tired nature can do no more. 'Hold, enough!' is the cry, and tracks are made for home. There, after just one cup of tea and a short rest, a warm bath and a complete change of raiment are very welcome, and serve to dissipate any feelings of languor that the unwonted exercise may have caused. Then dinner, when the octogenarian father, unable now to take an active part in the sport he still loves so well, has to be enlightened as to the day's proceedings, and merry jest and harmless banter, comparing olden days with the present, keep the conversation from flagging. Many an oft-repeated tale—new, possibly, to the visitor—does the old man call up from his well-stocked memory: stories of good shots and bad shots, of his son's first experiences as a schoolboy sportsman, of clever retrieves by clever dogs; and so the time slips unheeded by until the listlessness of the visitor points to the fact that he is already half-asleep, and is longing to be completely so.

'One pipe—only one, upon my honour,' pleads the son; and, with a hearty good-night to the

aged couple, a move is made for the 'den,' where that last pipe is duly enjoyed, and then off to bed to sleep the sleep of the tired!

How different a day like this to that which nowadays falls to the lot of the partridge-shooter! Now there is an army of beaters, counterbalanced by an army of guns. Places are allotted by ballot, the guns conceal themselves as best they can under the hedgerows, while the beaters spread round the country and drive the birds over. Undoubtedly very considerable skill is needed on the part of the shooter to give a good account of cartridges expended. The birds are thoroughly frightened, and fly very fast; and it takes a deal of practice to kill a right and left out of the approaching covey, then to receive a fresh gun from a skilful loader and repeat the performance before the birds are out of range. Still, old gunners say that there is not half the real sport in shooting driven birds that there used to be when shooting over pointers or setters and walking after the quarry. Possibly the changes in the system of farming and the improvement in guns and ammunition are in a measure largely responsible for the altered methods. Moreover, no one will deny that the system of driving has improved the stock of birds in many ways. The old birds, coming first, get killed off, and so the stock is kept young and vigorous. But, as one advanced in years, and who has enjoyed many a good day both walking up birds and shooting at them driven overhead, the writer is obliged to confess that, so far as his taste is concerned, the alteration is not necessarily an improvement; and even now, although unable to stand a long day's walk without experiencing very considerable fatigue, to say nothing of the feeling of walking about during the latter half of the day with some one else's feet on, and those very uncomfortable, yet one day's genuine walking up birds would be preferred to two days' driving.

Ah, well! there must be differences of opinion.

The present season promises to be a fair one in most districts; and it only remains to wish the readers of these lines straight powder, good sport, and plenty of it.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL

CHAPTER X.—THE EXCELLENT PLAN OF COUNT BRODE.

SAINT CLAUD, having none but the simple attractions of nature to recommend it, was utterly unknown to the great host of holiday-makers. Shopkeepers and modest folk from neighbouring inland towns formed the bulk of its visitors, with a small number of discriminating persons of a better class, who had either discovered the place first by accident or had been recommended to it by friends. Those who came once came often; for, however few its attractions were, they were certainly cheap and permanent. The place was excessively clean, the bathing was good, the sands were extensive, and the people were not yet over-perfect in the fine art of living upon strangers.

The character of the Hôtel Seine was quite in accord with its surroundings. It was an old, whitewashed building, standing some three hundred yards from the village, on a small cliff. It had been used as a school until quite recently, when the Minister of Education had ordered the erection of something more suited to modern requirements. What education had rejected enterprise had secured; for a clever young man from Paris had taken over the old school, and had expended upon it unlimited ingenuity and a limited capital. Walls had been taken down, partitions run up, out-buildings added, windows enlarged, and, last but not least, a name selected. The result was fairly creditable, and the Hôtel Seine had gradually drawn to its doors the more select of Saint Claud's admirers.

When Mr Barrows and his companion arrived, late in the evening, they received a profuse welcome from the clever young man from Paris, now scarcely so young and much more portly. Being clever, he saw at once that it would be too great a strain of politeness to call them milords, wide as the term might be. 'Messieurs,' therefore, were profoundly welcome to his house, the only good house in Saint Claud. Did Messieurs intend to make a long stay? They did not know? Ah! then, they must breathe the air of this delectable place, and see the comforts which the Hôtel Seine could offer them. No; it was yet early, and visitors were few. There were only two other guests at the 'Seine' now, but more were coming.

They were conducted to their rooms, and presently came down to a long, low, and very comfortable dining-room. A submissive-looking waiter attended them; and when they had instructed him, they stood at the window together. The window looked out upon a modest garden-plot, but a broad, well-worn path on the right led to the sands below. Out across the sands stood the white cottages of the village, barely distinguishable in the falling dusk.

'A jolly quiet little place,' said Hadfield.

'Very,' answered Mr Barrows.

Then two men turned into view on the path leading up from the beach. One was tall and

broad-shouldered, the other of medium height and slender frame. Mr Barrows turned from the window and sat down at a table.

Two things then happened at the same time. The submissive-looking waiter entered again, bearing with infinite care a large lamp. Close upon his heels came Philip Brode, his tall form well filling the doorway; and behind him came his father. The first thing they saw was the face of Mr Barrows, the lamplight full upon it; the next was Hadfield, turning from the window with genuine interest in their entry.

It was a rather awkward moment, and at first even the Count seemed at a loss. Then he spoke to his son:

'Mr Barrows, Philip. Here is Mr Barrows.'

Philip gave a nod of recognition, and moved off to a table. The Count smiled at Hadfield.

'My friend, Mr Hadfield,' said Barrows briefly. 'Count Brode, Hadfield.'

The Count bowed pleasantly, and joined his son. Hadfield sat down with Mr Barrows, and the waiter, having arranged the lamp to his satisfaction, went out once more, to return with what they had ordered. A few minutes later the other table had also been served.

It was a curious affair at best; to Hadfield it was amazing. He had supposed that the meeting of the two parties would be a somewhat tragic affair, and had wondered much what his own attitude should be. Instead, there was nothing more than an ordinary meeting of acquaintances, followed by the very ordinary function of supper at tables separated but a few feet from each other, and with a plain, commonplace waiter hovering within easy call. He felt inclined to rub his eyes.

There were further marvels. The silence in the room was rather constrained, or at least the Count seemed to think so. He began to speak, and kept up a light and occasional conversation, which was not the less interesting because it was light and occasional; for this evil old man—as Hadfield had learned to regard him—was a master of the tongue. Even against his own will the young fellow was drawn into the talk, and now and again Count Philip joined, though the art of conversation was evidently not in his equipment. So the moments passed quickly, and, what was more surprising still, pleasantly.

'Barrows told me,' thought Hadfield, 'that this affair was to be only a mere matter of form, and no doubt the Count looks at it in just that way. I expected a thunder-and-lightning scene, but I had forgotten.'

So he argued himself into what he considered a sensible mood, feeling, indeed, some surprise that Barrows was not a little more free also. Perhaps, however, it would hardly be the thing for the two principals to treat the business so lightly as that. Form was form after all, even if it were nothing more.

His conclusions were confirmed when the Count turned his chair and moved it towards them, making a distant third at their table. Supper was now over.

'Perhaps,' he said, 'it would be well to speak of our little affair now, since we are together. Pardon me, Mr Barrows; but would you leave it to Mr Hadfield and myself, or shall we speak of it in company?'

Mr Barrows answered at once: 'I think we may speak of it together, and this time is as good as any.'

'Decidedly,' agreed the Count, and he made a sign to his son, who at once joined them. Then, leaning forward in his chair, he spoke in a lower tone, so that the waiter should not overhear; but the difference in tone made no difference in the pleasantness of his manner.

'First,' he said, 'I have to explain our choice of this place. It seemed to us, gentlemen, that it would be best not to have any public attention for our affair, such as would be given to a duel under ordinary conditions. The thing could be done quietly, and if it should happen that any injury befell, it seemed to us best to let it have the appearance of accident. You see the benefits of this?'

Mr Barrows nodded. The Count smiled and bowed.

'While considering this point,' he went on, 'I thought of Saint Claud. It happens that an acquaintance of mine—it matters not who—came to this place some four years ago with a sick daughter who needed rest and quiet. It was very slow for this person, but he chanced to be an expert with the pistols; and in those days of idleness he was in the habit of going out to the rocks beyond the hotel and making practice there. This was an interesting pastime for empty hours, and several other visitors were drawn to take part in it. In brief, it became quite popular, and the tradition remained after my friend had left. I have ascertained from our host that even last year some of his guests amused themselves in this way; and after hearing this we remarked that it would suit us also. Accordingly I sent to the nearest town for pistols and a couple of air-guns, which arrived this morning; and it would be the most natural thing in the world if you chanced to join us on one or two occasions at pistol practice.'

The Count paused, smiling. 'And this little business,' he then went on, 'can easily be arranged for an evening later in the week—some time when we shall have no spectators. It can all be done in just three minutes—and honour will be satisfied.'

His amused expression fully confirmed Hadfield's opinions. There was silence for a moment; each, apparently, waited for another to speak.

'That is our little plan, gentlemen,' said the Count. 'What do you say of it?'

Mr Barrows made an effort to reply. 'It will do as well as any other. It is very ingenious. Is there anything more?'

The Count took the question as a hint. He rose placidly.

'Nothing more,' he answered. 'The rest can be settled another time. It gives us pleasure that you approve.'

All rose at this point, and the two parties separated, the Count and his son withdrawing towards the window. 'We will take a walk on the sands, Hadfield,' said Mr Barrows carelessly; and they passed out to the hall. Hadfield looked back as they reached the door, wondering a little at his companion's curtness; and as he looked back he found that Count Brode was watching their departure. The suave old gentleman gave a friendly nod, and it would have been very far from Hadfield's mind just then to suggest that there was anything cruel or hawk-like in his face or expression.

They took the path leading down from the cliff. It was now late, and the sea and sands lay in a misty moonlight which seemed to emphasise the stillness. Two fishermen, walking from the sea towards the village, conversed as they walked, and their voices could be heard in distinct tones. Their shadows kept pace with them, gigantic and grotesque, at their feet.

Hadfield had an idea that Mr Barrows preferred silence, so he offered only one remark:

'What do you really think of the plan?'

'It is a very clever plan,' said the other, 'yet very simple. Yes, it is a very good plan.'

And he saw that it was. Four gentlemen, staying at the 'Seine,' amuse themselves with pistol practice. One evening an accident occurs, and a ball goes home to its place. There is some little commotion locally; but there is no breath of suspicion, for Count Brode is a gentleman above suspicion. In the result one obscure Englishman is laid aside, and an obstacle is smoothed away; also, an old score is cleared off the records.

Mr Barrows saw that his enemy had arranged to give him what might be described as a dog's death, and nothing better. And it would be nothing more if his faint hope proved in the end to be unfounded, for then all would go for next to nothing.

The thought was too unnerving, and he tried to thrust it aside. His only source of courage was the remembrance of those for whom he was acting in this way, and the reflection that victory was possible—just possible. So he kept this before him as they crossed the sands in silence.

Count Brode and Philip watched them from the window, the younger man with the sullen look that was almost habitual to him.

'So he came to Saint Claud,' he said suddenly. 'You thought he would not.'

'Ah, yes,' answered the father, 'he came. But to come to Saint Claud is not to face the pistol, Philip. There is a difference.'

There was a brief silence, during which Philip exercised his thoughts. 'Why do you so hate the man?' he asked presently. 'I detest him myself because he has interfered, and I will kill him for it; but you have something else.'

'Yes,' said Count Brode slowly. 'I have something else. He opposed me long ago, when Prince Adrian lived. You shall know all that later; but now—now you shall pay both accounts.'

'Yes,' agreed the young man. 'I will see to that. There will be no difficulty afterwards?'

'None. He has even been considerate enough to bring a companion, to help us to make things smooth. That is very well. All is very well.'

So said the skilful plotter, smiling as he watched his victim move among the shadows across the sands. Yet, if he had said all, he might have admitted that all was not quite as well as he had expected it to be. Not that he was in any degree dissatisfied with things as they were; but Mr Barrows had come to Saint Claud. That fact introduced into the affair—although he had made every preparation in view of it—just that element of the incomprehensible which every skilled plotter hates and fears.

(To be continued.)

HAREM-LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

By Moya B. Falkner.

In spite of railways and telegraphs, Cook's tourist tickets, and the familiar figure of the dusty, panting globe-trotter, Turkey defies impertinent investigation, and still remains a land of mystery and romance. Here the 'unspeakable Turk' continues to shift all disagreeable duties to other and broader shoulders; here the guides still show the oubliettes in the Old Seraglio into which unhappy ministers with too keen an appetite for reform were thrust, and where unruly beauties were hurried to the keeping of the blue Bosphorus that laves the crumbling walls. 'Time is made for slaves!' and no free man or woman will stoop to its exacting sway; it has ceased to exist for all practical purposes, and the Oriental scorns its modern offspring, the time-table, and goes to the quay or station at haphazard to wait long hours for the next boat or train. At Adrianople, where customs

are still more primitive, women rush frantically to the station in the dawn, and when told that the express is not expected till the evening, sink contentedly into a seat, with the exclamation, 'Thanks be to Allah! we are in time.'

Yes, Turkey is still a fairyland of enchantment, where happiness costs little (provided that you are not an Armenian), and all misfortunes, from the breaking of a coffee-cup to the ruin of an entire family, are endured with Oriental stoicism, and the formula old as the hills: 'It is the will of Allah! Kismet!' In Turkey we breathe the very atmosphere of mystery and illusion, sandal-scented and redolent of the *Arabian Nights*. For aught we know, that swathed figure attended by obsequious slaves may be a Circassian beauty dragged from her mountain home, that old dealer a necromancer disguised, and we half expect to see a fierce genie emerge in a pillar of smoke from the stones beneath our feet.

Each home—whether it be a gorgeous palace with marble pillars and low broad steps washed by the azure sea, or a miserable ruined hovel roofed with *tenekès* or old petroleum-cases that can scarce keep the rain from the heads of the shivering inmates—has alike its *hàrem-lik* (women's apartments), jealously latticed and impenetrable to the most curious stranger. Each woman, be she princess or peasant, issues from the sanctuary of home shrouded from the outer world in draperies concealing face and form; and, until extreme old age has set in, never ventures alone or unattended into the street, however poor or destitute she may be.

Both rich and poor exhibit the same jealous clinging to the privacy of their domestic life. It is considered the height of ill-breeding for a man to inquire for the health of a friend's wife or female relative, no matter how intimate is his footing with the master of the house. Male visitors are received in the *sèlam-lik* (men's apartments), a reception-room quite distinct from the rest of the house; indeed, many of the richer pashas prefer separate houses for *sèlam-lik* and *hàrem-lik*, connected by a door or covered way. Only a Moslem of the most advanced views, probably one who had degraded himself in the eyes of his compatriots by marriage with a low-caste European, would be seen either driving or walking with his wife in the daytime. If they meet in the street, and the keen eyes of the man should identify his 'property' in some conventionally swathed figure, he passes without sign of recognition; although on reaching home he will submit the terrified woman to the severest cross-questioning as to her errand. Needless to say, mistakes are sometimes unavoidable, and violent domestic scenes often the outcome of these supposed encounters, for the Turks are proverbially the most jealous of nations. I have known a gentleman of advanced views, and holding a high position in the Government, refuse to speak to his wife, or even allow her to enter the same room with himself, for three days, preferring to dine and sup in a tent pitched in the garden, on account of suspicions founded on an alleged afternoon call!

Turkish fathers and husbands may be divided into two great classes: those who are old-fashioned or *eski* (literally 'old'), and those who, having obtained some modern culture themselves, allow their womenkind to reap some of the benefits in extended liberty. The former class cling to the faith and customs of their forefathers, and look with loathing and contempt on all such innovations as railways, books, and all Western learning. Electric light is still abhorrent to them, from the obvious connection between 'dynamite' and 'dynamos'! They read little save the daily *Moslem Gazette*, which is carefully edited by the censor till it truly resembles food for babes, and reeks with fulsome flattery of the half-divine Padishah! Others read the French edition of the *Levant Herald*, where everything of a dangerous nature is suppressed by the fatherly hand of the Government. Turks who are *eski* retain their old-fashioned dress—a long, loose overcoat, wide-flowing trousers, and collarless silken shirt. They bind a voluminous turban round the red fez, and cultivate a long beard, symbolic of the dignity and privileges of the superior sex. All the ceremonial ablutions are most scrupulously observed; and during the forty long days of Ramazan no food passes their lips, no drop of water soothes their burning thirst in hottest summer, from the hour 'when a man may tell a black hair from a white one,' until the sunset-gun booms out the welcome signal of release.

If you enter the house of such a man—and it is not easy to win your way there until you have proved that friendship and not curiosity is your motive—you will find it the pattern of neatness, with clean white mats and snowy boards. Cleaning goes on every day and all day, and the elder women, with their heads bound with wonderful turbans fringed with tiny silken tassels, alternately scold and coax the hurrying servants or slave-girls. The latter go barefoot, and are clothed in one simple cotton garment, girded nearly to the knees while at work. It is considered immodest for a woman to expose her hair to a man's gaze; so they twist a black or coloured handkerchief round their heads; and, as they are forbidden to go into the *sèlam-lik* unveiled, they have always a number of long white veils, made of a sort of butter-muslin, hanging near the door. These they snatch up and fling over the head, tucking the end in or tossing it over one shoulder if a member of the other sex appears suddenly.

Nothing is more puzzling to the visitor at a Turkish house than the complete disregard of time. This is really, of course, regulated by sunset, which is always twelve o'clock, summer and winter alike. Dinner is the great event of the day, and

it usually takes place at twelve or one o'clock (Turkish time), when the daily work is done. It is not, however, distinguished by that unfailing regularity that one meets with in Western lands. As the Turks frankly confess, they like to eat when they are hungry, and not when it suits the convenience of their servants, in Frankish style. This, though at first blush it sounds fairly reasonable, in practice resolves itself into being obliged to eat when the head of the house is hungry! You may have no appetite, it is true; but remonstrance is worse than useless; your plate is heaped with choice morsels from your host's with friendly prodigality, and in a short time it becomes quite natural to feed at one o'clock one day and at ten in the morning the next!

It is not the custom for men and women to sit at table together, except in houses where Frankish habits have been adopted; but none the less is dinner the chief daily consideration of the lady of the house. As guests are always self-invited, and arrive with bedding, servants, babies, &c., after giving about an hour's notice of their intention, it will be inferred by housekeepers that to keep the larder properly supplied in a climate where scarcely anything will keep over-night is no light task. Soon after sunrise the cook goes to the bazaar to perform the onerous duty of buying the day's provisions. His sex generally precludes the possibility of an interview with his mistress, who, until the day is far advanced, loves to lounge about in a *déshabillé* that shall be nameless, her bare feet thrust into slippers, and a flower stuck in her wisp of hair. Then business is begun as follows: The kitchen door is opened a few inches, and the lady stations herself on one side on a cushion or chair, armed with pencil and tablets. The cook ensconces himself on the other side, with a greasy slate, upon which are scrawled hieroglyphics which he himself is at a loss to interpret now that the excitement of the fray is over. Each article purchased is placed on a tray, and pushed round the door by the cook, who is supposed to avert his head carefully each time. However, as long as the face of the lady remains unseen, it is immaterial how much of her lightly clad person is visible. Thus are the accounts audited, fresh orders given, and bad language freely interchanged.

The evening meal is preceded by a slight repast consisting of nuts, salad, toasted cheese, sliced cucumbers, and bits of bread, with smoked fish (*cheiros*), washed down by glasses of *mastica*, a potent spirit. This is served on the veranda, or under the rose-bushes of the garden in early summer, and a hush of great contentment generally pervades the family circle as, fortified by this preliminary, they wait for dinner. This meal consists of from six to ten courses, or even more, many of them being simply vegetables stewed in oil. Tomatoes or French beans form an ingredient in most of these dishes, and a favourite dainty is *peppéri*, a sort of large peppercorn with the inside scooped out and stuffed with rice, chopped mutton, and spices. Cucumbers, stuffed—though not with pearls as in the historic fairy tale—make a frequent appearance, and cakes soaked in honey and weird mixtures of jam and fruit are served up for dessert. A delicious dish is a fruit *compôt*, delicately iced; and there is great variety in their cookery when the strange flavours are once appreciated. However, the last dish before the sweets is like the laws of the Medes and Persians, invariable: boiled macaroni with tomato sauce and grated cheese; or *pillaff*, the national dish, which is a very appetising stew of rice, with chopped mutton and chicken. At first one wonders why such a very substantial dish is produced last; but I, for one, was not left long in doubt, for with my earliest introduction to Turkish life and manners my charming host explained, in most fluent and melodious French, that this was *pour la santé;* because, when as much as possible of the other dishes had been consumed, it served to 'fill up the corners'! Let any reader try this hygienic plan for himself!

The dress of the Turkish lady at home, as I have hinted, is simplicity itself. Often it is composed of a loose cotton or muslin wrapper, rose and yellow being the two favourite shades. Green seems to be only permitted to those who have the honour of counting themselves among the descendants of the Prophet, and their name is legion. In warm weather the women sometimes discard stockings, and display their pretty pink-and-white toes without embarrassment; nor do they clothe themselves with a multiplicity of garments. The hair is too often disfigured with henna dye, which, though it produces a deep auburn or red tint at first, soon causes patches of yellow, green, and gray to appear; and at an early age the multi-coloured crop fails, and the owner, becoming perfectly bald, seeks refuge in the all-concealing turban. Hair-brushes are almost unknown, and a very coarse comb alone is used; which perhaps may account for the fact that the hair is so seldom glossy or well kept.

It forms a matter for deep regret, from the artistic as well as the antiquarian point of view, that the lovely old costume of silken trousers, full to the ankle, gauzy vest, wide sash, and embroidered zouave no longer forms part of the modern Turkish lady's wardrobe. The slaves still sport it as a fancy dress on grand occasions; and I believe it lingers within the Seraglio walls when the pampered beauties take a patriotic freak; but would-be 'French' atrocities have usurped its place in feminine hearts, and the old-world charm is fled. Every self-respecting Turkish lady wishes her acquaintances to believe that her dresses have come direct from Paris, and that her jewels and silks have cost more than

those of her neighbours. Like her sisters all the world over, she dresses, not to please men—who, save her husband and nearest male relatives, can never behold this magnificence—but to make her dearest friends green with envy. A young Turkish woman is generally plump; and sweet food, baths, and want of exercise soon render her absolutely corpulent; but her slave must lace her as tightly as possible into a pair of bursting corsets when she contemplates a visit or receives her friends. Then her small feet are compressed in high-heeled shoes, in which she can only just totter, and which are really dangerous amid the uneven stones and precipitous descents of Galata or Stamboul. Her hair is frizzed, and usually badly burnt in the process, and white powder is smeared thickly over her dark skin. The eyes are touched with *kohl*, a preparation less harmful than its European substitute; an eyebrow-pencil and rouge is added to taste, but sparingly, as the modern Turkish lady is deeply learned in the lore of third-rate French literature, and wishes to appear *toujours un peu souffrante!* Lastly, a silk or satin dress, of brilliant hue and in barbarous imitation of Parisian fashion, is donned, and all the available jewels of the fair owner disposed about her person, preference being given to diamonds and huge emeralds. Over all this magnificence is spread the *tchit-tcharf*, a large garment closely resembling our old-fashioned rain-cloak, erroneously called the *féridji* by indiscriminating Giaour menfolk. It is cut in two pieces, a full skirt and a triangular piece draping the head and body to the waist, where it is gathered very fully and set into the band at the back. It is tightly pinned behind the head with hairpins, and the hair worn flat or coquettishly dressed in a knob under the silk to give a stylish contour. The *tchit-tcharf* is looped up at each side to allow the arms free play, and black, dark blue, and purple are the customary colours for a lady of rank. Servants and the poorer classes wear bright shades or even pure white. Even the poorest endeavour to beg, buy, or borrow a silk *tchit-tcharf;* for the woman who can only afford cotton is scorned by her own sex. The difficulty of walking in such a garb is considerable, and on the rare occasions when I have donned these ample wrappings, together with the thick black veil which hangs down and completely covers the face, I have felt half-smothered. This veil is obligatory for women of the better class when in town or up the Bosphorus. It is amusing to watch the *arabaji* (cabman) turn away his face as he opens the carriage door, lest a chance breeze should lift the gauze and disclose an inch or so of chin; still funnier when the wearer is a Giaour woman in disguise!

In the country, and when driving in a closed brougham, the more transparent *yashmak* is worn. It consists of a strip of white gauze drawn over the face, but leaving the eyes, and usually the mouth and chin, uncovered. It is considered less modest than the black veil, but has the immense advantage of softening and beautifying the plainest features, whilst a pretty face looks absolutely enchanting under its filmy folds. This fact has contributed to its survival in spite of all obstacles.

The ladies of the Sultan's harem use the *yashmak* when driving. They, in common with all dames of high rank, are attended by hideous black eunuchs, resplendent in frock-coat, lemon kid gloves, and diamond scarf-pin; for these creatures are the vainest of the vain, and their masters freely gratify such weaknesses as long as they repay this indulgence with absolute fidelity and watchfulness. Size and ugliness are much esteemed, and command a high price in the market. These blacks ride on showy horses, one on each side of the carriage windows, or one is mounted on the box to guard the beauties within. From the interior comes a flash of bewildering loveliness: dark languishing eyes, brilliant sheen of silks, a floating cloud of lace and gauze, and a haunting smile. Then the radiant vision vanishes, the guard presents arms, the great palace gates fly open, and close again behind the curvetting steeds; and a muttered curse or savage scowl from the sentry reminds the dreaming stranger that it is not wise to stare too closely at the favourites of his Serene Highness or a rich pasha's wives, whatever your age or sex!

Friday, the sacred day of rest, affords the best opportunity for viewing Turkish beauty. In the magnificent avenues, by the 'Sweet Waters of Europe,' the women drive, or flit up and down the river in long yellow *kaïques*—the gondola of Constantinople. Here the young diplomatists, the aides-de-camp of the Sultan, and all the flower of Moslem manhood show themselves. They bestride superb Arab stallions, and excel in all the tricks of horsemanship. With arched neck and flowing tails, their chargers caracole, bound, and gallop over the wide plains and adjacent hills. It is rumoured that here the watchful blacks sometimes fail to notice a flower tossed from a jewelled hand. Stories have been whispered to me of oranges flung into a passing carriage with billets-doux tucked close under the fragrant skin, and of tiny bouquets arranged in ardent floral language. Whether true or not, it is at least certain that all young Turkish women coax their husbands to allow them to drive to the 'Sweet Waters' on a Friday. A large palace or *kiosque* stands there in the woods; but it is unused save for an occasional picnic of the ladies of the Imperial Seraglio. Within these high palace walls and closely latticed windows, in many a prison in that fairyland, the women drag out the most monotonous of existences.

Marriage is the girl's one object, her one dream, from the day when she first puts on the veil of girlhood. Matches are arranged by means of an old woman whose profession it is to keep herself

informed of the dowries and positions of all the marriageable maids and bachelors of the neighbourhood. Photographs are sometimes exchanged, and I know of one case where the bride of thirteen was allowed to inspect her bridegroom with a pair of opera-glasses; while he in his turn was permitted to gaze at his *fiancée* unveiled through the glass door of his future father-in-law's conservatory. After marriage the poor child—for she is usually little more—is bullied by her mother-in-law if it be a combined household, or bored to death by ennui if she is alone!

The education of the modern Turkish girl is less wholesome, because less domestic and more superficial, than under the old régime. The little girl grows up passionate, selfish, and capricious, without even the most elementary idea of self-control. Many French novels of the worst type have led her to hate her quiet, secluded life, and she has a morbid longing for such adventures as she has read of and imagines are the lot of all free women. She gathers up her robes in the street lest she should brush against the 'barefaced Frankish woman,' but secretly envies her liberty. She is a child without the innocence and freedom of childhood, a girl without girlhood's happy freedom and romance. Wifehood and maternity bring no sense of their sacred duties and responsibilities, and her little sons know instinctively that for help and advice they must not apply to her.

It is rumoured that one of the Sultan's numerous daughters is now being educated in Paris, and that she learns rapidly, playing the piano with taste and feeling; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this report. One lady of my Moslem acquaintance, and only one, was really expert with her needle. She possessed a sewing-machine, and could turn out a white piqué coat and skirt in a style that many a European woman might envy.

In general, Turkish ladies have a great love for practical jokes of the most childish kind. A young doctor I knew was frequently sent for by a young princess upon the most frivolous pretexts. He was the only man she might see and speak with unveiled, and she took every advantage of her opportunities. Sometimes she ordered his coffee to be flavoured with salt, and clapped her hands and shrieked with delight at his disgusted face. Sometimes she dipped his handkerchief in the ink, and flicked his face with the dripping rag. On one occasion she offered her hand and heart to the young medico, who declined with as much politeness as the circumstances permitted of.

It is true that slavery has been legally abolished; but the traffic goes on in secret much as before. These slaves are often dressed most picturesquely, and when visits are paid they stand behind their mistress's chair for hours. Some of them are very fine women. I remember one African with yellow skin and great pathetic eyes. She was dressed in a long robe of yellow cotton that matched her skin, her grand bust half bare, and wore great bracelets and waist-belt of gold. She would fold her arms across her breast and gaze out into vacancy motionless as a bronze statue for an hour at a time.

In most households there is a small room where unruly slaves are shut up or whipped. The Turks, however, seem very sensitive concerning Frankish opinions on such cruelties. I know of a little boy of twelve who forbade his mother and grandmother to have the slaves flogged while his English governess was in the house, 'because it made her sad'! A Moslem husband can divorce his wife by repeating a simple formula before two or more witnesses on three several occasions, but all the dowry must be returned. However, if the wife has no parents or relatives able to support her, the husband cannot legally put her away. 'Ah, how happy you English women are!' said a pretty young woman to me with tears in her dark eyes. 'Your husbands cannot take another wife when you lose your beauty and grow old. Mine has promised me he never will; but he is a man, and how do I know?' A world of tragedy lay, thought I, behind those simple words! It is only fair, however, to say that a modern Turk has usually only one wife, or at most two. The reason is, probably, that polygamy is unfashionable, and also very expensive, as by the Koran a man is bound to give each one an equal amount of presents, jewellery, &c., and even a carriage and horses each, or one in common!

Eating sweetmeats, smoking cigarettes, scolding the slaves, and talking scandal are the chief diversions of the Turkish lady, with now and then a visit to a low-class theatre; and her physique, and with it that of the race, is rapidly deteriorating for want of fresh air and exercise. Happy is the woman poor enough to be obliged to do her own marketing, and who yet retains a reverence for the faith of her fathers, visiting the mosque, where the coolness and quiet, the atmosphere of prayer, soothes the tired nerves and raises the heart above all petty daily cares. But, alas! the much-disputed question as to whether woman is the possessor of an immortal soul has left its mark on the female population. They have ceased to base any great hopes on such an uncertainty, and live, feed, and behave so like the 'beasts that perish' that to the flippant modern Turk it seems that if endowed with souls at all they must be so small as to be scarcely worth the trouble of saving! Is it wonderful that all thoughtful Moslems say, 'Our women are not yet ready for reform'? All reform for them must come from within, and the soil is not yet ready for the sowing: we confess it sorrowfully enough.

A MATTER OF ART.

IN Treporth, Art was spelt with a very large capital letter. Not that the Treporthians loved Art for Art's sake. The case, indeed, was quite the contrary, for the fisher-folk constituting Treporth's aboriginal community regarded with carefully disguised scorn the painters who paid them good coin of the realm to act as models, the visitors who came from afar in search of literary material, and the tourists who, following in the train of the others, ransacked the picturesque tumble-down houses of the little town in search of 'bits' of old furniture, crockery, and curios.

From the material side, however, Treporth quite saw how Art was money in its purse or in the stocking-heels, and in the cracked teapots which were the equivalents thereof. The trouble was that the boom could not last; and old Sarah Samble voiced the general opinion as she held forth on the subject to Mrs Mary Hancock, her next-door neighbour.

'Tis not tu be denied,' she said as the two conversed from their adjoining doorsteps, 'that them artises comin' tu Treporth have been better for us nor the biggest shoal o' pilchers the boats ever fetched tu harbour. I've a sold my poor dead man's uncle's clock, that 's been under the bed we slept on this twenty year, for five goolden poundses.'

'An' Johnny Friday, 'e wouldn't ha' gone above five shillin',' commented Mrs Hancock.

'That 'e wouldn't. 'E says last time I had it out, "Put a hammer through her, missis," 'e says, "an' I 'll give three pennies the pound for the old brass in she." An' I 've gotten ten shillin' apiece,' the old woman went on, 'for them chiney cups an' saucers was left by my mother's cousin Martha Anne Toms; 'sides as much for a broken carved chair frame as the chicken roost on in the yard. An' you, Mary Hancock,' she concluded, 'must ha' done nigh-hand as well?'

The other nodded. 'Middlin' ways,' she acknowledged curtly, not being a woman of many confidences.

'But what I sees,' Mrs Samble continued volubly, 'be that none o' us has got more that them artiss people 'll buy; though why they won't take the good new gilt-and-green tea-set I has, in place o' them other done gimcracks, beats an honest woman tu tell. Now, I've naught left fitty for them, savin' that old cloam jar my sister's husband's brother brought from I-taly, an'——

'You ain't got call tu complain, same as some,' her neighbour interrupted, 'for you 'm got Jenifer. They 'm all for makin' her pictur', an' pays her well for sittin'; though, by what I sees, she's mostly took standin' up.'

'An' I won't have Jenifer long neither,' retorted Mrs Samble grumblingly. 'See her there now a-talkin' tu a furriner; she 'll be goin' off soon, sure 'nough.'

The speaker nodded towards where, in the sunshine on the other side of the narrow street, a young man, evidently a 'commercial,' from the sample-case he carried, stood talking to a tall, handsome girl, attired in the picturesque costume common to Treporth's womenkind.

'Her might du worser,' remarked Mrs Hancock, with evident reference to the girl's companion. 'That there Mr Biddley she 'm wi' be traveller for t' big makers as the shops gets their cloam from. He must do good trade, for he does be here constant—'specially lately.'

'Look at that now!' ejaculated her friend; 'an' me not knowin'—Jenifer bein' that close. I be goin' tu have a talk wi' he.'

She moved out and down towards where the couple stood.

'Jenifer!' she called shrilly as she approached them, 'why be 'e a-standin' clatterin', chatterin' there, when Mr Vanholt be 'specting of 'e. The gentleman wouldn't keep 'e if 'e knawed.'

The girl tossed her shapely head indignantly at this pointed reproof, but walked off; and her grandmother turned to the man.

'Maids take a deal o' huntin' after,' she commented in casual fashion; then, more earnestly, 'Come 'e in along now, an' taste my guseberry; 'tis a comfortin' liquor of a hot day.'

Biddley accepted the invitation with alacrity.

'That I will, Mrs Samble,' he said heartily. 'I've often heard the fame of your wine.'

Which was scarcely the case. However, when it was placed before him on the table of the tiny parlour, he not only swallowed the condiment as though he liked it, but further sacrificed veracity by saying he did so.

'You 'm in the cloam trade?' queried his hostess when she had duly acknowledged her guest's commendations.

'Yes,' the man replied, 'with the Pekin Patent Pottery Company—biggest people in their line in the country. A good berth I have,' he added in what seemed an unaccountable outburst of confidence.

'See that now!' exclaimed Mrs Samble, 'an' me just dyin' to get a 'pinion concarnin' this jug—'tis fair providential, as they says up tu chapel.'

She stretched out her hand as she spoke, and took from behind the window-curtains—where it was placed in view of the street—a gracefully wrought vase of antique shape. Its very simplicity and the purity of its outlines proclaimed its age, and the visitor examined it with interest.

'What might that be worth, now?' the old

woman asked. 'A friend-by-law o' my sister's, bein' a sailor, fetched it from I-taly.'

'Maybe a sovereign,' returned the young man. 'It looks to be a curious old piece. But I'm only a salesman,' he added apologetically, 'not a connoisseur.'

'I knaws you can't be sure,' returned his hostess, making a bold effort to comprehend the last word; 'but, though you'm in the cloam trade, I misdoubt you'm noways skilled in it. Mr Vanholt—a real American gentleman, as is paintin' Jenifer's pictur'—he offered me three poundses no furder back nor yesterday for she.'

'For the vase?' queried Biddley amazedly.

'Not for the maid,' retorted the old woman somewhat tartly; 'but what I said to Mr Vanholt I says to you: I've been 'customed-like to see the jug there, an' I won't take no money for it, unless so be I can get another the same—cheap.'

She looked at Biddley; and Biddley, with something of a smile about the corners of his mouth, looked at her. And so for a space there was silence.

'I could,' the visitor said slowly at last, 'let you have a vase which no one in Treporth could tell from this, for half-a-crown—on one condition.'

'If you'd make the pair four shillin',' responded Mrs Samble, 'it might be an order to you.'

'We wouldn't quarrel about that,' the traveller answered a little impatiently, 'provided I had the promise of your good word with your granddaughter.'

'Lawks a-mussy!' the old lady cried, her hands going up with simulated astonishment. 'Be you after Jenifer, then?'

'I love her, Mrs Samble,' Biddley answered with obvious earnestness; 'and if she'll have me, I could make her comfortable as my wife.'

'Jenifer will please hers'n,' she said; 'an' it'll not be me will stand in the way of 'e. But I'll look for a threepenny luck-money off them pair o' jugs.'

To which modest proposition the suitor agreed with an outward willingness hardly in keeping with his unexpressed opinion of the old woman's greed.

The vases, however, duly reached Mrs Samble by parcel post; but no person save the recipient knew of their arrival, for she had specially stipulated that the package should bear no outward indication as to its contents or sender. The reason for this might have been found during the next visit of Mr Cyrus Vanholt to the old woman. The American was a bright youth of twenty or so, the only son of a rich father, and as such possessed of more money than experience. He was supposed to be studying art in Europe, and had drifted to Treporth in the track of one of its most advanced exponents.

'I've been a-thinkin',' Mrs Samble said to him on the day of the arrival of the parcel from Biddley, 'that if you could see your way tu six poundses for that jug I wouldn't say but I could do wantin' she.'

Vanholt was standing beside the window and took up the vase referred to.

'I reckon you're on top at a deal, Mrs Samble,' he laughed; 'but, as I want the thing, and think it real old Etruscan ware, I must pay the price.'

He drew a handful of notes and gold carelessly from his pocket, and laid the amount on the table. Jenifer, who was standing by, opened her soft brown eyes in astonishment.

'If you'd come across the pond,' remarked the visitor, who was watching her, 'I guess you'd find dollars a deal more freely handled than in this old rookery.'

'I wonder you stay in it,' retorted the girl, stung by the implied reflection upon her native place.

'Can't you guess why?' he returned swiftly; but as she turned away her flushed face without answering, he went on.

'Can you come to the studio now?' he asked in more business-like tones. 'I want to get that purple-black tint in your hair, and calculate the light is just right.'

Jenifer understood nothing of tints; but to be paid for sitting still was, in her view, much preferable to scrubbing her grandmother's floors for nothing. Therefore she concurred, and the pair went off, Vanholt bearing the vase.

To his surprise, when he performed the wholly unnecessary duty of escorting Jenifer to her home some hours later, another, and identical, vase occupied the place of honour in the window.

'I found un in t' cupboard,' Mrs Samble explained as she saw him look at it. 'You can have she, an' welcome, if you'd like a pair.'

For answer the young man drew out his money and paid down the same sum as before; then, carrying the vase, he made his way back to his rooms, meditating deeply. And next day, when he passed Mrs Samble's window and saw the prototype of his previous purchase again there, he smiled knowingly.

'Sure 'nough!' exclaimed Jenifer's grandmother as she ushered Vanholt into the parlour, ''tis surprisin' how things be found when a body b'ain't lookin'. See now ef I didn't go fetchin' another of thiccy jugs out o' t' old cloam oven.'

'And I guess you're a seller?' queried Vanholt.

'I'm noways anxious,' responded the other quickly.

'I'll take it at that,' returned the artist; 'and I reckon I'd best show my hand, Mrs Samble,' he went on, his face full of boyish eagerness. 'I'll take as many of these vases—which are not all Etruscan, I'll bet—and no questions asked, if you'll get Jenifer to marry me.'

If Mrs Samble had had any anticipation of such a declaration, she concealed it well.

'Patience have us!' she exclaimed with astonishment. 'You 'm not serious, Mr Vanholt. The maid be no wife for the likes o' you.'

'That 's my lookout,' he retorted. 'All I want from you is your good word. I 've asked Jenifer, but she sits on the fence—won't say one way or another. You 'll do what you can for me, won't you?' he pleaded.

The wooer deemed he had found the old woman's weak spot by his offer to purchase the vases, and was disposed to congratulate himself upon the delicacy with which he had taken advantage of it, whilst refraining from complaining of the trick played upon him. And certainly Mrs Samble's attitude strengthened these beliefs.

'Jenifer should be proud, sure 'nough,' she said simply, 'and if so be as anythin' I say can persuade her tu be made a lady o'—why, in course I 'll say it. And, seein' you 'm wishful for more o' them jugs, I 'll try tu find 'em for 'e. I knows a man as goes that same I-talian v'yage reg'lar—maybe he has some by him.'

Thus, for the time being, all parties were satisfied. As Mrs Samble put it later on to Mrs Mary Hancock:

'I du believe,' she said confidentially, ''tis not onpossible tu find cloam fitty for them artises, for all the ways of 'em be past findin' out. I 'll tell 'e the saycret some day, Mrs Hancock.'

It was Biddley who prevented the fulfilment of this neighbourly promise. He had willingly supplied one pair of vases at a price below cost for the sake of ingratiating himself with Jenifer's relative; but when the order was repeated weekly—which was the extent to which Mrs Samble's conscience permitted her, as she herself supposed, to plant them upon the willing Vanholt—the traveller felt his pocket unduly touched, and combined business with pleasure by unexpectedly visiting Treporth, to put the price-matter right and renew his suit.

When he knocked at Mrs Samble's door it was Jenifer who answered him, and he persuaded her to accompany him into the parlour without calling her grandmother.

'You must know, my dear,' he said lightly when they were alone, 'what has brought me back. I could not live without seeing you, Jenifer—I really could not. You 'll give me a plain answer this time—won't you?' he urged more seriously.

There was a look of her ancient relative about the girl as she answered.

'If you mean whether I 'll marry you,' she began boldly, 'I shall'——

This was enough for Biddley. He tried to pass his arm round her waist; but as she shook herself free the door opened to admit Mrs Samble, ushering in Vanholt. He had just called, and the old woman, supposing his errand comprised the customary purchase, was talking volubly, regardless of his silence.

'I has another for 'e,' she was saying, 'an' the ter'ble trouble I 've had tu find un you'——

She stopped short, perceiving the other visitor; but her presence of mind did not forsake her.

'Marnin', Mr Biddley,' she resumed after a momentary pause, and with a look of intelligence to which the traveller responded blithely. 'You 'm come about the jug too, same as this gentleman? But 'tis promised to he, and I never goes back on a promise.'

'You are a bit out, Mrs Samble,' Vanholt broke in, with a glance towards Jenifer in which anger and reproach mingled. 'I hold stock enough in your goods, and called to tell you so.'

The girl stooped to whisper into her relative's ear, and the old woman gripped her hands together in wrath.

'You 'm said "No" tu Mr Vanholt!' she ejaculated shrilly. 'Patience have us! Are 'e 'spectin' the king on his throne tu wed 'e, maid? Are'——

It was Biddley who interrupted this outfly of anger.

'Not the king, Mrs Samble,' he said suavely, 'but your very humble servant, whom Jenifer has just made happy by promising to marry him. As for the vase, of course I 'll take it back willingly, and the others too.'

Of the three answers which this speech called forth that of Vanholt was the loudest.

'Great Scot!' he exclaimed, 'so you are the drummer for the imitation Etruscan ware. Of course I knew all but the first were modern; but I didn't calculate you were in the running for the lady,' he added bitterly, 'at what must have been a big profit off the thirty dollars each I paid.'

'I had no profit,' the irate Biddley snapped back. 'My price was four shillings a pair.'

'An' Jenifer,' interpolated Mrs Samble, simultaneously with the American.

'And not Jenifer,' the girl succeeded at last in saying. 'When you came in, grannie, with Mr Vanholt, you interrupted me as I was telling Mr Biddley here that I shall not marry him. Harry Sponson'—here she coloured hotly—'that 's home on leave from the *Thunderbolt*, asked me last night, and I said "Yes" to him. We 're to be wed as soon as he 's made a petty officer.'

. . . . . .

'I be feared, Mrs Hancock,' said Mrs Samble next day to her neighbour, 'that I can't give 'e that saycret; but I 'll tell 'e this much, that them artises doesn't pay big money for cloam and sich-like for itself, but for what they gets by it. I be goin' tu sell no more tu none o' 'em; I 've a-gotten my share, and Jenifer, seein' her be makin' a marriage I thinks well on, 'll have my money when I 'm gone. So if you, Mrs Hancock, or the rest in Treporth, likes tu sell old rubbitch tu the artises, you 'll not find me in your ways. I allus likes tu be neighbourly.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE CAMPANILE OF ST MARK'S.

THE fall of the famous Campanile of St Mark's, Venice, is not only a great calamity to that ancient city, but it is the loss of an architectural treasure which will be deplored by artists all the world over. Before these words appear in print it is probable that sufficient money will have been subscribed to rebuild the tower which has figured again and again upon the canvases of Canaletto and many other painters. But a new erection cannot give back the associations connected with the old one, and it is a question whether the resolve to rebuild the tower is a wise one. The collapse of the building seems to have been due principally to old age, and to neglect of timely reparation. It was ascertained in 1885 that its foundations were perfectly secure, although they consisted of a double layer of logs, laid crosswise upon one another and resting upon piles driven deep into the black clay which underlies the city of Venice. This woodwork was found to be in a perfect state of preservation. It is satisfactory to note that the crack in the tower which gave warning of its dangerous state enabled precautions to be taken which prevented any sacrifice of life.

FIRE RISKS.

A recent fire in London, which was unhappily accompanied by the loss of several lives, has called renewed attention to the adequacy of the Fire Brigade. No one doubts the bravery of the men who are continually risking their lives in the work of saving others, but there is a complaint that the weapons supplied to them with which to vanquish their all-devouring foe are insufficient for the terrible work in hand. More especially the escape-ladders are not long enough to reach the upper floors of modern buildings. But is it quite fair to throw the onus upon the Fire Brigade? We think not. Every builder, every occupier, and every employer should see to it that means of escape from fire exist in the premises under his control. The Brigade will do their best to extinguish a fire when it occurs, but by the time they arrive there should be no necessity for escape apparatus.

OBSOLETE WEAPONS.

Improvements in lethal weapons are so rapid that the very best of one time is quickly superseded by something better a few weeks or months later. The last two decades have seen quite a revolution both in small-arms and in ordnance, while at the same time black gunpowder has gone out of use, in favour of high explosives possessing many times its energy. When dynamite was regarded as the best type of these modern explosives, as for many purposes it still is, it was quickly found that it could not be safely fired from an ordinary gun. A special form of air-gun was therefore brought forward by Captain Zalinski which would hurl huge quantities of explosive with most disastrous effects. At a cost of about a million dollars the United States Government established a battery of these compressed air-guns at Sandy Hook. This battery has just been sold for one-fiftieth of the amount it cost, the reason being that since its establishment in 1893 explosives have been discovered which can be safely fired from high-power guns, which have a far greater range than Zalinski's air-tubes. The pneumatic guns did all that was expected of them, and they have been displaced, not because they failed, but because better implements are now available.

THE VALUE OF FOODS.

We once heard an intelligent child complain that 'all the nicest things to eat seem to be unwholesome.' If that child, now of a larger growth, should happen to light upon the report of a lecture delivered lately before the South-West London Medical Society by Dr Robert Hutchison he will rejoice greatly, for the lecturer demonstrated that many nice things have a very great dietetic value. He condemned many of the much-belauded patent foods, and showed that upon analysis they compared very unfavourably with meat, eggs, milk, and sugar. 'A pound of honey at ninepence,' he said, 'is a better source of sugar than a pound of malt extract at three shillings.' And, speaking of cod-liver oil as a means of administering fat, he remarked: 'In cream you get a more valuable substance, because ordinary cream contains more than 50 per cent. of fat, and butter fat is as easily digested and absorbed as the fat of cod-liver oil, besides being much more palatable and considerably cheaper.' The lecturer also spoke highly of the value of chocolate and Everton toffee, because in both you get a combination of fat and sugar without water. Unfortunately it is difficult to make people believe in the great value of a diet within their reach. They will turn away from such commonplace things as milk and eggs, and go to any amount of trouble to procure costly preparations having only a tithe of their value as food. The lecturer's good opinion of cream, honey, chocolate, and toffee will be received with enthusiasm by the rising generation, if not by their elders.

THE DISCOVERER OF COAL-GAS.

The discovery of coal-gas, which for nearly a century has been our principal source of artificial

illumination, has generally been credited to the Scotsman Murdoch, then at Redruth in Cornwall, in 1792. But according to recent researches it would seem that there is a prior claim to the discovery by Professor Minckelers, of Limburg, Holland, who anticipated Murdoch in the preparation of carburetted hydrogen—to give our household gas its right name—by nine years. According to the story now put forward by the *Journal of Gas-lighting*, Professor Minckelers was experimenting as early as 1783 with a view to finding a cheaper gas than hydrogen for inflating balloons, and by heating coal-dust in a gun-barrel he produced the now familiar gas, and lighted his lecture-room at Louvain with it for some years. It is now proposed to erect, by public subscription, a monument in honour of Minckelers at his birthplace. It may be added that he was appointed professor of natural philosophy at the University of Louvain when only twenty-three years of age, and that he published there in 1784 a memoir dealing with the production of coal-gas. Becher in Germany (1680), and in Britain Clayton (1739) and Lord Dundonald (1786), had obtained or used lighting gas derived from coal.

ARTIFICIAL CLAY.

An artificial clay is being used in Germany for various decorative purposes, and for the manufacture of imitation stone, tiles, gutters, &c. It is composed of sand, chalk, cement, liquid glue, and petroleum, which are mixed together in certain proportions. The result is a plastic mass which can be moulded, and which subsequently acquires great hardness. The surface of the composition is quite smooth, it will not absorb moisture, it is fireproof, and can be tinted as desired by the addition of pigments. The tests made with this material at the Technical Experimental Station at Charlottenburg have proved satisfactory. As the ingredients can be mixed without the aid of machinery, builders in a small way of business can use the material with economy.

WAR CASUALTIES.

Now that the war in South Africa has happily been brought to a close, we are able to count the terrible cost in men's lives. The total number of deaths is close upon twenty-two thousand, exclusive of five hundred men who died after their return home. There is a certain amount of satisfaction in regarding these grim figures; for, considering the vast army sent out and the time covered by the war, they compare very favourably with the number of deaths in past struggles between nations. To go no farther back than the Crimean war, which covered a period only one-half as long as the South African campaign, we find that the casualties were less by only one hundred and sixty-three men, while the total force engaged was only two-sevenths of the army now returning from the East. It has lately been pointed out by Colonel Boyle that if the mortality in South Africa had been on the Crimean scale, something like seventy-five thousand men would have found their graves on the veldt. The improvement is, of course, due to the splendid state of efficiency of our field hospitals and of the supply and transport departments of the army. We have at present no definite information as to the losses on the Boer side, but we may feel certain that had the war occurred in Crimean days there would have been no concentration camps for the wives and children of our late enemies, and the deaths among non-combatants alone would consequently have totalled up to an awful figure.

OIL PASTELS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* recently gave an account of a new system of oil-painting, which seems to have made a sensation and to have met with favour in the French capital. It originated in the desire of M. Raffaelli, a well-known painter, to simplify the necessary mechanical manipulations of the palette so as to leave the artist's mind concentrated, without disturbance of ideas, upon the work before him. To attain this end he has, to use his own words, 'contrived to put oil-colours in small solid sticks like crayons,' which he rubs against the canvas, wood, ivory, or paper upon which the picture is traced. There is no mention of brushes, and we gather from the account published that in practising the new method these are altogether discarded. If this be the case, we venture to think that the new system will not meet with cordial support among artists generally. Some there are who obtain wonderful effects by a masterly use of the palette-knife; but the majority of artists naturally regard the brush as their most valuable ally, and they will laugh at the notion of relinquishing it in favour of a stick of paint.

'TUBE' VENTILATION.

As in the near future locomotion in our cities will be carried on to a great extent by means of tubular railways, a very important point has arisen with regard to the effective ventilation of such underground tunnels. When these tubes were first projected we were assured that ventilation would be necessarily of the most perfect character, for each train would fit the tunnel so well that it would drive out the foul air in front of it, and draw in fresh air behind it. This plan would no doubt have worked well had it been carried out, but in the two electric lines already laid in London the up and down tubes merge into one channel at several of the stations, so that the same air circulates through each. Tests recently made on the Central London Railway showed a high percentage of carbonic acid gas, especially in the carriages which at certain times of the

day are terribly overcrowded. When we consider that this gas is the product of human lungs, and that it may be, and probably is, accompanied by organic matter and micro-organisms, it will easily be understood that the atmosphere may be more deadly than the choking sulphur-laden air of a tunnel traversed by coal-burning locomotives.

THE GERMAN ALCOHOL INDUSTRY.

For some time the German Government have been doing their best to promote the use of alcohol for domestic and industrial purposes, and have lately offered valuable prizes for a draught wagon, suitable for military and other purposes, which shall be driven by an alcohol motor. To understand this development of the alcohol industry it should be remembered that Germany has no native petroleum, and is dependent for petroleum and its products upon foreign countries, which in case of war might be closed to her. But alcohol can be readily made by German farmers from potatoes, or from the crude molasses which is a refuse of the raw beet-sugar manufacture. In this way alcohol becomes an important agricultural product, and in the early part of the year an exhibition was held at Berlin with the object of showing how 'spiritus,' as it is called in Germany, can be usefully employed for cooking and heating purposes, as well as a source of energy. The alcohol used for these purposes is, like the methylated spirit sold in this country, rendered unpalatable, and is duty free. The quantity consumed in Germany last year for technical purposes amounted to more than thirty million gallons.

EARTHQUAKE RECORDS.

We have lately heard much of the wonderful manner in which earthquake disturbances are registered very often at places remote from their centre of activity. Thus the seismograph invented by Professor John Milne, and kept at his home in the Isle of Wight, has been known to record earth vibrations which had their origin at the other side of the world. The main feature of the instrument is a slender rod of steel about a yard long, which is attached to a solid upright, the two being arranged like the mast and boom of a ship. At the end of this delicately balanced horizontal rod or pendulum is a tiny plate of brass with a slit in it parallel with the boom itself. This crosses a similar slit at right angles to it in the top of a box which contains a slowly travelling ribbon of sensitive photographic paper, and by means of a lamp and mirror a beam of light is sent through the crossed slits on to the paper below. So long as the boom remains perfectly still, the record traced on the paper by the light takes the form of a continuous line; but when the delicate rod is caused to vibrate, this line is interrupted by lateral thickenings. As the paper tape is marked with hours and minutes, the exact time when any earth disturbance takes place is plainly indicated.

WHAT IS PEMMICAN?

Half a century ago, we are reminded by the *Canadian Magazine*, the preparation known as pemmican was of such importance to the scant population of the North-West that it might be regarded in the same light as wheaten bread is looked upon by the civilised nations of to-day. Pemmican was made from buffalo meat at a time when those animals roamed over the plains in unnumbered herds. The term, which should more properly be written pimeekon, is a Cree word signifying something made with fat. To prepare it buffalo meat was cut into thin steaks, dried in the sun, and then beaten to powder and mixed with fat until it assumed a dark solid mass. This was put into sacks, sewn up, and jumped upon until it was solid and nearly as hard as a boulder. When required for use, enough for a meal was chopped off the mass with an axe, sacking and all, and it could be eaten raw—in reality partially cooked by its long exposure to the sun—or boiled or baked as taste might dictate. It was nutritious and kept well. The strange thing about pemmican was that if properly prepared it never became tainted, a property it doubtless owed to the pure and dry atmosphere of North-West Canada.

SELF-DUMPING RAILWAY TRUCKS.

The business of constructing a high railway embankment is, under usual circumstances, a very tedious operation, as any one must know who has had an opportunity of watching the toy-like trucks each discharging its little load of earth at the end of the gradually extending ridge. In America they have a much quicker method of accomplishing the work, and use, instead of trucks holding each about a cubic yard of earth, a self-dumping truck containing from ten to twenty-five yards of material. By the action of a lever the contents of one of these huge steel trucks can be dropped from the bottom or from either side at a moment's notice. In crossing a valley it is customary to run up a rapidly constructed wooden trestle bridge, sometimes one hundred and fifty feet high, and on this temporary rails are laid. This bridge carries the dumping-cars, which are emptied where required and bury the woodwork in the act of building up the earthen embankment. The earth is brought from the nearest cutting or gravel-pit, and the work proceeds with extraordinary celerity. Instantaneous photographs showing the entire process are reproduced in a recent number of the *Scientific American*.

ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER.

A new form of typewriter was recently exhibited in London, and gives promise of wide application.

In most typewriters much has to be sacrificed in construction to give lightness of touch, so that the strain upon the fingers of the operator shall be as little as possible. In the new typewriter, which is known as the 'Blick,' after its inventor, Mr Blickensderfer, the slightest touch is sufficient to operate the keys, for the electric current, which can be borrowed from the nearest lamp, does the actual work after the necessary contact has been made. The stroke of the machine is thus independent of the worker, and each impression is of such strength that uniformity of printing is assured. No extra work is entailed in duplicating, the pressure entailing no additional demand upon the operator. Other valuable features are the automatic carriage return and spacing facilities, which save much time.

HINTS ON BOOK-MAKING.

To those who believe they have a message to the world to which it ought to listen, to those who wish to win their way in literature, and to publishers, authors, and printers of every degree, *Some Notes on Books and Printing*, by Charles T. Jacobi, managing partner of the Chiswick Press, London, may be heartily commended. This is an enlarged edition of a book twice previously issued; and, as it is doubled in size, it may also be termed doubly useful. Guidance is afforded here as to the best method of preparing manuscript for the press, and as to printers' corrections, which, if followed, will save worry and after disappointment. The Index (without which no genuine book should ever go forth), type, margins, methods of illustration, papers (of which there are twenty samples given), sizes, binding, methods of publishing, and copyright are all discussed in a sensible and practical way. Mr F. Howard Collins contributes the chapter on 'Index,' and has otherwise given valuable help in the preparation. Mr Walter Boutall adds a very luminous account of modern 'Methods of Illustration,' in which the preparation of cheap process-blocks, without which our cheap illustrated books and magazines would be an impossibility, is fully explained. The article 'Copyright' has been revised by Mr C. R. Rivington, of the Stationers' Company. Here is a golden, if a somewhat humbling, sentence worth keeping in mind: 'In these days of hurriedly written newspaper reviews, it is useful to make the preface *thoroughly* explain the author's object in writing the book; for be it hinted to the budding author that in some cases this is the *only* part of the work read by the reviewer.' Electrotyping, stereotyping, and moulding of type are all explained; and the samples of type, which occupy over forty pages of the book, will be found of great service. Mr Jacobi has taken a passage from Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies* and set it in every type, to show the size and general effect of the different fonts. There is also a glossary of bibliographical terms. This book is truly what it pretends to be, 'a guide for authors, publishers, and others.' Even the 'others' may learn that authorship, printing, and publishing require experience, training, and ripened judgment and skill, and that, like Dogberry's version of reading and writing, they do not exactly come by nature, as many seem to think.

AN INNOVATION IN DINING.

A representative of the *Times* records that, acting upon instructions received, he recently ordered a dinner from Distributing Kitchens (Limited), 121 Victoria Street, naming the hour and giving his address, some two miles distant. Ten minutes before the appointed time there arrived a neat metal case, specially heated in an ingenious fashion, containing what may best be described as a 'nice little dinner' for two, at a cost of five shillings a head (which would have been three shillings and sixpence if his house had been within the company's regular 'radius'), with all the equipment of the dinner-table, down to the cloth itself. Soup, fish, cutlets, potatoes, curry, and a sweet, all admirably cooked, appeared and disappeared. There is no doubt, he says, that there is a great future for any organisation which will enable bachelors and single ladies, to say nothing of families whose cooking arrangements are out of gear, to dine at home without the slightest trouble beyond that of laying the table; and it should be good news to such persons that such an institution exists. There is nothing to be done, it appears, save to order, to eat, and to pay. The agency does all the rest, and the prices are, as his case shows, moderate.

AT TROUTBECK.

All nature longed for rain; the mountain rills
Were silent many days; the fields were brown,
And from the moorland pastures on the hills
The bleating of the thirsting sheep came down,
Monotonous and plaintive through the night,
Until, at dawning of the mist-clad day,
O'er all the topmost peaks the trembling light
Swept slowly in pale pink and gold and gray.

Then sudden swirled a wind up from the sea,
Bearing upon its wings the drifting rain;
The streams soon sang in rippling minstrelsy,
The parchèd grass, refreshed, revived again,
The faded flowers drew colour from the sod,
The lambs that drank looked up in thanks to God.

JAMES BOWKER.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

MR MORRIS'S HAT.

By C. EDWARDES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IT may have been due to my indifferent sight or to the third glass of sherry I had drunk at luncheon. Providence was the very last cause to which I should in that moment have looked with reproach—reverent, I hope, yet sincere—for such a result. If it had been any one else's hat I should have tried to laugh it off genially, with the usual easy 'promise to pay.' But Abiathar Morris's!

Slater, K.C., nodded compassionately towards Mr Morris, whose heavy profile was outlined against the back of the red-leather arm-chair in which he faced the fire. The old gentleman's head was thrown well back and his mouth was open. I would sooner by much have sat down on a hedgehog.

Slater understood my anxieties. He knew that my feelings towards Mr Morris were not merely such as a bank manager may be expected to have for a rich and punctilious customer. He knew about Gladys. He had written a play in the days of his youth, and might be supposed further to have a more than average acquaintance with human nature. He was extremely doubtful whether Mr Morris would ever consent to accept me as a son-in-law. 'That kind of fellow,' he had said, 'regards an only daughter as an asset or a chattel, to be realised, when he pleases, at full market value.' Slater had taken my word for it that Gladys was beautiful. He was sorry for it, for my sake. In his cynical opinion, the fact almost doubled her market value.

There were seven or eight other men in the smoking-room.

With a sinking heart I lifted the forlorn object. It looked like a relaxing concertina. Two or three ungenerous chuckles drifted towards me amid the smoke of cigars. Mr Morris was extravagantly fond of his personal appearance; not conceited, but foppishly particular. I had heard him once exclaim to the hall-porter, 'Good gracious! is that a hair on my coat, Williams? For Heaven's sake, fetch a brush!' He was the kind of man who would receive my apologies in killing silence and leave the room my mortal enemy. Especially in the circumstances, for I knew instinctively that he yearned for any plausible excuse to say to Gladys, 'The man you, in your ignorance, suppose you love, my dear child, is not only a commercial adventurer, but a clumsy fool; and so there's an end of it all.'

My reflections were of the most rapid kind as I stood with the wreck in my hand. Suddenly a sonorous snore broke (nay, undulated) from the chair before the fire. The next moment Slater, K.C., was at my elbow.

'You're in luck's way, Hartley,' he whispered. 'Let's have a look at it. Capital, indeed! Deverish's place is quite near. Come along. We'll manage it if we're quick.'

I don't know how Slater did his walking to the door, but I know I went tremulously on tiptoe, thick though the Turkey carpet undoubtedly was. Those other fellows grinned as though it were the most amusing of commonplace misadventures. They were not behind the scenes. But to me it was as if my future life depended on the softness of my footsteps.

'Now then,' said Slater when we were in the hall, 'a cab and the hat-shop will soon put things normal again.'

The hall-porter seemed to smile all over his uniform, right down to his boots indeed, at the sight of the hat. Little things amuse small minds, as we all know.

'Mr Morris's, I can see, sir,' he said.

'Then, hold your tongue,' I said, pressing a half-crown into his pliable palm.

He thanked me and glanced at the clock.

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'I was to get him a cab at a quarter past two for the Bank,' he continued.

A quarter past two! That allowed us twenty minutes, no more. Williams blew his whistle shrilly at my bidding. A lack-lustre, familiar face looked at me appealingly from the base of the steps. The giant Chang might have looked up in the same way and not have obtained recognition at that moment. Confound the 'growlers.' Where were they? Usually three or four came up at a call; now not one was in sight.

'Whistle again, man—and yet not too loud—that is, whistle just loud enough,' I said, much agitated as I remembered how piercingly as a rule these cab-calls reached us in the smoking-room. It were an ironical mischance, indeed, if Mr Morris were to open his eyes, yawn, and look for his hat as the result of our very endeavours to do our business while he slept.

The lack-lustre object down below touched *its* hat. Then I noticed it. It had been one of Mr Morris's own clerks, a poor residuum of respectability named Bowers. Drink had done for him: his carmine nose, pale face, dishevelled hair, and faded clothes all bore witness against him. More than once of late I had found the poor fellow hanging about the club door. I had even caught Mr Morris giving him a sovereign and some sad head-shakes. There is no harm and perhaps no credit in saying that I had given him something small myself.

'Anything I can do, Mr Hartley?' asked poor Tom Bowers faintly.

'Why, yes,' I replied. 'Run and fetch a hansom fast as ever—— But stay,' it seemed wise to kill two birds with one stone, 'take this hat to Deverish, in New Bond Street. Know it?'

'I do, sir,' said he eagerly.

'Get an exact duplicate—exact, you understand, but *new*, of course. Here's a sovereign. Put this one on your own head afterwards. It will block out by-and-by. Hurry, man, hurry! Everything depends on speed.'

Tom Bowers rushed up the street. He stopped a hansom a hundred yards off, looked back; I nodded strenuously; he got into it, and—I breathed with relief.

Slater, K.C., meanwhile enjoyed himself by my side. He was not ordinarily what you would call a mirthful man; but when I turned towards him he was smiling serenely.

'Reminds me of my younger days, Hartley,' he was kind enough to say. 'As a poor hungry devil in Gray's Inn, I'd have made a little *Comedy of a Hat* out of it. The start's first rate, and that's always half the battle.'

I tried to smile sympathetically. I felt I owed him that much civility; besides, his father and my grandfather had been very intimate. But my smile was strained. I was listening tensely for the voice of Mr Abiathar Morris. The very worst thing of all that could happen would be his abrupt apparition behind me before the new hat had arrived. I knew perfectly well he would find it more than convenient to treat my conduct in the sequel as an attempt at deception, and a gross piece of impertinence into the bargain.

'Good-bye,' said Slater quietly, and he slipped off down the street.

He slipped from my mind also. I had nothing in the world to think of just then but Tom Bowers and the hansom. Even the Bank was forgotten, though I am the most methodical of men and accustomed to re-enter it punctually every working afternoon at about one minute past two o'clock.

A step behind me positively disturbed my nerves. The laugh that came with it might have proceeded from Gladys's father in a condition of dangerously repressed wrath. But it was only young Henshaw, the Foreign Office clerk.

'He's still snoring; can't you hear him out here? Well, I'm surprised. I am really. He's emptied the room,' said young Henshaw flippantly.

'Oh, has he? Thanks very much,' I said.

It occurred to me to return to the hall and make of the hall-porter a deeper confederate still.

'Williams,' I said, cavernously I fear—my agitations were worth the word at any rate—'if you see any one about to enter the smoking-room do your best to stop him. Or at least warn him not to wake Mr Morris.'

The hall-porter turned his well-trained eyes towards the clock.

'Oh, never mind that,' I said. 'I'll make it worth your while, even if he is late. But I don't think he will be.'

'Very good, sir,' said the man.

It seemed to me that Tom Bowers would never return. I am aware that my anxiety must seem extremely ridiculous to the cold-blooded reader who has either long passed or not yet reached his 'Gladys' days. It *was* ridiculous; granted completely. But at the time I had a vague fancy that even Williams realised the tremendousness of the situation. Slater did, of course. The tension had been too much for him, and he had gone away.

At last!

The hansom came down the street like the traditional wolf on the fold. Forth jumped Tom Bowers, with excitement beaming even from his sufficiently bright nose, hat-box in hand, and Mr Morris's ruin on his head.

'Quick, man,' I whispered. I tore off the lid of the box, dropped this at the feet of the hall-porter, turned the handle of the smoking-room door, and—all was well.

He still looked like a sleeping and snoring cameo. I put the hat on the chair and retreated. The revulsion of feeling was so keen in its effects

that I could not smile all at once to answer the hall-porter's smile. I murmured something or other, paid the cabman, who was at once requested by Williams to stay for Mr Morris, glanced about for my humble ally, wondered why he had vanished so delicately, and hurried away to the Bank.

Doubtless, Tom Bowers was, in his own opinion, adequately rewarded for his services by the crushed hat itself.

All was well.

Mr Evans the cashier was slightly surprised at my unpunctuality. He did not, of course, say so; he looked it. But little I cared for that. With a light heart, I went on into my private office and prepared to cool down gradually into an automaton until four o'clock.

If Mr Morris drove up in the course of the next few minutes, and asked for me, I should of course show a reasonable amount of pleasure in seeing him. If he did not ask for me, but did his business with the second cashier, so much the better. I did not particularly want to face the old gentleman in *tête-à-tête* yet.

It was exactly a quarter to three when Gladys's father was again brought forcibly before my mind.

Wilberforce, the second cashier, then came to me with a letter bearing the business stamp of Morris Limited. It was addressed to me, in Mr Morris's handwriting, and was as follows:

'Dear Mr Hartley,—Pray oblige me by cashing the enclosed cheque for £10,000 (ten thousand) in £100 notes, and sealing the parcel for bearer. —Yours faithfully,

'Abiathar Morris.'

I feel rather ashamed to confess that my first impulse on reading this commonplace epistle was one of joy. The little affair of the hat and my part in it were obviously not disclosed to him. But the very necessary instinct of professional caution then rose uppermost.

'Who brought this?' I asked.

'One of Mr Morris's lads—young Bowers, I think,' was the reply.

The unfortunate Tom had a young son in the office from which he had fallen. Mr Morris's clerks often brought cheques to be credited to his account or to be cashed; the latter sometimes for considerable sums.

I gave the letter to Wilberforce, who raised his eyebrows when he had read it.

'Ten thousand!' he exclaimed.

But the earlier exhilaration in reaction returned upon me.

'You must cash it, of course, and obey his instructions,' I said. 'Mr Morris may be imprudent, but we mustn't risk offending him. Besides,' I added, 'I was aware that he was sending or coming for some such purpose.'

It did not occur to me to ask why he had not driven up in the cab that had been kept for him at the club. One's engagements often get interfered with. Some engagements, indeed, seem made only to be broken.

'Very well, sir,' said Wilberforce. He left the room and duly delivered the sealed parcel to the boy.

Probably I should have thought no more about the cheque had not Mr Evans by-and-by made a point of mentioning it. He came to me, in fact, to discuss it.

'Rather strange of Mr Morris to *send* for such an amount?' he observed, as he scrutinised the signature of the cheque.

'Perhaps so,' I assented.

'It is undoubtedly in his handwriting,' Mr Evans proceeded, with what appeared to be reluctance. 'I suppose you didn't see him by chance at the club to-day?'

'I did happen to do so,' I said. 'We exchanged no words, however. We had not the opportunity.'

Then I also examined the cheque again. I felt no inclination to tell my colleague that I had only seen Mr Morris asleep. But an idea flashed to me. The cheque would be a highly precious pretext for calling at Wellington House that evening after Mr Morris's dinner hour. He would appreciate the prudence which prompted the inquiry, and I should see Gladys.

We both lived at Brondesbury; and although as a rule I preferred to stay in more lively parts of the Metropolis until a time most unsuitable for social calls in the suburbs, this evening I would not do so.

'I'll see Mr Morris himself to-night,' I said, ending the colloquy.

The hours that intervened before I found myself at the rather stately door of Wellington House, Mr Morris's lavish residence, were on the whole comfortable hours. I had hit upon a hopeful vein in my temperament, and I worked it for all it was worth. Why should Gladys's father continue to 'hum!' and 'ha!' if this very evening I *pressed* my desires upon him? The manager of a branch of the Bank of England might surely regard himself as no contemptible candidate for the hand of a rich merchant's daughter, assuming, as I knew I might assume, that the lady herself favoured him.

Another thing. Mr Morris, in that letter accompanying his cheque, had addressed me as 'Dear Mr Hartley.' The agreeable change from the stereotyped 'Dear Sir' had not made its proper mark on me at the time. Now, the more I reflected about it the more I liked it.

I rang the bell with a sense of invigorating confidence.

'Mr Morris finished dinner?' I asked, with a calmness that would have delighted me if I could have viewed it impersonally.

'My master is—much hupset, sir,' replied the man dolefully.

'Upset! Why, what's the matter?' Was it

possible that he had discovered the change of hats?

'He came home early, sir—not quite himself; and—— Perhaps you would like to see Miss Morris?'

Should I or should I not? My heart again made a coward of me. I turned to go, with some ordinary expressions of sympathy; then hesitated, and—saw Gladys herself cross the hall.

'Who is it, Benson?' she called out, and the next moment her hand was towards me, there was the welcome I loved in her eyes, and she was saying, 'Oh, I am so glad! Papa does so want to see you.'

'See—me?' I stammered, holding the dear hand as if it were already one of the anchors of my life.

'Yes. Come into the drawing-room, and I will tell you about it. I was so terrified at first, but the doctor says his constitution is one that is likely to be disturbed violently by small fanciful causes. It was a kind of stroke, David. You must do your very best to soothe him.'

'A kind of stroke!'

My brow became dewy with horror. Even Gladys seemed concerned about my appearance. The one faint wrinkle of anxiety which I had already noticed on her sweet face took to itself a partner.

'It is not serious yet,' she said. 'I think I will go and tell him you are here first of all, David. I'm sure he is worrying all the time.'

She moved to the door.

'Stop, Gladys!' I cried, 'just one moment. It isn't all about a—trumpery hat, is it?'

She looked at me gravely, with reproach in her dear eyes.

'How could you know?' she said. 'Yes, it is all because of papa's curious habit of carrying things in his hat.'

'Habit of carrying things in his hat!' What did she mean?

She seemed surprised at my consternation, as before at my reference to the hat.

'Sit down for a minute or two,' she said suddenly, 'and you shall hear about it. Perhaps it would be wisest that I should tell you, and not poor papa. Then you could start right away at consoling him. Do you see, dear?'

I saw nothing except that Gladys was her own beautiful self, and that I might be on the threshold of something dreadful. I sat down to listen, with a sad and foreboding heart. My forebodings soon had justification.

AVALANCHES OF THE ALPS.

By G. Gale Thomas.

THERE is, perhaps, no one of the forces at work in the Alps, where Nature displays her grandest handiwork, that appeals more to the imagination than the avalanche, which, while seeming to rush its undisciplined course athwart all law, yet takes its appointed place and does its necessary work in Nature's unwearying cycle.

If the winter snows that clothe the upper pastures were left to melt away gradually, like the white mantle of the plains, much would remain until late in the summer; but under the combined action of the sun and the *föhn* (the warm wind from the south) the early spring re-echoes with the thunder of their descent into the valleys below, leaving the soil to be quickly warmed into life. In the descent many seeds of Alpine plants are swept down to germinate later in the warm valleys.

Smaller falls are often caused in winter by the accumulation of snow on rocky corners, owing to the wind, until at length the mass becomes too great and the *windbrett* falls. When above a highway, disaster may result, as in one instance where thirteen people in post-sledges were swept away on the Bernardine.

The worst snow-avalanches generally occur in winter, but continual small avalanches are an accompaniment of the early spring in the Alps. 'The heights thunder incessantly,' wrote Von Tschudi, the Swiss naturalist; 'veils wave on all sides over the rocky terraces, and seem to vanish in the air, when their paths are concealed, as is generally the case, by an intervening projection. The native of the Alpine valleys can scarcely ever accustom himself to witness the arrival of spring without these silver streamers, the joyous ensign of her approach in the Fatherland.'

Amidst the tremendous forces of Nature, whose war-song thunders down the valleys day after day, the peasants live on undisturbed in their calm until some catastrophe brings destruction to their very threshold. It is true that some measure of precaution is taken; the best—to avoid the places that lie in the ordinary tracks of the descending foe.

Formerly, the useful method of keeping 'preserved' woods (*bannwälder*) as a protection against the oncoming enemy was maintained, but has been unwisely neglected. On the Austrian side great wooden barricades line the railway at likely spots, to shield it from the snow-avalanches; and on most of the mountain highways galleries have been cut under the edge of the rock, or inclined wooden roofs built over the road in continuation of the mountain slope. These gloomy galleries afford a safe halting-place for the drivers

of the sledges which every winter bring the rosy vintage from the smiling Valtelline up over the heights of the Bernina Pass into the Engadine, as they have for the past hundred years.

In the Valais district a practice prevailed of driving stakes down through the hard snow on the dangerous slopes so as to ensure that there should be no general slide of its whole area. Another plan adopted on the high pastures in some parts is that of leaving portions of the grass unmown here and there, so that when the snow has gathered around it the long stalks are frozen in and prevent the devastating slide of the whole mass in one solid body. In the Grisons, provision has been made in some dangerous places against expected snow-avalanches by placing behind the exposed building two high walls in the shape of a Λ, with the apex pointing up the slope. The descending snow is thus divided into two streams, which pass away harmlessly on both sides.

In most cases, however, little precaution is taken against falls occurring out of their ordinary course; and lamentable loss of life results. In 1885, in the valleys of Piedmont, there were many falls, burying whole hamlets under forty feet of snow; and in the provinces of Turin and Cuneo over two hundred persons perished. Mr Edward Whymper relates that in one châlet there were a man and wife, a boy, and a baby. The man was killed outright by the fall of a beam, and the wife was fixed down immovable by another. The boy cried for assistance for thirty-six hours, and then died. The woman prolonged her life by catching a fowl, plucking it, and eating it raw, using the feathers to put under her neck, which was in contact with the snow. Ultimately she and the baby were rescued.

In 1888, over twelve hundred buildings were destroyed and more than fifty persons killed by avalanches in the Tyrol; while, in the same year in the upper Italian valleys, a hundred lives were lost from the same cause.

Many curious escapes have happened in the case of snow-avalanches. One is on record of a woman in the valley of Saas, near Zermatt, who, in the year 1741, was overwhelmed by an avalanche and remained buried in the snow for one hundred hours, hearing quite plainly the voices of the people who were digging down to reach her, but unable to make her own voice heard.

In February last three travellers crossing the Great St Bernard were hurled to the ground by the rush of wind caused by an avalanche near them. The monks of the Hospice of Fontintes telephoned to San Rhemy that the travellers had left the hospice; and, as a snowstorm came on, some men of San Rhemy—whose inhabitants, by an ancient ordinance of the Counts of Savoy, are bound, in lieu of military service, to succour travellers at all seasons—set out to their relief. They found the travellers lying huddled together under a rock, and carried them back to Fontintes in a state of extreme exhaustion.

Tremendous avalanches have occurred when, from the constant freezing and thawing of the water accumulated in fissures of the mountains great portions of their mass eventually break off and overwhelm the valleys beneath. On the 2nd September 1806, the western side of the Rossberg, a mountain near the Rigi, fell away and buried four villages with over four hundred and fifty inhabitants. The traces of the disaster can still be seen, and upon the site the railway station of Arth-Goldau now stands.

In the year 1618, in the fall of Conto, the town of Pleurs and the village of Scilano were buried, with over two thousand inhabitants, only three escaping. Other notable catastrophes of the same character were the falls of the Diablerets in the Valais in 1714 and in 1749. Von Tschudi relates that, in the earlier of these falls, a cowherd was buried in a most extraordinary manner. A large mass of rock rested on the roof of his hut, thus protecting it from being crushed by the ruins which subsequently fell, covering it to a height of some hundred feet. For months the buried man remained there, living on cheese, but deprived of fresh air and light, and in constant fear of destruction. He groped about day by day in the darkness amongst the enormous mass of ruins which surrounded his prison. At length he followed the track of some running water, and after weeks of labour tunnelled his way through to daylight. Exhausted by hunger, toil, and the constant fear of death, half-naked, and grazed by the rocks, he knocked at the door of his house in the valley, and terrified his wife and children by the apparition which they at first imagined to be his ghost, until the pastor of the parish was called in to put matters right.

Warnings of the possibility of mountain slips have been given by movements in the summit of the Felsberg, and early last year the inhabitants of part of the Val de Travers in the Jura were alarmed by slight movements of a mountain above Noiraigue, from the side of which large quantities of cement had been tunnelled for years.

Ice-avalanches are perhaps less known; but they have frequently wrought terrible havoc. Great balls of ice often form on rocky sides, and, breaking off with a change of temperature, shoot down with detonations like cannon-balls. When they form above a highroad the danger is serious, and in the Grisons they have sometimes been removed by shooting them off with rifle-bullets.

The great flakes of ice which break off from time to time at the lower extremities of glaciers as they advance, or from the pressure caused by the freezing of water that has trickled into the crevices behind, crash down over the rocky precipices like mighty artillery. Sometimes a whole mass of glacier gives way at the same moment, and crushes everything in its downward

path. The village of Randa, in the Nicolai Thal, below Zermatt, has suffered four times by falls from the Weisshorn Glacier that hangs above it like a great dragon on the side of the precipitous Weisshorn. In 1636, the greater part of the glacier fell and destroyed the village, which was subsequently rebuilt, to suffer again from similar falls twice in the following century. Again, on the morning of the 29th December 1819, an enormous mass of glacier fell with a fearful thundering noise, accompanied by a blast of air which destroyed houses that were untouched by the ice.

In Savoy, the previous year had witnessed another catastrophe caused by a glacier. The Gietroz Glacier had moved forward into the valley of the Bagne, filling it with ice, so as to dam up the river Dranse. The lake thus formed afterwards burst its banks and swept down the valley, devastating everything in its way.

A more terrible accident happened in the year 1892, farther east in Savoy, on the road between Geneva and Chamonix. In the night of the 11th July, a sub-glacial lake, beneath the glacier of Tête Rousse, burst away and swept down with a tremendous mass of ice, rock, and débris into the valley of Bionnassay, carrying away in its course half the village of Bionnay. Then it joined the course of the Bon Nant torrent and made its way into the narrow gorge of Crépin. From the lower end of this it issued with terrible violence and descended to the Baths of St Gervais, the hotel of which formed three sides of a square at the mouth of the valley. The terrified visitors were awakened by a fearful cannonade of the mass brought down with irresistible force, and in a few moments the place was battered to ruins and swept away, all but the left wing. The hotel was full of visitors from all parts of the world, and it could never be ascertained how many perished, although the number is believed to have exceeded one hundred and twenty. A new hotel now stands on the fatal site, and the curious traveller may see on the roof of a building near at hand, which lay out of the track of the débris, the marks of the level to which the muddy flood rose.

The most recent catastrophe of the kind was that which occurred on the Gemmi Pass in 1895. On the morning of Wednesday, 11th September, a great portion of the glacier on the summit of the Altels, a mountain nearly twelve thousand feet high, fell away and rushed bodily over a precipice, shooting out in a lateral direction some three-quarters of a mile in mid-air over the forest by the hamlet of Spitalmatte. Some of the blocks of ice were carried to a distance of three miles from the starting-point. But the strangest part of the occurrence was the effect of the fearful rush of air that accompanied the avalanche. The forest below, although entirely untouched by the mass, was levelled flat in one fell swoop by the awful blast, the great trees lying side by side in parallel lines. The houses of Spitalmatte were destroyed by the same blast of air, and many of the planks carried to a considerable distance. Six persons lost their lives, as well as nearly two hundred cattle, which were feeding on the pastures. The Gemmi road was blocked for a time by the débris, but was subsequently reopened. Mr Whymper, who visited the scene a few days after the fall, and has written an exhaustive account of its features, mentions a similar visitation at the same place, which he found recorded in the archives of Leukerbad in the following words:

'Let it be made known that in the year 1782, the 18th of the month of August, through a dreadful and terrible slip of a glacier, all the cattle which were on the Alp Wintereggen and in the part called Altematten were crushed and destroyed, even to the last cow. . . . The cattle of the Spitalmatte, which come out of the Doschen forest to take their midday meal, would have been likewise destroyed if the accident had happened half-an-hour later. For from the spring of the Spitalmatte to the Grechtalhalden neither man nor cattle could have escaped death; in fact, all this area as far up as the slopes of the mountain looks no longer like a pasture and is nothing but a heap of stones and ice. . . . The fright, the pain, and lamentations of those who suffered by this disaster can be imagined by all. For there was not only the loss of cattle but the death of human beings. Four persons leading two horses with products of the châlets, going through old Spitalmatte to come back again, were victims of this dreadful slip, lost their lives, and were buried under the stones and ice. These unfortunates were Joseph Leuer . . . They were transported to Leukerbad, and given a Christian burial, amid the tears and sympathy of all who assisted. The bodies of the two horses were also found, but not a trace of the loads which they had carried. What a pitiful fate is that of Maria Catherine Leuer, the widow of the above-mentioned Joseph Leuer, who lost her husband, her two cows, her cheese, and butter. All she owned was on the Alp, and has been destroyed by the stones and the glacier! I have been instructed by the proprietors of the Alp of Wintereggen to tell these facts, to leave an eternal souvenir to posterity: I have tried to do so in the clearest and shortest manner; and to witness to the truth of my tale I sign—JOHANN JOSEPH LORETAN, Former Magistrate and Public Notary.'

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

By W. E. Culk.

CHAPTER XI.—THE LAST OF MR BARROWS.

IT was three days before the end came.

In a sense they were quiet days, but in another way they were days of tempest. It is possible that a man, even a man of no particular force of character, may so accustom himself to the idea of death that at last he feels little dread of it. Much to his surprise, Mr Barrows found himself contemplating it sometimes as a thing natural and inevitable, and even as a relief. His surprise arose from the fact that he had always regarded himself as one unstable of purpose and more than timorous in the face of danger. He found a certain pleasure in the discovery, a pleasure which he could scarcely have explained.

At other times, however, the horror of this calculated sacrifice, this evilly planned murder, seemed to overwhelm him, and to fill him with unutterable bitterness and resentment. He saw himself caught as a rat in a trap, and his action appeared the culminating point of folly. And the best thing he had to lean upon was a chance—a feeble chance which would probably come to nothing—that an old man, seven hundred miles away, would consider his ridiculous standard of honour satisfied. Nothing more absurd had ever been dreamed of.

Once, while in this mood, he walked to the railway station, some mile from the village, drawn, as if by a magnet, to look upon the means which could, if he so wished, take him out of this astounding situation. For a while he lingered about there idly; but when a train was signalled he saw himself in danger, and returned to Saint Claud in a rage of shame and self-accusation. Before he reached the village he met Philip Brode, who was taking a stroll in the same direction; and the sight of that sullen face completed the reaction. But Philip reported the incident to his father, and the Count smiled triumphantly.

Mr Barrows did not go to the station again. He saw that he must guard against such moods as this, and his best help in doing so was the thought that this sacrifice was for one who trusted him, and one whom he had asked to pray for him.

On the Tuesday evening the Brodes put their plan into operation, and told Hadfield that they would take a little pistol practice among the rocks about a quarter of a mile beyond the hotel.

'Shall we go?' asked Hadfield of his companion.

'There is no need for both of us to go,' answered Mr Barrows. 'Go yourself. That will be quite as well.'

Hadfield went, not at all reluctantly. On his return at dusk he gave his report.

'It was not bad sport,' he said. 'Several people heard the firing, and came to look on. I tried a little myself, but of course I couldn't make any kind of show, even with an air-gun. The Count was first-rate; he made no end of hits, and that without any trouble at all. But as for his son—well, I must say he doesn't seem much of a hand at it. He is not as good a shot as his father by a long way. If he did hit anything in a duel it would be more of an accident than anything else!'

Mr Barrows smiled at his friend's simplicity.

'By the way,' continued Hadfield, 'I never asked you, are you anything of a shot yourself?'

'I'm afraid not. I haven't fired a pistol twice in my life.'

'No? By Jove! Hadn't you better try, then?'

'Why should I?' asked Mr Barrows. 'As you know, the whole thing is only a matter of form. Besides, in case of accident it would certainly be more natural if one of the party were a novice. People would be able to say, "It serves him right for playing with firearms."'

Hadfield laughed as he saw the force of this argument, which he did not succeed in shaking. He was relieved, however, to find that the Count received his explanations of his friend's absence with perfect courtesy and sympathy.

'After all,' said the old man, with irony which Hadfield did not see—'after all, Mr Barrows is perhaps right. It will be quite enough if he only comes here once.'

'Of course it will,' agreed Hadfield. 'Nothing more is required.'

'No,' said the Count dryly, 'nothing more.'

So the days marched slowly, all the harder to bear on account of the event that was coming. But the interval came to its end at last, for on Thursday evening the Count spoke. Friday was to be the day.

Hadfield, of course, agreed. 'We will arrange,' said the Count, 'to be out here to-morrow a little earlier, just before people go to the beach for the evening. When we come we shall have forgotten some trifle, and will send our attendant back to the hotel for it. During the half-hour of his absence, everything can be done. Will you speak to Mr Barrows?'

'Of course,' said Hadfield. 'I am sure, Count, that he will be quite agreeable to anything you suggest.'

The Count bowed smilingly. How confident this young man was! What would he say if he found his principal wanting when the time came?

'Very good, Mr Hadfield,' he said. 'I suggest, further, that we must not all come together, as that would indicate pre-arrangement. Let it be that you and Mr Barrows come first. We will follow almost immediately with the cases.'

'That is excellent,' was Hadfield's reply. 'I am sure there will be no difficulty.'

He spoke to Mr Barrows accordingly, and told him of the arrangement. Mr Barrows fell in with everything as suggested. He found with surprise that the definite fixture of the end gave him a feeling almost of relief. The last days had been painful ones, and it seemed good to be face to face with the conclusion of all.

The matter was thus settled. The two parties met at supper-time that night, just as they had met several times in the interval; and the Count, seated with his face towards Mr Barrows, chatted in his pleasantest humour. Hadfield liked him more and more; but Mr Barrows was quite as reserved as he had been at first.

Mr Barrows did not sleep well that night, and was out early; but he returned to meet Hadfield at breakfast. While he was waiting, sitting lazily in the hotel porch, he heard footsteps in the hall, and Count Brode came upon him suddenly.

The two men were alone. The Count glanced round, stopped, and bent over him as he sat.

'It is this evening, then.'

Mr Barrows looked his enemy in the face, but made no answer. The Count spoke again:

'It is not yet too late. I have no wish to have a life upon my hands.'

Still there was no answer. Count Brode turned back and went into the house.

Mr Barrows was strangely stirred, and felt his heart beating loudly. That brief interview had had a curious effect upon his resolution, but not a weakening effect. He shook his head.

'No,' he said to himself. 'You have given me my opportunity. Heaven help me to take it!'

He spent most of the day upon the sands. What he feared was a moral collapse, a return of that mood which he knew so well. Perhaps it did return, but even if it did he overcame it. At four he came back to the hotel to take an early tea with his second, and when that was over he took him up to his room.

'As you know, Hadfield,' he said, 'no sensible man takes a risk without making certain arrangements. Accidents are always possible, even in a duel. I have thought it wise to put some things in order.'

He produced two sealed envelopes. 'One,' he said, 'is addressed to yourself, as you see. This other, which bears no address at all, contains a telegram, which must be despatched at the earliest possible moment afterwards. There must be no failure in this.'

Without being aware, he spoke so gravely that Hadfield was alarmed. Mr Barrows saw the look.

'Oh,' he said, smiling, 'don't be impressed. This is all for your guidance in an extreme case.'

'Then, of course,' cried Hadfield, 'when it is all over I shall give them back to you.'

Mr Barrows nodded carelessly. 'Now put them away,' he said a moment later, 'and let us be off.'

They took the winding path in the cliff, which led to the sands. At the foot a turn to the left would have taken them safely, inside the shelter of the cliff, around to the road leading to the railway station. If Mr Barrows felt temptation at that point it was sharp and short; for in three or four minutes they were clear of the cliff and crossing the sands towards the appointed place.

Mr Barrows knew that his enemy was watching that walk from one of the windows of the hotel. He would soon follow, to put the finish to this extraordinary business.

The rocks were scattered and irregular, and the drifting sand had made broad pathways between them. In one place they opened out into a kind of rude amphitheatre, with paths leading away in different directions. This was where the pistol practice had taken place, and where the duel was to be fought.

'It's an ideal spot,' said Hadfield. 'No one can see what goes on until he comes quite close. And, of course, we should keep a sharp lookout.'

Mr Barrows agreed that the spot was ideal for their purpose. It was something like a gigantic rat-trap. After examining the place he sat down upon a flat, smooth-faced piece of rock to wait.

'It will be half-an-hour at least,' said Hadfield. 'We can't expect them before that. What shall we do?'

He was somewhat excited, as was quite natural. For a few moments he stood discussing arrangements, but having all the discussion to himself. Then he became restless, and suggested a change.

'I think I'll go to the opening and keep a lookout. Then I can tell you when they're coming.'

Mr Barrows agreed with some relief. Though such a good fellow, Hadfield was not exactly tactful or sympathetic, and it would be well to be alone for a while. So Hadfield left the ground and mounted one of the scattered rocks outside, where he could enjoy a view of the sands up to the base of the cliff on which the hotel stood.

So far there was no one in sight—no one of the description he looked for. The sands they had crossed were clear, and even beyond, near the village, there were only two or three children playing at the waterside. He began

to whistle idly, but suddenly stopped. That was hardly the thing, after all, before a duel!

As no particular time had been fixed, they might have to wait an hour. He thought he would go back and speak to Barrows; so back he went, treading softly on the sand. But when he reached the place he saw that Mr Barrows was sitting in the same spot, with his face buried in his hands. Then it did occur to Hadfield that the man might really prefer to be alone. 'I won't disturb him,' he thought, 'until they're in sight.' So he returned to his perch and waited.

Still the way across the sands was deserted, and no one issued from under the cliff; but there were a few more children over yonder, and one or two elderly people among them.

Soon afterwards he thought that their plan would be interrupted. There was a pretty farm-house in a field behind the beach a little farther down, and from this direction came an old gentleman, evidently a visitor. He walked slowly along above the rocks, as if he intended to locate himself somewhere among them; but this was not his purpose, for presently he skirted them and moved away down towards the sea. He was a careful old gentleman, for he wore a plentiful white handkerchief behind his straw hat to keep off the sun; and he carried a newspaper, neatly folded, under his arm. He held on his way down to the water's edge, where with infinite pains he selected a seat, spread one sheet of his newspaper upon it, and began to read the remainder. Hadfield watched all this with interest and with relief. The old gentleman would presently be startled, but he was quite three hundred yards away and quite harmless. His handkerchief and his newspaper made a large white blotch among the brown rocks.

Again he turned his eyes towards the hotel.

. . . . . .

Mr Barrows, sitting with his face in his hands, had his last struggle with his weaker self. He tried to shut out the streaming sunshine, the voice of the sea. There was one clear issue which he tried to keep before him. His thoughts might wander, but he always brought them back to this: Restoration!

The end was near at last. To-day—in a few minutes—would come the close of that old life during which he had made an enemy of Count Brode; the end, too, of that quiet life after the Prince's death, the life that had seemed to suit him so well after his wanderings. That quiet existence, perhaps, had only been preparing him to answer this call, and fitting him to face it. He had faced it, so far.

It was not yet too late, for the open country was before him. But he shut out this idea, just as he tried to shut out the sunshine. He endeavoured, instead, to recall the face of the woman whom he had told so carelessly, yet so earnestly, to pray for him. Had she done so?

It would not be long now. In a moment he would hear footsteps, voices. Then he would stand up.

At that point a deadly sickness seemed to rise up within him overpoweringly. It was the last wrench—the last agony.

. . . . . .

Hadfield was growing impatient, for still the enemy delayed. This was inexcusable, for some one might take it into his head to approach the rocks at any moment. That, of course, would cause the postponement of the plan. He stared at the cliff, and the white-walled hotel above it, until his eyes became sore and strained. Then, at last, he gave an exclamation. Some one had appeared, and was coming straight over towards the rocks.

Only one; not two? But in a few moments he saw that this was not one of the Brodes at all. He strained his gaze again, and presently perceived who it was. It was one of the waiters at the 'Seine'—the submissive-looking person who was always in the dining-room.

He tried to guess what was happening. Perhaps they had been prevented from coming, and had sent this man with a note: perhaps they had only been delayed, and were sending their apologies before them.

The waiter came on, in the manner of one who has a message to deliver. Suddenly, however, he changed his course, and instead of making for Hadfield, turned towards the old gentleman sitting at the waterside—the one with the handkerchief. Hadfield, irritated and disappointed, watched with curious eyes.

The man reached the person with the handkerchief and addressed him; then he turned and went back towards the hotel. The old gentleman rose from his seat with a certain celerity, folded up the sheet he had been reading, and left the other on the rock. Then he began to make his way up the beach, so directing his steps that he must pass Hadfield. As he came nearer it was plain that he was neither so old nor so eccentric as he had appeared from a distance. He walked with decision, and his face was that of a man in his prime.

To Hadfield's surprise, he did not pass. Instead, he stopped and said something in French.

'Very sorry,' said Hadfield, 'I don't speak it.'

'Pardon, monsieur,' said the stranger pleasantly. 'I also speak English. Monsieur is waiting for some one?'

Hadfield could only assent in increased surprise. 'Monsieur is waiting, not for one, but for two?' said the man with the handkerchief, smiling. 'Doubtless he will be surprised to learn that they are not coming. Indeed, they are gone. They have left the place.'

This was news with a vengeance. 'The deuce they have!' ejaculated Hadfield.

'Precisely, monsieur. They waited until monsieur and his friend reached the place of appointment, and watched them doing so. Then the one who knew all found his nerve give way before what he could not understand, and he told the other. They left the hotel; but took the other road. They are on their way to Paris.'

The stranger's manner was entirely convincing. It was more—it was serene, omniscient.

Hadfield forgot to ask for explanations, but, leaping from his perch, rushed away towards the amphitheatre. He shouted his tidings:

'I say, Barrows, they're not coming—they won't meet you—they've taken the train for Paris!'

Those were the words that brought Mr Barrows out of his reverie. He raised his face, hearing but not understanding.

'They're gone—cleared out!' cried Hadfield. 'I've just heard. They've given it up.'

At that point he saw his friend's face, and stopped. There came to him at that moment the conviction that he had been playing a small part, not in a mere matter of form, but in a life-and-death struggle.

Before he could recover, some one advanced from behind him. It was the man who had given him the news.

'It is quite true,' he said. 'Perhaps you may guess the reason. Count Brode found himself face to face with a thing which it was not in his nature to comprehend, and because he could not comprehend he began to fear—to fear something behind. He is gone!'

Mr Barrows, half-awake, found the glorious sunshine about him again. 'Quinzell!' he said faintly.

'And I,' said Baron Quinzell gravely, 'was charged with a message from my master, only to be delivered if one should play out his part. This message is'——

There was no more to be said at that time. Mr Barrows, gradually realising the situation, saw the message in the man's face. The sunshine became darkened, and the voice of the sea rose all about him, hoarse and loud. Leaning against the rock, he slid down by it and sank upon the sand. Hadfield sprang to him, but Quinzell was first.

'Go,' said the Chancellor, 'and dip your handkerchief in the water.'

Hadfield did so, and was back immediately. Quinzell took the handkerchief.

'Restoration,' he said, 'is not an easy thing. It has to be paid for.'

'He must have suffered!' said Hadfield, with quick compunction. 'Look at his face. Poor Barrows!'

The Chancellor did not pause in his efforts; but he found time to speak. 'You must not say Barrows henceforth, monsieur. James Barrows died, I have learnt, in America, some twelve years ago. This is not the man.'

'Not the man?' cried the other, bewildered.

It was Quinzell's purpose to close the door behind him whom he had come to call back to another place. 'No,' he repeated briefly. 'This man was once, and is again to-day, Prince Adrian of Zell.'

CLUBS I HAVE KNOWN.

By T. H. S. Escott.

A POT-HOUSE club has become a term of reproach; in a double sense the inn has proved the cradle of the foremost among the joint-stock palaces now so numerous in the West-end of London. The taste for French dishes was introduced by George IV.; that sovereign's favourite *chefs* subsequently managed and owned the premises in which both Grillion's and Watier's Club first met. The former of these still flourishes as an institution; it was founded by the grandfather of the late Sir Thomas Acland, during Lord Liverpool's administration in 1812, for promoting the social friendship between hostile political leaders. At first the rival chiefs did not meet at Grillion's. During the Victorian age, Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Mr Disraeli, and Mr Gladstone seldom failed to find each other at the Monday dinners.

An older society, like Grillion's, without a fixed home of its own, finding its ease in its inn during the parliamentary session, is The Club. Boswell has told us all about the namesake with which in all details of management The Club remains to-day identical. As in the case of Grillion's, the members are restricted to forty; and by an unwritten rule three or four places are left vacant. Thus at the end of the nineteenth century, the list in both cases respectively amounted to thirty-five and thirty-six; in 1898 the oldest members of The Club were the Duc d'Aumale, Mr Gladstone, and the Duke of Argyll; the youngest still remain Mr Asquith, Professor Jebb, and Mr Pember. Grillion's archives, if any, are slender. Those of The Club belong to English history; they contain printed portraits of every distinguished member from Samuel Johnson downwards; each new-comer adds a picture of himself to the general stock.

The Garrick Club has long since outgrown its nomadic stage. Its first home was Probatt's Hotel, Covent Garden. Here, 13th February 1832,

was held its opening dinner, with the Duke of Sussex as chairman; the other founders were Sir Andrew Barnard, Lord Kinnaird, Mr Samuel James Arnold, Mr Francis Mills. Thackeray came in during the year of its birth; Dickens six years later, January 1837. When my working life in London began, the Garrick had already become the parent of a countless brood of smaller societies. The most considerable of these was the Arts Club, then domiciled in one of the most comfortable and picturesque houses in western London. Beneath that Hanover Square roof the handsomest and the most artistic presence belonged to the portrait-painter Field Talfourd: the face and the velvet coat were those of an Italian artist of the Middle Ages; the figure was developed by athletic exercise; the thoroughly classical features were framed in soft, plentiful silvery hair. Talfourd had the same grand manner which was the glory of Sir Joshua, and which was so amply reproduced by Frederick, Lord Leighton.

To the general public, the interior of the old Arts was well-known from the *Punch* pictures of Keene, Leech, and Tenniel, who, whenever they depicted a club scene, took as the background one of the rooms they knew so well in Hanover Square. The Arts used to be spoken of as a colony of the Garrick originating in the schism between the Dickens and Thackeray factions of the society in Covent Garden. Dickens's eldest son, during many years, was my fellow-member in the Hanover Square house. The only time I ever saw Dickens himself there was as the dinner-guest of his son and of Mr Marcus Stone the artist.

Another member of the Talfourd family, Frank, had associated himself with a literary and artistic haunt widely popular a generation and a half ago. The Arundel Club had, perhaps still has, its home at the bottom of Salisbury Street, Strand. Its chief room on the first floor commanded a long view of the Thames below London Bridge. Through the windows of that apartment the rays of the rising quite as often as those of the noonday or setting sun fell upon the members assembled in tobacco parliament. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, George Chapman, Frederick Sandys, among artists, used to enliven these premises with better talk than elsewhere fell from them. Every theatrical critic, with the genial and scholarlike Joseph Knight at the head of the number, and a rank and file of newspaper writers and actors, formed its regular frequenters. Of play-writers, the brilliant, cynical T. W. Robertson presented a striking contrast to the quiet and meditative William G. Wills. Within the Arundel walls, in 1865, was made the first prediction of Henry Irving's rise to supremacy on the stage. Mr W. S. Gilbert was entertaining as guests George Henry Lewes and the French dramatic critic who then represented the *Debats* in London; the new actor's performance with Miss Herbert at the St James's in *Hunted Down* was mentioned. 'In another thirty years,' said the Frenchman, 'he will be at the head of the English stage.' 'In my opinion,' observed Lewes, 'he is there already.'

The Savage Club began during the sixties, as an offshoot from the Arundel—composed chiefly of men personally attached to the clever Brough brothers or to the younger Thomas Hood; its rise to eminence as the dinner and after-dinner haunt of celebrities and even of royalties could scarcely then have been foreseen. The latter-day development of the Savage Club as a fashionable haunt for 'guests of the evening' who like to witness the private relaxations of men more or less well known in public has brought the society into a prominence from the idea of which its Bohemian founders would have shrunk. The Savage, as it first met at a tavern in Maiden Lane, and afterwards at one in King Street, Covent Garden, was a protest against the incipient decorum of the Arundel and the established respectability of the Arts. Bohemia then existed as a well-defined area in the social map of London. To-day, that region, as a geographical fact, has disappeared. Bohemia has become a social fashion wherein all classes alike indulge—that unconstrained return to nature which reduces polite society in all its divisions to a common denominator.

'The pleasantest little bit of Bohemia in Mayfair' is the definition given by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff of the Cosmopolitan Club, whose meetings are held at 45 Charles Street, Berkeley Square; 'the paradise of the intelligent foreigner' was its description by another member, A. W. Kinglake. The Cosmopolitan chiefly owed its corporate existence to H. A. Layard, our former ambassador at Constantinople, supported as he was by another diplomatist of distinction, Sir R. Morier. Of all institutions of the sort this is the most exclusive and difficult to enter; election is not by a committee, but by the whole body of members. The voting is done by papers sent through the post; and unsuccessful candidates are not blackballed; they are simply not elected. Probably almost every highly-placed member of the Civil Service, the list being headed by Sir Robert Herbert and Lord Welby, belong to this society. Lord Houghton and Anthony Trollope were both, as might have been expected, pillars of the place. Trollope himself never smoked; he liked being among those who did; it soothed his nerves, he said, and sent him to sleep; of the latter fact there could indeed be no doubt. In his most slumberous moments Trollope retained a certain good-natured, grumbling, perverse argumentativeness, thoroughly characteristic of the man. He had just returned from South Africa, and was talking one night to the late Lord Carnarvon, Lord Derby, Froude the historian, Lord Wolseley, and one or two others equally famous, on the

future of that country. In the midst of the discussion Trollope fell asleep; and after a quarter of an hour's doze he awoke, shaking himself together like the faithful, growling Newfoundland dog he so much resembled. Dissentient even in his unconsciousness, he spluttered forth, 'I utterly disagree with every one of you. What is it you said?'

The Cosmopolitan deserves to be described as an international force for good. De Tocqueville was at one time among its most regular habitués; and its English members, when visiting Paris, thanks to De Tocqueville's good offices, found themselves on the banks of the Seine free of a society which was a sort of projection across the Channel of that which they had left on the Thames. In these coteries, British or Continental, a leading spirit was Henry Reeve, registrar of the Privy Council, editor of Charles Greville's *Journal*, and long the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the domain of foreign politics Mr Reeve's wide experience was appreciated by many of our statesmen.

'An offshoot of the Cosmopolitan Club' might describe the Breakfast Club; this society consisted of something less than a score of men of the first rank in home and foreign statesmanship, in diplomacy, in political science, and in thoughts upon current affairs generally. It grew out of a conversation at Sir James Lacaita's lodgings in Jermyn Street. Its first and most active members were Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, G. S. Venables (to be identified, later on, with the Warrington of *Pendennis*), Lord Arthur Russell, Lord Carlingford, Lord Acton, and Sir T. E. May, who subsequently became Lord Farnborough, the learned clerk of the House of Commons. The club dined alternately at each other's houses —a simple, substantial English breakfast of the Oxford kind, never later than ten A.M. No company so limited in numbers ever made contributions more remarkable to the public service. Grant-Duff himself was called from the Breakfast Club to the governorship of Madras; and among his fellow-breakfasters occupying like positions were Lord Dufferin, Indian Viceroy before he became ambassador at Constantinople; and Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay. As a guest the present writer often shared in these hospitalities. During the summer of 1880, York House, Twickenham, the traditional home of Orleanist refugees from France, was tenanted by Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff. Among the then visitors to the Breakfast Club, Ernest Rénan was perhaps most interesting, certainly not the least frequent; he it was who—delighted with the talk of Huxley and Sir John Lubbock (now Lord Avebury) on physical science, of Lord Dufferin and Lord Farnborough on the most enlightened methods of popular government—gratified his guests by a comparison, in his most charming literary style, between the Attic entertainments of the Breakfast Club at Grant-Duff's and the parties, during the Civil War period, given by Lord Falkland at his house, Great Tew, in Oxfordshire.

To return to clubs, more famous but not more interesting than those just passed in review: the foundation of the Carlton has been related in several memoirs of the period. The best account seems that given by Thomas Raikes the diarist, who, however, does not even mention the name of the most effective labourer in the enterprise; this was one of the most useful instruments in and out of St Stephen's employed by Sir Robert Peel during his most trying times. 'Billy' Holmes, as to personal characteristics, belonged to the same type as that represented by Charles Greville and by Raikes himself. At the present time Conservatism enjoys the credit of being more successful than its opponents with its club arrangements. Such had not been the Conservative tradition under William IV. nor even during the earlier years of the Victorian era. When there first seemed a possibility of Sir Robert Peel forming a Conservative administration, loud was his complaint that he lacked support in society; especially did he lament the want of the club organisation in which his opponents were so strong. During the struggles over parliamentary reform, the one political coterie of any importance in London was Brooks's, the Whig Club in St James's Street. This had come into existence in 1764—not indeed before any Tory Club was known: the Tory White's had been established as early as 1736; Boodles', the favourite haunt of Tory squires, the child of White's, had begun to be popular in 1762. None of these places, however, as to social prestige or completeness of organisation, could compare with the traditional headquarters of social Whiggism. Brooks's did not occupy its present premises — designed, as they were, by Henry Holland the architect—till October 1778; the club itself began to exist at the earlier date already mentioned, in Pall Mall, on the exact spot occupied afterwards by the British Institution. All the Whig magnates assisted at its birth; the chief of these were the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Roxburgh, Lord Strathmore, Mr (after Lord) Crewe, known chiefly as the husband of Charles Fox's Mrs Crewe, who proposed a toast, 'True blue, and all of you.' As in the case of most English clubs of the past and of all Continental clubs in the present, the prevailing habit at Brooks's during its first years was that of gambling. The proprietor, who gave the place his name, was himself a wine merchant and a money-lender. Among the first batch of distinguished members, in addition to Fox himself, was his rival Pitt, who like his father, Chatham, never formally adopted the Tory label; other celebrities in the list were George Selwyn, Sheridan, David Hume, Edmund Gibbon, Sir Joshua

Reynolds, David Garrick, Horace Walpole, and Burke. So great was the distinction conferred by membership of Brooks's that, in 1822, John Campbell the lawyer, the future Lord Chancellor, wrote to his father, 'To belong to it is a feather in my cap; since we lost our estates in Angus my election at Brooks's is the greatest honour conferred on our house.' Brooks's through all its vicissitudes has maintained its exclusiveness; among the very few Radicals ever admitted to it was Daniel O'Connell. Lord Palmerston himself did not become free of the place till 1830, some time after he had first made his political mark.

In the matter of clubs, the crowning feat, without which there would, in the fullness of time, have been no Primrose League, was the foundation of the Junior Carlton during the sixties of the last century. The historic details of its establishment are as follows: The Tory Whip, already mentioned by the style of 'Billy' Holmes, had, of course, been a member of the House of Commons; his successor in the business of general organisation, Mr Markham Spofforth, did not belong to St Stephen's. He was simply the chief election-agent; he enjoyed the entire and exceptional confidence of the parliamentary leaders, and he was consulted on all important matters just as if he had been a Cabinet minister. At the period now mentioned he had completed, under Disraeli, the organisation of Toryism throughout the country. All the local agents had been appointed; many of these now wrote to Mr Spofforth desiring to become members of the Conservative or the Carlton Club. These applications amounted to nearly a hundred. The Carlton was full; the Conservative did not admit lawyers, to which profession the Conservative agents in the provinces naturally for the most part belonged. Colonel Taylor, M.P., was then the Conservative head Whip. It was a bright, fine day; Pall Mall seemed to want a new building to show off in the sunshine its proportions to perfection. So thought not only Mr Spofforth but his friend Colonel Taylor. The two at once went to Disraeli, then living at Grosvenor Gate; he applauded the idea, gave his name, and promised to commend the idea to Lord Derby, then the chief leader of the party. Many interviews with that statesman followed at his well-known house in St James's Square; and, after several refusals, he eventually sanctioned the scheme, on the understanding that, in his own words, 'the curtain was not to be drawn up till the house was full.' The local agents, now waiting for admission to some club, were next written to and invited to join a Junior Carlton. At first only three hundred applications for membership came in; after some consideration, the club project was practically continued; a Junior Carlton committee of eighteen prominent politicians was chosen, the new venture was advertised, and within a month three thousand applications for membership came in. Within six months the Junior Carlton Club had become as great a political force as the Primrose League boasts itself to be to-day.

The general lines on which the Conservative Whip, Mr Holmes, urged the administration of the Carlton Club showed an enlightenment and a morality much in advance of his day. The genius of Brooks's, like that of Whiggism generally, had always been exclusive. It was, for instance, an original rule of the society frequented by Charles Fox that mere candidature for any other club should involve the resignation of membership of Brooks's. Within a generation of its being started the Carlton had become to Conservatism far more than Brooks's had ever been to the other side. The Reform Club itself has perpetuated to the disadvantage of its political principles something of the narrow traditions of the older Whig resort. It has expected, if it has not exacted, from candidates an adhesion to certain political formulas of which the Carlton has known nothing. Originally Mr W. H. Smith, who subsequently became member for Westminster and leader of the House of Commons, applied for admission to the Reform Club. He was not welcomed there; but the Carlton managers at once invited him to their premises. The incident determined the course of his future career. The wise toleration of the social headquarters of Conservatism was shown in the fact that, long after his sympathies with Toryism had come to an end, Mr Gladstone's name remained on the books of the club. Between 1876 and 1878 the then Lord Hartington was titular leader of the Liberal party, an extraordinary meeting of which was summoned to the Reform Club. The chief so rarely entered the place that the club porter did not recognise him when upon this occasion he visited it, and wanted to know whether his lordship was a member. On the other hand, the Carlton, in a less degree the Junior Carlton too, has always been the resort equally of the leaders and the rank-and-file of the party. That is a position never occupied by Brooks's in the past or by any successor of Brooks's to-day.

The club came into being as the product of the coffee-house or tavern meetings of a very much earlier day, so far back, indeed, as the introduction of coffee itself in the seventeenth century. The earliest of the joint-stock caravanserais, that to-day line Pall Mall and St James's, is the United Service, formed when the conclusion of the peace in 1815 filled London with retired officers, to whom economy was a consideration. The club, during its coffee-house stage, had sometimes been regarded as a haunt of profligate extravagance. Very early in the nineteenth century it began to discharge the social function it still performs: that of a co-operative home for gentlemen of moderate means.

ELECTRICITY: FIRE RISKS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

By A. T. STEWART, A.I.E.E.

ALTHOUGH, under certain conditions, there are risks of fire in the use of electricity—risks that do not occur in the use of gas and oil—it must not be assumed that electricity is to be condemned as specially hazardous. An authority on fire risks has stated that the electric light is the safest of illuminants when the work of installation has been properly executed under the supervision of an efficient inspector. For example, in ignorance of the dangers incurred by the adoption of improper materials, the user may sanction the antiquated wood-casing instead of the more expensive but safer tubing; and, after a time, when the casing is thought unsightly, pictures or other decorations are hung on it by nails. These nails, piercing the wires, may fuse them and ignite the wood; and this, going on for some time unobserved, ultimately causes a disastrous, costly fire. Many of the faults complained of are, however, the result of improper installation due to the scope permitted to unscrupulous contractors for reducing the cost by using inferior material and by 'scamping' the workmanship; and thus, in many cases, the variation in the prices quoted by contractors is accounted for.

It is about sixteen years since the insurance companies first took electricity into consideration as a possibly hazardous element in estimating their risks; and to the inspection of the companies and the rules some of them have laid down is to be attributed our comparative immunity from disaster. Of course the inspector for the insurance company has no authority to order the removal or improvement of faulty installations; he can only recommend the suspension of the policy until everything is satisfactory, or he may advise an increase of the premium. It must, however, be admitted that the supervision of the companies has, on the whole, been very beneficial.

Two causes for the occurrence of fire by means of electricity may be stated. It is well known that resistance causes heat, and that the effect of the heat is limited and controlled by the resistance offered. It is generally acknowledged that electricity flows along a conductor. The better to comprehend this, let us take as example water flowing through a pipe; if the water meets with an obstruction (resistance) the pipe is burst and the water escapes. A breakage or fault in an electric conductor is analogous; but it is not so easily detected. Suppose that a joint in an electric conductor is badly made: the joint offers resistance to the flow of the current, consequently heat is generated there. In most cases the heat is very gradual, but inevitable; and when the rubber insulation is melted the wire is exposed, and fire may break out at any moment. Another very frequent cause of danger is the use of conductors too small for the work they have to perform; then they are always more or less heated. Conductors may be laid under the flooring of an attic alongside the bell-wires; the latter rubbing against them and cutting through to the copper wire naturally cause leakage. An endless cause of trouble is the running of insulated conductors without protection through brick walls and under concrete foundations. There is no protective against the danger incurred by permitting bad joints; they must not be tolerated. If a contractor will expend a little more time and cable he can easily prevent the faulty joint. The writer knows of an installation of over four hundred and ninety-five lamps and three hundred and seventy switches with only seven joints.

As a protection, safety-fuses are used—thin strips of tin or other easily fusible lead alloy wires—which melt and volatilise when an excessive current is passed through, and so automatically cause a break in the circuit, disrupting the current. The fuse, however, is no protection in the case of development of heat at a bad joint, and only very seldom is it useful in a case of leakage from one wire to another; it merely prevents an excessive flow, but not a flow along unauthorised paths or over improper obstructions. The fuse, although a device for safety, should be carefully guarded; but the necessity for enclosing it entirely in a non-combustible case is not generally known. The reason is that when a fuse blows it invariably scatters molten lead, which may cause damage. Another risk in connection with the fuse is that when one goes—which may happen frequently or perhaps only once in a lifetime—it may quite possibly occur that the first thing that comes to hand is inserted as a substitute, wire such as is used on aerated-water bottles being frequently discovered in use. It should be a rule that no person should interfere with a fuse unless he is qualified and has authority to do so. Fuses should always be placed in an accessible place. Every section of six lights should have a fuse, and no more than six must be controlled by one fuse, except the main one.

In every electrical path or circuit we have a pressure constantly striving to break through the insulating covering. It is evident, therefore, that only by entrusting the work to a thoroughly reliable contractor can safety and efficiency be secured. The following suggestion, taken from the rules of American underwriters, is commended to the notice of contractors generally:

'In all electrical work, conductors, however well insulated, should always be treated as bare, to the end that under no conditions, existing or likely to exist, can a grounding or short-circuit occur'—that is, electricity getting from one wire to another—'and so that all leakage from conductor to conductor or between conductor and ground may be reduced to a minimum.' Whenever conductors pass through a wall or partition or beams of any description, there must be special precautions for protection of the wires—for example, by using the waterproof and non-combustible tubes specially manufactured for the purpose. The wires should never come in contact with the gas or water-pipes; they should be kept at least two and a half inches apart. The conductors, unless they are protected by watertight tubing, should never be laid in plaster or cement of any kind; and it is preferable, though not essential, that each conductor should be in a separate tube.

Carelessness in the use of flexible cord has been the cause of many fires in shop-windows, caused by pinning handkerchiefs and other flimsy materials on the cords, so that, when the lights are switched on, short circuits pass through the pins and the goods take fire.

The registration or licensing of electrical workers—just as the plumber is now registered—would probably be a step in the right direction. There appears to be a necessity for similar regulations as to electrical workers and the materials used, and that the work should be under the supervision of a thoroughly competent man.

A NIGHT OFF LEWIS.

IT was autumn, and the day had fallen early in the afternoon. The plunging gray waves of the Atlantic were dimly seen from the windows through deluges of rain. Dinner was just over, and two men drew their chairs near the peat-fire, lit their pipes, and began that endless fishing-chat which is so dear to all anglers. The western coasts of Lewis are not ideally beautiful even in sunshine. Long black reefs, the haunt of cormorants, gulls, and many other sea-birds, run out everywhere into the sea. Bogs and heath extend everywhere; lofty mountains in the distance, half smothered in mist, close the view. A shepherd or an occasional keeper is seen near a herd of black cattle or among countless sheep scattered over the foreground; but there is little or no picturesqueness, no tree, no prospect to charm a southern eye.

'Never was such a rainy climate,' observed one of the fishers. 'I had not a dry rag on me when I reached the farm here. You, who have been fishing all the morning, must have felt the same.' He laughed at a huge pea-jacket in which he was enveloped, and at the legs of his trousers (borrowed like the coat from the goodwife, whose husband was among the sheep), turned up at least half-a-yard, as the speaker was a very little man and the farmer a colossus.

'I also got a jolly ducking,' replied the other man; 'but I am used to the Lewis. It is not a district to be trifled with. I will tell you a story in point.

'When I was last here, more than twenty years ago, I nearly lost my life. I had been out several days fishing with a gillie—out there where you see at present those sheets of foam. One day, however, the gillie had to attend a funeral at Stornoway, so I went out again alone. The farm-people could easily see me from the house here, and it was a lovely September day. Soon getting dissatisfied with fishing there, I rambled round to the back of the house, where the ground rises a little and hides the sea. There I found a creek with sea-trout passing upwards and rising in a very tempting fashion. I could not throw close to them; but in an evil hour I spied a small boat fastened to a rock, which I gladly undid, jumped in, and began fishing. Soon I rowed out to the opposite rocks—some thirty yards across but a quarter of a mile nearer the sea—landed, dragged the boat up the shingle, but neglected to fasten her with the painter, and went on eagerly fishing towards the sea. Presently, hearing a grating sound, I looked back and saw the boat slipping off the rocks as the tide rose. I instantly understood the situation, and rushed back; but it was too late. The boat was floating down, and the tide was beginning to ruffle and flow out of the creek with greater swiftness every moment. I must rush in, I saw, as the boat passed. This I did, but it was just out of my reach. Quick as thought I realised that I must capture the boat, or I might be swept off the island on which I stood, or otherwise I was liable to be starved to death, as the farm probably possessed but one boat; therefore I dashed in and at once felt the power of the current running out with great velocity. I soon reached the boat and crawled in, when to my horror I found but one oar, the other one being left on the beach. One oar was useless in that fierce current.

'I sat down, squeezed the sea-water out of my things, and reviewed the situation. It was decidedly black. I was at the mercy of the sea. It was extremely unlikely that I should be picked up. I should probably drift out with the tide; and in another six hours I might, or I might not, drift back, but whether to the rocks I had just left or to another equally inhospitable island

who could tell? I remember thinking even then how young salmon go down to the sea from the river in which they have been bred; but who knows whether they return to it?

'It was now verging towards sunset, and dark fringes gathered in the east, lit up one by one by the dying luminary. I hoisted my shirt on the oar, but not a sail specked the sea around me. I might as well have been a castaway in the tropics hundreds of miles from land; yet I was in sight of the long shadowy reefs of my native land, and was even now suffering acutely from hunger and thirst. I had left my rod and tackle on the beach; but there were several trout in the stern of the boat, which, however, I had no means of cooking, and determined not to eat raw until the worst extremity. Solemnly fell night, and I was thankful to resume my shirt for its proper purpose. The waves were not high, and there was no wind; so I made up my mind to wait as patiently as I could till I found the boat moving homewards, when I resolved to aid its course to any land it neared by means of my one oar. Then the stars came out and looked down on me pitilessly.

'Cold as the night air was, I dozed fitfully; but suddenly woke with the sensation that I was being run down. Sure enough, some hundred yards off I saw the revenue cutter, which so frequently comes to guard these waters, crowded with sail and actually bearing down towards me. I was saved! I waved my shirt and shouted and splashed the water with the oar, but to no purpose. The watch was lax, the sails hid me, and the cutter swept on. I watched its retreating form and then flung myself on the bottom of the boat in utter despair. All the night through I had heard the screams of sea-gulls, the lapping of the waves against the boat, even the wash of breakers on the rocks. I did not trouble about any of them now, such was my miserable condition.

'With the risen sun came the love of life, and I once more considered what could be done. I determined to work the boat with its one oar to the rocks, and then in all probability I could let her drift upon the breakers and at least have a swim for dear life. While thus engaged I felt the tide beginning to run very strongly towards land, and I kept her where it set in most strongly, aiding the current with the oar. My delight was extreme when I found at length that I was not two hundred yards from the reefs. On we floated, and now made a narrow passage or 'voe' running up into the land. I began now to see safety, and suffered the tide to run me in farther and farther. At length, to my joy, I saw the chimneys of the old farm; but my troubles were not yet over. Some of the long reefs were mere gray rocks with no vegetation, others were green with heather and bog-plants. I drove the boat on one of these latter, rightly conjecturing that they were mostly connected with the land. I dashed across it and found it was only an island at high water (which it then was), and the tide was beginning to run out again. I could not venture on another night at sea. At once I plunged in again, swam as strongly as I could; but only just landed at the end of the reef, where a miss of ten yards would have carried me out to sea without a boat, and I should speedily have perished. The rest was easy. Wet, cold, famished with hunger and thirst I made my way here to find the good folk had quite given me up; and, whereas I had left the house in front, they never deemed it necessary to see whether the boat at the back was missing.

'You may imagine that I am careful to play no more tricks when I am here; these hyperborean islands do not permit trifling with them.'

'So it seems,' said his companion. 'I do not envy you that tide-borne trip. It is something to dream of, a veritable nightmare. But it is late,' and he yawned sympathetically with his assertion; 'my pipe is out, and what say you to bed? To-morrow for the wonderful Grimersta river, where a friend once killed thirty-four salmon in a single day and a companion obtained fifty-six.'

'Is that true?'

'Absolutely; and when the fish would not run up because of a drought several men with spades were summoned, who made a mimic "spate," of which the salmon at once took advantage. This shows how much there is to learn yet in the art of fishing, and justifies the enormous annual output of books on angling. Good night!'

THE HEATHER-FLOWER.

The swing of the heather's beneath my feet:
Oh, the heather-flower so red!
The westerly wind is warm and sweet,
And far below me the waters meet
That rise on the mountain-head.

No gray mists mantle the steep hillside:
Oh, the heather-flower is red!
All day I will wander the moorland wide,
Where the blackcock calls, and at eventide
The heather shall be my bed.

And the rocky fells are wild and stern,
But the heather-flower is red;
The honeysuckle and maiden-fern
And foxglove grow by the winding burn,
All drenched with the dews night-shed.

Oh, bonny the hills where the ash-tree grows,
Where the heather-flower is red!
And in summer shine, or in winter snows,
Or in autumn fall when the drooping rose
Sinks down to the dank earth dead.

'Tis ever the land I love the best,
The land of the heather red.
So I'll wander now on the rolling crest
Of the lonely moor, till into the west
The feet of the day have fled.

LAWRENCE B. JUPP.

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GEORGE ROMNEY.

By Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M.P.

THE Fine Arts being the earliest outcome, as they remain the consummate product, of civilisation, it is no matter for surprise that their literature should be more abundant than that upon any other subject, always excepting controversial theology, which is older than civilisation. For thousands of years men have argued, dogmatised, quarrelled, speculated, theorised, and formulated rules about them; yet here we are, on the morning of the twentieth century, as far as ever from agreement upon first principles. So wisely was it said by men of old, *De gustibus non est disputandum.*

In regard to none of the fine arts is this flux of public judgment so manifest as in painting. The artist who is the rage to-day will be the byword of to-morrow, and the sincerity of this perplexing caprice is demonstrable by the unerring test of the almighty dollar; men of one generation being eager to pay for certain pictures a hundred times the value in hard cash that could be obtained for them in another. It is true that this fickleness is owing mainly to fashion. The works of some painter (always a dead one, mark ye!) rise into sudden vogue, owing partly to the legitimate craft of dealers, partly to the caprice of some rich man who may have a genuine relish for the handiwork of a particular artist. He gratifies his taste at moderate cost, and straightway other rich men, devoid of the faintest understanding in art, are persuaded that their furniture is not complete without examples of the same master. Prices go up by leaps and bounds, and the middleman drives a rattling trade, always keeping a shrewd lookout ahead for the next painter that may be made the fashion.

All that is easy to be understood; what really puzzles one is that the Royal Academy of Arts, wherein are assembled all the most skilful painters of the day, should be content to follow rather than to lead, to give expression to the fleeting public taste rather than to mould it.

These reflections are suggested by the approaching centenary of the death of George Romney, than whom no British painter has passed through greater vicissitudes of esteem with collectors. Romney died 15th November 1802; it was exactly sixty-nine years afterwards that, for the first time, a picture of his was exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy. Individually, every Royal Academician is capable of recognising good painting. If Romney's is good work, how came it that the Royal Academy, in its corporate capacity, failed during seventy years to recognise goodness therein? The uninstructed public may be pardoned for paying for pictures, not on their merits, but by the renown of the painter. The late P. G. Hamerton vouches in one of his books for a glaring example of this kind of infatuation; and since he wrote, the system, or want of system, in bidding recklessly for pictures in fashion has been hugely exaggerated. He tells of a small cattle-piece which was knocked down at Christie's, artist unknown, for eight guineas. Two years later the same canvas reappeared in the auction-room. In the interval it had been identified beyond doubt as the work of Cuyp. *Magni nominis umbra!* This time the bidding went up to two thousand guineas. Eight guineas as the (assumed) intrinsic value of the picture; one thousand nine hundred and ninety-two guineas for the artist's name! Yet every educated person professes to be competent to pass an opinion upon the pictures of the year, and does so freely, and, as a rule, unfavourably. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that few people are so well educated as to refrain from passing judgment upon a painter's work.

During his active life Romney had little cause to complain of want of favour. That he was not elected to the Royal Academy was owing, not to any adverse influence within that body, as sometimes has been affirmed, but to his own morbidly

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sensitive and suspicious character, and to the mischievous dissuasion of his friend William Hayley, poetaster, philosopher, and pertinacious art-critic. To Hayley also was owing the waste of much of Romney's time in fancy compositions. 'Portrait-painting,' said this injudicious counsellor, 'is both the support and ruin of an artist: filling his coffers, but impeding his progress in that higher field of imagination which promises a richer harvest of delight and honour.' Unstable as we know the public verdict to be, it may be accepted without demur in the relative value it attaches at the present day to Romney's portraits and his Shakespearian and other imaginative subjects; and the same applies to that great master who found in Romney his doughtiest rival. It is in their portraits alone that the finest work of both Reynolds and Romney can be seen, and by their portrait-painting they must be judged.

Howbeit, it is not the quality of Romney's work which I presume to discuss in this place; only to call attention to the haziness of discernment—be it from ignorance, or want of fixed principles, or whatsoever other disability—which people have shown in appreciation thereof. If we are right *now* in the value we attach to his paintings, how blind were our sires and grandsires to the masterpieces which hung neglected for more than half a century in so many country houses! Fifty years ago any one might have got together a hundred pictures by Romney for less than the price offered (and declined) last year for his portrait of Mrs Lee Acton—to wit, sixteen thousand guineas.

When Romney died, the vogue he had enjoyed passed swiftly away, and there was no man with judgment to forecast its return. In the twenty years from 1775 to 1795 his portraits had been so popular as to justify Lord Chancellor Thurlow's saying: 'All the town is divided into two factions—the Reynolds and the Romney—and I am of the Romney.' Northcote, writing after both artists had passed away, remarked: 'Certain it is that Sir Joshua was not much employed in portraits after Romney grew into fashion, although the difference between the two painters was so immense.' He meant that the difference was all in favour of Reynolds, to whom had been assigned the unchallenged place of the greatest British painter, while Romney had fallen out of all repute.

One must not leave out of account the effect upon Romney's popularity of his lower scale of fees compared with Sir Joshua's. Many sitters were no doubt attracted to that painter who charged only one-third or one-half of the fees of the other. From 1781 to 1789, when Reynolds was charging eighty guineas for painting a head, one hundred and sixty guineas for a three-quarter length, and two hundred or two hundred and fifty guineas for a whole length, Romney asked but twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred guineas. When Reynolds ceased to paint, in 1789, Romney raised his charges, first by 20 and later 30 per cent.; but the highest price he ever received for a head was thirty-five guineas, and for a whole length one hundred and twenty guineas. Herein, no doubt, was one part of the secret of abundant sitters. But who shall account for the neglect—the contempt—which befell Romney's handiwork immediately his hand was cold in death. 'A curious work,' wrote J. W. Croker, 'might be written on the reputation of painters. Hayley dedicated his lyre (such as it was) to Romney. What is a picture by Romney now worth?' He might well inquire. At the sale of some of Romney's effects at Christie's in 1807, a portrait of Lady Almeria Carpenter was sold for thirty-one shillings and sixpence. I don't know what its merits may have been; but this I know, that a very indifferent portrait of Lady Coote by the same hand brought upwards of ten thousand guineas at the same place during the present summer of 1902. At the same sale in 1807 the lovely features of Mrs Robinson, the actress, tempted a bidder to go as high as nineteen guineas for her head painted by Romney, and three years later the Marquess of Hertford obtained it for twenty-one pounds. One can but speculate to what figure it would mount now, if exposed to bidders, for it is safely housed as national property in the Hertford House Gallery. A good impression of J. R. Smith's engraving after this picture would certainly fetch several hundred pounds.*

Such was the esteem placed upon Romney's paintings shortly after his death. A temporary revival took place in 1810 when the Hon. E. Greville sold the portrait of his brother's mistress, Amy Lyon *alias* Emma Harte, afterwards Lady Hamilton, in the dubiously appropriate character of Diana, for one hundred and thirty-five guineas; but low-water mark was touched again in 1842, when Lord Waldegrave allowed the portrait of the Margravine of Anspach (Lady Elizabeth Berkeley) to go for thirty-two pounds ten shillings. This picture was bought in at Christie's in 1880 for three hundred and sixty-seven pounds ten shillings.

In 1882 the redintegration of Romney was marked by the price of one thousand three hundred and eighty-six pounds paid at Christie's for the well-known portrait of Miss B. Ramus holding a book. That was considered a prodigious figure at the time, as the following incident may help to show. To the Winter

* The prices lately paid for fine proofs of mezzotint engravings have often been ten times the amount received by the artist for their originals. Reynolds's 'Girl Feeding the Chickens' is one of his least attractive works; but the engraving thereof has become rare. Thirteen hundred pounds was the price offered by a dealer last summer to a friend of mine for a proof impression, and refused by him.

Exhibition of the Royal Academy in that year I contributed a portrait of a relative, which had always been attributed to Reynolds. The committee, according to their custom, offered to insure it on behalf of the exhibitor; and, Reynolds having long commanded very high prices, they made no difficulty about doing so for five thousand guineas. But no sooner was the picture seen than it was recognised by the committee as the handiwork of Romney, and entered as such in the catalogue. Dealers came to me offering to purchase it. I had no wish to part with it; but at last, being hard pressed by one of the best known of them, I told him I could consider no offer below the sum for which the picture was insured. 'But,' said he, 'the picture was insured as a Reynolds.' 'Can't help that,' quoth I. 'I don't want to sell; but I will consider any offer of five thousand guineas or upwards.' 'Five thousand guineas!' cried the dealer; 'why, sir, there never was a Romney yet worth twelve hundred and fifty.' 'Very well, Mr X.,' I replied, 'you keep your guineas—I keep my picture;' and we parted. Seven years later the same picture was exhibited in the Guelph Exhibition at the New Gallery. They had been seven years of agricultural depression; and this time I was tempted, and fell—to the price of five thousand five hundred guineas. Since that time the tide has mounted merrily. One may note that in 1888 'Lady Hamilton Reading of Nelson's Victories' (twenty-five by twenty-six and a half inches) sold for one thousand three hundred and twelve pounds ten shillings; the same lady as 'Sensibility' in 1890 sold for three thousand and forty-five pounds, as 'Circe' (ninety-three by fifty-eight inches) for four thousand and forty-two pounds ten shillings, and as a 'Welsh Girl' (forty-eight by thirty-nine and a half inches) for two thousand two hundred and five pounds. In the same year a portrait of Lady Augusta Murray (forty-nine and a half by thirty-nine and a half inches) went for three thousand nine hundred and ninety pounds; in 1896 the picture of Lord Thurlow's daughter (sixty by forty-seven inches) was knocked down for two thousand six hundred and seventy-seven pounds, and that of Viscountess Clifden and her sister (seventy-four by fifty-eight inches) for eleven thousand and twenty-five pounds. In 1898 the Marchioness of Townshend's portrait (eighty-seven by sixty-nine inches) fetched five thousand four hundred and sixty pounds, in 1900 that of Charlotte Pierse (sixty-three by forty-seven inches) seven thousand three hundred and fifty pounds, and in 1901 that of Mrs de Crespigny (fifty by sixty inches) five thousand eight hundred and eighty pounds. Finally, to cut this matter short, I have been at the pains to extract from the books of Messrs Christie the sums paid at public auctions in their rooms for works by Romney in the fourteen years from 1888 to 1901, and they amount to one hundred and thirty-three thousand five hundred pounds. Who so bold as to declare that high-water mark was touched in this latter year by the offer of sixteen thousand guineas for the noble whole-length of Mrs Lee Acton, to which, of all Romney's works that I have seen, I do not hesitate to award the palm?

Now, for the last-mentioned work Romney received the modest fee of one hundred and twenty guineas. Making every allowance for rise in value of any good article whereof the output has been stopped, and without being so rash as to prescribe measure to modern affluence, there is something melancholy in the reflection that, once an artist is dead, people are ready to give for his work one hundred and thirty-three times the price he received for it. One longs for the appearance of a discriminating millionaire Mæcenas who shall apply his wealth to the encouragement of living artists; buying pictures, not because they happen to be the rage, but because of their intrinsic merit. 'Oh, but there is nobody who paints like that now!' exclaim a hundred voices at once. Is there not? Are you quite sure? I suppose it is not a dead certainty that the sun will rise this day year; at all events it is not more certain than this, that, if civilisation and wealth and leisure (American and other) are as much to the fore a hundred years hence as they are in the present year of grace, dealers will be ransacking private collections in 2002 for works of artists now living, as diligently as they are doing at present for paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner, and Raeburn. Remember what befell the peasant-painter Jean François Millet, who died in 1875 in a three-roomed cottage, after having failed to obtain from the dealers two thousand francs (eighty pounds) for his 'Angelus,' painted sixteen years before. Fourteen years after his death, his mother and sisters being still in penury, that picture was bought for the Louvre at the price of one million five hundred thousand francs (sixty thousand pounds).

Romney's was no extreme case like this: his early struggles over, he received ample recognition of his merit, and was able to make an excellent income. That his life was a tragedy was owing chiefly to his own infirm temperament, not to want of popularity. Not the less does it reflect sharply upon our blind method of encouraging art that collectors are now rushing headlong to obtain pictures which the preceding generation regarded with disdainful neglect.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

CHAPTER XII.—CONCLUSION.

'ONE of the chief topics in social and political circles here,' wrote the Graaden correspondent of the London *Hour* one day in the late autumn, 'is the return, and reconciliation to the Emperor, of a political exile of very high rank, who was supposed to have died abroad some years ago. The particulars of the affair are involved in mystery; but as the personage in question is now staying at the palace, there can be no doubt as to the fact. There must have been many obstacles in the way, of which the Emperor's high standard of personal honour was not the least. It is generally considered that the Imperial Chancellor had some share in the matter, as the result cannot fail to have a certain influence upon his work of consolidation. It is freely said, indeed, that the situation in Lusia will be largely affected for good by this unexpected development.'

Many English readers noticed this paragraph with interest and curiosity, but only one or two with complete understanding. Mr MacArthur read it while at breakfast in his villa at Highbury, but did not dream that it had even the remotest connection with his business affairs. He could not guess that the moment had come for the issue of a new edition of a certain small volume, with that paragraph as an advertisement; or that the small book in question was the story of a Failure told, not by the Failure's secretary, but by himself, in a time of extreme bitterness and despair; further, that the writer was no everyday penman, but a prince connected with an Imperial House, and that House one of the oldest in Europe. Mr MacArthur had no idea of all this, and there was no one at hand to tell him; so the moment fled, and one more striking opportunity passed into the limbo of might-have-been.

Hadfield read the paragraph in the office at Welding, and was one of those who understood it perfectly. He took the paper home with him, and on the way purchased a trifling article at his stationer's.

Mrs Hadfield was somewhat disappointed with the remarks in the *Hour*. 'It's all there, of course; but it doesn't seem to be,' she said.

'Well, no,' agreed Hadfield. 'But, you see, it's a very different thing to them. We have lived next-door to the Prince, and have known His Highness for months.'

In speaking of their late neighbour, the Hadfields generally made the best of his titles. They had even used 'Royal Highness' until some well-informed person had hinted that it contained a word too many. 'The Prince,' however, was good enough, and 'His Highness' was equally satisfactory. These were varied by 'Prince Adrian,' which had an aroma perfectly fascinating.

'Did you bring the notice?' asked Mrs Hadfield.

'Yes,' replied her husband promptly; and he took out the trifling article which he had obtained at the stationer's. It was a small sheet containing the legend, 'This House to Let.' Sitting down at the table, he wrote at the foot of the paper, with pardonable pride, 'Apply to the landlord, next door.'

'We'll go,' he said when this was done, 'and put it up now.'

So he took a key from the sideboard, and they went together to the house which had been the home of Mr Barrows for some nine or ten years. The door gave out a hollow sound when the key was placed in the lock, and when they entered the hall their steps called desolate echoes from the swept and empty chambers. Before attending to the purpose of their visit, they made a survey of the whole house, not for the first nor yet for the twentieth time since by Prince Adrian's gift they had become its owners. All was empty, for the contents, except those few things which the Prince had wished to have and those which Hadfield had selected as mementos, had been sold. The furniture had gone in various directions, and the books and papers had been packed away to Graaden. There was nothing to show what kind of tenant the last had been, or to suggest the curious secret which the walls had sheltered during those long days.

After much consideration, the Hadfields had decided that it would be better to let the house, and to have a nice little sum coming in every month, than to live in it themselves; so now, when they had walked through it once more, they placed in one of the windows the notice they had brought. It was in the window of the front room that they placed it—the room in which Mr Barrows had sat so often during the hours of his last struggle. Perhaps it was the fittest thing in the world that they should have placed it there; for that notice was the *Finis* to the book of one obscure life, and it was in that room that Mr Barrows had won through to write that word, and to begin a new story in another and a higher place.

So those good people set the notice up; and then they returned to have their quiet tea, at which they discussed their great experience once more, and rejoiced in the things it had left

them. Those things were more than a good house and certain articles of furniture; for there was also a romance which their lives would never see the fellow to, and a story which, however long they lived, would never lose flavour in the telling. So they had good reason to be content.

That was in the evening of a day in October. It was on the morning of the same day that Prince Adrian received a visitor.

In the period of early autumn he became convalescent, the serious illness which had fallen upon him as a result of mental strain having given way before tireless care and nursing. He spent the brighter hours in the palace gardens, and to-day the sun shone pleasantly. It happened that this morning a curious fancy had come to him.

'Help me to the summer-house on the south side,' he said. 'I will sit there a little while.'

An attendant supported his steps to the place he named. It was the room in which a Mr Barrows had had an interview with the Emperor. The man drew a chair towards him.

'No,' he said quickly; 'not that one.' For it was the one in which the Emperor had sat. 'Bring the other; and bring it here, to the door.'

This was done, and he sat down. 'You can leave me now for an hour,' he said.

The servant obeyed, and left him alone, looking out upon the gardens. They were not so brilliant as they had been on the day he remembered, but otherwise the scene was the same. Then he had been in the throes of his trial, standing with its sweat upon his brow; now the trial was over, and it was judged that he had conquered.

Yet what had the conquest brought him? It had brought, first, a great weakness and weariness; then had come the peace he had won, the rest of knowing that an old wound had been healed, and an old wrong righted as far as it was in mortal power to right it. These were of unspeakable value; yet in the days of convalescence other and less pleasant thoughts had begun to crowd upon him.

There was a sense of great loneliness. His sacrifice had been a voluntary one; but he had never dreamed of this result. Now he found himself forcibly brought back to the place which he had regarded as lost to him for ever; and he found an interval as of a whole lifetime between the present of this existence and its nearest past. He was beginning life again, and it was naturally a somewhat difficult beginning.

This feeling weighed upon him now, as he sat with his face to sun and garden; and he thought of the little semi-detached villa at Welding, and of that other garden where he had spent so many quiet days. In that house, dead to his old world and its failures and errors, he had commenced a new life under the name of the one man who had been faithful through all. There, in the first months of his voluntary burial, he had written his own story, placing the old life at the bar and condemning it utterly and bitterly. He thought now that he had possibly been too severe upon himself, and had judged too harshly the first failure of an unformed character set before too great a task. It might be so.

Then in that garden—that long, narrow garden of which he knew each inch by heart—he had learned to forget. By this time it was probably a tangled wilderness; yet would it not have been best to let him go back and spend the balance of his time in the place that knew him? The old quiet and peace would still be there, and he could take up the threads at the place where he had dropped them. Nay, the peace would be so much greater for the knowledge that he had stepped back into the past to make some atonement, and had even been 'granted success.

So he meditated in his despondency, little guessing, even at this late hour, what was the one thing that could make all ways smooth. But Fortune holds in her care the balm for every human need; and if Our Lady of Destiny loves a good situation, it is quite as certain that she loves to see a player play his part to the uttermost upon the stage where she has placed him. When she has found such a one she sometimes gives with both hands freely.

Presently he heard the sound of a door being opened. He could not see from where he sat, but knew that it was the door which communicated with the Chancellor's grounds. A moment later he heard footsteps on one of the paths.

He listened with curiosity, for unless he was mistaken they were the footsteps of a woman. Directly afterwards the walker came into view, crossing at the end of a path on her way towards the palace. She seemed, however, to be looking for some one, for she paused at the turning to glance in each direction before moving on. She looked the other way first, so that he had a little time in which to mark the graceful form, the movement, the sheen of dark hair in the sunlight, the well-remembered profile. Then she turned suddenly, looked, and saw him.

When she turned, he found that his heart must have recognised her steps even at a distance, for it was beating tumultuously. After a moment of surprise or indecision, she came up the path towards the summer-house.

Again at the threshold she paused. There was a constraint upon both of them.

'Won't you come in,' he asked, 'and sit down with me?'

She obeyed at once, and took a chair. It was the Emperor's chair; but he did not notice now. Then she explained.

'We came to Baron Quinzell to ask after you, and he told us that you would be here. But he

said that you must not see both of us at the same time, so he sent me alone.'

The Prince nodded. 'That was good of Quinzell. I am glad that you found me so soon.' And he wondered why the all-thoughtful Chancellor had chosen to send the daughter. Was it because she belonged to a new generation, one to which the first Prince Adrian was a mere tradition?

He had feared a meeting of this kind, for in spite of recent events he could not forget what these women had suffered through his connection with Count Mathias. Now the meeting had come suddenly, and he would learn what their feeling was. It was best to learn it first from the girl, who had suffered the least. Perhaps Quinzell had thought of that.

'I am glad that you have found me so soon,' he repeated. 'But now that you have found me, what do you think of me?'

He wondered at his own agitation as he asked the question. She appeared to know that there was something behind the jesting tone in which it came. So she answered with deliberation, smiling, but pale.

'It would be impossible,' she said, 'to say what we think of you.'

He noticed the 'we.' 'Is it good,' he asked, 'or ill?'

'It is good. How should it be otherwise?'

With that she looked into his face for the first time. Then he began to understand his own agitation. This came not as a new emotion, but as a perfect comprehension of what he had felt before. It was several moments before he could proceed, and when he did speak his half-jesting tone was gone.

'But have you heard the whole story? And do you know that I am only here at all by a mere chance, that my life is the gift of an enemy?'

A brief silence followed the questions. 'No,' she replied slowly. 'I do not know that. I have heard the whole story; but I do not know that. Nor does any one else think it.'

A flush rose to her brows, and she spoke with an effort, but with resolve. It was as though the words must needs be uttered.

'I think, and know, that it was like this: He—the enemy you speak of—thought he was dealing with a man he had known long ago, a weak man and one he could trample upon. He thought that he could even kill him, for it all seemed easy and plain. But when you resolved to meet him you were not the man he had known, but one quite different, one whom pity had made strong. You were a Prince of Styria, one greater than he, and nobler. At the last he began to feel this—that he was opposed, not to an unknown Englishman, or a coward, but to another man altogether. He could not understand it, and so he gave way, afraid; but it was not his mercy that saved you, but your own nobleness. That is what I think—and what I know.'

The Prince felt that his every pulse was throbbing violently. It was not what she said, but the glimpse which her words gave him of her thoughts as regarded himself. Conviction came to him suddenly, and as it came his whole views of the world were changed. New life ran in his veins; bright visions of life, of work, of happiness, rose before him. Loneliness—why, there need be no loneliness!

It was only for a little while; then the flood ebbed. He was old, or, at least, past the meridian of life. He had just made an absurd mistake. What he thought he had seen in her was all on his own side, not on hers—it could not be. It had called him back to life, to honour, to sacrifice, as love often calls a man. It had saved him and restored him. He saw it clearly now. But that must be the end.

'So,' he said quietly, 'you think it was pity that made a prince of me? Pity is very powerful.'

She made no answer. In the disillusionment of the minute he became bitter again. Gazing away down the path, he saw, some little distance off, a beautiful rose-bush just bursting into bloom. He drew her attention to it.

'Look at that,' he said. 'It is coming into bloom just as the frosts are approaching to destroy it. It is a foolish thing that flowers so late in the year. Yet it is an emblem of many other things that come too late.'

Naturally she failed to take his meaning upon the instant, quick though her instincts were; and, while they sat in silence for a moment, they heard a sound of footsteps.

'It is my servant,' he said. 'I told him to be back in an hour. It has been a short hour.'

She rose. 'I fear that I have been here too long,' she said. 'Baron Quinzell said only a little while. I think I must go.'

It was just as well that she should go, he decided. Yet even then the longing came back upon him with new force, coupled with a fierce resentment against all that stood between.

'Will you come again?' he asked suddenly.

'To-morrow,' she replied, 'we go down to Cronia.'

Then she gave him her hand, once more looking him in the face. Probably there was more in his face than he knew, and perhaps she saw there that the old mood had fallen upon him, the old diffidence and self-distrust. When she saw that, she also saw the meaning of his reference to the things in life that came too late.

She went down the path towards the door by which she had entered the garden. It happened that as she went she had to pass the rose-bush which had suggested his bitter parable; and she

went slowly, thinking, I believe, of those words and the hopelessness of his tone. So as her eyes fell upon the roses a great thought came to her. For the Prince, watching her going, saw that she paused, full in his sight, beside the bush. She plucked one of the blossoms, and fastened it in her bosom. Then she appeared to notice that he saw her, for she hastened to escape from his view.

At once he understood. His heart thundered, his visions returned, and he saw that from the beginning everything had been drawing to this end. There was nothing in the way, after all; he was not old, and his love was youthful. In a flash of memory and revelation he saw that Quinzell—the omniscient Quinzell—the friend of his boyhood, had read him from the first, and had guessed the power which had brought him back from the dead. And it was Quinzell that had sent her here to-day!

He signed to the approaching servant. 'Go,' he cried hoarsely; 'call her back.'

The man flew. She had just reached the door when he overtook her and delivered his message. And she turned back.

THE END.

A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.

IN olden times it was said there were 'seven wonders of the world'—the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens at Babylon, the Colossus at Rhodes, and other creations of the genius and labour of man; but, compared with these, the wonders of nature known at the present day are as seventy times seven, and are found in every part of this grand old earth. We have read in fabulous story of mountains of gold; but we supposed that such miracles of nature existed only in the visions of poets and romancists. However, it is known to many that a veritable mountain of golden ore exists in Queensland, the sunny state of the new Australian Commonwealth. This mountain is now being tunnelled and levelled, and its stone crushed and passed through chemical processes. In one year over three hundred and twenty-three thousand ounces of pure gold were extracted; and the value of the mine once rose in the share market to more than seventeen millions sterling!

Travelling in central Queensland a few months ago, curiosity induced us to visit this mountain of gold, which is situated about twenty-five miles from the populous city of Rockhampton. The train by which we made the journey runs some distance through open forest-country, timbered mainly with bloodwood, box-gums, and iron-bark trees, and up a very steep ridge called the Razor Back to a range of mountains stretching for miles from north to south, where the air is cool and pleasant after the heat and dust of the city. As this famous mine is approached great activity is apparent. A busy and thriving township has arisen, with its hotels, stores, hospital, churches, and School of Arts; and though some of the buildings are roughly constructed, and in the streets steep natural runnels and blocks of stone are likely to arrest the progress of the unwary pedestrian, there is a buzz of business and evidences of enterprise that augur well for the future prosperity and shapeliness of this mountain-town. We hear the clanging of machinery, and occasionally the sullen boom of a blasting explosion; and the smoke from the furnaces and various peculiar chemical odours make the atmosphere less bright and invigorating.

On application at the office, the manager readily gives permission to go over the works; and after a change of dress and payment of half-a-crown to a fund for the benefit of the miners, the visitors are provided with a guide, who shows them the process from start to finish by which the common-looking stone quarried from this remarkable mountain is made to yield gold of the finest quality for the Mint or the jewellers' workshop.

In the immense tunnels made in the mountain, tier on tier, are men busily at work blasting and hewing the stone and loading it on trucks, which convey it to buckets that are lowered down from one platform to another until the huge crushing machines are reached; then the ore is carried forward by trucks and buckets to the furnaces, where it is roasted and made porous for the Hall-Richard chlorination process. The ore is now placed in large barrels and treated with chloride solution, under high pressure; and afterwards it is discharged into leeching-vats, fitted with sand and gravel filters, placed directly underneath. After being repeatedly washed, it is finally made to percolate through perforated board-work covered with cheese-cloth, and next through a bed of charcoal. This precipitates the gold, and leaves it in shining heaps of fine dust on the surface. The whole process is full of intense interest to the visitor. The grandeur and riches of nature are there, and also the science and ingenuity of man. More than one million pounds have been spent on the machinery, the gigantic dams for the storage of water, and the workings; about eighteen hundred men are constantly employed; and, as the mine is lit up with electricity, relays of miners continue the work day and night.

Mount Morgan is somewhat oval-shaped at the base, being about a mile and a half at its longest measurement and half-a-mile at its shortest. It

rises almost precipitously from the banks of a small river called the Dee to the height of five hundred feet, and attains at its dome-like summit an altitude of twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. There was nothing in the outward appearance of the mountain to distinguish it from the other mountains of the range; it had the same rugged slopes and gullies, and the same scrubby vegetation covered its surface as could be seen for miles around. The farming settler and the shepherd wandering over this hilly region little dreamed of the treasure stored beneath. They would sometimes find alluvial gold in the ravines and creeks, and pick up a boulder heavily weighted with the precious metal; but that there was a whole mountain of auriferous ore waiting to be exploited by men of energy and enterprise never entered their minds. The gold was carefully hidden in stone which, in outward appearance, differed slightly from the ordinary metallic structure of the soil around.

The discovery was made almost accidentally. In the early days of settlement in central Queensland, a Scotch family named Gordon took up a selection on the slopes of the Razor Back, and by additional purchases extended their run down across a creek which divided the slopes from this mountain, and partly up one of its sides. They stocked their land with sheep and cattle, and endeavoured to win a living from it; but had little success. Among other misfortunes, a large number of their cattle died through eating a poisonous weed which grew abundantly in the neighbourhood, and so their sons were obliged to leave the homestead for work elsewhere. One of the sons, Alexander Gordon, found employment with the Morgans, mining speculators living at Mount Wheeler, a few miles from Rockhampton. Mrs Alexander Gordon was the daughter of a stockman who had often driven his cattle over the district, and watered them at the streams flowing at the base of the mountain; and she had received from her father a piece of gold-bearing stone picked up in a creek there. Gordon showed this stone to the Morgans, who at once saw its worth, and offered him twenty pounds if he would show them the spot where it was found. This he promised to do; and the two Morgans, after equipping themselves in Rockhampton with horses and tools for a prospecting tour, started under the guidance of Gordon to find this modern Pactolus.

After journeying over the ranges, they reached a creek where the gold was supposed to be; but their first day's investigations were very discouraging, for the stone they crushed yielded little gold. At night a tropical downpour of rain set in, and all the gullies and creeks became flooded and ran in torrents, so they had to seek a place of safety on the mountain. Next morning, as the rain continued, they were in such a soddened and disheartened condition that they decided to make their way back; but this was difficult because of the floods. Therefore they moved to higher ground, swimming across creeks and climbing up the steep sides of ravines, and at last reached a spur of the mountain, where they found a Chinaman's hut. In this shelter they made a fire, dried their clothes, and ate a hearty meal.

After the rain had cleared off, one of the brothers, accompanied by Gordon, determined to prospect around the neighbourhood to see if any gold could be found there. When they had gone about two miles—Gordon being some distance off—Morgan saw a big black boulder which he thought had some gold in it, so he broke a piece off and put it in his pocket. He also noticed that all along a reef there were similar stones; and, without telling Gordon of his discovery, he broke pieces off, and on his return showed them to his brother, who was still resting in the hut.

Leaving Gordon in the hut, the two Morgans went down to the nearest water-hole, where they crushed and washed the ore, and to their surprise and immense gratification found that these pieces of boulder yielded, as they said, 'more gold than stone.' On exploring the country around, they found that the whole mountain-side appeared to be of the same kind of gold-bearing stone. The discovery was kept from Gordon, as his family still owned some of the land; and after having the ore assayed in Rockhampton, the Morgans bought the Gordons' land for the paltry sum of a pound an acre, and afterwards secured the rest of the land on similarly easy terms. Thus the Morgans became the owners of this famous natural tumulus of buried wealth, this wonderful Australian El Dorado.

The mountain, which was formerly named the Ironstone Mountain, was now called Mount Morgan, after its discoverer. Soon a small company was formed and registered; and the brothers Morgan, with one or two others who had secured shares, commenced mining operations. The richness of the stone was unparalleled, and the news of this discovery was soon wired over the world. Speculators in many countries felt the throb of a new sensation, and the share markets became mercurial with excited buyers and sellers; rings were formed, and no small amount of suspected jobbery practised; shares rose to enormous prices, then fell far below their value, and thus many were ruined; there were lawsuits over adjoining claims, and supposed questionable transactions occurred; fortunes were made and lost and regained; but amid all these variations of speculation and fortune the wonderful output of gold continued. Since 1882, when the discovery was made, over two million and a quarter ounces of gold have been obtained; and the latest reports issued by the company state that for some decades, at least, there will be no diminution

of the steady yield of gold which has been so long continued. Even when the mountain is levelled, gold will be found to a considerable depth beneath its base.

For miles around Mount Morgan prospecters have searched in vain for another mountain of gold. Much speculation has been indulged in respecting its origin, and various theories have been advanced as to how, in the dim and distant past, this wonderful mass of golden ore was created. It has been an enigma hard to solve, and geologists have differed in opinion. Mr Jack, the Queensland Government geologist, whose researches in the district have occupied considerable time, has reached the conclusion that 'nothing but a thermal spring in the open air' could have deposited this rich ore. He says: 'The frothy and cavernous condition of the silicious sinter of Mount Morgan may be accounted for by the escape of steam while the silica was yet (after the deposition on the evaporation of the water) in the gelatinous condition so frequently observed in the deposits of hot-springs. The aluminous silicates represent the familiar outbursts and flows of mud. The iron oxides appear to have been deposited in some cases along with the silica and alumina, and in others to have been deposited later—its solvent fluid having been, as it were, injected into the interstices, vesicles, and caverns of the silica and alumina. In some cases it may have been originally pyrites, as it now and then occurs in cubical hollows. Calcareous sinter is very common in silicious springs, and its absence from Mount Morgan must needs imply the local absence of limestones among the rocks from which the spring was fed. The silica would be found abundantly in the quartzites, and alumina in the shales and graywackes, of the country in the neighbourhood, and, possibly, both silica and alumina may have come in part from a deep-seated underlying granite. The gold, and to some extent the iron, may have been dissolved out of the iron pyrites of such reefs as the Mundic reef seen in Mundic Creek, a creek close by: the gold possibly by chlorine produced by the contact of hydrochloric acid derived from the decomposition of chlorides with manganese, which occurs sparingly in the form of pyrolusite along with the ironstone of Mount Morgan.'

This plausible and interesting analysis of the peculiar metallic formation has, however, been disputed. Mr Cameron, another geologist of some repute, argues that it belongs to the order of 'eruptive rocks;' that its origin was 'volcanic.' He says: 'Although it serves no good purpose to dogmatically assert that gold can only be met with in rocks of a certain age, yet I may mention the fact that hitherto it has been found in greatest abundance in the quartz veins that traverse altered paleozoic slates, and particularly where eruptive rocks junction with strata of Cambrian and Silurian age. It is also a generally accepted fact that the original home of gold is in the granular eruptive rocks of a granitic and hornblendic character, where it is found disseminated in infinitesimal particles throughout their mass; and as I have noticed that eruptive rocks of a granular character, belonging to the secondary igneous system, are to be found not only traversing the Mount itself, but in its immediate neighbourhood, we have not far to seek for the original source of its gold.'

There is also the combustion theory held by some, who suppose that the origin of the auriferous deposits were due to the decomposition or oxidation of an immense pyrites lode; that while in a molten state this came in contact with water containing salt, that chlorine was generated, and the gold originally contained in the pyrites was dissolved into chloride of gold, which was finally precipitated in a finely mixed condition into the substance of the stone.

These and other theories may each have been adopted by geologists; but probably no certain explanation of this extraordinary aggregation of particles of gold in this metallic formation—in some places three thousand ounces to the ton—may ever be given. Nature's operations are often inscrutable. How in the dim abyss of the past she wrought in secret to prepare for the energy of man must ever be shrouded in mystery. Her mighty throes of volcanic fire; her subterranean crucibles where her chemical forces pulverised and mingled all kinds of mineral substances for the service of humanity; her vast torrential floods sweeping down the craggy ranges and conveying and mixing the glittering grains of valuable metals with the commoner soil: all these convulsions we know were taking place in bygone ages, leaving their traces to-day; and out of these mysterious convulsions this marvellous mountain of golden ore was upheaved. Man is levelling it now, and dispersing its treasures over the earth, but it will ever be remembered as one of nature's wonders.

MR MORRIS'S HAT.

PART II.

'IT is about a cheque, David,' said Gladys, 'and I want you to assure papa that you will stop payment and that sort of thing immediately. David, what *is* the matter?'

Well might she ask and look at me with a face which bore at least one more wrinkle added to the other two!

I am not a fainting man, nor timorous save as regards my ambitions upon Gladys herself; but when I heard these words I knew instantly what was to follow. Doubtless my eyes stood well out of their sockets in the approved melodramatic way. Nevertheless, I attempted to smile.

'Go on, dear,' I said with difficulty. 'Let me hear the whole story.'

'But you looked so horribly frightened!'

'Professional instinct, Gladys,' I murmured. 'Well, what about this cheque?'

'It was for ten thousand pounds, dear,' she continued, softly, as if out of consideration for my nerves. 'Papa wrote it at the office in order to get it cashed at the Bank after luncheon. It was to pay those German Heinsen people, I think he said. Well, he put it in the lining of his hat.'

Idiot that I was! Had I not often chuckled to myself at this eccentricity in Mr Morris? He would enter the Bank, remove his hat, place it on the counter, and take from it the bills or cheques he wished to deposit or cash. Once he had condescended to explain that he considered his hat the safest of pockets in the London streets. Thieves do not think of picking hats.

'He put it in the lining of his hat, you were saying.'

With these words, I encouraged Gladys to continue, for she had stopped at my exclamation of dismay.

'Yes, and he took it with him, of course, like that to the club. There he had a little nap after his luncheon, and it was when he woke up and looked for the cheque that he found it was gone. The man who brought him here in the cab said all he could say was "Get me home at once!" There was a doctor in the dining-room, and he said it was a paralytic seizure; but Dr Richardson doesn't think it was quite that, for he can talk quite plainly now. It was the shock, no doubt, for the cheque was payable to bearer. He has been working much too hard for years, poor papa, and you must go up to him, David, and convince him that there is nothing to worry about, for of course you will stop payment and that kind of thing. Oh, David, if you knew what a relief it was to me just now to hear your voice! He has talked of you a good deal the last day or two.'

'Has he, dear?' I asked, through the mist of my misery.

'Yes, David. He has such a very high opinion of you as a man of business.'

The bitterness of it! And the simplicity of the dear girl in smiling a bright responsive smile to mine! Well, it was something that I could wear that deceitful cloak to such advantage.

'Now you will go to him, David?' she said.

I nodded. It would depend entirely upon his state of health whether or not I told him the whole calamitous history of the cheque. I followed Gladys like a man in a dream. She was lost to me, that seemed certain; but I was too stunned just then to realise what that melancholy fact would mean.

I was still a man in a dream when I stood before Mr Morris, took his trembling hand, and hoped he was better.

He looked very statuesque in the old-fashioned screened arm-chair in front of the fire. His voice had none of its usual steely ring, and though his profile was severe his eyes were not.

'This is very kind of you,' he said gently. 'I have been inexcusably foolish.'

Gladys intervened to explain that I knew the circumstances.

'He has only come up, dear papa, to tell you that there is not the slightest reason for anxiety, because, of course, no one would think of cashing such a cheque as that except for yourself.—Would they?'

She appealed to *me*. Her father's eyes were upon me.

'No one but a madman,' I replied. 'You—wrote no letter then, nor sent the cheque by—by hand?'

'No, no,' said Gladys. 'It was missing from his hat in the club.'

'Old fool!' murmured Mr Morris, with a sigh which seemed to have the effect of letting his head sink upon his breast. He gazed at the fire instead of at me.

Abiathar Morris calling himself an old fool! Confused to distraction though I was, this novel situation impressed me. He was changed indeed.

'You are nothing of the kind, dear papa,' said Gladys. She knelt by his side and fondled him, so that he gave up his reverie and began to toy with her pretty hair.

I dare say I ought to be ashamed to confess that the beginnings of tears came into my eyes as I looked at this fair picture. They were utterly selfish tears. What was I not losing in losing such a girl?

But Gladys herself peeped up at me with a pathetic little smile, and misread my eyes.

'Oh papa, dear,' she whispered, 'he does look so tired. Any one would think we had lost the money and he was sorry for us!'

She said this archly, with her head on her father's knees. The old gentleman roused himself at the words.

'Nonsense, child,' he said feebly. 'Mr Hartley knows well enough that there is no real risk of that.—Don't you?'

'There ought to be none, sir,' I replied firmly, in desperation.

'None, of course,' he said, though still as if he craved assurances in the matter. 'But—you will do all that is necessary—in case I am confined to the house? Mr Roots will act for me in my absence.'

Mr Roots was the confidential clerk at Morris Limited.

We are strange creatures. Though I was as wretched as, it seemed to me, I ever could be on earth, something prompted me to continue to play the part of comforter, and I took the cue.

'It will be all right, sir, never fear,' I said.

He nodded several times to the fire, then lowered his head and whispered to Gladys. I heard what he said:

'Don't let him go without a glass of wine!'

I ought to have been staggered by the kindliness of such an injunction. No such thing, however. I smiled and took it as a matter of course; also Gladys's eager assent. But I could not touch the wine when it came to decanter and glass.

Ere then Mr Morris had bade me 'Good-night' in a tone that was new as applied to me. He had further hoped I would look in the next evening. And Gladys and I had gone downstairs hand-in-hand, for how could I refuse the dear little hand which offered itself to me outside her father's room?

'He has become fond of you, Davie,' she said brightly, as we descended the stairs. 'So sudden, too!'

This she added mischievously.

I was in such a humour that if Tom Bowers and his son had appeared before me in that moment I would have tried to strangle the pair of them. It was the shock that had changed Mr Morris by reminding him of his mortality and making him think of Gladys's future. He believed I was a good and strong man, able to make his daughter happy; and he felt that he owed me atonement for his earlier doubts. The pair of villains!

Once outside the house I was no longer a man in a dream. The desire for vengeance of the conventional kind in such circumstances sent me speeding back to the West End and to a police-station.

Here my narrative was received and recorded drily.

'It is a pity the Paris trains have left,' I was informed.

'Wire to Dover, Folkestone, Newhaven, and Southampton immediately,' I said.

The inspector showed sympathy for me in my state of simplicity. 'You think the man would not attempt to disguise himself?' he asked.

'Then wire to the French ports and request them to examine all passports.'

But this, too, was just as puerile a suggestion as the other. I had to resign myself, go away, and return to Brondesbury with a feeling that the heavens had fallen and that I was mixed up inextricably in the wreckage.

The night that ensued was about the worst I had ever spent. It really wasn't a great deal to me to realise that my career in the Bank was as good as ended; for what would the directors say about my criminal imprudence in cashing such a cheque even on the strength of an excellently forged letter? It was Gladys that I could not resign myself to lose.

Again and again, as I tossed about, I tracked the calamity from its end to its ridiculous inception. The part which was not as plain to me as my own misfortune could be easily guessed at. Tom Bowers had done secretarial work for Mr Morris before his collapse. He either had, or obtained through his son, the necessary office letter-paper, and he must have acted with the celerity of genius in yielding to temptation and arranging his methods. No doubt he had lured his son from the office and either persuaded or compelled him to be confederate in his felony. Well, well, it makes me weak to think of it all.

It was as a condemned felon myself that I went off to business in the morning. I could and did smile now as I thought of the future; but what bitterness was in that smile!

I entered the Bank as usual, and there, standing at the counter, with downcast face and bleared eyes, the first person I saw was—Tom Bowers!

'You?' I cried, so that the clerks turned their heads in astonishment.

'Yes, Mr Hartley,' said Tom Bowers quietly. 'I—I want to speak to you in private.'

He had something inside his frowsy frock-coat. I could tell that by the bulge. A furious hope took possession of me.

'Come this way,' I said.

No sooner were we alone, with both doors shut, than my glorious intuition was confirmed. The sealed packet was laid upon my desk and the poor half-maudlin man folded his hands and begged for mercy.

'Not for my own sake, sir—I'm past caring what happens to me—but for Willie. As sure as I'm standing here'——

'Never mind that,' I said. I patted the poor fellow on the shoulder instead of ringing the bell and sending for the police. 'Tell me how you came to do it.'

'Mr Hartley, sir,' he pleaded, 'he's honest down to the marrow, I swear to you. He—he's disowned me—isn't going ever to speak to me again; and if I hadn't come like this he'd have given me in charge himself. He was outside when you came in, sir, watching to see I didn't slip away. I'm proud of such a son: God forgive me, I am.'

While he said this I was counting the notes, though in fact I need not have troubled, for the very seals of the packet were unbroken.

'What in the world made you think of such a thing?' I asked, pausing at the fortieth note.

'I'd be glad to know that myself, sir,' said he. 'That I would. I found it in the hat—this very hat, and first sight I thought something ought to come of it. But I was hardly at Piccadilly Corner when I ran back to give it to the porter to give to Mr Morris. There I saw them helping him into a cab, and when I heard the word given for Brondesbury I held back, sir. They said he'd had a seizure. That did for me, sir. The thought of all that money, and living in comfort out of England, took hold of me like a panorama. I went and borrowed a sheet of paper and an envelope from Willie and made him get ten minutes' leave. You know the rest, sir; and, whether it's Portland or Dartmoor, I'll bear it for the comfort of knowing Willie will always run straight.'

The notes were right.

'It will be neither Portland nor Dartmoor, if I have any influence with Mr Morris, Bowers,' I said.

'Sir!' he said bewildered.

As for me, I laughed in spite of everything, a sort of half-delirious laugh, and held out my hand to poor Tom Bowers.

'Don't be such a fool again,' I said; 'and if you like to call and have a chat later in the afternoon we'll see what can be done for you.'

He left the room with tears of gratitude on his cheeks. I soon followed him; and, after calling on Mr Roots, and wiring to Mr Morris, had the immeasurable satisfaction of myself handing the ten thousand pounds to the former gentleman to pay the account for which the cheque was drawn.

In my telegram I merely told Mr Morris that the cheque had come to me, and asked for his instructions. These were admirably suited to the situation.

Poor Tom Bowers had in his confession set me a good example. It remained to be seen what would come of mine when I humbled myself to Gladys's father. I did not make it that evening completely. Gladys herself heard it and gave me full absolution, but thought her father might be better able to hear it the following evening. This was merely a sweet, fond artifice in her to spare me. *She* broke the curious history to Mr Morris the next day, and it was due to her loving talent that he took the highest possible view of my reticence in the matter. When I went upstairs to him and began to assume the demeanour of a penitent the old gentleman stopped me with upraised hand.

'I have already received explanatory intelligence on the subject, Mr Hartley,' he said, with overdone formality. 'You may be congratulated on your mediatrix. I, her father, say it. You are a fortunate fellow, David.' The change in his tone and the smile with which he offered me his hand perfected my contentment.

There is little more to say about this odd—and blessed—misadventure of a hat, to which I believe I owe my impending marriage.

Young Bowers was amply forgiven by Gladys's father. Mr Morris appears to be pretty much his old self again physically, though wonderfully softened in other respects. He no longer, however, carries his cheques on the top of his head. I myself have taken Tom Bowers in hand. He has been enabled to invest one hundred pounds in a small business concern of which he is proud to be the managing clerk, and if portents go for anything, drink will never again get the better of him.

As for the fateful hat itself, I persuaded Tom Bowers to sell it to me for one hundred pounds. Gladys very amiably agrees with me that I may, if I please, pay lifelong respect to it as a humble, yet competent agent, under Providence, of my—that is, our—future happiness.

CHICORY CULTIVATION IN BELGIUM.

By J. E. Whitby.

MOST people, if asked to define the special products of Brussels, would probably reply in a formula which that interesting personage 'Charlie's Aunt' has made almost classic, 'That's where the lace comes from,' or 'That's where the carpets come from;' or even, perhaps, 'That's where the Brussels sprouts come from.'

Brussels lace, though much of it is to-day made in the environs, is undoubtedly one of the manufactures for which Brussels is as famous as ever; but the carpets associated with the name of Belgium's capital are now made at Tournay, and the little green succulent sprouts have become so widely cultivated as to have no longer any special connection with that city.

However, few people are aware, except those

commercially interested, that certain villages that hang round the immediate neighbourhood of the city like a fringe on some sheltering mantle can make the proud boast that they supply a vegetable seldom or never cultivated in England, France, or Germany, but which is exported to these countries in enormous quantities.

To those unaware of the important part chicory plays in the industrial scheme of Belgium, the name only conjures up a recollection that the root of this plant dried in a kiln to a fourth of its weight, and roasted till it is again reduced by 25 per cent., serves when ground to adulterate coffee, to which it imparts a slightly bitter taste, while the brownish tinge acquired by its infusion rejoices the careful housewife by the look of strength which it imparts to the liquid. The word may also suggest to those who are interested in gardening the dentated leaves resembling those of the dandelion, which in certain rare English households may be met with in the winter salad, and which are obtained by forcing a second top-growth from the roots, and blanching. But it is for yet another form of chicory-cultivation that Brussels is renowned—and for Brussels read the neighbourhood, the vegetable being known as *chicorée de Bruxelles;* and the plant thus produced stops a gap in the round of garden produce for the Continental dinner-table that otherwise might be unpleasantly felt.

Chicory, which botany tells us is known in its wild state as succory, and to whose genus the endive (well esteemed since classic times) also belongs, has a root somewhat resembling a carrot. It is of a dirty-brownish colour without, but white within. For many years the top-growth has been much esteemed as a vegetable in Belgium; and as long ago as 1860 M. van Cutsem, of Evère, had the happy idea of crossing the chicory with the endive—to which, as has been said, it is allied—to secure larger plants. His example was generally followed, and the recognition of the chicory as a staple article of food has caused its cultivation to spread from Scharbeek, where it was first started, to Evère, Haren, Woluwe St Étienne, Crainhem, and recently to Dieghem and Melsbroek. It is the top-growth which, like seakale, serves as a dish for the table, and it is cultivated in much the same manner; though, instead of being raised from established roots, it is grown from fresh plants raised by seed every year. This is sown about April, and in October the chicory is plunged into long beds of a light, rich compost, which completely covers it. Hot stable refuse is superposed, which is protected in the usual way from the elements.

Development is extremely rapid, and in twelve days, if all goes well, the roots are ready for cutting; short, stocky, and beautifully blanched shoots growing thickly together, awaiting the sharp knife. It may be mentioned parenthetically that, as a set-off for the English ignorance of the value of chicory as a vegetable, may be put that of the Belgian gardeners as to the proper way to grow seakale, which is seldom seen in the markets, and always long, stringy, and to our idea valueless.

Chicory, which has a slightly bitter taste that is not disagreeable, is cooked in a similar fashion to seakale. It bears abundantly, the harvest lasting until April or even May, and the demand is ever increasing. Brussels chicory has indeed of late years assumed so important a position as an article of trade that syndicates have been formed for its exportation, one of which numbers six hundred members. These men occupy themselves with the collection of the ready-packed baskets from the growers, and regulate the despatch, prices, &c. The best quality exported goes to the Paris markets, where the consumption is enormous, from sixty to eighty francs being paid per hundred kilos. Lille and the other northern towns of France take an inferior quality. The expenses of export to Paris by express train, including delivery and the various duties, works out at about twenty-five to thirty centimes per kilo, so there is a good profit. The best chicory is sold in Brussels at about thirty to sixty centimes a kilo; but much that looks good, and is as large in circumference as the wrist, is hawked about in barrows at a much lower rate. There are but few travellers to Brussels in the winter-time who have not been tempted into eating it owing to its likeness to seakale, and most people like it extremely. Every day during the long season wagon-loads of *witloof*—to give the chicory its Flemish name—leave Brussels by road or rail; and some idea of the business done in this root, which is almost ignored by English market-gardeners, may be realised when it is known that, besides the enormous quantity consumed in the city and neighbourhood, from ten thousand to twenty thousand kilos is about the weight despatched daily.

Some of the younger chicory-growers are making the experiment of heating the beds with hot-water pipes instead of by the old system. The new idea claims to have the advantage of economy, while the heat can be regulated; and as the plants are grown in long sheds, they are better protected against violent wind-storms or excessive cold. The installation in use is of the most simple kind, being only four iron pipes connected with a boiler and furnace, and running under the long beds of earth. The heat being evenly distributed, the plan is said to work admirably and to produce splendid plants; and as stable refuse is extremely dear in Brussels in winter, when the chicory-farmers most need it—as much as fifty francs (two pounds) being asked for a small cart-load—the new system is likely to supersede the old, especially as the rainwater occasionally, even under the best management, filters through the stable refuse and discolours and spoils the plants for market.

The patriotic Englishman naturally wonders,

on learning of the large trade done in Belgium by cultivating a vegetable that appears to give excellent results, why the market-gardeners in his own country do not attempt to raise chicory for the table. Many of them, perhaps, have not considered the matter, and some may have heard that for an unexplained reason chicory in this form is said not to be cultivable elsewhere; and the Bruxellois declare that even with their own growers in charge the plant will not give the same generous response as in its native land. Many such experiments have been made in France; but the bitter taste which is one of the characteristics of the chicory, and which connoisseurs enjoy, was quite lost, and only an insipid vegetable produced.

Even the chicory-plant has not escaped the microbe that haunts us all, waking or sleeping; and if grown too long in the same soil, develops a rotting disease of the roots. Become a lady of fashion (for in French it is '*la chicorée*'), she, like the rest of her sex, requires that frequent change of surroundings which is the result of a very high state of cultivation.

REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN MILITARY POLICE OFFICER.

By 'JUNGUL WALLAH.'

III.—HUNTING DOWN A DACOIT AND HIS GANG.

AS stated in the first part of these reminiscences, we found on reaching headquarters that there was more work before us—namely, the hunting down of a noted Dacoit leader and his gang. As a preliminary, I will give a summary of the information brought by our spy, and also some particulars respecting the robber-leader and his followers.

In India, as a rule, reliable information could always be obtained in these days by paying for it liberally. All commanding officers were able to do so, as the Government of India made provision for this, and, having selected the best men to command these military police battalions, allowed them to use their discretion on many occasions, and to act as they considered best, according to circumstances—in short, they were not hampered by red tape.

Our spy's information was that a gang all well armed and well mounted, led by the noted Dacoit named Luckwar, had started from the native state of Dutteeah, which was over a hundred miles from the borders of our district, and were making for a rich money-lender's house some seventy miles from our headquarters. Their object was to attack the village at night, and if the inhabitants resisted, set fire to the money-lender's house and rob him of all the cash they could lay their hands on. The Dacoits were well aware that the money-lender had a large sum hidden; in fact, two men in league with the gang had been in the man's service, and could point out where the treasure was buried.

Our spy had lived with the Dacoits for three days, having pretended to join them; and during their consultations, which were held principally at night, he had learned all their intentions. He was with them on the first day's march, but had managed to give them the slip during the night. In the Dutteeah state they were to keep together; but on arriving in British territory they intended to scatter into threes and fours, and make for a spot in the midst of a forest which was about a couple of miles square and within three miles of the money-lender's village. Luckwar, the leader, with ten followers, hoped to reach the place in four days; and as it was a very dense forest, he intended to stay in it for a day or two—that is, until all his scattered forces arrived.

The commanding officer decided at once that this little job must be done sharply if we were to make a successful capture; but to succeed he must have infantry to drive the Dacoits out of the forest, if they got into it. The difficulty was how to get the infantry within striking distance of the spot, which was nearly seventy miles off.

However, before describing our operations, I will give a brief biography of Luckwar, the leader.

Before the Mutiny, Luckwar had been a trooper in one of our irregular cavalry regiments. He was a fine man, standing six-feet-four in his stockings, and a splendid rider, but a bad lot in many ways. Having, in a paroxysm of jealousy, struck his non-commissioned officer, he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be flogged and then dismissed the service.

When this occurred, early in 1857, he and a few other bad characters organised a band of highway robbers. They carried on their depredations very successfully for a month or two, frequenting, as a rule, the main roads to Agra and Meerut, waylaying stage-coaches, the Government mails, and any rich native travelling in a *palkee*. On one occasion the gang, headed by Luckwar, fell upon the Judge of Mynpuree, who was on his way to Agra to attend the Court of Sessions, and shot him dead. It was not intended to attack this officer, but the mistake occurred owing to one of the gang having in-

formed the others that the occupant of the *palkee* was a very rich native. However, as murder had been committed, warrants were issued for the arrest of Luckwar and several of his followers.

Shortly after this event the Mutiny broke out, and from that time up to the period I am writing of, Luckwar had been a daring leader of mounted Dacoits; and during 1857 and part of 1858 the gang had murdered several wealthy and influential natives, and ransacked and burnt down many villages without being molested in the least. The poor agriculturists were not strong enough to offer any resistance; and as our soldiers and police had all mutinied, we were unable to stop the depredations of the gang, so they had a fine time of it for over a year.

I will now narrate the arrangements made for the capture of Luckwar and as many of his gang as possible.

Most of our infantry men were Sikhs of the Firozpur and Ludhiana districts in the Punjab, who, it is almost needless to state, are born-soldiers. The whole of them were clamouring to be allowed to join in the hunt; but it was decided that only those who could ride a camel would be taken. In a very short time we had a hundred men, with two officers, ready to start, all known to be very good camel-riders.

After selecting our infantry we set to work to pick out a hundred cavalry, taking care that only the best riders and lightest weights and the smartest horses were chosen, as there was a long distance to be got over and only thirty-six hours to do it in.

The difficulty of getting the indispensable infantry over the distance in time was overcome by the help of the Rajah of Chuckmuckpur, who had been loyal all through the Mutiny, and with the sanction of Government he had armed and mounted a hundred of his tenants on fast-trotting camels. With this little body he had managed for several months to keep order in the villages round about Chuckmuckpur. Therefore the commanding officer decided to ask the Rajah to lend him sixty camels, and the request was complied with at once. So within an hour the infantry—every man supplied with two hundred rounds of ammunition—were mounted, two on each camel. Food for the men and provender for the horses and camels we knew we could get on payment from the inhabitants of most of the villages; or, should any of the villagers decline to give us what we needed, we would do as we had had to do before—take what we required, giving the headman of the village an order for payment on the treasury officer at headquarters.

The first day we got over fifty miles with only two camels broken down; but as we had about eight spare animals, this did not cause any delay. The cavalry of the party arrived at the halting-ground two hours after the infantry without a single breakdown.

It may not be generally known that the trotting camel of India is a very different animal from the common baggage-camels we sometimes see in England going around with circus companies; the trotting camel is as well bred as a thoroughbred horse, and can trot his eight miles an hour, and keep it up for forty or fifty miles without a rest. I merely mention this fact to account for the infantry mounted on camels getting into camp so long before the cavalry.

In less than an hour after our arrival the colonel sent off two of our men (both noted as good scouts) to collect any information they could from the inhabitants of some of the villages near the place we were making for. They were directed to rejoin us at a small hamlet about fifteen miles from the forest, which we had made up our minds to reach the next morning between ten and eleven if all went well. We were well supplied with good Ordnance Survey maps, showing villages, hamlets, roads, rivers, &c.; therefore it was never very difficult for us to find our way to any given spot.

We had a very good night's rest out in the open without tents. The inhabitants of the surrounding villages had supplied all we wanted; they had had enough of the rebellion, and were quite delighted to see troops that belonged to the British Government. Of course all were anxious to know where we were bound for; but we knew very well that there were many traitors about, so the men were told to give out that we were going to Agra to bring back a very large amount of treasure for the Chuckmuckpur treasury. Actually, the place where we were making for was in the very opposite direction.

Well, the next morning, after all of us had had a good feed of *chuppaties* (a kind of Indian scone) with milk, and the horses and camels were watered and fed, we made a start at about seven o'clock.

The cavalry took one route, and the infantry on camels took another; but we all arrived within half-an-hour of each other at the hamlet that had been settled on. Our scouts came in shortly afterwards, and brought good news, to the effect that they had heard from a landholder that on the previous morning, at about eight o'clock, he had seen nine or ten men armed and mounted enter the forest, and about noon several parties of threes and fours had also appeared at the same place. Considering this to be very suspicious, he had sent a few of his men into the forest with some cattle to graze, having warned them to keep a good lookout, and to let him know what they saw. In the evening the men returned with the cattle, and reported that they had seen about seventy armed men in the forest, as well as thirty horses, and the same number of trotting camels. They noticed that each camel was laden with a fairish amount of commissariat stores; this the rebels needed, as the inhabitants of the villages they had to pass through would not give them

food or fodder unless forced to do so. The robbers took no notice of the men, as they must have concluded that they were simply watching cattle. At the usual time for cattle to leave off grazing they brought them out of the forest and returned home; but just after they left a dozen more armed and mounted men joined the main body.

As soon as our commanding officer heard this he made up his mind that we must push on at a rapid pace, or we would be too late to surround the Dacoits while in the forest. He therefore gave orders for a certain portion of the mounted infantry to ride in a direct line straight for the money-lender's village. On arrival, if they found that no Dacoits had arrived in the village they were to remain there until they heard firing from the direction of the forest, when they were to mount their camels and to advance, so as to prevent the Dacoits escaping towards the village. If, however, the robbers were found in the village, it was to be surrounded, and no one allowed to pass through the cordon; at the same time two men on the fleetest camels were to be sent back to the main body for reinforcements. Of course, they were also told where they would be pretty sure to find us. The officer put in command of this party was a native in whom the utmost reliance could be placed for bravery, tact, and sound judgment, so we knew that he would act up to the reputation he had made for himself. I was put in charge of the remaining portion of the mounted infantry, and directed to go at a fairish pace until I arrived within five hundred yards of the north side of the forest, when I was to dismount my men and skirmish through it with fixed bayonets. The commanding officer split his cavalry into two portions: one was told to make for the right flank of the forest, only five miles off, at a steady gallop; the other half to go to the left flank. All were to get within a half a mile of the place if possible, there to await the attack of the infantry, and then to act according to circumstances. The colonel was well aware that these Dacoits would fight like fiends; but, as they could not stand the bullets and bayonets of our infantry very long, they would make for the open country that lay in the direction of the position occupied by a portion of the mounted infantry, or towards the flanks. However, it mattered little where they went, for cavalry or mounted infantry they must certainly encounter.

By the time my party had got within two miles of the forest, our advanced scouts reported that they had seen ten or twelve men galloping hard towards it, and that they did not appear to be scouts, but were evidently a small detachment doing their very best to join the main body. On receipt of this information I extended my camels at distances of fifty yards, and advanced. When we got to within five hundred yards, all dismounted, leaving the camels in charge of a few men, and pushed on. The Dacoits lay low—in fact, they did not fire a shot until we were right in the forest, and then they gave us a volley; but they were so nervous or such bad shots that no one was hit. A good deal of hand-to-hand fighting went on for a short time; but with fixed bayonets we literally drove them out into the open. Some made for each flank, others for the rear; but whichever way they went they were met by our men.

We ourselves had twenty-five killed and wounded. I came out with nothing worse than a bullet through my helmet. Thirty of the robbers were killed, and the rest of the gang (some forty-five) taken prisoners. Over sixty horses fell into our hands, besides no end of loot. Amongst the wounded was the great Luckwar. He had fought bravely, and had done his best to get his men to resist to the last; but they had had enough of it, and very wisely surrendered. Luckwar, with four of his followers, was eventually sentenced to death for the numerous murders he and his gang had committed; the rest were sent across the sea to the Andaman Islands for life.

For our services the Government of India was pleased to bestow the order of C.B. on our colonel; I was promoted to be second in command, and all the men engaged in the expedition received a gratuity of three months' pay. Instantaneous reward for good service was the order of the day, which led to our always being able to get more recruits than we were in need of.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Although ten thousand miles away,
With clearer skies above me,
There never yet has come the day
When I have ceased to love thee.

Dear native land! thy hues are gray,
But, ah! how soft and tender;
I would not for this brighter ray
That tranquil light surrender.

So, when I wander from my home,
Though kindly friends receive me,
And gay the scenes through which I roam,
Thy memories never leave me.

'Tis for the old familiar ways
My wistful heart is sighing;
I strain my gaze across the haze
Of space between us lying.

Not Time with his destroying touch
Can weaken nor can change me;
Not distance, for thy charm is such
That nothing can estrange me.

The country which has given me birth
Is dear as is a mother.
There may be fairer ones on earth,
But I can *love* no other.

Gertrude Darlow.

Los Angeles, California.

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THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

CHAPTER I.

REMOTE from civilisation as is the village of Tainish in Argyllshire, a certain March Sabbath morning found its rural inhabitants engaged in the most conventional act of church-going. The harsh-sounding bell in the little kirk-tower, with its imperious summons, seemed rather to emphasise than interrupt the brooding peace of the surroundings—the deep, infinite harmony of the hills and solitude.

Nevertheless there were many empty benches that morning in the sacred edifice, for it was a winter congregation, every man, woman, and child among the worshippers being present by right of residency from year's end to year's end in the parish: all save one, a stranger who occupied the Barhulican pew, thereby challenging, had he known it, the curiosity of the whole congregation.

Barhulican, a lodge in Glen Raith, had been recently leased for fishing; but so expeditiously had the arrangement been made that the assembled worshippers on this eventful Sabbath morning were at the obvious disadvantage of knowing little or nothing about the new-comer: that he was 'frae Edinburgh' constituted the extent of their information. It was natural enough, therefore, that they should devote their whole hearts and minds to supplying the deficiency by a minute and careful investigation of his dress, manner, and general deportment. Fortunately for himself, he appeared oblivious of the eager interest of which he was the centre, and joined in the service with an almost mechanical air of boredom, plainly demonstrative of thoughts far away.

Lesley Gordon, the minister's niece, from her place of vantage in the manse pew, found her eyes straying again and again to the stranger's profile. There was something about his whole air which seemed like a fulfilment of one of her vague girlish dreams. Beneath that mask of cold reserve what possibilities lurked—what sovereignty of will and all-conquering purpose, significantly illustrative to her unsophisticated mind of a vanquished fate dragged captive at his chariot-wheels!

Involuntarily her eyes glanced from the stern silhouette opposite her to the rough-hewn features of her cousin, John Mackenzie, by her side: John the student, the gold medallist, the intellectual Goliath of her narrow universe. No, it could not be intellect which had stamped the difference between the two men. John's under lip drooped; his head was slouched forward over his sunken chest; there was an unfinished look about him, with all his superiorities of education, which struck her with a new, sudden force. No, it was certainly not intellect, she decided as the last note of the paraphrase died away in the throats of the choir, and at a sign from the precentor they subsided reverently back into their places.

Once more the minister's voice rose in solemn summons to God to be present in their midst; and in the rustle which preceded the prayer the stranger turned suddenly and met the full gaze of Lesley's puzzled, half-awakened soul. His eyes lightened, and a transitory gleam of interest shot across them. The next moment he had bent his head forward in his hands; and during the long supplication which followed, Lesley's thoughts wandered very far from the subject of the prayer.

'Did you notice the new tenant of Barhulican?' was the first question her cousin asked her as they stepped forth into the noonday brilliance once more.

A fresh breeze had arisen during the morning, and Lesley welcomed its cool administrations after the oppressive heat of the church.

'Yes,' she replied somewhat vaguely.

'They are all wondering who he is,' continued John; 'they won't have to wonder long. Come for a walk up the glen, Lesley, before dinner,' he added in an eager voice. 'I want to speak to you, and it's my last day.'

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They stopped at the little post-office on their way. It was the village store as well; and as they entered through the half-open door they could see that the dark interior was already crowded with the home-going congregation.

'Three for the minister and one for yourself, Mr John, frae Edinburgh,' said the busy post-mistress as they reached the counter; 'and here's a wheen o' letters and parcels for the new tenant o' Barhulican. I'm just wondering whether he'll know to call or whether I should send wee Alick up to the house with them. He was at service this morning, I hear. See, there's his name and address in full on this envelope—it's been redirected—Lord Coalstoun, 2 Moray Place, Edinburgh.'

'Coalstoun,' repeated John meditatively. 'Coalstoun. Oh, of course, he's one of the Law lords,' he added, with a flash of sudden inspiration; 'the greatest Judge in the Parliament House, they say, and the most stony-hearted.'

'Indeed, Mr John?' echoed the post-mistress admiringly.

'I knew he was somebody famous the moment I saw him in church,' chimed in Lesley's clear, enthusiastic voice. She half-turned as she spoke, and her eulogy died on her lips, for there was the object of her admiration standing patiently behind her, waiting his turn. A faint smile hovered at the corners of his mouth; but otherwise he gave no sign of having appropriated the compliment.

'Oh John, how dreadful! He must have heard me,' she cried as, withdrawing hurriedly from the crowd, they found themselves in the sunshine once more.

'And what if he did?' said her cousin stoutly. 'I expect he was more pleased by that than by my judgment of him—though I have heard people say that he prides himself on his hard heart.'

A serviceable-looking turn-out was waiting at the post-office door, and the pair had not walked very far on their way up the glen before the steady ring of hoofs on the narrow road behind them warned them to step aside.

Lord Coalstoun was driving. He had enveloped himself in the folds of a rough Highland cloak for his five miles against the caller breeze, and a soft cap was drawn low over his brows.

Lesley, glancing up at him with heightening colour as the dogcart went past, fancied she detected a gleam of amusement still hovering about his lips; but he appeared quite unconscious of the presence of the two pedestrians.

John's tongue was very busy that morning, and he hardly had time to observe how random were the answers which his cousin vouchsafed to all his eager plans and aspirations for the future. The next day he was to return to his classes in Edinburgh, and to the room in Panmure Place which was his only home in the great city, and where he hammered away with such dogged determination at divinity and theology as they are set forth in the tenets of the Established Church of Scotland. He was by no means a brilliant scholar; but, like many another of his kind, he had overcome the deficiency by perseverance—a perseverance which in his case had been attended by an unwonted measure of success, each ensuing session finding him gold medallist for his year. Only one more term and he would be free of college, and within easy reach of the actual goal of his ambitions—that is, a manse of his own, with Lesley as its mistress.

Ever since, fifteen years ago, she had been brought to his father's house a tiny orphan of three, he had seemed to nourish this dream; and as the years went by and Lesley grew into girlhood, the dream had grown too, and gradually filled the whole proscenium of his life. From the very first he had had the sole charge of her; the minister, a grave, silent bookworm, never interfering with his wishes or even attempting to criticise the lad's well-ordered and systematic methods of upbringing. Thus John had been father and mother and brother to her all at once. When the time should come for him to exchange this triple relationship for a closer, dearer tie, he had no doubt that she would agree as gladly as he to the change; and with a wonderful tact he had prepared her mind for the inevitable step, so that by degrees Lesley had grown to look upon her ultimate marriage with her cousin as a complete matter of course. It is seldom that a man has the privilege of bringing up and educating his future wife; and to say that John gloried in the uniqueness of his good fortune is to put it mildly. There had been a time when he had feared a possible interference with his plans—that was years ago, when he himself was reaching manhood and Lesley was still a child, and his college career threatened a fatal break in their intercourse; but after much deep thought and cogitation he had devised a skilful yet practical scheme for bridging the difficulty. He instituted a system of what he jestingly called 'correspondence classes,' whereby he managed to keep alive all the subjects of interest between them and maintain his influence over her unbroken.

Lesley never realised a tenth part of the pride he took in her answers to his questions, for the meed of praise he saw fit to bestow upon her efforts was wisely tempered, and offered her just sufficient encouragement to do a little better next time.

Now she had reached the age of eighteen, and John was twenty-four, and her increasing comeliness and beauty, and his increasing love, made the struggle to maintain the brotherly relation between them more and more difficult every time they met; but he manfully resisted the temptation to any demonstration of affection, fearful of prematurely breaking the spell of her innocence.

Only one more term and the long apprenticeship would be over, and he would be free to tear off the well-worn disguise and reveal himself in all the bravery of his new-old rôle of lover.

'It will be just going from one manse to another for both of us, Lesley,' he said at last when he had come to an end of the tempting enumeration of his future hopes; 'but I am afraid the poor old dad will be very lonely without you.'

Lesley made no answer to his remark, but sauntered alongside him silent and preoccupied for some little distance.

'Don't you think we've gone far enough?' he ventured presently as she still vouchsafed him no reply. 'We could sit down for a little, if you like, before we start back.'

'No; I want to go to the bend there,' she said obstinately. 'It is exactly half-way to Barhulican, and you can see the lodge from the road.'

John laughed.

'I should think you had seen it often enough before,' he said. 'Do you expect it to have been blown down in a single night or swallowed up by the Raith?'

They reached the coveted corner as he spoke, and Lesley paused and drew in a long breath of the pure austere air. The glen from end to end lay long and narrow before them—the mountains shouldering each other closer and ever closer as it deepened, till they locked at last in a fierce, inseverable embrace, shutting out the rest of the world. Hundreds of torrents seared their rugged sides, and far below the Raith river gurgled an harmonious accompaniment to the everlasting song of solitude. On a jutting spur of the opposite hills was perched the lodge—an unpretentious building standing four-square to the winds, and backed by a thick, dark clump of fir-trees.

'Now are you satisfied?' said John, with a light laugh. 'I think we deserve a rest more than ever.'

This time Lesley agreed, and, taking a few springing steps up the hillside, flung herself down on the heathery sward, John following her example more soberly.

She had tilted her hat over her eyes in boyish fashion, and as his gaze rested on the unconscious grace of her young outstretched figure, the foreshortened beauty of her face, he smothered a sigh and looked resolutely away towards the opposite hills.

'It does seem strange,' she began at last in a dreamy, abstracted voice, 'that I should have to live my whole life in a manse. Do you know, John,' she went on, addressing her cousin, but with her gaze still fixed meditatively on the lonely lodge across the valley, 'I almost wish that you were going to be something else, and not a minister after all.'

There was a long silence, broken only by the merry splash of a burn far up the hillside and the distant bleat of a baby lamb from the shelter of some hidden corrie.

'What else?' asked John at last, in a voice which he strove to make natural: 'a lawyer perhaps?'

'Oh yes,' with sudden enthusiasm, 'a Judge like Lord Coalstoun; but then'—— She broke off as the comparison of the morning came back to her.

Again there was silence, while John struggled to face with fortitude a certain ugly rift which had suddenly appeared in his happiness—the result of her idle words. The bright day seemed to have darkened all at once; the river's voice had grown dreary and monotonous to his ears, and the buoyant air struck chill upon his face.

At last with an effort he spoke.

'It is the first time you have said such a thing, Lesley; is it the first time you have thought it, dear?'

There was a note of tender anxiety in his voice; but Lesley was too much occupied with her own thoughts to observe it.

'Oh, I don't know,' she replied carelessly. 'I suppose it is. I didn't really mean it. I dare say it is just as nice to be a minister as anything else, and there is no difference between a manse and any other house, I suppose; only I was thinking in church this morning what a change it would be to live in a big town and have all the shops and the people to look at.'

'Yes, I quite understand that you should feel that sometimes,' agreed John hurriedly. 'It must seem dull for you always in the one place; but it will be different when we are married. A minister's wife has so much to do, so many things to interest her and fill up her time. Besides, of course, we will go to town for the Assembly every year, and then you will have as much of the shops and people as you want.' His voice had gathered eagerness as he spoke; but she made no response, and a look of disappointment gradually crept over his face.

At last, unable to bear the silence longer, he asked sharply: 'Lesley, what are you thinking of?'

She sat up with a start, rubbing her eyes; then with a vigorous movement settled her hat upon her head.

'I was thinking of dinner,' she said, turning to him with a provocative smile. 'Let us go home.'

John rose heavily to his feet, and she slipped her hand into his arm.

'Poor old stupid!' she said, and the next instant they were racing down the hill together.

SOME NEW EDUCATIONAL METHODS.

THE subject of education has an interest for every one, more particularly the heads of families, who have to provide for their children's futures and to equip them as well as they possibly can for the great battle of life. The pressure caused by foreign competition and the higher standard required in nearly every employment render this a vital matter for parents. Yet many never trouble themselves about the methods which the schoolmaster employs to impart instruction and to develop the faculties of his pupils. The Code is settled by high authority the schoolmaster carries it out, and the general public accept the situation unthinkingly and without doubt or question. It would be better for interested parents to think over and examine occasionally the usual methods of procedure; doubts will follow as to the wisdom and practical value of some of them, and suggestions of better methods may arise. Plain common-sense is often a fine touchstone for estimating the true worth of new fads and theories.

For some years the present writer has had his mind exercised regarding the considerations he wishes to put forward; it may be they will find an echo in the minds of some readers, and that profit may result.

To begin with the infant school: let us consider first whether parents are wise in sending children to school before the age of six or seven. At this period children are rapidly developing mentally and physically; everything new they see, hear, taste, or smell awakens inquiry in their opening minds, and suggests questions and a desire for information which parents would be wise to answer as patiently and as fully as they can; some will be too deep for the older person. Now, is the school the best place to supply food for this mental hunger? My answer would be in the negative where children have home surroundings of culture and refinement, and where parents do not look upon this perpetual thirst for information as a bore and a trial. In school the minds of all are forced to run in a certain groove; through the circumstances of the case originality is discouraged. Up to the age I have mentioned little real instruction can be imparted there, while great harm may easily be done by stifling this natural thirst for knowledge, and forcing the sensitive child to 'be good, do what the teacher says, and ask no questions.' Of course, in the case of the unfortunate little dwellers in the 'dark places'—the crowded and public-house infested parts of towns and cities—the school atmosphere is immeasurably better for them; there they get some culture and come under refining influences.

'But,' it will be asked, 'where can children be educated better than in some good kindergarten school? Are not all the great educationists agreed that the kindergarten system is the ideal one for forming the child's ideas? Does it not develop the mind and train the hand and the eye in a manner unapproached before Froebel and Pestalozzi discovered it?' Here I join issue, and say to paterfamilias, 'Examine this matter for yourself. See what your children are doing. Do not be dazzled by such high-sounding and sonorous names; though maybe the word "kindergarten" is well suited for the fallacy called "begging the question."'

Again, it will be said, 'But look at the Germans, the most highly and scientifically educated people in the world: is not the kindergarten the foundation of all their learning and science?' It will probably be news to many that there is absolutely no kindergarten instruction given in any of the German State schools. In that country the State education begins when the child has completed his sixth year; and as he is then so far developed physically as to be capable of work demanding concentrated attention, play (kindergarten) is banished, and the training in habits of continued thought and persevering work is begun and carried systematically all through the school life. Let us point out here that this is *the* most valuable endowment that can be conferred on a child, and is essential for success in after-life; the German nation, noted for steady, patient, successful plodding, is a standing monument to the success of their school system.

A recent writer in one of the Reviews, who states that he spent much time and a considerable amount of trouble in examining and comparing the relative merits of the British and the German school methods, gives it as one of his conclusions that Froebel is a striking instance of a prophet having no honour in his own country; that the Germans despise the kindergarten system. This is scarcely an accurate view to take. The kindergarten in Germany has its place before the child goes to the State school — that is to say, before the end of the sixth year. It is conducted by private persons who devote themselves solely to the work, and here neither books nor writing materials are used. In our schools kindergarten and literary work are combined in such a way as, to put it mildly, does not ensure the good result produced by either of them taken as it should be. In that country kindergarten work is kept absolutely apart from serious school work; as the name indicates, it is simply organised play.

What, then, is the effect of this combined method of ours on the education of the child? In my opinion the carrying on of kindergarten teaching

beyond the infant stage produces a disinclination for bookwork of all kinds, and brings the mind into a groove that unfits it later on for abstract thought and work. I do not speak without practical knowledge and experience of schools. The kindergarten system of drawing in particular, if practised by older children, injures them for freehand, which demands more thought and self-dependence; if it is carried too far they find great difficulty in acquiring skill in ordinary drawing when they have no mechanical aids such as the kindergarten system gives. Drawing is now generally taught in our schools. The old system of 'freehand' was a very fine one, so far as it went, and of course it can never be superseded by any other. For artistic work in the true sense it can have no rival; but for commercial needs—designing of all kinds—it entails an expenditure of time and an amount of labour that the business man cannot afford to devote to it. Accordingly, in many good schools it is supplemented by some mechanical system that vastly facilitates the work of designing. There are several of these in use, all good, the essential features of which are the use of paper divided into squares and triangles by lines or dots, and the employment of ruling and measuring, combined with freehand work. Scale drawing, too, is taught in many schools: a most useful department of drawing for the working business man.

When these new features are introduced there is a great temptation to dispense with more or less pure freehand: a course which would be ruinous to all drawing. It is doubtful whether, in the case of an ordinary schoolboy, the recent 'free-arm' drawing is of further advantage, or the American 'ambidextrous' system—that is, drawing with both right and left arms.

Writing is akin to drawing; both are 'hand and eye' subjects. To the man whose son is looking forward to obtaining a clerkship, either in the Civil Service or elsewhere, it is of great importance that writing be properly taught; it is notorious that in the higher schools, where preparation for a university is the main object, writing is shamefully neglected. The methods now employed in teaching it differ fundamentally from the old ones. In our young days engraved copperplate headlines were looked upon as a *sine qua non* for producing good handwriting — indeed, that was the case until very recently; but now these old friends are vanishing by degrees, and in some schools are quite discarded. The blackboard is freely used for teaching writing; and dictation, transcription, composition, are done in the time that used to be wasted with the old headline work. This is an immense reform, and practically doubles the time that heretofore was given to training children in composition and the fluent expression of their thoughts with the pen.

Some years back a style of writing called 'perpendicular' came into fashion in the schools; but it has now almost disappeared. It looked nice when slowly and carefully written; but as soon as employed for rapid work it became a vile 'backhand,' and seemed to render those who had been laboriously taught it unfitted for acquiring a smart, quick business hand.

There is a general impression that children who draw well are also good writers, and that if drawing is well taught in a school the writing there will be good too. This theory does not hold in practice; a different kind of training is required for each of these subjects. Very frequently boys who draw well are bad writers, and we all know that professional artists sometimes write execrably.

Modelling in clay is another useful branch taught in some large schools to the junior standards; it trains in accuracy of perception, and develops the power of reproducing the images formed in the mind. A substance called 'plastine' is now usually employed instead of clay, which is messy and dirty.

Paper-folding is an occupation which forms a good occasional lesson for older children. The paper employed is thin tissue, generally coloured; it is supplied in various sizes and shapes. The training consists in folding these pieces into polygons and triangles, also into areas representing various fractions of the piece used: a quarter, one-eighth, three-eighths, five-sixteenths, &c. It helps to produce accuracy and delicacy of touch and manipulation, and may be made of great service, particularly to clumsy children. The polygon folding is also a valuable subsidiary to another branch of drawing intended for designing: as, by lining in the polygons and other pieces formed by the creases, very pretty designs can be rapidly and with little trouble produced, which would require much toil by the freehand method alone.

Another immense advantage that many of these new features of school work possess is that children love them, and would spend all the school time at them if allowed. The mechanical systems of drawing, the paper-folding, &c., have a perfect fascination for children, principally because they enable the little ones to produce a tangible result, and make them feel they are able to do work for themselves.

In America the educational authorities are working on much the same lines as ourselves regarding new school methods; but in one matter they are far in advance of us: the way reading is encouraged in school and home life. It is becoming a custom there to have meetings between teachers and parents, when the former discuss and explain the books they wish parents and children to read together at home. The United States Education Report says: 'No one thing can accomplish more in making the home what it ought to be than such home reading of books which are recognised by all as among the

best. The parents will be benefited as much as the children, for the books we have in mind are just as interesting and valuable for grown persons as for children.'

Another apparently small, but really very important, point—which is dealt with in the United States Report, but is completely overlooked by the English regulations—is the providing of books of reference for the use of the teachers. It is very necessary for them to have such books; indeed, the questions a good schoolmaster has to answer are 'numerous and extensive;' and it is but fair to provide him with some help for supplying the answers. The official United States List of Reference Books for Teachers is headed, after *Webster's Dictionary*, by *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, a tribute to the worth of that great work of which lovers of *Chambers's* may well be proud.

BODEN GARRETT: SPY.

By W. H. Williamson.

III.—THE ADVANTAGE OF A WASH-TUB.

THE adventure of Boden Garrett which the Federals regarded as the most insolent and his friends as the most audacious was the one that he attempted at Front Royal. 'Stonewall' Jackson was in the middle of his Shenandoah Valley campaign, and information was necessary and urgent.

'Do you think you will be able to be back in twenty-four hours?' General Jackson asked Garrett, after explaining what was required.

'I will try, General.'

'If you want anything, get it. Colonel Bryant will see you are provided with anything you require. It 's a risky journey, Garrett; but you 're quite willing?'

'Quite, General.'

'Good luck to you, and God preserve you!'

Garrett saluted, and prepared for his errand. That it was risky he knew, for the Federals had been annoyed by so many spies that they were keenly anxious to lay hands on all and sundry who were engaged in the secret service of the Confederates. Besides, his escapade at McDowell had made many of the Northerners particularly desirous of putting a hand on—or a bullet in—him. Banks, who was in command at Front Royal, was not inclined to waste much time in dealing with spies; he had bereft the Southerners of five during the last ten days. It was the comparative nearness of Front Royal to McDowell that gave to this adventure one of its audacious touches.

Garrett prepared wisely and set off warily. He was now a Federal soldier belonging to the 32nd Ohio Regiment under Schenck, who had been defeated at McDowell. He called on his way at a quiet-looking farmhouse, that seemed also somewhat neglected. He advanced rapidly with a cautious step and a roving eye. A heavy negress was in the yard, washing clothes at a huge tub, and she turned on hearing his steps. 'Massa'—— she was beginning to call out, when Garrett made a motion for her to be silent.

'Any Feds. here?' he asked in a whisper.

She pointed over her shoulder. 'Jest gone, Massa Garrett. Three.'

'Glorious, Aunt Chris! How are you? Do you like me in this?'

'But you 're no Fed'l, Massa Garrett.'

'Sh! Don't mention my name. For the moment I am one of the Feds.; d'you understand? Not a word, not a hint to anybody. Massa John 's with General Lee—isn't he?'

'Yes.'

'Do the Feds. trouble you here?'

'Dey come an' go, an' take what dey kin dat isn't 'idden. But Massa John 'll come back soon.'

'You 're right there.'

Garrett had been a kind of steward for Mr John Austin, who had thrown in his lot with the South; and this negress and her husband were the caretakers on the farm. These negroes were usually left unmolested by the Federals.

Garrett tried to get all the information he could from the negress; but he found it was mostly unreliable or useless. She guessed there were a million soldiers at Front Royal because she had seen a march past! Garrett knew he must go once more right amongst his enemies.

. . . . . .

General Banks was busy. The defeat of Schenck and Milroy at McDowell by General Jackson, and the uncertain movements of the latter were matters of deep concern to the Federal General, who tried to keep himself well informed regarding his enemy and well in touch with the forces on his own side. Three or four bearers of despatches were kept waiting in his tent while he discussed matters with members of his staff.

However, he was not long in turning his attention to the despatches. The first was from Saxton, who was at Harper's Ferry, and in as anxious a mood as Banks himself, for he was wondering where Jackson was in the Shenandoah. The second was from Frémont at Cross Keys, and that General was anxious concerning the whereabouts of 'Stonewall' Jackson. The third was from Milroy, who gave what information

he could respecting Jackson's force; but he added: 'A desperately sharp lookout is imperative, as Jackson doubles like a fox and springs as suddenly as a shooting-star.' At the foot of the despatch, however, there was this addition: 'I have learned from two Rebel prisoners just brought in here that Jackson has a splendid spy-organisation, and that one of his most successful agents is the man who impersonated the Austrian attaché before me at McDowell, and then bolted on the train. His name is Garrett, they say, and he told one of these Rebs. he was going to be at Front Royal in a couple of days. It may have been Secesh brag; but if you do get a chance to lay hands on the creature, give him a few inches of rope for us. Our boys are very mad.' Then other matters were dealt with; and at the end of the despatch were these words: 'The bearer of this is a man who saw the Secesh spy at McDowell: perhaps he might help you to identify him.'

The other matters in the despatch were perhaps of more importance at that moment to General Banks; but we are most concerned with what relates to Boden Garrett.

'You know this Rebel spy—Garrett?' asked the General of the despatch-bearer.

'I should know him again, General.'

'Umph! What is he like?'

'I held his horse when he came, an' I was in the run in the train, too. He's a tallish man, General; moustache an' beard—not much of a beard. He's a quick look about the eye. A good many of our chaps 'ud like to shake hands with him,' he added with a kind of humorous grin.

The General nodded understandingly. 'We don't want him here,' he said. 'General Milroy says it is reported he may come here. If he does, we'll let him stay—on a tree. However, suppose you walk about the camp; keep your eyes open, and if you see anybody suspicious, who looks at all like this Rebel, arrest him.'

'An' if he objects?' said the man, more as a suggestion than an interrogation.

'Call for help if necessary, and, if you think fit, shoot. Here.' The General wrote on a sheet of paper: 'The bearer of this has power and authority to arrest any and all persons he may think necessary for the purpose of securing the person of one Garrett, a Rebel spy; and all loyal men are hereby called upon to aid the bearer of this in his task should opportunity be given.—General Banks.' 'There,' said the Federal leader, 'that will give you authority.'

The soldier saluted and was going out when the General said, 'You'd better take a man about with you. Major Bentz will find you a companion.—Will you, Major?' he added turning to that officer.

The Major, of course, complied with the request, and the despatch-bearer and a sergeant from the 2nd Connecticut went off together to lay hands on Boden Garrett.

'I guess it'll be worth somethin' ef I kin catch this durned Secesh,' said the man who held the warrant.

''E's slippery—eh?'

'Some! Did you hear what he did at McDowell?'

'Stole a train an' got away clear—eh?'

'He's too saucy to live long.'

'An' 'e's 'ere—in Front Royal?'

'He'll not be here an' alive long.'

'You're right, sonny. Say! Didn't the Rebs. drive you from McDowell—eh?'

Then they gossiped of the war in many of its phases.

'Say! I'm suspicious,' said the Ohio man who knew Garrett. 'That man sellin' pies has a queer look—eh?' and he pointed to a man with a basket on his arm.

''E's lookin' about 'im some,' remarked the sergeant. 'Is it the spy?'

'Let's march round him.'

They did so cautiously, and were satisfied it was not Garrett. They went on farther, and a man dressed like a Federal soldier attracted the attention of Milroy's messenger.

'That's his build,' he said, nodding in the direction of the man he was suspecting.

'But 'e's a Fed.,' said the sergeant.

'I wouldn't trust this firework of a Reb. He'll play any game. D'you know this man?'

They walked closer, and the sergeant did not know him.

'Is it 'im?' queried the sergeant.

'B'jiminy! but it's like him. Let's watch some.'

They hung about the spot listlessly for some time, and watched the man; but he was not Garrett.

The camp of Front Royal occupied, somewhat sparsely, the Blue Ridge Hills, opposite to the Shenandoah Mountains. The region is rugged and wild, and even weird in some places: not a very desirable situation for the camp of a big army with much baggage. The two soldiers, after walking all over the camp, stopped near a clump of houses at the outskirts. They had not succeeded in running the famous Southerner to earth. Other soldiers were straggling about the place; and the despatch-bearer looked fixedly for a moment at one who was talking with two or three men a score of yards away. The eyes of the two men—the Ohio man and the soldier he had just noticed—met, and both stared. The Ohio man came to a decision first; but the other looked on the ground, ransacking his memory as to where he had seen the man he thus partially recognised.

Drawing his companion to the corner of a small building, the despatch-bearer whispered, 'There he is.'

'Which?'

'The man who's looking like as if he'd lost a dollar. We hev him! we hev him! Stand here—don't budge an inch, and don't let yer eyes wander. He's sly; but we'll do him now. I'll slip round here, and when you hear me call, close in. Don't let him fool ye.' Then the Ohio man went round the building.

Meanwhile the suspected Federal was baffled by his memory. When he looked up again he noticed that the man he had tried to identify as an acquaintance was gone. That disappearance seemed to assist him, for a light shone in his eyes as though the sprite of memory had come back with a laugh at the short absence; and he walked slowly towards the sergeant, evidently convinced. When he came to the corner, looking for the other man, and made as though he would run, the sergeant flung himself on him. There was a struggle; and as the sergeant grunted the other man cursed.

'Help!' called the sergeant; but the man he had been talking to had strolled round the building, and didn't hear. 'You think you'll fool me, you durned Reb. sneak! But you're caught this time.—Help!' he called aloud.

They were both calling for help!

'Who in tarnation are you?' asked the man as they stopped struggling for a moment, holding each other's arms. 'Are ye a Secesh or a Fed.?'

'I'm a Fed.; but you're a durned spy,' replied the sergeant. 'I know ye: you're that sneak Garrett.—Help!' he called again.

'You puddin'-'ead! 'E's foolin' us again. That's Garrett that's bolted. Let me go;' and he struggled.

The determined character of the man's struggles only made the sergeant more convinced that Garrett was a very clever man. They had a beautiful struggle for two or three minutes, and did the rest of their talking on the ground.

'I ain't goin' to let ye slip as long as I hev a finger to each 'and. You're a durned spy, an' I hev ye.'

The other man was breathing hard, and appeared much annoyed.

'God help 'im! Look 'ere, boss,' he said; 'I saw this man Garrett at Bull Run w'en 'e came from Beauregard, an' 'e fooled me there. 'E's playin' George Washington to the British army with ye now. 'E recognised me, an' thet's why 'e's expressed. An' now you're 'oldin' me in, durn ye!'

The sergeant began to doubt; but then he had been warned: Garrett was very sly and very clever.

'Ye don't fool me,' he said quietly; but there was not so much conviction in his voice.

The other saw this and hoped. 'We're lumber-skulls. They'll build statues for us, sure. The Reb. spy's managed to get two Feds. to fight while 'e bolts. 'Say, sergeant—general!—I'm 'ere in the 1st Michigan, an' I've bin 'ere surely as long as you. 'Ow long's the other man bin 'ere?'

The sergeant hesitated. Doubt was beginning to get a good hold of him, and he loosed his hold. 'Hev ye got a revolver?' he queried, as he pointed to his own.

'Take it out of my pocket.'

The sergeant did so.

'Now surely you can believe me. Shall we vamoose? That spy'll be 'alf-way home to old "Stonewall" afore we git away from this claim.'

The sergeant was a stolid man, and still feared treachery.

'You'll swear you're a Fed.,' he said, probably not thinking of the value of such testimony.

'I'll do more. Where did the other man say 'e was goin'?'

'Round the block.'

''E's had time to go round ten blocks. 'E isn't 'ere yet: that's frosty—eh?'

The sergeant gave in.

They both got up and looked as if they had been engaged in an unprofitable business.

The man of the 1st Michigan, who had really had the encounter with Garrett at Bull Run, was quick to act. He had an opportunity now of recovering the advantage he had lost in his first encounter with Garrett.

''E's removed!' he ejaculated as they came round the houses and failed to see Garrett.

'An' 'e's fooled the General too!' said the sergeant, still aghast at the audacity of the whole proceeding.

'Jes' some! An' 'e's seen the camp, an' knows everythin'. Let's catch 'im.'

'B'jiminy, yes! But where is the 'possum?'

They walked quickly and looked hard.

The Michigan man caught sight of a running figure nearly a mile away, seemingly going towards a farmhouse.

'There 'e is!' he cried out. 'We'll run 'im down yet;' and he set off at a run, with the sergeant in line with him, for the latter's pride was hurt and his vanity sorely wounded. He had escorted a Secesh through the camp, and practically helped him to get away!

Garrett, however—of course Garrett was the man who was escaping—had got a little start, and he was making the best of it. He knew he would soon be followed; but he ran speedily, and was almost without an ulterior motive of direction when he first started. As he went on his way he cogitated what he must do. He would have preferred to pass the farmhouse; but a regimental wagon was drawn up near it, and he was too prudent a man to run past openly. He was daring enough, however, to attempt the unexpected, and that trait was frequently his salvation. So Garrett made for the farmhouse, crept round to the farm buildings, and used his eyes and ears well. He could hear voices of men

inside the house, and he looked eagerly for Aunt Chris. There was also the danger that at any moment a pack from the camp might be at his heels, for he had caught a glimpse of the two figures racing after him. He crept to a window and listened.

Garrett clapped his hand to his revolver as he heard a door creak; but, to his joy, it was Aunt Chris. He motioned for caution; she realised the game quickly, and came to him.

'De Feds.—t'ree inside,' she whispered.

'They 're after me from up yonder,' he whispered in reply. 'Where can I hide? They 'll search here.'

'De stables,' she murmured in reply. But before they had moved away a voice called from the house on Aunt Chris.

Garrett and the negress both stopped instinctively.

The call was repeated, and the next instant Garrett prepared to face a very ugly situation, for his two pursuers from Front Royal might at any moment burst into view. However, fighting was his last resource, and he was not in his extremity yet. His quick eye had noted the larger tub that Aunt Chris was using for her washing, and his wit discovered the use for it. He rushed to it and upset the contents; then he jumped inside and snuggled into as little space as possible, pulling a few things over him.

'Cover me up and go on with your washing,' he managed to jerk out to Aunt Chris.

She was lost in wonder and amazement; but Garrett's injunction helped to bring her to her senses, and her own sympathies guided her to do right. She was almost delighted to be able to join in the little conspiracy, and promptly threw her damp washing on the top of Garrett, completely covering him from view; then she went on wringing a sheet as though cleanliness were her one joy in life.

The Federal soldier appeared in the doorway.

'Say! are you deaf? I reckon your late proprietor would have shaved your head if he 'd called you twice.'

Aunt Chris ceased to wring the sheet, and looked sweetly guiltless and uncomprehending at the soldier.

'I 've shouted twice, an' my throat 's objectin'. We 're dry, an' so 's the jug. Understand, mother?'

'Yes, sah!' said Aunt Chris; but, not being an accomplished conspirator, she was very loath to leave the side of the tub. Still, her hesitation was of no importance, for the soldier's attention was withdrawn from her to two Federals racing down the road towards the farm.

'Say, boys!' he called to the men inside, 'come here; there 's some fun on.'

His companions came to the door and looked.

'Is this a retreat?' said one ironically.

'Looks as if these two don't want to stay fer many more drinks at Front Royal,' said another.

'Are they after mischief?' asked the third dubiously.

Aunt Chris was uncomfortable and silent.

The two runners saw the three Federal soldiers at the door, and the 1st Michigan man called out as he came almost breathless to the yard-fence, 'Hev ye seen a man runnin' jest in front o' us?'

The three soldiers looked somewhat surprised at the question; they had been so quiet before.

'Nob'dy 's run past here,' replied one.

''E 's dressed as a Fed.; but 'e 's a durned spy,' said the sergeant.

'Ain't seen him.'

''E turned in 'ere—didn't 'e, mate?' said the 1st Michigan man.

''E did. I saw 'im bolt for this place, an' 'e didn't cross the road again.'

''E 's 'ere, sure enough. 'E 's as slippery as quicksilver, an' 'e 's durned sly; but 'e 's 'ere somew'ere. Say, hev ye bin 'ere long?'

'Half-an-hour.'

'It 's curious,' said the 1st Michigan man; 'but 'e 's 'ere—'e must be. Hev you 'eard nothin', seen nothin'?'

The Federals shook their heads. One of them turned to Aunt Chris. 'You 've seen nothin'—eh?'

'No, sah—no Fed'l soldier come 'ere;' and she felt she had not violated truth.

'It 's durned queer,' continued the 1st Michigan man. 'Say, boys! 'elp us to run 'im down. 'E 's the man that bolted with the train at McDowell.'

'Him!' said one of the Federals with such emphasis that Garrett, who heard all the conversation, felt flattered.

'Sure ye ain't seen a man runnin' towards 'ere?' asked the 1st Michigan soldier of Aunt Chris.

'Bin wid dese gen'men all de time, an' 'ere in de yard, an' don't see 'ow a man could come widout makin' a noise; an' we ain't 'eard no noise nor seen no man—eh, sahs? Per'ps de man 's gone udder way.'

Aunt Chis was as subtle as a K.C.

'I reckon we 're foolin' the time,' said the sergeant. 'Suppose we spread out an' look well about 'ere. I 'll lay 'e 's not far away—mebbe coverin' us now.'

The other men started at that. The 1st Michigan man said, 'Yes, 'e 's quick on the trigger. Get your rifles, mates, ef you hev no sharp-shooters.'

Then they began the search. They went into the stables and ransacked the hay and everything within. They went to the outbuildings and searched laboriously.

When the men were out of the yard and in the buildings, Aunt Chris slyly kicked the tub that contained Garrett; and, bending down

to lift an article, she said, 'Massa Garrett, are ye all right?'

'Are they gone?' he asked.

'Dey 're lookin' in de buildin's,' she replied.

'How many altogether?'

'Five.' She wrung a sheet very hard, and shook it ostentatiously.

'They 're not in sight?'

'Can't see dem.'

'Take some of these clothes off carefully.'

Aunt Chris gathered up a handful of washing.

'Lift it up carefully and let one thing hang loosely,' whispered Garrett.

Aunt Chris, being devoted, became adroit. A coloured print petticoat hung from her dark grasp, and Garrett managed to get his head so neatly encased in it that he was able to see over the top of the tub. He heard voices in one of the outbuildings.

'Only five?' he asked in a whisper, as though he were considering the advisability of tackling that number.

Before Aunt Chris could reply a voice sounded louder, and steps were heard as though one came to the yard. In an instant Aunt Chris had dropped her armful of clothes, and Boden Garrett was merely an article in the washing-tub.

One of the Federals came into the yard muttering; it was the 1st Michigan man.

'It 's durned queer,' he said.

Then he looked at Aunt Chris and walked across the yard. He went to a door that was fastened.

'Say, grandmother,' he called out, 'w'ere 's the key to this?'

'De key, sah? Ain't got no key,' replied Aunt Chris, who wanted him to go away.

'Then this 'll be the key,' and he lifted up his foot, which didn't look as though it would fit the keyhole. 'Jes' come and show me the ins an' outs o' this place.' Then he lifted his foot against the door, and it proved more than the equal of a key.

Aunt Chris walked after him doubtfully, for she was not sure whether she had better go from the tub or remain near it. She was given little choice, however. Moreover, her absence from the yard stood to her advantage, for Garrett did not wish to make her his accomplice, and for him to be caught in the tub with her near it would mean a short shrift for both. However, he had no intention of being caught in the tub if escape were possible.

The search was pursued desperately for ten minutes. Then the men met in the yard again.

''E 's vamoosed,' said one of the three Federals.

'Seems to me,' said another, as ef 'e ain't come 'ere at all. I reckon I 've ears, an' 'e didn't rattle 'em much.'

''E 's 'ere,' said the sergeant. 'I 'll swear 'e came 'ere.'

''E 's playin' 'possum somewheres,' said the 1st Michigan man, 'an' mebbe listenin' to us now. Say!' he said, and he walked to the tub and began to haul out the clothes.

Aunt Chris gave a little cry.

'Hurt—eh?' asked one of the Federals unsuspectingly.

Aunt Chris lifted her foot as if in pain—the deception surely was permissible. 'A bunion, sah!'

'I thought perhaps this yer spy was on yer track,' said one of the men, with a laugh.

The 1st Michigan man stood with the clothes in his hand, looking into an empty tub with a rueful face. Aunt Chris was lost in amazement, and the next moment the five soldiers shared her feelings. There was the sound of a horse's hoofs on the road: it was a galloping horse. For a moment mild surprise animated the Federals; but the suspicion of the 1st Michigan man gave him an idea, and he went quickly through the house. He rushed back the next moment.

'Tarnation!' he said; ''e 's done gone an' bolted with yer 'orse.'

The five men then hurriedly turned and looked along the road. 'B'jiminy!' was all their tongues could utter.

Pursuit was hopeless, as they had no horses, and Garrett was going with the utmost speed of a splendid horse. He had slipped out of the tub when Aunt Chris had followed the Federal, run quietly through the house, cut the traces of the horse, removed its collar, and—the rest we know.

The sergeant in telling the story that evening to his comrades said, 'I reckon as that durned spy would hev got out of the earthquake that swallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.'

'Stonewall' Jackson was very delighted with Garrett's adventure and his information, and still further pleased when he led his victorious soldiers into Front Royal.

When asked how he got hold of General Milroy's despatch, Garrett coolly explained that it was his own production, that he had fac-similes of most of the Federal generals' signatures, and that they were useful occasionally. He also offered a pass through the Federal lines to any of his friends. The offer was not accepted.

THE LESSONS OF THE ZOO.

By F. G. Aflalo.

IT would perhaps be trite to enlarge on the wonderful opportunities which such an institution as the London Zoological Gardens affords to those whose ambition it is to stay at home and yet see in the flesh all the most wonderful beasts and birds and reptiles of modern times. Even intelligent folks who pay their shilling to-day and pass the turnstiles in the full knowledge that they will see all those living marvels from every continent rarely pause to recollect that not for the half of his kingdom could any monarch of a century ago have won as a privilege that which we regard as a right.

The amazing extent to which we who live at the centre of civilisation underrate the value of the Gardens, even in their merely spectacular aspect, was brought home to me for the first time a year or two ago when it was my good fortune to show some of their treasures to a highly intelligent Moor, one connected with the Shereefian Court. His unconcealed delight on being introduced to such fellow-Africans as the hippopotamus and giraffe, types that he never expected could exist outside of the realm of the Jinn, reminded me of the fact that, but for the Zoo and its cheap Monday ticket, ninety-nine Londoners out of every hundred would in all probability never see a live otter or badger. This lack of opportunity for making the acquaintance of such shy and interesting Britons has always seemed to me to call for the intervention of the educational authorities; and even our menageries might, one would have thought, have devised some means of housing some of our hardier furred and feathered countrymen under one roof. Such an arrangement would at least enable English visitors to pay their respects to the fauna of their own home before rushing off to gape at the tiger of the jungle or alligator of the tropic swamps. I suggested something of the sort to Lord Llandaff when, a few years ago, he was interested in the proposed new Zoo at Brighton; but on my return from Africa I found that the entire scheme had fallen through, my proposed British House with the rest.

In the absence of such a gathering of British beasts and birds, something may, of course, be done in the way of visiting these in their several abodes; and, indeed, the first useful lesson of the Zoo is to be learnt with the aid of the labels on the enclosures, particularly from that line which sets forth the natural home of the inmate. The evidence of origin is certainly somewhat variable in detail, for in some cases we are told precisely the country or province or state from which the subject was originally procured, while in others there is no more than a vague allusion to the continent. The latter form of geographical definition is unsatisfactory; yet such discrepancies are inevitable because of the various means by which specimens are acquired: by purchase, by gift, or by exchange. The detail given is, however, ample for certain simple deductions. A little discrimination, for instance, will show that Africa supplies every hippopotamus and every giraffe; but also that even that wonderful continent has its faunal limitations, seeing that it has never sent to the collection a single bear, wolf, tiger, puma, deer, wild-goat, ant-eater, sloth, armadillo, or kangaroo, while in the bird-world an even greater selection of missing interesting forms might easily be made. The tigers are all Asiatic; the pumas and sloths are American; the kangaroos are from the Australian region.

A little further familiarity with the geographical data on the labels warrants more general inferences. Most of the chattering parrots and monkeys are found to have their home south of the equator; on the other hand, the majority of bears, sheep, deer, and wolves come from the northern hemisphere. The antelopes and gazelles are, with few exceptions, Old World forms; the vultures may be found in greatest variety and abundance in those warm countries that most need their services as scavengers. A curious coincidence, too—the sport of chance rather than the outcome of clear design (since no scheme of anatomical classification could warrant such an arrangement)—has made the kangaroos and anthropoid apes near neighbours; and we may fancifully compare the intervening footwalk with 'Wallace's Channel,' that profound waterway that sunders the island homes of the highest and lowest of the mammalian orders.

There are side-issues of the fascinating study of animal geography, to a clearer understanding of which the most cursory tour of the Gardens should prove most helpful. There is, for instance, the principle of 'vicarious species.' Stated in its simplest terms, this rather alarming phrase denotes nothing more than Nature's provision that an absent beast or bird shall be represented by another equally useful in its own way and closely resembling the missing one. Familiar instances of this proxy are the three forms of ostriches found in the southern, central, and northern belts of Africa, and replaced in South America by the rhea and in Australia by the emu and the cassowary. Not only among birds is this 'vicarious' arrangement obvious; for the mammalian class furnishes equally striking examples in the boar and the wart-hog, the camel and llama, the badger and ratel, all of which may be seen and

compared at the Zoo, where the several corresponding forms are exhibited almost side by side. We hear from time to time much criticism of the arrangements of the Zoo; but, certainly, if it is as a rule most agreeable to seek the good things, it is also in this case much easier. There are people who criticise the Bible, but I never yet heard any one offer to rewrite it better than the original. The old Zoo will bear a lot of cavilling criticism before it finds itself called upon to haul down its colours.

Another outcome of the further study of animal distribution will be a close attention to the peculiarities of island types; and here again the Zoo shows us giant tortoises from Galapagos, which have obviously attained to their present enormous proportions only because their island home gave them immunity from man and his dogs. These we can compare with the degenerate Shetland pony, the limitations of whose island home, assisted no doubt by breeding and selection when these dwarfed horses found favour in the sight of buyers, have resulted in poverty of stature. Anglers are familiar with an alternative case in the fishes of ponds or lakes, some of which show a stunted development due to lack of varied food, while others, from opposite conditions, reach immense size. After all, a lake is the converse of an island, and there are considerable analogies in their zoological conditions.

Nor is the student of animal distribution done with the help of the Zoo even yet, for he may study to great advantage the contrast between types so widely scattered as the seagull and porcupine, occurring with little variation almost all the world over; and, on the other hand, the secretary-bird, restricted to Africa, and the aoudad, or Barbary sheep, which does not wander beyond the confines of a single mountain-range in that continent.

An establishment like the Zoological Gardens has, however, lessons that are necessarily of wider application and more practical value than these. The acclimatisation of exotic animals and the feeding and housing of suitable 'pets' are subjects that fall peculiarly within the province of the keepers, and on both they are well qualified and ever ready to give advice. The subject of pet animals was exhaustively discussed in *Chambers's Journal* for July 1901; and it is not desirable to revert to it beyond a general recommendation that no opportunity be lost of consulting one or other of the keepers when in difficulties. Clearly, the keepers most in request when such counsel is sought are those in charge of the monkeys and parrots, since those noisiest and most mischievous representatives of the higher vertebrates have for some unexplained reason chiefly commended themselves to many whose ambition it is to accommodate captive animals in their homes; and I have never yet heard a single complaint of unwillingness or inability — if not consulted too late, as is sometimes regrettably the case—on the part of the keepers to advise on any difficulty that may present itself.

Far more important are the arts of acclimatisation; and in the pursuit of these our own Zoo necessarily takes second place to the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation, yet occupies in a measure a position intermediate between that and the Jardin des Plantes. Original programmes generally confess ambitions that a more mature mood gently and unobtrusively shelves. Such is the history of almost every public or private institution of the kind, and our Zoological Society was no exception to the rule. Yet, although some of its earlier objects have been found incompatible with its success in other directions, it nevertheless affords much useful information as to what animals best endure the somewhat trying and variable climate that, according to philosophers—most of them either live on the shores of the Mediterranean or else cannot by any means contrive to get away from those of Britain—has made the British nation what it is.

The domestication of beasts and birds is an allied process, and it is instructive to compare the beasts within the Zoo and those without in Regent's Park: the snarling wolf and subdued borzoi, the treacherous panther and amenable house-cat, the mild-eyed Hereford and savage gayal, the fleecy merino and the hairy burhel; and we own that it is sometimes better to tame animals than to kill them. Even those which we do not customarily pursue for their skin or flesh or teeth, or train for their labour, would benefit greatly by being brought within the pale of domestication, for at least it brings them under the ægis of the law. Nature, moreover, is not over kind to the wild creatures, and the jury's favourite verdict of 'death from natural causes' always seems to me to involve something of a contradiction, since what we call 'natural causes' are not quick enough for nature's impatience, and death from freezing or starvation or the murderous attack of some stronger foe, when age and disease have numbed the faculties, is the usual end of the wild sheep or ox. This is the proper answer to those who pity horses and dogs as the slaves of man. Of course, there are masters and masters, many of them not fit to own anything with life and feeling; but, given good treatment, the domesticated horses and dogs are infinitely better off than their wild relatives, and a visit to the Zoo on a winter's day illustrates the difference admirably, except that the inmates of that establishment have not even to work for their board and lodging. The possible recruits to domestication may also be studied there: the African elephant (about whose cause one begins almost to despair), the zebra, and one or two more. They are not many. That the

zebra will ever become a fashionable harness animal I hardly believe, and would as soon look on it as the coming park-hack. Still, the zebra is a beautiful animal, and all the existing species were not long since on view in the spacious new house built for their accommodation. One never knows, in fact, what new animal may not be trained to useful work. Take, for instance, the comparatively few animals educated as man's allies in the chase: the dog, ferret, and falcon in this country; the otter and cormorant and cheetah in the East. This, one thought, was about all that could be done in that direction. Not long ago, however, I learnt with the greatest interest of a tame fox that had been trained by its master, a man in the employ of the Midland Railway Company at Derby, to co-operate with a terrier in hunting the rats that infest the company's sheds. Hunting-men have before now reported Reynard as an admirable mouser, and have often been disbelieved for their pains; but this turning to practical account of the hunting instinct of the most hunted of all British animals is a charming instance of what patience will accomplish, and, if I may say so, reflects the greatest credit on the man who accomplishes it.

In the paddocks and cages at the Zoo, then, we may see the chief wild cousins of our dogs and cats and cattle. Most attractive among the latter, perhaps, are the wild white cattle of Britain, particularly a very handsome Chartley bull and a Vaynol cow, recently seen with her calf. These white cattle, which survive at Vaynol, Chillingham, and one or two other parks, are particularly interesting on account of the doubt thrown by their white colour on their alleged genuine wild origin. So far as historic records go, their pedigree is above reproach; but naturalists, who are a stubborn crew, object that, save in the Arctic regions, Nature does not produce pure white wild animals, however much man may delight in breeding white ducks and fowls and horses and cats, and that, therefore, these 'wild' park-cattle were not originally wild at all. More recently it has been advanced that Neolithic man brought them with him overland into this country; but such a theory argues a somewhat conceited intimacy with that hoary pioneer that will hardly commend itself to modest minds. In the Zoo, too, we can see the African elephant, and the keepers tell us that he is not a whit less intelligent or amenable than his Indian cousin. Well, we have let him lapse from his former state of useful subjection, and we shall bitterly regret having left ill alone when the time comes for us to clear the Central African jungle.

The Zoo shows us the difference between fastidious animals and those that are easily satisfied. In every class of animals there are the easy and the difficult. The chameleon will feed only on living insects, focussing them with one or other of its independent telescopic eyes, gripping more firmly the supporting branch with its hand-like feet, then shooting out a tongue, harpoon and lasso in one, longer than its head and body together. I once voyaged in company with a good clergyman who had a number of pet chameleons, all of which he allowed to die of starvation rather than give them living flies. They were offered instead alternate meals of minced-meat and bread and milk, and they preferred death. The little egg-eating snake, the chameleon's neighbour in the Reptile House as it is in Africa, will feast only on eggs, those of the sparrow or pigeon being about the right size. The giraffe will eat only the best clover hay, with now and then an onion or a lump of sugar. The pelican will eat only fish; the kea must have its goat chop; the lions, when sick, refuse even horse-meat, and must then have beef. On the other hand, reptiles, beasts, and birds furnish us with many examples of more ready appetites and less discriminating tastes. The alligators once, it is recorded, consumed a cargo of dead and putrescent snakes. The wild-boar delights in a dreadful cold mess of meat, carrot, potato, and ship's biscuit. The hornbill eats either beetles, mice, smaller birds, reptiles, or fruit. In the Zoo the hornbills have to content themselves with the last, and they cleverly catch grapes flung at their enormous bills; but in their natural state they seem to devour just what comes first.

Another very remarkable lesson taught by watching the animals at meal-times is the ease with which they gain confidence in the protecting presence of man. The visitor sees on both sides of the Lion House the antelopes and jackals of Africa quietly munching their hay or gnawing bones without paying the slightest attention to those reverberating roars that, in their natural condition, would send them, with their meal left unfinished, to keep a pressing appointment somewhere over the skyline. With regard to the jackals and foxes, which can see one another through the bars that divide their cages, the nonchalance of the old inhabitants may possibly have its calming effect on the more alarmed newcomers; and a keeper once endeavoured to persuade me that such was also the case with the antelopes. I was able to show him, however, a quite small buck of some kind which had only newly arrived, and which could not possibly, even on its hind-legs, see over the wooden partition of its home; and if it was indeed the indifference of the others that accounted for its own disregard of the lion's voice, then one could only assume some wonderful instinct or silent means of communication where eyesight would be helpless.

Nor are the lessons of the Zoo confined to the animals within the cages, for the London mice and sparrows are a never-failing source of delight as one watches the assurance with which they venture within the dens of the larger cats and

eagles, knowing that the giants will not take notice of such puny game; and, on the other hand, the extreme caution with which they shun the cages of the smaller hawks and weasels and ichneumons, knowing that their lives would not there be worth a moment's purchase.

A very interesting lesson, too, of a walk round the Gardens consists in taking note of the wonderful diversity of size and shape and colour, and endeavouring to guess Nature's reasons for such differences. It is important, by the way, to avoid the flattering anthropocentric view, and to find reasons other than those making only for the benefit of man. As a case in point, it was not long ago discovered, or at any rate announced, that the eggs of a familiar English garden slug emit a phosphorescent light like that of the glow-worm. Some well-meaning person immediately persuaded himself that the explanation was simple: the light of the eggs was intended to guide the gardener to the easier destruction of his enemy *ab ovo!* But that will not do at all. Nature does not take the view which the magistrate expressed so delicately to the thief, that there is no necessity for some creatures to exist. She recognises the right of all to live and to struggle to keep alive with the best means at their disposal; so that if the luminosity in question is to be accounted for, it must be demonstrated as conferring benefit on the eggs themselves—no easy thesis. Other cases, however, on view at the Zoo present less difficulty. No one with the most elementary knowledge of the life of elephants, crashing through dense jungle, often pursued by tigers, at other times having to tear up tussocks of their juicy food as they go, can find much mystery in the great height and bulk, the long and powerful tusks and trunk, the small, well-protected eyes. No yacht-designer, Herreshofer or any other, ever turned out a craft more perfectly fitted to do its work than the hippopotamus. Not graceful lines are its ambition, for a body thirteen feet in length and other thirteen in girth cannot make for beauty; but its specific gravity and build have been studied to a nicety, and nothing could be suggested as improvement for an animal designed to live in the deep African rivers, sometimes sinking to the bottom and walking on the mud, then rising noiselessly and tearing away great masses of the rank river-grasses for its meals. The great ears of the little fennec, most graceful of desert foxes, are easy to understand when we think how much more useful sharp hearing must be than long sight to an animal which stands only about a foot high, and which inhabits a flat country with no hill from which it can look out for the approach of danger.

Now and then, it must be admitted, Nature's warmest admirers find themselves nonplussed in this quest of her resourcefulness. Why the quills of the secretary-vulture? Surely that archaic and wholly unacceptable suggestion that they are meant to divert the attention of the snake while the bird more firmly grips it in its talons is now out of fashion in a generation that has learnt more of the cunning of reptiles. Why, again, the quills in the porcupine? Not to protect the species from the lion of one continent, the tiger of a second, and the jaguar of a third; for all these animals, albeit with inconvenience, eat it quills and all, and when shot at a later period, have been found with the quills piercing their viscera.

These are a few of the things to be learnt and studied at the Zoological Gardens. Some of us are sent by inclination or necessity on long travels, and it will happen that if we keep our eyes open we may learn direct from Nature some little lesson that not all the resources of the Zoo can teach us. This is undeniable. At the same time, life is short, and even to-day distances are great; and a single ramble round the Zoo will bring us in close touch with the beasts and birds and reptiles of every continent. Side by side we may study the lion and the puma, between which oceans roll if we would pay a visit to their homes; and to see them in their habitat is only to kill them. There are animals that are not fit companions for even the most humane; but at the Zoo all question of danger is eliminated. There we may study the fiercest tiger with but an iron bar between; nor has the deadliest cobra or the bridling rattlesnake any terrors when separated by a single pane of glass that, while keeping their venom at convenient distance, has no secrets for our eyes.

CITY NOISE.

THE noise of the city and the quiet of the country have been the subject of frequent contrast. It is true that life in the country, and especially in a farmhouse, may be by no means noiseless; but a resting-place can easily be found sufficiently remote from stables and poultry-yards. Except in violent storm, the sound of wind and wave is nerve-soothing and welcome. Very different is it in the town, and complaints of city noise are as old as the cities themselves. Not to go farther up the stream of time than the beginning of the Christian era, we find Horace in one of his odes begging Mæcenas to cease to set great store by or greatly to covet (if we may so paraphrase '*mirari*') 'the smoke, the wealth, the noise of happy Rome,' thus meaning humorously to con-

trast the advantages and disadvantages of city life. What the Roman noises were he describes elsewhere: the funeral wailing, the hawkers' cries, the hubbub caused by the transport of building material through narrow and crowded streets; and he ironically advises the poet to try to compose verses in such surroundings.

To any one who has to read or think, to the invalid or the light sleeper, city noise is a serious discomfort; and to these latter the trial is greatest in the hours of the night or early morning. Hardened city men may be found to declare themselves so used to the tumult of the town that they do not feel quite comfortable when away from it, and they laugh at the complainer as a dyspeptic; but are they quite sure that the laugh is on their side? We may remind them that the wear and tear of city life claims many victims, and that when the jaded man of business suffers, as he so often does, from nervous prostration, the doctor's first order is that he must go to the country for change of air and food, and for the quiet which it is so difficult to obtain elsewhere. That the last is not the least important part of the prescription is shown by the eagerness of the invalid to secure it; and we may well believe that to live constantly in an environment of noise is as inimical to perfect health as to eat unwholesome food or to breathe in a vitiated atmosphere.

If these things be so, an attempt to classify the various noises which are a nuisance to some at least of the dwellers in our great towns, and probably injurious to all, may not be unwelcome to the readers of this *Journal*.

Let us begin with the necessary noises, for such there must be in all cities. They will be found to be caused almost entirely by the exigencies of passenger and goods traffic by road and rail. The tramp of the pedestrian, the rattle of the spring-cart and the cab, the rumble of the loaded wagon, the clang of the tramway-bell, the snort or the shrieking whistle of the locomotive, the thud of the shunted trucks—all these are only too familiar to us; but they are all necessary, and for this reason we seem to get more readily used to them. The introduction of wood paving and rubber tires has greatly lessened the noise of street traffic in some localities, and our experience is that the railway whistle is not so freely turned on or kept on at night as was the case a quarter of a century ago. Among the necessary noises we may also count the whooping of sirens on board the steamers, and the booming of fog-horns so well known in misty weather to dwellers near the Clyde and other crowded waterways. We refuse, however, to regard as necessary the pandemonium of sound by which in our manufacturing towns the workers are summoned to the mills in the morning and after the midday meal. For a few shillings every worker nowadays can get his or her alarm-clock; and when a person has to rise daily at a fixed hour the habit soon becomes so engrained that no alarm is necessary. At the most, the moderate toll of a town-bell is enough to warn the laggards, and this was all that was thought necessary till quite a recent period. Evidently when one millowner starts a whistle, the others have to follow suit; it becomes a question of rivalry and advertisement. The smallest mill generally has the loudest whistle, so the slumbers of the community are wantonly disturbed in the supposed interest of some pushing manufacturer. We would class also as quite unnecessary at the present day all forms of cries or noises by street hawkers of goods. The raucous shout of the coalman and the jangle of the milkman's bell are a terrible annoyance in some places. These tradesmen are expected at unvarying hours, and for the householder who wishes to buy their commodities no clamour is required to give warning of their coming.

Passing from the utilitarian to the æsthetic side, our next protest is against quarterly chimes and carillons which are made to ring all through the night. These have, as a rule, been presented by benevolent persons, to be placed in the towers of town-halls and churches for the benefit of the community, and they are a striking instance—we intend no pun—of the great evil which can be done by want of thought although with the very best intentions. To the light sleeper the quarterly chime by night is the greatest of all inflictions. Particularly is this so if he happens to be a traveller, and sleeping in a strange town. Carlyle said that it was not so much the crowing of the cock that kept him awake as the waiting for the next crow. In the case of the chime, the unfortunate victim of insomnia knows that 'the next crow' is coming in a quarter of an hour, and he finds that he cannot compose himself in that short interval. In some towns the complaints of the inhabitants have been so great that the ringing of chimes every quarter of an hour during the night has been prohibited, and we wish that the law were universal. At church bells we do not grumble. They are an ancient and beloved institution, and no one can fairly complain of them unless they are too aggressive or rung too early in the morning. We well remember the strong language certain undergraduates of Balliol College, Oxford, used to employ because they were awakened too early for their taste on the Sunday mornings by the loud bells of a neighbouring city church, known to them as 'The Archipelago' on account of its numerous 'aisles.' The collectors who came round to them on behalf of a campanological or bell-ringing society suspected to be art and part in the ringing of these bells did not reap a rich harvest from the 'undergrads' in the colleges adjacent.

From bells we pass by an easy transition to

street music, which at its best is a luxury for the few, at its worst a torture to many, and anathema to all lovers of quiet; we might almost say it is the last to all lovers of music, although we hasten to admit that an occasional player on harp, flute, or violin, and not a few of the German bands which frequent the squares at the fashionable evening dinner-hour discourse really good music. The grievance is that one is obliged to listen to it whether he wishes or not, and may listen most unwillingly to an excellent performance when he has pressing work on hand which he is obliged to postpone until it is over. It is the development of the piano-organ nuisance, however, which makes life in cities a burden to people with sensitive ears. It was bad enough in the days when Babbage, the famous inventor of the calculating-machine, headed a crusade against it, and Calverley wrote his 'Lines on hearing the Organ,' from which we cull the following:

> Grinder—who serenely grindest
> At my door the Hundredth Psalm
> Till thou ultimately findest
> Pence in thy unwashened palm—
> Tell me if, as thou art buckling
> On thy straps with eager claws,
> Thou forecastest, inly chuckling,
> All the rage that thou wilt cause.

Then the 'winsome, grinsome grinder' could carry his own 'stupendous load,' and his sole companion was his monkey, 'Barbary's nimble son.' Now the weight of the infernal machine is so great that it must be trundled on a barrow, and the grinder has always with him a companion, male or female, to help him with his task. There are no monkeys now with this larger type of machine, perhaps because the 'sinewy Jacko' cannot live at close-quarters with the greatly increased volume of sound; but there is, alas! too often, an unfortunate baby at the end of the barrow to excite compassion and draw the pennies. Those who foolishly give money should know that frequently the baby is not the child of the woman who accompanies the grinder, but is hired for the purpose, and that of the money given only a small portion finds its way into the pockets of those who work the organ, the bulk of the profit going to the *impresario* who lends out the machine by the day or the week. Certainly the piano-organ is to the writer the greatest curse of all. He considers it unnecessary to make any excuse for doing as much as he can of his desk-work on a Sunday; for, although his windows look into a quiet square, that is the only day when he can reckon on a few hours of peace from his tormentors. Think of that, ye Sabbatarians, and restrain your households, if you can, from helping to bring about such a dreadful result by giving money to these Italians, who no doubt have only the loosest ideas of Sabbath observance!

The residents in flats or terraces have to enjoy or suffer the music produced by their neighbours on pianos and other instruments. This may be endured without complaint so long as it does not begin too soon or continue too late. It is the reasonable privilege of the tenant of the house, and stands on a different footing from the outdoor nuisance.

We have dwelt so long on musical offenders that we have no space to dilate on vexation caused by dogs that bark or howl at hours when most people are asleep; or by the 'final *miaow*, that weird unearthly din,' of the nocturnal Tom; or by occasional drunks or roisterers who hear and make us hear 'the chimes at midnight.' The latter may be, and are sometimes, dealt with by the police, although the mischief is usually done before the local guardian of the peace finds it convenient to arrive on the scene.

It remains only to consider very briefly whether anything can be done to improve matters in regard to noise in our large towns. Obviously the first object is to create a more healthy state of public opinion. For this purpose citizens who love quiet might form a society, with a small annual subscription; this being the orthodox British method of starting a reform. They might call it 'The Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise,' or S.S.U.N.; and if they wanted a motto they could take it from the first line of *Juvenal*, '*Semper ego auditor tantum.*' Such a society would, we believe, attract many adherents, and be able to bring much pressure to bear on individuals to prevent them from making unnecessary noise, or encouraging those who do so; and it might be able to influence municipalities to pass new laws or enforce old ones with the same object in view. We make the suggestion for what it is worth.

BIEN-AIMÉE.

ADDRESSED TO A SISTER WHOSE NAME WAS AIMÉE.

> In the woods I hear a whisper,
> Like a murmur on the sea,
> Or a spirit, breathing gently
> Through the space 'tween you and me.
>
> I am listening, always listening:
> I can almost see it pass;
> I can hear its gentle footfall
> On the leaves and through the grass.
>
> What though my dull eyes are holden,
> Yet my heart is still with thine;
> Yet a bond, for aye unbroken,
> Ever links your hand to mine.
>
> For 'whatever things are lovely'
> Shall be ours for evermore;
> Life begun is never-ending,
> Death is but an open door.
>
> In my heart is ceaseless music
> From the ever-present past;
> Immortality enfolds us,
> Love unchanged shall hold us fast.

C. F.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE.*

By the Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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UNDER the old system, when the New York police force was the football of politics and a mighty engine of corruption, the force was managed by corrupt politicians in their own interests, and was used as much to blackmail criminals as to hunt down crime. I could hardly have advised any honest man to enter the force; but just as long as the present system of honest administration prevails the force will be a good one, and one in which an honest and able man can rise to very high position.

Most people do not understand the opportunities offered to an able man by a career in the New York police. In the first place, the police force gives a chance which is but rare nowadays —that is, a chance for a man to display the heroic qualities which we all admire, and must admire as long as we ourselves preserve the virile qualities common to the Anglo-Saxon race: courage, daring, readiness to risk life and limb in the performance of duty. These three qualities are continually called into exercise by the career of a New York police officer. He must, as a mere matter of business, continually face the 'toughs' and dangerous criminals. At times he has the chance to save life by rescuing persons from drowning or from burning buildings, or by stopping a runaway team. In other words, he has to show, very much as a fireman has to show, those qualities of hardihood and physical address which we admire in a soldier. The admiration thus called forth is amply justified. We ought, as a people, to admire courage and physical hardihood. The race which does not practise the great soldierly virtues never can succeed. We must be moral; we must be straight and decent; but we must also be strong if we are to be a great people. No amount of cultivation or refinement, and not even morality, can atone for the lack of the fighting qualities: the qualities which enable man to face his foes, whether these foes be human or elemental. All of our teachers and preachers of virtue should keep this in mind, and should try to educate our young men to the understanding that they must be manly as well as moral.

A hardy and adventurous spirit, therefore, can always find a certain outlet for his energies in the New York Police Department; and it seems to me that this department could be well utilised in disposing of men who, if we had a war, would make good soldiers, but who in time of peace are rather wasted on ordinary trades. Of course, a good policeman, like a good soldier, must be sober, steady, temperate, and obedient; but to be the best kind of policeman he must have a little of the dare-devil in him as well.

The average mechanic or clerk of the class that should furnish the bulk of the applicants for the Police Department earns from one hundred and twenty to two hundred pounds a year. The policeman in New York earns much more. After he has served his noviciate in the force, he receives two hundred and eighty pounds a year; and, even if he never becomes anything more than an ordinary patrolman, at the end of the twenty-five years he is retired on a pension of one hundred and forty pounds. In other words, after working twenty-five years at very nearly double the salary which he would probably make outside, he is retired on a pension equivalent to just about what this outside salary would have been, at the very time he is getting old, and when, if he had not been in the police force, he would have begun to find it a little difficult to get the salary.

Nor is this all. He is well off, even if he never rises beyond the grade of patrolman; but

*Written by President Roosevelt before his election as Vice-President, and while he was President of the New York Police Commission.

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he has many chances of promotion, and there are within his reach some great prizes. The first grade of promotion is to roundsman. This increases his salary by twenty pounds, and gives him command over his fellows. The roundsman is an important man, for on him the discipline of the patrolmen largely depends. He must hold his men to a severe accountability, and in return he is held to a severe accountability by his superior officers. When a man has become roundsman he has already put his head up above the general level. He is a man of some importance, occupying a position of trust and responsibility, who is accustomed both to obey and to command. The next grade above is that of sergeant. Above this comes the police captain. The police captain earns five hundred and forty pounds a year. He is a man whose influence and whose responsibility are both alike great. The preservation of life and order in his district largely depends upon him. He is distinctly one of the men of note in that part of the city where he resides. A man who becomes a police captain can say very emphatically that he has accomplished something in life. His duties are as arduous, his responsibilities as great, as those of the colonel of an average regiment in time of war; and it is not too much to say that the average police captain who is fit for the position has qualities of heart and head which would fit him, under proper training, to command a regiment with credit. Above the captains come the inspectors, and then the head, the Chief of Police, who receives a salary of twelve hundred pounds a year. The whole force of four thousand police is under him: a command larger than that of the average brigadier-general, and one far more important than many brigadier-generals hold during all their lives. On his shoulders rests no small part of the task of protecting the orderly and warring against the disorderly classes in a city of nearly two million inhabitants. He is one of the men of mark in the city. He is a man of great power and of much consequence. In influence and weight he ranks well up among the great bankers and merchants and lawyers and railroad presidents, and they are all glad to be on good terms with him and to assist him, and to get him to assist them in return.

Now, exactly as in the days of Napoleon, when every French soldier was said to carry in his knapsack the baton of a marshal, so, under a clean and honest administration of the New York police force, every patrolman has before him the chance of some day being chief; so that every patrolman has not only his excellent position in the present, but he has always before him the chance that he will rise to be one of the men of mark in the city. In addition to this, he has opportunities for advancement on other lines. Thus, if he has detective capacity, he will probably be put in the detective bureau. Here is a life of extraordinary interest, and if he does something brilliant he can make a great name for himself.

Such are the rewards and prizes of the life. In return, the city necessarily demands a very high grade of quality among the police. First and foremost, we demand men of good character, as a matter of course. Under the old corrupt administration of the Board the whole force was plunged into an abyss of blackmailing and bribery and extortion; but so long as the principles put in execution by the present Board stay in existence, honesty, like courage, will be considered as an indispensable attribute of every member of the force from highest to lowest. Next to this, the officer must be of sound physique. He must be five feet eight inches in height at the lowest. He must be sound in wind and limb, without any defect of any kind, able to hold his own in a rough and tumble, and to hammer down obstacles. Accordingly the applicant is put through a very severe physical and medical examination. Finally, he must be quick and intelligent, possessing at least such an education as he would have if he attended one of the public schools. The mental examination is framed to test him on such points. If he passes all these examinations as to character and bodily and mental development successfully, under the present rule he is appointed and holds his position without regard to his politics or religion, or to whether he has or has not any influential friends.

By a few examples I may perhaps give a better idea of what a policeman can do and ought to do, and of the dangers to which he is either subjected or subjects himself.

First of all, to take the least pleasant side of the subject, I shall speak of the temptations and dangers which beset a police officer. He deals largely with criminals, and with the men to be found in every great city who lead vicious lives and wish the police to connive at or favour their viciousness. A gambler or a saloon-keeper who wants to violate the law would like to be protected by the police in so violating it. Consequently he is ready to pay blackmail, and it was this blackmail which before the present administration took office spread a festering corruption throughout the whole force. We have, however, almost entirely rooted it out, exactly as we rooted out the old system by which men paid money for promotion or got it through political influence, and have substituted instead a system of appointing and promoting men purely on their merits. Nowadays the average policeman is not corrupt; he is in no danger from corruption in the department. His troubles arise from growing lax in his duties or trying to shirk work, or, in especial, from drinking. Any man, whether a policeman or not, who becomes a

drunkard is useless to society at large, and a curse both to himself and his family; but a policeman has to do work for which drunkenness is a complete disqualification. Accordingly the Board is severe upon men who become intoxicated even to only a slight degree. Sometimes on a cold night, when alone on his beat, it is a very great temptation for a policeman to leave it and get warm inside a saloon. A policeman who yields to this temptation is done. He may escape two or three times, but sooner or later he is found out, and then is either fined heavily or dismissed from the force.

A policeman who shirks work or gets drunk may not be a brutal man; but there are some men who because they are vested with authority like to misuse it. These are the men who in the past have so often clubbed or abused innocent citizens in New York. To this the present Board put a complete stop. Every respectable citizen can now count upon being treated with courtesy by the police. The Board has not the slightest sympathy for 'toughs' and law-breakers. If a rowdy gets into a controversy with the police the Board is delighted to see him suffer, and should a policeman be attacked we are delighted if he uses his club in self-defence and so administers a severe thrashing to the man who has attacked him or has interfered with him in the discharge of his duty; but if he in any way interferes with or mishandles a law-abiding citizen, he is certain to be severely punished if the offence is found out.

Now let me turn to a pleasanter side of the subject, and show by examples taken almost at random how an officer can distinguish himself by serving as a policeman, and can thus win promotion; and I shall purposely take only those that occurred during my own term of office.

Shortly after I became president of the New York police force my attention was attracted by a clipping from a paper describing how one of our roundsmen had saved a woman from drowning. I immediately summoned the man before me. He came—a soldierly-looking, white-headed, erect old fellow, who had been twenty-one years in the force, and was a veteran of the Civil War. I found that he had for a long time been stationed on the river-front, being an excellent swimmer, and that he had saved no less than twenty-five people from death by drowning. He had many medals—gold, silver, and bronze—given him by life-saving societies and by the Police Department, and two granted him by a special act of Congress on behalf of the National Government. The man's career was without a blemish. He had been sober, industrious, and faithful in his duties. We felt that he had earned his promotion, and we made him sergeant.

Another case was that of a patrolman who performed a deed of signal bravery at a fire. He reached the scene before the fire-engines came. The flames had already cut off a woman and two children. However, he dashed through the fire, ran up the stifling, smoke-shrouded stairs, got the woman and both children, and, bursting open a window, succeeded in climbing along a gutter to the roof of a neighbouring house, making the journey three times and rescuing all three persons. This man had two or three serious blemishes on his past record; but we finally promoted him, after having kept him waiting a sufficient length of time to impress him with the fact that gallantry could not atone for bad discipline, and that he must combine both qualities if he wished to win his spurs or to retain them.

Another man, a member of the mounted squad, had led quite a remarkable career, having stopped no less than thirty-seven runaways. He had also done good duty otherwise, and he got promotion accordingly.

Much of the most important part of a policeman's duty is to control and keep in order the turbulent portion of the population. Sometimes he has to deal merely with individual criminals; sometimes he has to deal with mobs, as in a strike or railway riot. In one instance we promoted a man chiefly because of an act which showed courage, physical prowess, and strong sense of duty combined. One night he surprised three desperate characters, all ex-convicts, in the act of highway robbery. He attacked them at once, and for a moment or two there was a regular pitched fight. His left hand was broken by a blow from a bludgeon, and one of the highwaymen escaped; but he knocked down both of the others, took them to the station, and they were afterwards sent to Sing Sing prison. He himself went to the hospital, and had his broken hand put in a plaster cast. He had a perfect right to stay off duty until his hand recovered, which would not have been within three or four weeks; but instead of doing so he returned at once to his precinct and resumed his work, never taking so much as a day off. There had not been a complaint of any kind against him, and he was promoted forthwith.

As an example of what a policeman can do by a combination of headwork and courage, take another roundsman. There was a strike and much rioting in his district. He was told to take six men and keep a certain line of railroad open. The mob had reached a point where it was sullen and dangerous; and finding this to be the case, the roundsman promptly took decisive measures, charged it, clubbing right and left, and without giving it a moment's chance to rally, drove it in headlong flight, and kept the whole railroad line clear. He had won his promotion to a sergeancy by a deed which was military in its efficiency.

For another variety of work take the following: One day, while one of our officers was returning home in plain clothes, his tour of duty for the day being ended, he noticed two men whose actions struck him as suspicious. Very many officers, when their day off comes, are so anxious to see their families and to enjoy a little leisure that they will not, if they can avoid it, do police duty or arrest anybody. But this patrolman was of another stamp. He followed the two men at a distance, they thinking him merely a citizen, and finally observed them receive from a confederate a bag which he was convinced contained burglars' tools. Watching his chance later, he suddenly seized and arrested them. They proved to be well-known burglars who were wanted because of the crimes they had committed. This started us to look up the officer's record, and we found that he had a real genius for detecting and arresting criminals, possessing not only keen intelligence but much nerve; and the aggregate of the sentences of the criminals he had arrested footed up to one hundred and eighty-seven years in States prison, not to speak of a murderer who had been executed for his crime.

With one final example I shall close, choosing this one to show how a man can raise himself by doing a little more than his duty. One night one of our patrolmen saw a man leap out of the window of a house and run down the street. He, of course, promptly chased him. The man was a burglar, and armed. The officer, however, went after him, and was overtaking him when they came to Park Avenue, underneath which is the tunnel through which run the trains of the New York Central Railroad. There are a number of big openings in the top of this tunnel, and through one of these the burglar plunged. It was a long leap, and there was danger from the trains underneath, but a man whose liberty is at stake will take a heavy risk. The patrolman was following after. He was inspired by nothing but duty. His liberty was not at stake, and he could not have been punished or reprimanded for failing to risk his neck by jumping into the tunnel. Nevertheless jump he did. The burglar had the wind knocked out of him by the jump. The patrolman, more skilful or lucky in jumping, got off scot-free, seized the prisoner, brought him in, and thereby earned his promotion.

Promotion to the higher ranks must be won not merely by courage, honesty, and alertness, but by the display of executive capacity of no mean order. The present Chief and inspectors have won their places by the exercise of traits which show their fitness to lead and to handle large bodies of men. So long as the present conditions continue, the police force of New York ought to offer an attractive field to any young man who is poor, who wishes to obtain a good salary for life, and at the same time to have before him a career in which, if he possesses the requisite courage and ability, he may raise himself to a very high position.

THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

CHAPTER II.

ONE bright, sunshiny afternoon a few weeks subsequent to the day on which she went with John for a walk in the glen, Lesley was sitting alone in the parlour of the manse singing in her blithe young voice:

'O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gaen, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther!

'To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever:
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

'Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects, we before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley'——

when a scuffle in the lobby and the opening of the door by an old domestic interrupted the melody.

'Oh, it's only Miss Lesley,' broke in the disappointed tones of old Elspeth. 'The minister's no' here after all. I'm sorry, sir, for bringin' ye ben; but ye ken it's near tea-time, an' I thocht, aiblins, to find him in the parlour.'

'Pray don't apologise,' returned a man's voice. 'If Miss Lesley will forgive my intrusion, I will gladly come in and wait for the minister's return.'

As he spoke Elspeth flung the door wider and stood aside, revealing a tall figure clad in the roughest of tweed knickerbockers, and with an amused expression on his stern and somewhat supercilious face.

'It's the gentleman frae Barhulican, Miss Lesley,' she exclaimed by way of introduction. 'He says he'll wait for the minister, so I'll just set the tea, an' you can gi'e him a cup in the hand to keep him frae wearyin'.—The minister'll no' be lang, sir; I can promise you that,' she added, with many emphatic nods in the visitor's direction.

As the door closed behind Elspeth, Lesley found herself joining in her guest's evident amusement.

'I never touch tea,' he said, 'so I am afraid if you do your duty you will have to invent some other antidote to prevent me from wearying.'

Lesley laughed again, more shyly this time, for was she not alone with the great man, the mere sight of whom had so aroused her interest in church that first Sunday morning, and the magic of whose reputation had since thrilled her through and through with a delightful dread?

Yet, notwithstanding her fears, there was a certain necessity stirring within her to rise to the occasion. It was as if by some unconscious power the stranger had given her challenge, putting her on her mettle and impelling her to equality with himself.

'I am sorry the minister is out,' she said as their hands met. 'Did you wish very particularly to see him?'

A slight look of perplexity crossed his face; then he said, with a smile, 'Very particularly indeed. I should have returned his call sooner; but the fact is'——

'Oh, my uncle did not tell me he had called,' interrupted Lesley, reddening with confusion.

'And so you very naturally imagined that I had come to consult him on the welfare of my soul,' he supplemented dryly; 'but if I may finish my apology—my soul is in no particular danger, I can assure you—I have been away off and on a good deal, and the fascinations of my trusty "greenheart" are still very strong.'

'But you have not had good sport,' said his hostess politely.

His lordship smiled. 'No. I see I have thereby earned your contempt; but how, may I ask, have my failures reached your ears?'

'Oh, they hear in the village every evening,' explained Lesley; 'and of course we hear too.'

'This publicity is fearful,' said Lord Coalstoun good-humouredly. 'It is said that "manners maketh a man;" but I fear they also make a hypocrite. Up to this I have prided myself upon the courtliness of my attendant gillies; but I shall trust them never again. They are Norse Highlanders, Miss Gordon: need I make any further excuse for them?'

He spoke easily and quietly, and with an air of friendliness which seemed to reduce the distance between them and put the girl completely at her ease.

'But I interrupted you,' he said suddenly during a pause in the conversation. 'Will you do me a favour, and sing "Bonnie Lesley" again from the commencement?'

If he had expected her to demur he was disappointed. She turned at once to the piano, and sang through the old ballad with spirit.

When she had come to an end he thanked her quietly, but offered no comment on the performance. Indeed, his thoughts seemed far away. 'I suppose your cousin is still in Edinburgh?' he remarked at last.

'John?' echoed Lesley in some surprise. 'Oh yes, he is at college; but'——

Lord Coalstoun uttered a sapient laugh.

'You were with him the first day I saw you,' he explained in answer to her evident astonishment, 'and I have heard a great deal about him since. They appear to be very proud of him in the village.'

'Ah! of course they are,' returned Lesley carelessly. 'He has gained the gold medal every year since he went to college. This is his last term, and then he will be a full-fledged minister like my uncle. I can hardly believe it. It is strange to think,' she added, with a friendly smile, 'that you and John have been so often together in Edinburgh without seeing each other—though of course he had heard of you.'

A flash of amusement lit up his lordship's gray eyes at her words; but the next instant he was grave again.

'Not so very strange after all,' he commented, 'when you remember that we are two busy men. The college, I suppose, swallows up your cousin from morning till night, and—well—my place of business pretty well monopolises me.'

'That is the Parliament House, is it not?' cried Lesley eagerly, seizing upon the opening his allusion had offered to learn something from his own lips of that life which to her appeared in such heroic perspective. 'John has often told me about the Law Courts,' she went on impulsively, 'and the great trials that take place there, and I have tried hard to picture you'—— She broke off, overcome with a sudden sense of trepidation.

'Well?' he queried. 'Go on: you have tried to picture me—how? Ah, I can guess,' as she remained silent, covered with confusion. 'But I may as well inform you at once that there is nothing romantic about my calling. Unfortunately, there is no allowance made in it for illusions of any sort, and one gets out of the way of indulging in them; only when I am on my holidays I make-believe sometimes—just by way of practice'—— He broke off, his eyes dwelling with trained appreciation on the beautiful, glowing face opposite him. 'But all this reminds me,' he added with an abrupt change of tone, 'that I have to go back to work to-morrow.'

'Then there is no use asking you to take a ticket for the concert?' said Lesley, recovering herself.

'What concert?' he queried.

'It is the only entertainment we ever have,' she explained, colouring a little. 'It is got up for the ministers' widows.'

'There appears to be a certain sameness about your interests,' commented his lordship *sotto voce*. But Lesley was busy prying among a stack of papers upon the mantelshelf, and did not hear his remark.

'There is a programme,' she said at last, triumphantly turning to him.

He scanned it with interest. 'I see you are lending your services,' he said, glancing at her as she stood before him, flushed and eager.

'Yes, I always sing the first song,' she answered, with a little apologetic laugh. 'You see, it gives the others confidence.'

'Which they stand in sore need of, I imagine,' he remarked. 'Well, may I have half-a-dozen tickets for the front row?'

'But you will not be here!' she demurred.

'You are a shocking saleswoman, Miss Gordon,' he replied, smiling as he folded up the programme and placed it carefully in his pocket-book. 'The next time I come to Barhulican I shall probably bring my sister, and perhaps a friend or two. Think of the enormous benefit of having an entertainment ready-made for their amusement in the midst of the unspeakable wilderness. And now for the payment,' he continued, rising to receive the tickets from her, and placing a sovereign on the table as he did so.

'But I have no change,' said Lesley frankly, 'and the tickets are only a shilling each.'

He shook his head. 'An absurdly small price for the privilege of being present. But may I confess something, Miss Gordon? I have become imbued with a sudden and devouring interest in all ministers' widows, and it must have an outlet, so I pray you do not balk my zeal; but if I may ask you one favour, will you make an alteration in the programme, and sing "Bonnie Lesley" instead of that effusion with the ridiculously sentimental name?'

'I am afraid I could not,' she replied, shaking her head dubiously.

'And why not?' he queried.

'Because it would sound conceited, you see'—and frankly—'my name is Lesley.'

'As I have been aware for three weeks,' he remarked with a gleam in his eyes.

His words brought an exquisite colour to her cheeks. 'I am sorry that I have to refuse when you have been so very kind,' she said with great dignity; 'but the people would think I had done it on purpose.'

'And if they did,' he queried, 'what matter? The people you have always with you; but I am a stranger and with but few opportunities of hearing a song sung as I like it sung.'

'You are very kind,' said Lesley again, her mouth taking on an obstinate curve; 'but still I am afraid it is out of the question.'

He smiled tolerantly. 'I see,' he said. 'Then I shall be obliged to make you.'

She felt the virile force of his will dominating her purpose, and instinctively she rebelled.

'Make me?' she echoed, throwing back her head.

Their eyes locked for an instant; then he smiled again.

'Wait and see,' he said. He held out his hand abruptly. 'And now I must be off. Will you tell your uncle how sorry I was to miss him?'

'It's just chappit the hour, Miss Lesley,' said Elspeth, putting her head round the door at this juncture.—'Oh,' with a reproachful glance in Lord Coalstoun's direction as she perceived his preparations for departure, 'surely you're no' gangin', your worship; the minister 'll be back in twa minutes, I can assure you, an' the tea 's just freshly masked.'

'I have already confessed this afternoon that I never touch tea,' said his lordship, laughing, 'and'—with an amused glance at Lesley—'I am afraid if I stay a moment longer I shall never be allowed to come back again.'

Lesley followed him to the door and walked beside him down the short avenue which led to the gate. On both sides was the straggling, old-fashioned garden, with its plots of flower-beds interspersed with strange specimens of the topiarian art—the especial pride of old Donald the minister's man. Beyond, again, stretched the glebe fields, gray and peaceful in the sudden twilight of winter.

'I suppose you love your garden,' said Coalstoun, glancing from the border of hollyhocks to the tall vivid slip of womanhood by his side.

'Oh yes, of course,' she replied vaguely, 'except sometimes when I am in a discontented mood.'

'Have you ever been in Edinburgh?' he asked suddenly.

She sighed. 'No. I have never lived in a town; and as my cousin hates town life, I don't suppose I ever shall.'

Lord Coalstoun cast a curious glance at her; then a faint smile of comprehension lit up his face. At the white barred gate, with its clumps of elms and sycamores on both sides shutting out the manse from the narrow loaning, he stopped.

'I sympathise with John,' he said, smiling inscrutably down at her. 'After all, the garden is best;' and with an abrupt raising of his tweed cap he was gone.

(To be continued.)

OLD GARDENS.

By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A.

THE glory of summer is gone, the harvest is past, and heavy rains and dark skies and the damp and dismal days have come, which mark the approach of winter. Soon hard frosts and snow will clothe our trees with hoary whiteness. No longer does Nature tempt us abroad, though the gardener knows how precious are the dark November days for the developing of spring-time loveliness, and how much depends upon his winter's work. Now the study and one's 'ain fireside' have a charm that is all their own; and if we follow Lord Rosebery's advice we shall 'in our short Scotch winter days turn to the printed page, and from the literature of gardens conjure up something of our own summer delights.'

'The garden that I love,' quite as fervently as the Poet-Laureate loves his, is an old garden which has been much altered in the course of ages. Sweet sheltered walks with high and thick holly or box hedges, and gardens surrounded by walls and parterres and terraces, used to flourish with every old country house. Everything was beautiful, well ordered, and grateful to the senses. Then came a crowd of ignorant reformers, who cut down the lovely hedges, destroyed the walls, uprooted the flower-beds, and made the place a wilderness. This they called the 'new English fashion' of gardening, a return to nature, and deserved the gallows for their pains. Such gardens, so fashioned, look as if they had been laid out by an undertaker, and the designers of landscape-gardening were mere ignorant and visionary amateurs and a Grub Street poet who had probably no other garden than the pot of mint before his windows. Some foreigners say we borrowed the idea from the Chinese. Gabriel Thouin claims the doubtful honour for the French, and asserts that Dufresnoy, a Parisian architect, fashioned the first landscape-garden in the Faubourg Saint Antoine at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Malacarne of Padua says that Charles, the first Duke of Savoy, invented this style in a park near Turin, which Tasso immortalised in his poem on *Jerusalem*, which Chaucer copied, and which Warton and Eustace suggest as more likely to have given the first idea of an 'English garden' than Milton's description of Paradise. The poet Mason asserts that Bacon was the prophet, Milton the herald, and Addison, Pope, and Kent the champions of what he is pleased to call 'the true taste.'

It matters not very much to whom this doubtful honour belongs; at any rate the destroyers have scarcely left us a decent hedge or sheltered walk to protect us from the east winds, and have killed many of the old flowers which delighted our forefathers and made our gardens earthly paradises. Few people admire now the degenerate formal gardens, the clipping of yews into fantastical shapes, which aroused the satire of Addison. He wrote in *The Guardian:*

'How contrary to simplicity is the modern practice of gardening! We seem to make it our study to recede from nature, not only in the various tonsure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of art itself; we run into sculpture, and are yet better pleased to have our trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals than in the most regular of their own. A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants like those at Guildhall. I know an eminent cook who beautified his country seat with a coronation dinner in greens, where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

'For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. My correspondent is arrived at such perfection that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their husbands in hornbeam. I shall proceed to his catalogue, as he sent it for my recommendation.

'"Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing; the Tower of Babel not yet finished; St George in box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in condition to strike the dragon by next April; a Queen Elizabeth in *phylyræa*, a little inclining to the green-sickness, but of full growth; an old maid-of-honour in worm-wood; divers eminent poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a pennyworth; a quickset hog shot up into a porcupine by its being forgot a week in rainy weather,"' &c.

We derived this taste for clipping trees into odd shapes from the Italians, who inherited it from the old Romans; but to them our gardens owe much of their symmetry, beautiful formality, and exact design. The Dutch, perhaps, taught us much in the cultivation of absurdities. They certainly used to disfigure their grounds by absurd and frivolous ornaments and traps and snares for the unwary, which have been copied by some Englishmen, and are the apotheosis of bad taste.

At every resting-place some kind of conceit was formed for surprising the visitor. If he sat down, the seat was probably so contrived as to sink under him. If he entered a grotto or approached a summer-house, water was squirted from concealed fountains. The dial had a lens so placed that during sunshine the priming of a small cannon fell under its focus just as the sun reached the meridian, when of course the cannon was discharged. An artificial cave sometimes was fashioned like a lion's den, with the head of a lion cut in stone peeping from the entrance. Many will remember the mischievous fountain at Chatsworth which squirts water on all who are enticed beneath it; and in the days of my grandfather there was a very humorous garden at Ormskirk, where the host used to startle his guests by touching certain springs which caused hidden caverns to open and a stuffed lion or leopard to spring out upon them.

There was a curious garden near Antwerp which contained scenes of tonsile evergreens, vistas, canals, lakes, secret waterworks, caves, tombs, a lawn with a flock of stone sheep, a shepherd, and dogs, dwarfs, a drunkard, and other paltry contrivances.

These examples of the degeneracy of formal gardens paved the way for the introduction of the new style, which destroyed the wheat as well as the tares. Let us look at an old garden ere it was wrecked and cut about by these wanton innovators. Its design was based on Italian models, and these were framed after the pattern of the ancient Roman gardens. Pliny the Younger tells us of his winter garden at his villa Laurentinum, which looked upon the Bay of Ostia. It was surrounded by hedges of box, and where that failed, by rosemary. There were platforms and terraces, and figs and vines and mulberries. He delights to tell of the beauties of his woods, his rich meadows covered with cattle, the Bay of Ostia, the scattered villas upon its shore, and the blue distance of the mountains, his porticoes and seats for divers views, and his favourite little cabinet in which they were all united.

Pliny's Tusculan villa was his chief delight, basking amid the Apennines, whose lofty summits were crowned with forests of oak and their fertile sides covered with corn-fields, vineyards, copses, and villas. Before the house was the xystus or terrace, and from this descended a lawn covered with acanthus or moss, and adorned with figures of animals cut out in box-trees. The lawn was surrounded by a walk enclosed with tonsile evergreens sheared into a variety of forms. Beyond this was a circular place for exercise, ornamented in the middle with box-trees sheared into numberless different shapes; and the whole was fenced in by a wall covered with box. In another part of the garden was a small space of ground shaded by four plane-trees, with a fountain in the centre. A plantation of trees met the eye in another direction in the form of a hippodrome formed of box and plane trees alternately planted and connected by ivy, the semicircular ends being formed of cypress, and behind them were placed bay-trees. Rose-trees bordered the walks, which were in a winding direction, ending in a straight path, and then branching off into a variety of others, separated by box-hedges. These were sheared into a variety of shapes and letters, some expressing the name of the master, others that of the designer; while here and there were small obelisks, intermixed with fruit-trees.

There were endless wonders in this marvellous garden: an alcove of white marble shaded by vines and supported by marble pillars, and from the seat flowed several streams of water, as if pressed out by the weight of those who sat thereon; a fountain throwing out water to a considerable height; a beautiful summer-house opening on a green enclosure, and furnished with a fountain and many marble seats, each having a fountain near it; while rills of water flowed here and there, delighting the ear with their murmuring sound and refreshing the trees and flowers of the wondrous place. In addition there was a temple of Ceres, a farm, a park, a kitchen-garden, orchard, apiary, *cochlearium* or snailery, and *glivarium* or place for dormice.

Such was the marvellous garden of a noble Roman, which served as a model for the fashioning of pleasure-grounds in the seventeenth century. The representations of the gardens of Herculaneum show that the same plan was adopted in that ancient city. There were square enclosures formed by trellis-work and trees spread out like a fan, and fountains and vases and statues; and the same arrangement has survived to the present time.

Hawthorne thus describes the Medici gardens: 'They are laid out in the old fashion of straight paths, with borders of box, which form hedges of great height and density, and are shorn and trimmed to the evenness of a wall of stone at the top and sides. There are green alleys with long vistas, overshadowed by ilex-trees; and at each intersection of the paths the visitor finds seats of lichen-covered stone to repose on, and marble statues that look forlornly at him, regretful of their lost noses. In the more open portions of the gardens, before the sculptured front of the villa, you see fountains and flower-beds; and in their season a profusion of roses, from which the genial sun of Italy distils a fragrance to be scattered abroad by the no less genial breeze.'

Early in the seventeenth century the revived classic style of architecture was transplanted into England by Inigo Jones. This celebrated architect had carefully studied in Italy the works of Palladio, then but recently deceased, and effected a complete revolution in the arrangement of an

English gentleman's house. Italian villas became the fashion, and our gardens were modelled after the pattern of those seen in Italy. The terraces adjoined the house, the lawn declining thence; we see again Pliny's flower-garden with a fountain in the centre, the walk bordered with box, the trees sheared into whimsical artificial forms, together with fountains, alcoves, and summer-houses.

Sir William Temple thus describes what he considered to be a perfect garden: 'The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire. I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expense. It lies at the side of a hill, upon which the house stands, but not very steep. The length of the house, where the best rooms and of most use and pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden; the great parlour opens into the midst of a terrace gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may be about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border set with standard laurels, and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange-trees out of flower and fruit. From this walk are three descents by many stone steps, in the middle and at each end, with a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel-walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues at the several quarters. At the end of the terrace-walks are two summer-houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters open to the garden. Over these two cloisters are two terraces covered with lead and fenced with balusters; and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer-houses at the end of the first terrace-walk. The cloister facing the south is covered with vines. From the middle of the parterre is a descent by many steps into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees, ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness, which is very shady; the walks here are all green, and there is a grotto embellished with figures of shell rock-work, fountains, and waterworks.'

Here was a garden beautiful in every respect, charming in every detail. The Countess of Bedford was its originator, and Dr Donne says that it was 'the sweetest place he had ever seen in his life, before or since, at home or abroad.' It has, of course, long since been destroyed, and its place occupied by lawns and trees.

Horace Walpole tells the sad story of the devastation of these old gardens with many a sigh, which finds an echo in our hearts to-day. He wrote: 'No succeeding generation in an opulent and luxurious country contents itself with the perfection established by its ancestors; more perfect perfection was still sought, and improvements had gone on till Loudon and Wise had stocked all our gardens with giants, animals, monsters, coats-of-arms and mottoes, in yew, box, and holly. Bridgman, the next fashionable designer of gardens, was far more chaste; he banished verdant sculpture, and did not even revert to the square precision of the foregoing age. He enlarged his plans, disdaining to make every division tally to its opposite; and though he still adhered much to straight walks with high-clipped hedges, they were only his great lines; the rest he diversified with wilderness, and with loose groves of oak, though still within surrounding hedges. As his reformation gained footing, he ventured to introduce cultivated fields and even morsels of forest appearance by the sides of those endless and tiresome walks.

'But the capital stroke, the leading step to all that followed, was the destruction of walls for boundaries and the invention of fosses: an attempt then deemed so astonishing that the common people called them "Ha! ha's!" to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk. No sooner was this simple enchantment made than levelling, mowing, and rolling followed. The contiguous ground of the park without the sunk fence was to be harmonised with the lawn within; and the garden in its turn was to be set free from its prim regularity, that it might assort with the wilder country without. At that moment appeared Kent, painter enough to taste the charms of landscape, bold and opinionative enough to dare and to dictate, and born with a genius to strike out a great system from the twilight of imperfect essays.'

Who was this wretch that dared such sacrilege? This Kent was a Yorkshireman, an apprentice of a coach-painter in 1719. He discovered a genius for painting, and was patronised by Lord Burlington, with whom he lived, after a journey to Italy, at Burlington House. He painted historical subjects and ceilings. The hall at Stowe was adorned by his brush. Then he took up architecture, and finally landscape-gardening. Claremont and Esher were his first efforts. Kensington Gardens were also manipulated by him, where he actually introduced dead trees in order to produce the appearance of natural woods. Could anything be more artificial, more antagonistic to good taste? Yet he won the approval of the men of his generation, and amongst them Mason the poet was warm in his praise, alluding to Kent's Elysian scenes in the highest style of panegyric. He tells how Kent prided himself in shading with evergreens his most cherished productions, and attributes to him all that had been done by 'the most deservedly admired designers,' Southcote, Hamilton, Lyttleton, Pit, Shenstone, Morris, and Wright. Had Kent never exterminated the bounds of regularity, never actually traversed the way of freedom of manner, these cultivated artists would never have found it of themselves.

Wright succeeded Kent in the cultivation of these barbarous methods. He is said to have produced 'an admirable effect' on a lawn at

Beckett House, the seat of Lord Barrington; decorated a copsewood with roses at Stoke, near Bristol; designed the terrace-walk at Oatlands; and constructed a river which was not infrequently mistaken for the Thames itself.

Then fashion fixed upon a poor gardener named Brown, and made him prime favourite. A worse choice could not have been made. He was an ignorant Northumbrian, and utterly devoid of taste. He became head-gardener at Stowe; but Lord Cobham very wisely confined his efforts to the kitchen-garden. By the influence of his master he became royal gardener at Hampton Court and Windsor. At Blenheim he constructed the large artificial lake and attained the summit of his popularity. The gardens he wrecked are beyond all reckoning. Improvement was the passion of the day, and there was scarcely a country gentleman who did not consult the royal gardener. Daines Barrington says of him that 'he had undoubtedly great merit in laying out pleasure-grounds; but I conceive that in some of his plans I see more traces of the kitchen-gardener of old Stowe than of Poussin or Claude Lorraine.' He was fond of planting crowded circular clumps of fir, which excited the ridicule of many, and was defended by the artist as being 'playful.' His general plan was to surround the ground to be cultivated by a narrow belt of trees, and fill in the enclosed space with these miserable round or oval clumps, and a reach or two of a tame river on different levels. This is the sort of plan which prevailed from about 1740 to 1790, when the whim ceased. Sir William Chambers declared that if it had continued for any longer period there would not have been found three trees in a line from Land's End to the Tweed. The only benefit which accrued from this curious method of laying out gardens was that which fell to the lot of Martin Brown—'Capability Brown,' as he was nicknamed—who amassed a large fortune.

There was naturally a revolt from this style of laying out gardens which was far more formal than the formal style which it displaced. An ancient garden had avenues, alleys, stars, *pâtés-d'oye*, pelotons (square clumps), circular masses, rows, and strips; but this degenerated Brown-designed garden had only a belt, a clump, and a single tree. The shafts of satire were levelled at these daring destroyers of old gardens and at the folly of fashion which permitted such atrocities. The author of *Village Memoirs* (1775) scoffs at the professor of gardening under the title of 'Lay Out,' and declares that most of the landscape-gardens were evidently planned by some general undertaker. Wyndham laughs at the idea that they should be arranged so as to look well in a picture. Salvator Rosa painted beautiful pictures of caves. Are we therefore to live in caves? Gainsborough's 'Country Girl' is more picturesque than a child neatly dressed. Are our children to go in rags? Places are not to be laid out with a view to their appearance in a picture, but to their use and the enjoyment of them in real life. With this view gravel-walks and neat mown lawns, straight alleys, fountains, terraces, parterres, and cut hedges, are in perfect good taste, and infinitely more conformable to the principles which form the basis of our pleasures in those instances than the docks and thistles and litter and disorder that may make a much better figure in a picture.

Thus thoughtful men were feeling after and finding a more excellent way; but, as in many other departments of life, 'the evils that men do live after them.' Revolutions uproot and destroy, and it is often impossible to restore what wanton hands have sacrificed to momentary whims and passions. Let us cherish the beauties that remain, our diminished inheritance, which time has spared, and resolve that no rude hand or devouring spade shall deprive us of them.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

RESTORING THOSE APPARENTLY DEAD.

MANY cases are on record in which persons apparently dead have been restored to life by the persevering practice of what is known as artificial respiration, and it is quite certain that in cases of drowning or other forms of asphyxiation hopes of restoration should not be given up until a long time has been devoted to the necessary work. Rhythmical traction of the tongue has been known to revive the respiratory function when other means have failed, and Dr Laborde, of Paris, has contrived for this purpose a small machine which can be worked either by clock-movement or electric motor. In the course of his experiments to test the value of this remedy he chloroformed a vigorous bull-dog, weighing thirty-five pounds, to such an extent that there was no perceptible respiration. After fifteen minutes' tongue-traction the dog recovered sensibility. In another experiment anæsthesia was carried to a much further point, and in this latter case the animal recovered its faculties after two and a half hours' tongue-traction. With regard to the human patient, he is laid on his back, while the little instrument is placed on a stand which projects over his chest. A pair of broad tweezers grasps the tongue, and is attached to the mechanism, which keeps up a continued pulling in-and-out action. Dr Laborde's experiments point to the assumption that although an animal organism may have

apparently ceased to live externally, the germ of life still persists internally, and can be made to assert itself by the means described.

NATURE-STUDY.

During the past few decades we have had a plethora of exhibitions, and all trades and manufactures have been represented in this popular form. But the Nature-study Exhibition, which was held at the Botanical Gardens, London, this autumn, differed from all its predecessors in its character and objects. It was to a large extent an experiment, the idea being to ascertain what steps were being taken to teach young people who are surrounded by bricks and mortar the truths of natural history, and to find out how far these efforts to study nature had been successful. The result of the appeal to various schools brought a hearty response, and both rich and poor sent in articles for exhibition, the various Board schools in the great towns and rural districts being well represented. Some of the work shown was most admirably done, notably the wax models of insects, plants, &c.; while the raised maps, modelled in plaster and coloured, showed how well the children in some districts are made to understand the nature of the district in which they live. Photographs illustrative of the geology of a neighbourhood as evidenced by quarries, railway cuttings, &c., were also in evidence. We trust that this exhibition is only the first of a number of similar institutions, for the public must be kept alive to the extreme value and importance of this method of teaching the young.

AN ISTHMIAN RAILROAD.

The long-projected canal at Panamá, which seems at last to have entered the domain of things practicable, has a rival in the railway which crosses the isthmus of Tehuantepec. A glance at the map of Central America will show that the barrier which separates the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is at this point somewhat broader than the strip of land at Panamá, while at the same time it is some hundreds of miles west of that place. Seven years ago the Mexican Government constructed a railroad here which has a length of one hundred and ninety-two miles; but it was very primitive in design, and quite unfit for the heavy traffic which would ensue if this route should ever become one of the world's highways. The Pearson Company, which has already carried out many important works, have undertaken to reconstruct this railway, and to establish a port at each end of the line for the accommodation of the biggest ships afloat, and the work is to be completed early next year. The few brick bridges which now span the line will be replaced by steel girder erections, which better withstand any seismic disturbance which may occur. Very extensive harbour works and dock facilities both on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards are in progress, and these works will be fitted with electric cranes and other appliances of the most modern type.

REJUVENATED RUBBER.

Most persons know by personal experience that india-rubber goods are perishable, and that neither the popular 'mackintosh' nor the rubber wheel-tire has an unlimited lease of life. Many plans have been suggested for the renewal of rubber, so that old goods may be made to give up the worn-out material, which by certain processes is made fit to enter once more upon a commercial career. This rejuvenated substance is known in New York as 'recovered' rubber, and a factory for its preparation has recently been established there. The principal source of the rubber treated is the discarded galosh, a form of footgear used to a far greater extent in America than it has ever been in Britain; and there are two processes, the one mechanical and the other chemical, by which the rubber is 'recovered.' In the first process the material is ground between rollers, then run over magnets which extract from it any particles of iron; and next a current of air is employed to blow away textile fibres and dust. It is then heated, with or without the addition of oil—a process which to a certain extent devulcanises the rubber—and is finally rolled into sheets. In the chemical process the rubber is robbed of its impurities by treatment with acid; but this method has the inconvenience of leaving a waste acid product which is difficult of disposal. Old rubber can never be made like new; but there is a good demand for rubber goods of low price, and the new manufacture is now a regular article of export from America to this country.

CHAMPAGNE.

There is fashion in wines as in everything else. The sherries and ports in which our forefathers delighted have long ago given place to clarets, and now clarets are losing their position in the public estimation in favour of sparkling wines like champagne. However, real champagne is about as rare as real cognac; and as the demand must be met, various imitations find their way into the market. Some find their origin in the juice of the grape, but there is little doubt that a large number are prepared from other vegetable juices. According to the *Society of Arts Journal*, the owners of some vineyards in the Médoc country, recognising that their claret has found a formidable rival in champagne, are now producing sparkling wines made by the same process as that followed by the champagne-growers, and we are told that 'to the ordinary taste there is nothing but the label to distinguish sparkling Médoc from the best brands of champagne.' The colour of the

grape presents no difficulty if the dark skins be removed before fermentation, and as a matter of fact the champagne grapes are as black as those grown in the Médoc country.

OLD WATERWORKS.

In the course of some recent excavations in the City of London some curious wooden water-pipes were unearthed. These are formed of the trunks of trees nearly two feet in diameter, with a bore of about eight inches. One end of each length of piping is cut to a point, so that it might easily fit into the hollow of the next length in order. These pipes are supposed to be about one hundred and fifty years old, and were probably laid by the New River Company to convey water from their reservoir to Finsbury, which, although now a strictly commercial district of London, was once a fashionable neighbourhood bordered by fields and hedges. The early methods of supplying the Metropolis with water seem to have been of a very rough-and-ready description. Less than two centuries ago the supply was pumped up from the Thames at London Bridge by the action of water-wheels turned by the tide, which was very swift at this point. These wheels were designed by a Dutchman, and they form a prominent feature in some of the engravings of the time. Of course there was no such thing as filtration in those days, for the discovery of pathogenic germs had yet to await the invention of the microscope.

VACCINATION PREVIOUS TO JENNER.

The return of a well-known African explorer in the person of Mr J. Faux, who has had a long sojourn in the land of the Gallas, British East Africa, has given a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* an opportunity of recording some of this traveller's interesting experiences and discoveries. The Gallas, who are described as a race physically and intellectually superior to their neighbours, the Somalis, have a light copper-coloured skin and handsome features. Possibly the most remarkable thing about them is that for centuries past they have practised vaccination as a preventive of smallpox; and although this disease is not unknown among them, they are not susceptible to it, and are rarely pock-marked. The operation is performed not on the arm, as with Europeans, but on the side of the nose, the serum being rubbed into the skin after a slight puncture has been made. Should any of the Gallas be smitten with an infectious disease, he is immediately isolated from his fellows, while his neighbours cast lots as to undertaking the duties of nursing and feeding the invalid. The Gallas are a strictly anti-liquor people, and intoxicants in any form appear to be abhorrent to them. The land which they occupy extends from some distance east of the Uganda railway to the Juba river, and there have been found on their territory the ruins of a large city, now almost entirely hidden in the jungle, which speak of a former civilisation of a very high order.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Shareholders and others who are interested in the submarine cables which now form such a network over the ocean floor are naturally somewhat anxious to know whether the recent experiments of Signor Marconi indicate an impending change in our methods of electrical communication or whether they have simply an academic interest. It has already been proved beyond dispute that the wireless system forms an effective method of communicating between ships at sea and between ships and the shore, and in this employment it stands by itself; but whether it is designed to supersede cable messages is a point upon which the highest authorities do not seem to be able to come to an agreement. Professor Graham Bell, of telephone fame, believes that Marconi's invention will never take the place of telephone or telegraph on land, but that its usefulness will be confined to over-sea employment. 'I believe,' he is reported to have said, 'the invention will supplant the oceanic cables when it is sufficiently developed to be reliable for the transmission of messages.' Lord Kelvin, on the other hand, is said to be 'strongly of opinion that, however valuable wireless telegraphy may be for certain purposes, it cannot affect the transmission of messages over great distances through cables.'

NOW AND THEN.

Since the opening of the new century, the *Times* has made a daily practice of printing excerpts from its issue of one hundred years back, and many of these are most interesting, and often amusing, in their contrast to the life of the present day. Last month, for example, appeared a notice of Garnerin's balloon ascent from Lord's Cricket Ground, London, when we learn that the Prince of Wales was present to see the balloon depart. It rose from the ground ten minutes before five, and came to the ground seventeen miles away in fifteen minutes. This was rapid travelling; but the wind was high and the weather in other respects unfavourable. It would seem that we have made but little progress during the past hundred years in the art of navigating the air. Our newest machines are still balloons; and though we have, by the addition of oil-engines and aluminium fittings, learnt how to steer them in a given direction to a very limited extent, they are still of the most unwieldy character. In such a wind as Garnerin had to face, the modern machine could have done no better than the simple gas-bag which he employed. It may be mentioned that about forty years earlier Cavendish noted the extreme lightness of hydrogen as compared with common air,

and that soon afterwards Black of Edinburgh sent up the first model balloon in the form of a small bag which he inflated with that gas.

PORTABLE HOUSES.

In the early days of colonisation the brave men and women who ventured into unknown lands had to build their own rough log-huts as best they might. It is different to-day, for a family leaving home can take with them a house which fits together without the aid of tools, and which can be made weather-proof, fireproof, and even insect-proof if required. Such a house, or rather houses—for the designs for the building are of the most diverse kind—will be found in the invention of Mr A. Silbiger, who has now one on exhibition in London. The salient feature of the erection, which in this case comprises four spacious rooms, is the making of wall, door, and window pieces or panels all of one size, and interchangeable, so that the area of the rooms and the position of the windows and doors can be altered at very short notice. Thus there is no need to number the different parts of the house; for, once the framework is up, the panels will fit anywhere, and can be made rigidly fast by hand-screws. The building can be extended almost indefinitely, and in many places abroad hospitals, barracks, and other erections of a temporary or portable kind constructed on the Silbiger plan have been used with success. These houses are also used on private estates for bathing-pavilions, billiard-rooms, and as bungalows for temporary residence at the seaside. The makers are Messrs Farquharson, 85 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT ELECTRICITY.

The electric telegraph and the telephone are now such common aids to communication between persons distant from one another that we do not often pause to consider what wonderful inventions they are. Even wireless telegraphy has ceased to interest the public, who are so surfeited with the true fairy tales of science that they seem to be losing the power of feeling astonished. There are, however, certain methods of secret signalling, or telegraphy—we hardly know what to call it—known to certain Oriental and semi-barbarous nations, which have long been a puzzle to those Europeans who have had an opportunity of observing their effects. It is said on good authority that the murder of General Gordon at Khartoum was known in the bazaars of Cairo, a thousand miles away, on the day of his death. Similarly, in the first Afghan war, the terrible disaster which befell the British army in the Khyber Pass was known all over the country before it became circulated through the ordinary means of communication. It is certain, too, that in the late war in South Africa the Boers were able, through their Kaffir scouts, to get news of the movements of our troops almost as soon as the order to march had been given. A recent article in the *Spectator* gives some other instances of this 'natural telegraphy,' the secret of which, in spite of energetic inquiries on the part of many officers and travellers, and the proffer of heavy bribes, has never been divulged to Europeans.

FROM PARIS TO NEW YORK OVERLAND.

An expedition under Mr Harry de Windt started in December of last year from Paris, one of the objects being to survey a line of railway to Behring Strait in connection with the Siberian Railway, which is now pronounced quite feasible—however otherwise impracticable—except for the mountains of Verkhoyansk. Yakutsk, in Northern Siberia, was reached in February. Here the post sledges were discarded for light open sleds drawn by reindeer. Their next halt was at Verkhoyansk, the coldest place in Siberia, the average temperature in winter being fifty-three degrees (Fahrenheit) below zero. There are only seventy days in the year free from snow, and in mid-winter four hours of twilight to twenty of darkness. The journey from Irkutsk to Yakutsk occupied a month. The road was over precipitous mountains, and the cold was intense, the thermometer registering seventy-eight degrees below zero. At Kolymsk they found the lot of political prisoners pitiable. There were four suicides, and three had gone mad in two years. On the journey to Behring the party experienced great hardships, having to sleep in tents with the temperature forty degrees below zero. For twenty days they lost their way, were badly frozen, and suffered greatly from hunger. The Chukchis were unfriendly until they were near the Strait. The journey thither from Kolymsk occupied seven weeks, and was made in sleighs drawn by dogs. The party remained in East Cape five weeks, where they had a bad time owing to the drunken orgies indulged in by the Chukchis. They were taken off by the cutter *Thetis*, which landed them on the ice five miles from Cape Prince of Wales. The shore was quite unapproachable in the ship, and they had a perilous journey of four hours over floes and open water. They landed in America on 19th June, and were in Paris by the end of August, having accomplished over eighteen thousand miles in two hundred and forty-eight days. The European members of the expedition, besides the leader, are Vicomte de Clinchampe-Bellegarde and Mr George Harding, a former fellow-traveller.

LEAFY THOROUGHFARES.

Nothing improves the appearance of a city street more than the presence of trees, and there is the satisfaction of knowing at the same time that their pleasant greenery is conducive to health. London has of late tardily followed the example of the Continental towns, and its newer thoroughfares are planted with trees, which in

due time will equal in luxuriance those to be seen in the old-fashioned squares. There has recently arisen a cry of vandalism because several trees on the line of route taken by the Coronation procession have been cut down or mutilated, and the loss is one which cannot be repaired for a long time. They seem to understand these things better in France. To find room for the temporary buildings of the last Paris Exhibition hundreds of trees were removed; but they are now back in their old places looking as green and vigorous as ever. More recently, in the course of street improvements, a double row of trees in one of the Parisian boulevards has been moved to a fresh position without any injury to structure or growth. It is difficult to see why, if such work can be successfully accomplished in Paris, it cannot be done in London.

HUNTING METHODS OF THE BLACKS OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA.

THE Australian aborigines, though now extinct in the more civilised parts of the continent, and greatly reduced in number in the partially settled districts, still roam and hunt at will over extensive tracts in that part of Australia known as the Northern Territory. These regions are sometimes several thousands of square miles in extent, and are inhabited by the original owners only, who exist in that primitive condition in which unnumbered generations of their ancestors have lived and died. There the members of each tribe retain their purity of race, and hand down the traditions, superstitions, and customs imparted to them in youth; therefore those interested in the customs and folklore of the aborigines may pursue their studies in the Northern Territory to their hearts' content.

Although practically of one type throughout the whole of the continent, the native race is divided into innumerable tribes, each numbering from twenty or thirty to several hundreds. The tribes are again subdivided into clans or camps, each clan consisting of one or more families, numbering from ten or fifteen to about a hundred individuals. Every tribe inhabits its own particular tract of country, speaks a distinct language or dialect, and possesses its own laws and customs without any regard to contiguous tribes; though many of the laws of the various tribes are practically the same as those of their neighbours, and some customs are common to nearly every tribe. If the supply of game and other food is abundant the camps may be only a few miles apart; but in times of scarcity the clans wander farther afield. The camp, of course, is always located within easy reach of a water-supply. The people of the various camps see but little of their fellow-tribesmen belonging to other camps, as each community secures its own supplies; but occasionally the several communities belonging to the same tribe meet in one large camp, usually for the purpose of initiating the boys who are old enough, after they have undergone certain ceremonies, into the full privileges of manhood, with liberty to marry.

The aborigines subsist on the fish and game they catch, supplemented by various kinds of yams and other roots. In the pursuit of game they exercise no little ingenuity; and, as is to be expected of a race possessed of only the most primitive of weapons, they have a thorough knowledge of bushcraft, which they use to the best advantage.

In that portion of the country bordering on the seacoast game is usually plentiful, and any creature that can fly, run, swim, or crawl is utilised as food. Among these may be mentioned such feathered game as wild geese, ducks, cranes, turkeys, quail, pelicans, jungle-fowl, emus, and crows; kangaroos, wallabies, opossums, and bandicoots of the marsupials; buffaloes, rats, wild-dogs, native cats, and other quadrupeds; while the amphibia and reptilia contribute large and small lizards, land and water snakes of various kinds, turtles, tortoises, and alligators—only some of the tribes, however, eating the last named.

Geese, ducks, and other aquatic birds are sometimes caught by the oft-described method of swimming towards them quietly, with the head concealed by a bundle of grass or a large water-lily leaf in which small apertures are made for the eyes. The swimmer seizes the bird suddenly, drags it under the water, and breaks its neck; and the act is performed so noiselessly and quickly that the bird has no time to give the alarm. On other occasions he utilises his knowledge of the birds' habits and the regular feeding-grounds—usually in the bed of some dried-up swamp—to which they return at the same time every evening. Just before their feeding-time the native conceals himself in the high grass, a fringe of which usually surrounds the swamps; and as the birds approach, flying low as they near their goal, he jumps out and usually secures several by means of his throwing-sticks. Sometimes rough stages are made among the tops of the highest paper-bark trees, which usually line the swamps, and there two or three natives lie in wait, while others stationed among the trees and on the opposite side of the swamp create a disturbance to frighten the birds and cause them to rise. Then, when the blacks on the stagings imitate the noise of flying geese, the frightened birds fly towards the tree-tops, where they are knocked

over and then secured as they reach the ground.

Another very ingenious method is often practised. A native will proceed to the feeding-grounds and there make a rough shelter of grass, in which he lies concealed. This shelter has a small opening on one side, around and within which pieces of water-lily-root, a favourite food of wild geese, are scattered. When the geese arrive, one sauntering along and feeding as it goes presently discovers the scraps, and follows them up until it finally puts its head inside the opening; then it is promptly seized and despatched by the native waiting for it. Several birds are usually secured in this way before the others become alarmed.

In hunting pelicans the natives take advantage of that bird's inability to fly immediately after feeding and with its pouch filled, as the whole or the greater part of the fish contained in the pouch must be disgorged before rising. When the pelican has finished feeding it will usually catch a further supply and store it in its pouch for future use; then it comes on shore near by and composes itself to sleep. Now is the watchful native's opportunity; he rushes out, and before the bird can shake out the extra fish he is on it, and both pelican and fish go to furnish him with a meal.

Wild hawks are often caught and eaten. They are very numerous in Northern Australia, and always fly towards smoke, the fire driving out lizards and other small reptiles and insects on which they feed. The native, if he wishes to dine off hawk, will make a small rough shelter of green boughs or grass for the purpose of concealment; he then lights a fire to windward, retires to his shelter, and makes a hole in the top, through which he elevates a lizard attached to a stick. When a hawk flies into the smoke and attempts to take the lizard it is either caught by hand or knocked over with a stick.

Occasionally in the dry season the natives indulge in a grand battue. When the grass, often nine or ten feet in height, becomes dry it leans over bent and broken by the winds, thus forming a dense shelter where innumerable lizards, snakes, quail, pigeons, and other small game congregate and breed. When dry enough to burn easily the natives in the vicinity send out to their fellow-tribesmen invitations to come in for a big feed, and then a large gathering takes place. A wide patch of this grass-covered plain is selected, perhaps two or three square miles in extent, and men are posted all round this area, with fire-sticks ready. The patch is first ignited in several places on the lee-side, where the flames, making only slow progress against the wind, drive the game into the heart of the patch, but do not alarm them much on account of the slowness of the progress. When, however, the flames have taken a thorough hold on the lee-side and form a barrier to escape in that direction, the signal is given, and the natives at the sides and to windward run along the edge of the patch and light the grass as they go, thus forming a complete circle of smoke and flame, and enclosing their quarry in a death-trap. With the wind behind it, the fire swoops down at a tremendous speed, and in a few moments has passed over the whole area, every creature unable to fly being killed. The birds, stupefied by the smoke and driven out by the heat, make a dash for their lives, only to fall back into the flames or drop scorched and singed outside the conflagration, where they are killed by the waiting hunters. The natives follow up the track of the fire as soon as the ground is cool enough, and collect the half-charred remains in bags, usually in tremendous quantity. Then, after indulging in a feast lasting for several days, followed by a *corroboree* (native dance), they disperse to their respective camps.

Fish, which are plentiful in the rivers, swamps, and water-holes, are caught in various ways. In the water-holes and pools of stagnant water in the swamps they are stupefied or killed by means of various roots and barks which the natives grind between stones, adding water till the substance is of the consistency of paste, and this is thrown into the water. After a minute or two the gasping fish rise to the surface, and can be easily caught by the hand. There appear to be at least two kinds of root and three or four kinds of bark used for this purpose; one or two varieties kill the fish, but the effect of others is only temporary, and if undisturbed the fish will recover and swim away in a few minutes. One of the roots is like that of the aconite in shape and colour, but larger; the plant is a trefoil which runs along close to the ground, and is usually found in patches not far from the edge of a swamp. Another root thus used is procured from a kind of wild plum-tree which bears a small, green, acid fruit eaten by the natives. The barks are from various trees having usually very thick and rough bark; one kind is deep red in colour, and all appear to contain a large amount of tannin.

In running water the fish are either speared or caught with nets. The native practice is to lie on a bough overhanging a stream and spear the fish as they swim below; in shallow streams and swamps they wade in and spear as many as they can. If the water is clear they can see them and throw their spears direct; but if, as often happens, the water is muddy, they watch for ripples, and, knowing these are caused by the movements of the fishes' tails, aim their spear just in front of the ripple, very often with success. Rough hinged nets are made from the twisted fibres of the bark of the banyan-tree; and by splashing in shallow waters of small area the fish are gradually driven up to one corner,

where they can be easily enveloped with the nets. The natives discover where fish are to be found in a swamp by observing the favourite feeding-grounds of the pelicans, whose presence is a sure sign.

Turtles and tortoises of various kinds are plentiful, and are esteemed a great delicacy. Turtles are usually caught on sandy beaches when the females come on shore at high-tide to deposit their eggs. They are simply turned over on their backs as they are caught and left till the morning, when they are killed. Sometimes the natives hunt them, both in the daytime and on dark nights by torchlight, in canoes, and spear them when close enough. Tortoises are in the habit of burying themselves in the mud of drying swamps and lying dormant till the next wet season. They leave a small aperture for respiratory purposes, which is discovered by the natives or by their dogs. When the tortoise is dug up it is killed at once, as owing to the shape of its upper shield and the extra length of its limbs as compared with the turtle, it can right itself again if turned on its back.

Kangaroos and wallabies are usually speared on their way to water, to which they often have a regular track, near which the native lies in wait.

In the pursuit of larger game there is, in addition to the excitement of the chase, a spice of danger added, as wounded buffaloes and alligators are apt to attack the hunters, and the pursuer is in turn pursued. In hunting buffaloes, the dogs (which are always numerous in a camp of blacks) are set at one, the hunters hiding behind clumps of grass. As the buffalo rushes past, chased by the dogs or chasing them, the native will step out, seize the buffalo by the tail, and hamstring it with one or two swift strokes of a tomahawk or knife. The beast now sinks to the ground, when the other natives come up, and after blinding it with pointed sticks, they despatch it with spears and tomahawks.

Alligators are plentiful in the tidal rivers, where they subsist on fish, and can frequently be seen at low-tide basking and sleeping on the banks, a stretch of liquid mud lying between them and the stream. The natives use a special spear for this work, with an iron head, very often fashioned from an old shear-blade; and when they find an alligator asleep on the bank, will spear it, if possible, in the side behind the forearm, where the hide is thinnest. The alligator at once slips off the bank, sinks into the mud, and tries to make its way into the water; but the natives on the bank shower spears at it, being able to follow its course by the movements in the mud, and often manage to secure the reptile before it reaches the stream. Sometimes in shallow water the natives will spear an alligator from their canoes, and then it will often take to the land. A scene of wild excitement now ensues, as the natives surround the reptile a short way off, and discharge spears at it. The alligator, which for a short distance can run almost as fast as a man, will perhaps charge one of his tormentors, who will fly for his life, and the others will follow, still throwing spears. The reptile, on feeling the spears, will turn and give chase to another man, who also takes to his heels; and the native first pursued turns and takes up the chase with the others. This goes on until the alligator is killed or gets back into the water and escapes.

Dugongs, which are to be found in shallow, sandy bays often near the mouths of the larger rivers, are killed with a special spear or harpoon, which consists of an iron head eight to ten inches long, fitted on but not fixed to a shaft of wood or bamboo from fourteen to sixteen feet in length, and a long line made from twisted banyan fibres is attached to the iron three or four inches from its junction with the shaft. When the dugong is found and harpooned, the length of the shaft gives extra impetus to the throw, and the head is completely embedded. The shaft usually becomes detached and floats away; and the line, being attached to the iron not quite half-down, on being drawn taut tends to fix the head crossways in the body of the animal, so that pulling on it does not cause it to be withdrawn. The natives, who hunt in couples in canoes, hang on to the line and thrust more spears into the body of their quarry until it is killed, and then it is towed ashore. However, if not struck in a vital spot, the dugong sometimes escapes, carrying away spears and lines, the natives having to let go everything to save themselves from being carried under water.

RONDEAU OF REGRET.

Oh, heart of mine! hast thou forgot
The sands in moonlight stretching gray
About the silver bend of bay?
Laughter and love are forgotten not!

Passion and pain of after-lot:
These may come; they are come this day,
Oh, heart of mine!

But when with sadness overfraught,
Will there not come to the soul, to stay,
A dream of dunes in the moonlight's way,
And the dear old love return unsought,
Oh, heart of mine?

Isabel Keith Campbell.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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HUPEH.

By CARLTON DAWE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

'BLOOD is blood and race is race,' said Hupeh; 'you cannot transform a nation in a year, nor in a hundred years. Your people have a wise saying concerning the leopard and his spots; and yet you foolishly hope to turn the yellow man white.'

'Not quite, though I might point to the change half a decade has made in you. Five years ago, acting on my advice, you went to Europe. I will not insult your august intelligence, my admirable Hupeh, by saying you came back civilised; but was there not a difference?'

'A greater difference than even you imagine, Forder,' he said, a grave look adding inconceivable solemnity to the utterance. 'It was wrong to send me to Europe; it would have been better for me, for Europe, had I stayed at home. Many things of which I was ignorant are now made clear, and I doubt if Europe is the gainer. For one thing, I know the limitations of the white man.'

'I doubt it, Hupeh. I doubt if he knows them himself.'

'He may be taught,' said the Chinaman, his strange dark eyes emitting a singularly fervent glow.

'And the yellow man is to teach him? Hupeh, the white man has still far to go, but not quite so far as that.'

'I have learnt much,' repeated Hupeh, with the stolid assurance of his race.

'In my country we say that knowledge is power. It is good to know.'

'Good for me, or for Europe?'

'For you, for Europe, for all concerned. It is this lack of knowledge which has made China the plaything of the Powers.'

'In a way, true; but those who play too long with China will cut themselves with the sharp edges.'

'I grant that a chip here or there matters nothing'—I purposely refrained from commenting upon his singularly inappropriate joke—'but continual chipping will reduce the most obstinate block of granite.'

'My dear friend, your people chip the edges only; the great heart of the thing is still untouched. You may dot our seas with warships, seize here and there a coast town; but the heart of the country, the stupendous stored-up energy of the millions—how will you chip or damage that?'

'But we do not wish to damage it. Put your house in order: that is all Europe asks.'

'Does Europe know what she is asking? Does she realise what this means: the putting of our house in order? Conceive, if you can, the enormous power of a race, thrifty, sober, industrious, four hundred millions strong. Is not Europe asking us to do a foolish thing?'

'A threat, Hupeh?'

'And why not? The high sport of civilised nations'—with an unpleasant lingering on the word 'civilised'—'seems to be the threatening of each other. You have your armies and your warships, your diplomatic notes and your open or covert threats. You are civilised—oh, most highly!—yet for a fancied slight you are ready to spring at each other's throat like a pack of wolves. It may be civilisation, Forder; but it is not too convincing. I am not so sure as I once was of the ineffable blessing of the Western method.'

'My dear Hupeh, I regret to see that your visit to Europe has not yielded the return I might reasonably have expected.'

'It has yielded the only return it could. There are many things to admire in your civilisation; but it is not the civilisation of the yellow man.'

'It has done much, Hupeh.'

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'Then let it rest content. We are not of the West, and to adopt your manners or your clothes would be equally ridiculous. Moreover, we too have our pride, friend Forder, and are apt to resent your assumption of superiority. There is even such a thing as a national spirit, a dream of nationhood. You do not even smile, Forder. I am glad of that. So many of your ignorant compatriots would have jeered. But you understand us, you are a man of sensibility, and I am proud to call you friend.'

I believed him then, and later on I had cause to deepen that belief.

'You know my sentiments, Hupeh; you know that I am one who would not Westernise the Chinese, were it only as a matter of selfish policy. Naturally you resent the missionary, the diplomatic agent, and the gunboat. If a new Buddha or a new Mohammed were to descend upon England and tell us we were heathens doomed to perdition, and all that sort of thing—well, at first we should all laugh, then we should fling brickbats at him, and eventually we should lodge him in a lunatic asylum.'

'And were we to do likewise?'

'Of course the diplomatic agent would talk—and then the gunboat. Might is right, friend Hupeh.'

His black eyes gleamed ominously. 'That is the white man's gospel?'

'It is a gospel he does not publicly proclaim, but one for which he has a sneaking fondness.'

'And if that argument were used against him?'

'I am not so sure that he would appreciate it.'

'It may come sooner than he expects.'

I started at the tone. Hupeh's eyes flashed; his somewhat protruding lips moved nervously; he made an obvious effort to hide his agitation. Rumours of riots in the south and west had filtered to us from time to time. It was the old game of missionary-baiting, a game beloved of the Celestials; but so far the most exaggerated rumours had spoken of nothing but the uprising of a few local roughs. In China the authorities are always careful to saddle the local rough with official negligence: the one never objects, and the other saves his face.

'Europe would exact great reparation,' I suggested.

'And we should pay—in our own way.'

I felt that he was not frank with me, and the thoughts that lay behind those inscrutable slit eyes of his reflected an uncanny glare. Yet I must confess that my sympathies were more or less with him and his people; for an intelligent man such as Hupeh could not fail to grasp the trend of things, and, grasping, dread the outlook. Every nation believes it has an inalienable right to blunder in its own particular manner, and the Chinese were not yet a subject race; but already there were portents in the air, and the banner of revolt was known to flap in secret places.

Hupeh knew that I was trying to pierce his thoughts, and he let his little black eyes, with their slow, sullen fire, play all over me, as though to say, 'Look well at me; make what you can of it.' That was just precisely where I failed. One had often heard these half-muttered threats, had encountered looks which were anything but conciliatory. However, neither threats nor looks break bones; and I could sympathise with the antipathy to the 'foreign devil,' and that longing which all true men must feel for the glory and the independence of their country. If Hupeh's country were only more worthy! But that was a thought I could not hope would meet with his entire approbation.

We were not a very large European community in Tsing-Fu, where I for my sins was stationed. There were, of course, the ubiquitous Protestant and Catholic missionaries, the differences between whom must have considerably puzzled the simple Celestials; for, though they all professed to worship the same God, they did not appear to be capable of living amicably together. Two or three merchants with their families completed the foreign community.

Being weak in numbers, we were consequently humble. The natives, having nothing to fear from us, treated us with good-natured contempt, and I do not think we ever ventured upon any undue ruffling of their complacency. It was here I met Hupeh; and as I recognised in him a man above the common, we became good friends. I gave him lessons in English, and he initiated me into the higher elements of his language. Even in those days he had dreams: crude, half-formed ideas beat themselves against the boundaries of his brain. Had I guessed the definite shape those fancies would assume I should not have preached assiduous cultivation of them.

When I thought him ripe to receive impressions I urged him to undertake a visit to Europe. He was a wealthy man, the son of a rich banker, and could consequently enjoy extreme facility in travelling. I was sure the experience would benefit him exceedingly, and in a way—for one can never foresee to what heights a man may rise—might prove of advantage to his country.

Just the opposite happened to what I had fondly anticipated. Hupeh went and saw, but he was not conquered. A closer acquaintance with the white man destroyed the reverence of years; the white woman, whom hitherto he had regarded as almost an angel, became — well, merely the mother of the white man. Ever after he was amazed at the presumption of the foreigner.

Upon his return I was not slow to notice this regrettable change in him, nor did I neglect the friend's prerogative in broaching it; but while he was willing to admit the scientific and

mechanical superiority of the white man, he would concede to him no superior morality. Altogether, I was sorry I had advised him to go to England.

Frankly, he disappointed me; and when he took to talking politics, wanting to know why the Chinese Government allowed itself to be dictated to by people on the other side of the world, I began to fear that Hupeh had been listening to irresponsible patriots. As a rule the ordinary yellow man, never having had a say in the government of his country, is quite content to leave high affairs in the hands of those who are supposed to understand them. Indeed, to question authority is something more serious than a blunder. But in every age and in every clime there have always been men of an infinite curiosity, and they not infrequently prove to officialism more deadly than all the plagues of Egypt. When the mass begins to reason it grows dangerous, and though at the time I little foresaw the real drift of things, I was not so devoid of perception as to be entirely free of anxiety.

Hupeh, I noticed, no longer devoted himself to business with that assiduity which commands success. Politics, and politics alone, seemed to claim all his waking hours; and I observed with no little trepidation that he had become extremely intimate with the people at the Yamen, the chief of which, one Cheng-Chu, was known to be a rabid anti-foreigner and adherent of the masterful Empress. This knowledge, coupled with increasing rumours of disturbances in the far south, filled me with an uneasiness I did not care to admit, for to those who dwell in the far interior the thought of a popular rising has many terrors. Held in check, the populace of the Middle Kingdom is no worse than that of any other country, but imagination shudders at the thought of a break away.

Once Hupeh and I could talk of such a contingency with an admirable indifference to the gravity of the subject; but of late, and particularly since he had become intimate with Cheng-Chu, he avoided all such topics, or faintly expressed the hope that when the tornado came it would considerately spare Tsing-Fu.

'Do you think the Boxers are strong enough to march so far north?' I asked, referring to the secret society which had lately been making some stir in the south.

'They are here already,' he said; 'they are everywhere. Their society embraces men of all ranks. Never has such a national gathering been known in the Middle Kingdom.'

'And the real object?' I asked.

I could see by his look that he still mistrusted me.

'Who shall say? Much is possible.'

'From a mere revolutionary band?'

He marked the sneer, but it only made his mouth curl slowly into a deep, meaning smile.

'And if it were not a mere revolutionary band? What if it had the Manchu influence behind it?'

'It would be very serious.'

'It is serious.'

Nor could I doubt it. Rumours of the Boxer rising grew and grew; but as yet nothing definite reached us in our out-of-the-way city. I was not slow to notice the changing demeanour of the populace, the furtive, evil looks of the common people, the insolent stare of the better classes. A few months ago they made room for me in the roadway; now they seemed to resent any and every assumption of superiority, withholding the ordinary meed of equality.

NEW LIMBS FOR OLD ONES.

IT might reasonably have been supposed that artificial limbs, like the bicycle and the telephone, were refinements of modern civilisation. As a matter of fact, however, they illustrate the truth of the wise man's saying, that 'there is nothing new under the sun.' The College of Surgeons owns among its curios the skeleton of a man with a wooden (or rather bronze-cum-wooden) leg. It was found in a tomb at Capua, the contents of which were known to date back to 300 B.C. Coming to a somewhat later date, Pliny tells us that Marcus Sergius, Consul of Rome in 167 B.C., lost his right hand in his second campaign, besides receiving over a score of other wounds. Under such circumstances, most men would have had enough of fighting. Not so the gallant Sergius. After taking part in four more battles single-handed (in a literal sense), he had an artificial hand made for him, and, thus repaired, fought with undiminished valour and success throughout the Second Punic War.

Passing to more modern times, the 'iron hand' worn by Götz von Berlichingen, one of the robber knights of the sixteenth century, may still be seen by the curious at Jagstfeld. It was so contrived as to grip sword or lance with equal facility, which in those days was no doubt the first consideration, though its weight (over three pounds) must have made it a trifle unwieldy for more peaceful purposes.

These, however, are isolated instances, and from Götz's time artificial limbs seem to have been neglected for about three centuries. Nelson lived for eight years after he lost his arm at Santa

Cruz; but no attempt was made to replace it, and for the rest of his days he wore an empty coat-sleeve. About the beginning of the last century, however, Baillif, a mechanician of Berlin, succeeded in constructing a hand weighing only a pound or thereabouts (in itself a great advance), and capable of picking up any light object.

There matters rested till 1845, which may be regarded as the real starting-point of the limb-making industry. In that year a celebrated French tenor, M. Roger, had the misfortune to lose his right arm. At first it appeared as if his artistic career was at an end; but an ingenious Prussian mechanician, Herr Petersen, constructed for him an arm with which he was able not only to use appropriate gesture in his performances, but to draw and wield a sword, use a pen, and pick up a piece of paper. The French Academy of Sciences appointed a committee to report on the achievement, and since that date the art of artificial limb-making has made rapid strides.

The 'Beaufort' arm, invented by the Comte de Beaufort some few years later, consists of a wooden hand affixed to a leathern socket precisely fitting the stump. The fingers are slightly flexed, the tips of the first and second fingers being brought in opposition to that of the thumb, which is movable, but normally pressed against the fingers by the action of a rubber spring. From the back of the thumb a cord passes up the sleeve of the wearer to the shoulder, and across the back to the opposite shoulder, where it is tied round the upper part of the arm. By a slight movement of the shoulders, or even by a trifling advance of the arm, tension is put upon the cord, and the thumb is drawn apart from the fingers, the wearer being thereby enabled to pick up any small object. On relaxing the pull, the pressure of the spring causes the thumb to return to its first position, and so to hold the object with a fair amount of grip. This, in proportion to its cost, which is very moderate, is one of the most effective appliances of its kind. It was largely distributed by the French Government after the Franco-Prussian war to soldiers who had had the misfortune to lose their arms in the contest. In England the appliance served out to soldiers similarly maimed consists merely of a leather sheath fitting the stump (rigid or jointed, according to the nature of the mutilation) and bearing on its outer end a socket for the reception of a knife, fork, or hook, after the homely fashion immortalised by that staunch old mariner, Captain Cuttle. The advantage of the French soldier is, however, more apparent than real; for, save in the case of exceptionally complicated and costly artificial limbs, these homely appliances, affixed to the stump, are found to be the most effective. Indeed, many artificial hands are worn for appearance only, and are made detachable at the wrist, that they may be temporarily replaced by one or other of these contrivances, as may suit the immediate needs of the wearer. Among other appliances for this purpose are a ring (to hold a broom-handle or other like implement), a hand-vice, a button-hook, a penholder, a clip for paper or music, and a special contrivance for holding the reins when driving. Indeed, one gentleman, Captain Derenzy, who lost an arm at the battle of Vittoria, gives in a pamphlet called *Enchiridion*, written in 1822, the following list of appliances which he had in everyday use: (1) wash-hand tray, (2) ivory vice with ball and socket, (3) shaving-box, (4) lead cushion, (5) syringe, (6) nail-file, (7) file-holder, (8) boot-hook, (9) silver egg-cup, (10) steel egg-holder, (11) penknife, (12) quill-holder, (13) pen-nibber, (14) ruler, (15) steel vice, (16) hat-stick, (17) knife and fork, (18) nut-crackers, (19) card-holder. Some of these, such as 'wash-hand tray' and 'lead cushion,' are distinctly mysterious. The mention of knife *and* fork attached to the one wrist is at first slightly puzzling; but probably the combination was what is called the 'Nelson knife,' after its most distinguished user. The handle is like that of an ordinary table-knife; but the end of the blade, instead of being rounded off in the ordinary way, turns up at a right angle in its own plane, and is divided into four fork-prongs. The edge of the knife divides the food, while the points pick it up and convey it to the mouth. This appliance is largely used by disabled soldiers, but usually with the natural hand.

Reverting to the mechanical arm, we must not omit to notice what is as yet the cleverest achievement in this direction. It is the invention of Mr Heather Bigg, a surgical mechanician of exceptional ability. It will be remembered that in the 'Beaufort' arm the necessary 'pull' to separate the finger and thumb was carried to the opposite shoulder. The late Mr Heather Bigg, father of the present holder of the name, improved upon this, where the case permitted, by making the attachment of the catgut to the mutilated arm, above the elbow. Even in this case, however, some amount of displacement of the arm was necessary to extend the thumb, and the pressure of the spring which forced it against the fingers was of course a constant quantity. Mr Heather Bigg set to work to overcome these two drawbacks, and succeeded in doing so. We cannot do better than quote his own description of his amended appliance: 'An india-rubber ball filled with water is suspended in the armpit of the wearer, and from this ball a fine india-rubber wire-bound tube passes along the arm to the artificial hand. When the armpit muscles compress the water-filled ball it is obvious that a hydraulic force is generated, and can be carried along the tube to any mechanism that may be devised to convert this force into definite action. The mechanism, which merely consists of a piston working in a water-chamber, is placed within the

palm of the artificial hand and connected with the thumb by a proper tendinous arrangement. The power thus obtained can be used either to open the thumb against a spring or to close it against a spring, and being worked by the muscles at the armpits, can be varied at will, so as to be either gentle or forcible.' The necessary amount of compression in the armpit can be exerted in nearly all positions of the arm. It should be mentioned, by the way, that where the amputation is above the elbow, a joint somewhat after the Dutch doll fashion is made in the elbow of the artificial arm, enabling the wearer, with the aid of the other hand, to flex it at pleasure. This alteration of position would naturally alter the tension of a direct pull and render it, for the time being, inoperative; but it has no effect whatever on the working of the hydraulic arrangement.

In the case of minor mutilations, such as the loss of one or more fingers, so long as the thumb remains, a hand can be built up to it which is little less serviceable than the natural member. The loss of the thumb is a more serious matter, but in most cases a false thumb can be adapted which will restore to the hand the greater part of its natural functions.

Passing to the lower limbs, the problem of providing substitutes for these is very much simpler than in the case of the arms, for as long as the hip-joint and its controlling muscles are preserved, the action of the remaining leg-muscles in walking on level ground is merely to steady and stiffen the limb. The hip-joint in this case generates all the force required, and the remaining functions of the leg can be very easily and satisfactorily performed by an artificial substitute.

The simplest form of artificial leg is the familiar 'peg,' the appliance with which Mr Silas Wegg stumps through the pages of *Our Mutual Friend;* but of this there are two or three kinds. If the amputation is above the knee, the stump is fitted into a hollow casing of leather or wood, and the leg is known as a 'bucket' leg. If the limb has been cut off below the knee, a 'box' leg is the proper thing. In this case the upper part of the leg is shaped like a tuning-fork, and the patient kneels on the bottom of the recess between the two arms of the fork, the pin representing the handle. The arms are of unequal length, the outer being the longer, and by means of these the leg is secured to the body. The 'socket' leg is a smaller edition of the 'bucket' leg, appropriate to similar mutilations, but receiving the stump vertically, without any bending of the knee. Should any Tommy Atkins be in a like painful position to that of Hood's maimed hero—

> At duty's call I left my legs
> In Badajoz's breaches—

his choice for replacing the missing members will lie among these three, as they are the regulation substitutes provided by Government. The two first described are regarded as the most satisfactory. They have the advantage of being extremely durable, their only drawbacks being that the wearer is compelled to make a semicircular flourish with the artificial limb in walking, and that when he sits down it sticks out horizontally before him in a manner which is at all times inelegant, and under special circumstances, say at church or in an omnibus, is decidedly inconvenient. In the better class of peg-leg, however, the peg has a hinge-joint controlled by a spring catch. Thus provided, the wearer can crook his wooden knee at pleasure. A further refinement in the peg-leg is that the lower portion of the peg is made telescopic, and forced normally downwards by the action of a spiral spring, this arrangement tending to diminish the jar with which the leg, if made absolutely rigid, would at each step reach the ground.

These, however, are at best but makeshifts, and scarcely to be dignified by the title of limbs. A well-made artificial leg is a very complete affair. The knee-joint is practically a hinge, with a 'stop' to make it rigid when the right point is reached, and to prevent its doubling over in the wrong direction. At the ankle more play is necessary, that the foot may accommodate itself to uneven ground, and the joint at this point is therefore of the ball-and-socket kind, with due provision against its yielding too freely. The action of a spring lifts the toe slightly as the foot leaves the ground, thus simulating the natural movement in walking. The *tendo Achillis*, the sinew which in nature prevents the body from pivoting forward on the ankle-joints, is replaced by a ligament of catgut, capable of supporting a strain of at least four hundred and fifty pounds.

A form of artificial leg still popular is known as the 'Anglesey,' being, with slight modifications, identical with that made for the Marquis of Anglesey to replace the limb left by him on the field of Waterloo.

Some little practice is required to use an artificial leg properly; indeed, the wearer has in a sense to learn over again to walk. Some learn very quickly, some slowly and imperfectly. When, however, the art is fully mastered, the wearer of a well-made and well-fitting leg walks very nearly as well as his uninjured brother.

An illustration of the extraordinary extent to which art may on occasion supplement nature is afforded by the case of Elizabeth Robertson, a young married woman, who in May 1869 was admitted to the Dundee Infirmary, and was found to be suffering from gangrene of both hands and feet, as a result, apparently, of malnutrition. The mortified parts were removed by successive amputations, the legs a little below the knee, the arms below the elbow. She made a satisfactory recovery, and Mr Heather Bigg was commissioned to provide her with artificial limbs.

This he did with such success that after a little practice the patient was not only able to walk fairly well, but to feed herself, to wipe her lips and brow with a handkerchief, to pick up a pin, to write legibly, and, last but not least, to do crochet-work, by the sale of which she supported herself for the remaining fifteen years of her life. Her late Majesty, who took great interest in the case, was one of her regular patrons. The limbs which did her such good service are still preserved in the College of Surgeons Museum.

Artificial teeth are everyday wear. Artificial eyes, noses, and palates are less common, but can all be supplied to order. Indeed, it would almost seem that so long as some fragment, however small, of the original frame remains, the good fairy Science will find a way to supply its deficiencies.

Our article would scarcely be complete without some note of the cost of the various appliances we have described; but this can only be given in a very indefinite way. A patient might stump about on a 'bucket' or 'box' leg of the plainest and simplest construction at an outlay of about a guinea, or, having lost his arm below the elbow, might flourish a hook, &c., for about the same amount. From this point prices tend steadily upwards, varying according to the nature of the mutilation and the amount of finish put into the artificial limb. Roughly speaking, a serviceable arm or leg will cost from ten to thirty pounds, and even fifty pounds is not an unknown figure. Max Adeler, in *Elbow-Room*, tells a story of an artificial leg which was priced, second-hand, at four hundred dollars, and ultimately offered for two pounds of biscuits and a nip of Jamaica rum. But such outside prices are exceptional.

THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

CHAPTER III.

ACCORDING to her usual custom, Lesley wrote a long and detailed account of the Law lord's invasion of the manse to her cousin in Edinburgh, not forgetting to make particular mention of their passage of arms over the disputed song, and her temerity in refusing to comply with his request. John's answer to her effusion somewhat perplexed her; it was so much shorter than his usual letters, and contained no allusion whatever to her principal item of news—a fact which in itself, had she possessed sufficient worldly wisdom, should have given her a clue to the mystery; but in her innocence she put it down to something quite different: John was in trouble; he had been working too hard perhaps, or else he was ill—certainly unhappy. Accordingly she sat down and scribbled off a tender, half-bantering appeal to the suffering one, winding up with the awful threat that if he did not at once and by return of post reveal the true cause of his discomfiture, she would never as long as she lived write to him again.

His reply was immediate—full of contrition and apologies, with more than a dozen mendacious excuses in claim for her forgiveness. In a post-script he added: 'I saw Lord Coalstoun driving in Princes Street to-day. He had a very grandly dressed lady in the carriage with him. They say he is to be married soon to Lady Marjorie Bruce.'

This time it was Lesley's turn to be silent, and for a whole week John had to possess his soul in patience before his tormentor saw fit to reopen communications. The letter when it did come was a mere apology; a few exuberant lines about nothing at all, serving rather to mock at than alleviate the heartache which had been his constant companion since his return to work. It was written on the morning of the concert-day, and just after Elspeth had popped her head round the parlour door—where Lesley was busily engaged putting finishing touches to the simple gray frock in which she was to appear that night—with the startling intelligence that the Law lord had returned to Barhulican the previous evening, bringing with him a 'wheen o' grand fowk frae the toon.'

Nevertheless her exultation was tempered by a considerable degree of nervousness as the time approached, and a mist seemed to gather over her eyes when at the appointed hour, led by her uncle and followed by a troupe of sheepish local performers, she took her place on the narrow platform.

The minister's long introductory address gave her an opportunity for overcoming the fears that had beset her; and when at last his hands groping their way back to his coat-tails warned her that he was about to sit down, she had so far recovered her equilibrium as to be able to face, with at all events a show of confidence, the hot and steamy multitude encroaching so nearly on the prescribed limits of the platform.

The precentor, who filled the post of accompanist for the evening, took his seat at the piano. He was a modest-looking young man with a ragged moustache and streaks of hair over his collar; a flamboyant blue tie relieved the monotony of his Sunday blacks for the occasion, while an achievement in scarf-pins added a touch of almost dissolute extravagance to his attire. As his fingers struck the preliminary arpeggio flourish, Lesley

stood up and with a fine return of courage compelled her eyes to the front row. Alas for all her former fears! it was empty. Six vacant cane-bottomed chairs met her downward glance. At the back of the hall people were standing in phalanxes; but out of respect for Lord Coalstoun's donation, the front row had been jealously guarded and reserved by the church officer, who was acting master of the ceremonies.

A passion of disappointment and humiliation took possession of her soul. What a fool she had been to imagine that Lord Coalstoun would keep his word! Probably he had forgotten all about the concert by this time; and even if he had remembered, was it likely that he would undertake a long five-mile drive after dinner for such an entertainment as this?

With an imperious sign to the precentor, she began to sing. The desperation of her feelings lent a certain dash and bravado to her performance which stirred the phlegmatic pulse of the audience. Even the minister was roused out of his ordinary, and glanced in some perplexity at his niece's profile. She seemed suddenly to have appeared in a new light. He had always considered her a bonny lassie like her mother at the same age; but this evening there was a fire and brilliance about her which her mother had never possessed. The sash of Gordon tartan wound about her lissome waist brought a remembrance of her handsome ne'er-do-weel father to his recollection. He had always chosen obstinately to regard Lesley as the sole product of his gentle sister; but to-night the father too had leapt to life within her, and the wild Lochinvar strain was speaking in every word and gesture. How he wished John were here! John would understand this new mood of the girl's. Ah, well! he would write to John to-morrow.

She had entered upon the last verse of the song, her fresh young voice ringing through the hall as she stood in an almost defiant attitude—head thrown back and red lips parted—when there was a stir at the farther end of the room. The knot of people gathered round the entrance-door divided, and a little procession of strangers in evening-dress advanced up the narrow gangway.

Lesley's heart gave a triumphant leap as she recognised the tall form and massive shoulders of the Law lord towering above the crowd as he pushed resolutely towards her. His eyes were on her face, and she responded to his gaze triumphantly conscious once again of that strange magnetic impulse to be at her best which she had formerly experienced in his presence.

As he reached the front at last, he turned to marshal the two ladies who had been following in his wake into their seats.

Lesley was aware of a soft profusion of furs and laces, the gleam of diamonds in dark hair, and a general impression of luxurious refinement which seems to characterise the woman of the world at all times. Of a sudden her feeling of triumph deserted her, and her voice, which up to this had never faltered, fell limply on the last note of the song.

Amidst the loud plaudits of the assemblage, whose enthusiasm had gained fresh impetus from the advent of the gentry, she turned to reseat herself beside her uncle; but before she had time to do so, Lord Coalstoun, after exchanging a laughing aside with the younger of the two ladies, left his place quickly and came forward to the edge of the platform.

'I am afraid our entry interrupted your song, Miss Gordon,' he said in a voice which was distinctly audible in every part of the hall. 'My sister and Lady Marjorie Bruce would esteem it a great favour if you would sing as an encore "Bonnie Leslie."'

It was his turn to be triumphant, and the smile with which he accompanied his request dared her to refuse.

It would have been impossible for her to remain obdurate in the face of the loud and persistent applause with which the audience had greeted his request; so, with the best grace she could muster, she prepared to yield submission. As she sang, the palpitating emotion of her feelings was mirrored forth in her dewy eyes, and the wild-rose colour came and went in her face like the sunshine on an April day. Even Lady Marjorie was moved to unwonted enthusiasm, and, leaning forward, whispered in her companion's ear, 'How beautiful she is!' But his lordship only acknowledged her eulogy with a grave smile—his eyes were all for the singer.

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Although Lesley had promised to write her cousin a full and particular account of the concert at the earliest possible moment, the next day came and went, and the next again, and she did not put pen to paper. John, waiting impatiently in his Edinburgh lodging for news, pushed aside his books and took to walking the streets in class-hours, always expectant on his return of finding the well-known girlish handwriting awaiting him.

At last on the fourth day a letter with the Tainish postmark rewarded his patience. But, alas! it was only from the minister, and his eyes roamed restlessly onward over the closely written sheets of commonplace about the parish until they halted at the last paragraph.

'You will have heard about the concert from Lesley,' wrote the old man. 'I've been wondering about the lassie since that night. She seems to have grown into a woman suddenly, and there's more of her father in her than I like to see. I suppose I have been perverse and foolish to make no account of heredity all these years; it is a strong and mysterious ordinance of the Almighty's, and we must respect its

workings like all the other laws of His divine providence.'

John read to the end, and then sat for a long while in silence.

At last he rose up. His hands were clenched at his sides, and his eyes had a fierce, frustrated look in them as he glanced round the meagre room, with its battered sofa, the threadbare strip of carpet by the table, the broken clock, and the picture of the death of Nelson over the mantelpiece.

'It's my own happiness I have been thinking of all these years,' he exclaimed bitterly, 'not hers. But I can't give it up without a struggle. I'll have a fight for it, even if God Himself should be pulling against me.'

THE PASSES OF THE PYRENEES.

TEN years ago, to have crossed the Alps on a bicycle would have been reckoned by most either a sheer impossibility or a dangerous and foolhardy feat; but even before the introduction of the free-wheel and rim-brake it was demonstrated—and that by a lady, Mrs E. E. Pennell—that the crossing of an Alpine pass awheel could be accomplished by the cyclist of average strength and endurance. At any rate, the glories of the Splügen and St Gothard, even the loftier Furka and Stelvio, are each season becoming more familiarised to the hardy rider of both sexes. A cycling tour in Switzerland is no longer the pastime of a few enthusiasts, but of yearly increasing thousands; not only British and American tourists, but French, German, and Italian devotees of the wheel finding thus a fresh delight in the playground of Europe.

Though many parts of France are keenly appreciated as a touring-ground for cyclists, no such popularity has as yet been accorded the Pyrenees. That stupendous mountain barrier, second only to the Alps in geographical importance, in grandeur of scenery, and in actual elevation among the ranges of Europe, possesses charms which even they cannot boast of: vast forests of oak and beech beneath the hardier pine, pastures fragrant with the commingled scent of box and sweet-brier, and the most wonderful natural amphitheatres in the world. Its countless valleys, so far as the French side is concerned, are traversed by splendid roads, kept up with the diligent care characteristic of the average highway in France. Native tourists, who seem to prefer any method of conveyance to the cycle—railway, diligence, mule, or electric tramway—frequent the leading health-resorts in large numbers. Such places as Pau, Cauterets, and Bagnères de Luchon have their full share of British and American visitors; but the more remote valleys of the Pyrenees are seldom explored by the foreign wheelman.

From the cyclist's point of view the most striking thing about these mountains is the marked contrast between the Spanish side and the French. The same road of variable but generally good surface that has carried him across Switzerland brings him down into the fertile plains of Lombardy; but means of communication between France and Spain, save by unrideable mule-tracks, better known to the smuggler than to the ordinary tourist, are extraordinarily few. The French Pyrenean village is connected with its neighbour and the nearest town by an excellent carriage road; and, as in Switzerland, the wayfarer will find decent accommodation at the remotest hamlet. But on the Spanish side the village disappears, the inhabitants almost invariably dwelling in lonely, dirty towns, a maze of narrow, tortuous, evil-smelling lanes, each a tiny world of bigotry, poverty, and exclusiveness. The *carretera*, or highway, when it does exist, passes at rare intervals a roadside inn, no longer the neat *auberge* of France, with its palatable cuisine and spotless bed-linen, but a tumble-down caravansary, its ground floor a poultry-yard and stable, its upper rooms often scarcely cleaner. Throughout the whole of Spain, in fact, one rarely finds a hotel, properly so called, outside the larger towns, the country inns of nearly every province presenting an indescribable scene of filth and wretchedness.

Nor is the contrast as to their natural features between the French and Spanish sides of the Pyrenees less remarkable. When the first Napoleon stated that 'Africa commenced at the Pyrenees' he gave utterance to no mere figure of speech, but a geographical fact, since at least one-half of the Iberian Peninsula is occupied by desert land. Entering the Spanish provinces of Navarre or Aragon, one soon misses the bright green meadows, the vast forests, the leaping torrents, and the fertile fields of the French side. Instead, the eye encounters illimitable arid wastes, a boundless panorama—so wonderfully clear is the atmosphere at ordinary seasons—of barren peaks and naked rocks; whilst everywhere is the scantiest of verdure and the sparsest cultivation. The many abundant streams give place, for the most part, to insignificant tricklings; and the farther one rides from the frontier the more numerous are deep beds of rivers, which, for all their brave show upon the map, have little or no water in them, save where a group of *lavanderas*, on their knees industriously scrubbing, reveals the existence of a dirty, drab-coloured puddle.

Such is the wheelman's first glimpse of

Spain as he crosses the frontier by the Port d'Urdos, the highest of the very few carriage roads connecting the two countries. In the French language the less expressive word *col* is generally used to denote a mountain pass; but its Spanish equivalent *puerto* (French, *port*) is here adopted. The Port d'Urdos resembles the Splügen in that as soon as the summit is reached, from either direction, the descent immediately and abruptly commences; the highest point, in which it may also be compared to that famous Alpine route, marking the frontier between two countries. In point of elevation (five thousand three hundred and eighty feet) the Port d'Urdos is somewhat lower than the principal Alpine passes; but in grandeur of scenery, though the view from the actual summit is limited, it is surpassed by few. Its great charm, as has been already indicated, lies in the contrast presented by the French and Spanish sides; whilst from a cyclist's standpoint it is by no means so difficult of access as many of the Swiss passes, even when the greater height of the latter is taken into consideration. Starting early from Pau, a fair rider can easily reach the summit of the pass before a summer's sunset, traversing good roads by way of the quaint little cathedral city of Oloron and the romantic Vallée d'Aspe, a beautiful wooded dale but little known to foreign tourists, if local innkeepers are to be credited. But between the little *auberge* at Urdos, the last French village, and the Murray-condemned *posada* at Canfranc, the first Spanish town, a weary nineteen miles, I met with no house of refreshment; a few ruined hovels in both countries near the frontier line alone suggesting more prosperous times for the road when it was better frequented. On the Spanish side the road is surprisingly good, so much so that with a continuous descent of thirteen miles, magnificently engineered, the wheelman reaches Canfranc almost before he knows it.

This route has long been selected for the construction of a railway which would shorten the distance between Paris and Madrid by some sixty miles, crossing the frontier by means of a tunnel at the height of three thousand nine hundred feet, an elevation which rather exceeds that of the great St Gothard and is considerably higher than that of the Simplon tunnel. Within the last decade one section of the line has been completed, that from Huesca to Jaca, two interesting old Aragonese cathedral cities. The distance between these two places, fifty miles by a good road, is nearly seventy by railway, the engineering of which is very striking in places.

Pre-eminent among the passes of the Pyrenees, however, is the magnificent Col du Tourmalet, connecting the Vallée de Campan with the Gave de Pau. This wonderful mountain road vies with the grandest Alpine route in the beauty of its scenery; and in height (six thousand nine hundred and sixty feet) rather exceeds such passes as the Splügen, the St Gothard, the San Bernardino, and the Simplon, though so far as its engineering is concerned it cannot be compared with the first-mentioned, which is perhaps quite the most remarkable of any carriage road in existence; the long rock tunnels and avalanche galleries characteristic of many of the Swiss passes being avoided in the Pyrenees. The Col du Tourmalet, however, is probably quite as dangerous a pass as any to be found in the Alps, the descent to Barèges abounding in the sharpest of curves and the most abrupt of corners, and the road often traverses a narrow ledge above a precipice unprotected by any parapet. From a cyclist's point of view it is certainly not more fatiguing, perhaps less so, than the great Alpine passes of similar elevation; but it differs from most, if not all, of them in that both sides present about equal difficulties, there being a right and wrong way of crossing the generality of mountain passes. The descent to the Campan valley, however, is the best as regards surface, that to Barèges being loose and bad, and furrowed with a hundred little ravines torn out of the road by streamlets. It is a lonely highway throughout, served by no diligence, and frequented only in summer by a few tourists, who, if not content with 'shank's-mare' or a pony, must pay some fifty francs for a so-called carriage over the pass. I chose a perfect day in mid-September for crossing the Col du Tourmalet; and, despite the fact that it was a steady walk of some four hours from the little hamlet of Ste Marie, in the Campan valley, to the summit, scarcely a hundred yards being rideable for the steepness, I could never have wished for a more enjoyable experience. A thousand little streamlets trickled down the vale; the noise of falling water came murmuring through the beech-woods; the fragrant scent of a box-covered slope came wafted on the breeze; and above all the mighty shoulder of the Pic du Midi, the Pilatus of the Pyrenees, but a loftier mountain, towered towards heaven.

From Barèges, whose healing waters are said to be the most powerful natural springs in existence, the road, exceedingly steep in places, but of good surface, descends to the beautiful Gave de Pau. The cyclist can choose no better excursion than the ascent of this wild, romantic ravine to the frontier village of Gavarnie, whose wonderful Cirque, the grandest of the magnificent natural amphitheatres of the Pyrenees, is a sight unparalleled in all Switzerland. But, arrived at Gavarnie, he must retrace his wheelmarks; for thence there are only mule-tracks into Spain, and even the path from the village to the famous Cirque, a good hour's walk, is impassable for cycles. The Gavarnie road, however, is a splendidly constructed highway, with such skilfully engineered gradients that most of its length, a continuous ascent of some five-and-twenty miles from Argèles, can be accomplished by the average

cyclist with but one or two dismounts; whilst in the reverse direction a better opportunity could hardly be obtained for appreciating the advantages of a free-wheel.

Among the passes of the Western Pyrenees the best-known is the Puerto de Roncesvalles, three thousand four hundred and seventy feet high, mostly on Spanish soil; nestling beneath it is the little town of the same name, famed for paladin and poet. By this route the cyclist may ride from Bayonne to Pamplona by variable roads, approaching the latter town, the ancient capital of Navarre, accursed to all time for its holocaust of ten thousand Jews, through a wild and thinly peopled country. Arrived at Pamplona, the wheelman can hardly do better than make a two days' journey, *vid* Tolosa, with its imposing Roman aqueduct, to that loveliest of European watering-places, San Sebastian, by roads which, if not perfect, are a good deal better than the average Spanish highway. It is a ride of great interest; the road, ascending from the bare and thirsty acres of Navarre, descends into fair and fertile Guipuzcoa, one of the three ancient Basque provinces, whose scenery has no equal on Spanish soil. Their mountains, an indefinite extension of the Pyrenees, have for ages sheltered the oldest race in Europe. 'A blending of all beauties:' their bare moorlands and craggy heights, dense woods of beech and fir, narrow cart-tracks deep in bracken and shaded by venerable oaks, leading to orchard-embowered villages, successively recall the Scottish Highlands, the Black Forest, and the winding lanes of Devonshire.

In the Eastern Pyrenees the scenery is less striking than that of the central or western regions, and the contrast between the French and the Spanish sides is not so marked, Catalonia presenting a more European aspect than the desert wastes of Aragon and Navarre; but means of communication between the two countries are assuredly no better. The Col de la Perche, which attains practically the same elevation as the Port d'Urdos, is the principal pass in the Eastern Pyrenees. It is perhaps less sternly grand than the latter, though more beautiful; but the road on leaving Puigcerda, the first Spanish city, degenerates into the almost inevitable mule-track before reaching any other town, a by no means infrequent characteristic of Spanish highways in other parts of the peninsula. The Col de la Perche lies on French soil; but part of its southern approach runs through a curious little isolated tract of Spanish territory, ignored by most maps, oval in shape, and about four or five square miles in area. From Puigcerda, on foot or muleback to the tiny cathedral city of La Seo de Urgel, the tourist may reach, circuitously, the miniature republic of Andorra, a little state whose lack of means of communication with the outside world makes it perhaps hardly worth the trouble of getting there; the Ardorrans, for reasons best known to themselves, neither possessing nor desiring a rideable road into either France or Spain.

Lastly, mention must be made of the little Col du Perthus, a mere baby among passes, only attaining an elevation of nine hundred and fifty feet, but of interest as the route by which Hannibal is said to have crossed the Pyrenees. It lies nearest to the Mediterranean, and commands a prospect as lovely, if less grand, than its loftier brethren.

Though the French side of the Pyrenees is emphatically an admirable touring-ground for cyclists, it will readily be seen that the Spanish side of these mountains, from the scarcity of rideable roads, compels all but the most enthusiastic wheelman to leave his mount behind him on entering Spain, cheap horse-hire being available where the cycle cannot go. The cyclist, however, who makes up his mind to be satisfied with the variable surface of such highways as do exist in the Spanish Pyrenees may not have much to complain of. He should most carefully study his route beforehand, comfortable night-quarters being often inconveniently wide apart; and it is generally better to take one's midday meal in one's pockets and eat it on the road than trust to the precarious accommodation at the dirty *posada* of the wretched hamlet where one chances to arrive at noon. The tourist need not have the slightest fear of either robber band or solitary thief, nor molestation of any sort save perhaps from the fierce sheep-dogs of the Pyrenees. I was once pursued by a couple of these huge animals, nearly as big as ponies, one on each hand, for the greater part of a mile, till a few judiciously projected missiles from a convenient stone heap made them desist from the chase. As a rule the cyclist will encounter but few wayfarers; and these will form no exception to the rule in a land where every peasant is a gentleman. Perhaps, on meeting a group of brown-faced *lavanderas*—how much prettier a word than *washerwomen!*—he will be tempted to stop a while and air his Castilian. These damsels, always buxom without being invariably beautiful, will wash a pocket-handkerchief for the wandering stranger, and possibly decline payment with a saucy word; but this must not be taken too literally. On the whole, the cyclist who ventures on a dash into Spain awheel will gain some decidedly novel experiences; nor, to one who is not afraid of roughing it just a little, should they be otherwise than enjoyable.

A CHAT ABOUT PIKE-FISHING.

By 'SANSTERRE.'

IN many respects the pike (*Esox lucius*) thoroughly deserves his title, 'the fresh-water shark.' He is indeed a voracious brute; and, when inclined to feed, hardly anything that moves seems to come amiss to him. I remember once, just as I was preparing to fish a not unpromising roach-swim, and was trying the depth preparatory to adjusting my float, a small pike seized the leaden plummet firmly in his teeth, and allowed me to bring him to the top of the water before loosing his hold. I hardly need add that I decided to move on a bit farther before I commenced, as I well knew that such an unwelcome guest in the hole I was intending to fish would most certainly have driven away the roach.

In spite of his voracity, the pike is also one of the most capricious fish in the matter of feeding. I have many times fished in water known to be more than fairly well stocked, the weather has been ideal from a pike-fisher's point of view, my tackle has been fine, my baits in every way good, my skill passable, my perseverance undeniable; but yet not a fish could I move.

On one occasion I was spinning with a dead dace. There was a favourite reach in the river which had an excellent reputation for holding good fish. Indeed, it was such a tempting spot to the pike that no sooner had it been practically depleted by a successful angler than other fish from more remote parts of the water would come to occupy the places of those that had been caught. Carefully did I work my bait over the whole of this reach. I spun across the stream, against the stream, with the stream; I spun near the surface, in midwater, and near the bottom; but not a touch could I get.

Presently a veritable tyro (although an elderly man) came on the scene. He was, I think, pike-fishing for the first time in his life. He joined me, and told me his woes. Some fine dace had been caught for him by one of the villagers the day before. The tin in which he put them had been sunk bodily in the rainwater-butt, and in the night all the dace died. Not to be done out of his fishing, he had brought the dead fish down to the river; and when he showed me his tackle and the arrangement of it I could hardly repress a smile. He had first a big dace—quite dead; this was somehow hung on a toy-shop spinning-flight, but not so that it would spin. On the line was a small leaden plummet as weight, and above the bait at a distance of about three feet was a large and gorgeously painted pike-float. This fearful and wonderful machine was flopped in and out of the water every half-minute or so. When he came to the reach through which I had been carefully spinning, I was curious to see if he would move a fish where I had failed. Not that I expected that his inartistic lure would prove more tempting than my spun dace had been.

As I was lazily watching him—my own hopes of catching a fish that day having been dispelled, for I had been at work for several hours—I suddenly noticed a commotion in the middle of the river just opposite to him. At the same time an excited shout reached my ears: 'Bring your gaff!'

Putting down my own rod with scant ceremony on the bank, I unslung my gaff from my shoulder and made tracks for the scene of the sudden disturbance. Just as I reached the spot the game of 'pulley-hauley' was ended by the float and the bait coming away from the attacking fish. More in jest than in sober earnest, I said, 'Try him again.' Flop went the bait, and with a rush the pike came for it again. Once more 'pulley-hauley,' and once more the pike was disappointed of his lunch. Another flop. Hardly had the float righted itself when with a frantic splutter away went the pike again. 'Wait a bit before you strike,' I said to the excited fisherman. With difficulty he restrained himself; but he did as I suggested; and after half-a-minute or so I told him to strike for all he was worth. He was using only a stoutish fly-rod with a short top, and so his strike was not worth much compared with what it would have been if he had been using a pike-rod. Still, he struck, and by my advice held on. Once more a commotion; and soon he worked his prey to the top of the water for a moment. Then I saw that the fish was a good one, and he seemed to have several of the hooks fast in his mouth. He was not a very game specimen, and after three or four half-hearted rushes he turned on his side and allowed me to use my gaff, much to the joy of the angler. On testing his weight I found that he was just under ten pounds.

In the same river, not very far from the identical spot, but in another reach, I had an exciting ten minutes one day. I say ten minutes; but it seemed to me nearer fifty! I was fishing with a live snap, a medium-sized and active dace being my bait. I had a twisted-gut trace and fine gimp on my hook. My snap-tackle—made by myself—consisted of a medium-sized sneck-bend triangle, with a lip-hook bound on the gimp just above the shank of the triangle. This lip-hook was inserted through the skin on the dace's back so that the triangle hung loosely by the

side of the fish as he swam, with the points of the triangle just clear of the bait's belly. My float was in the middle of the stream, and was for the moment floating down with the current. Suddenly it disappeared. After waiting a few moments to give the pike time to get the bait well into his mouth, I struck, and struck hard. Then I knew that I had hold of a good one. Taking care not to allow the line to get slack, I reeled up. Slowly the fish came to the top, and I saw that my surmises as to his being a good one were not mistaken. To my horror, I distinctly saw the triangle hanging loose outside his jaws, while the only hold I had was by the lip-hook at the corner of the pike's mouth. I dared not put any pressure on, for I knew my hold must be very slender. Consequently it was merely a case of reel in and then let go. Five or six times this happened, and I began to fear the pike might take to boring on the bottom, as they often do when only lightly hooked, or run into some weeds, when I felt sure the triangle hanging from the mouth would catch in some obstruction, and, by giving the pike something to pull on, would enable him to break away from the slender hold I had.

At last I was able to use my gaff; but the ferrule into which the gaff was screwed came off with the pressure, the head of the gaff fell to the bottom of the river somewhere, and the pike once more scooted gaily off. What was I to do? I had no second gaff, and I knew the fish was only slightly hooked.

I promptly made up my mind as to the only course to be adopted under the circumstances; but I must say I had faint hopes as to the success of my plan. Reeling in again, I got *Esox* to the top of the water, where I distinctly saw that my hook had hold of only a strip at the side of the beast's mouth, and that this strip of skin was stretching in very ominous fashion. The only thing I could do was to tow him gingerly and gently along the surface of the water until I reached a spot where the bank of the river would allow me to grasp him with my hand. Fifty or sixty yards I had to take him like this, and I did it very gently and tenderly, keeping as far from the water's edge as possible, the pike meanwhile floating like a log.

At last I reached a convenient place. Holding my rod with my left hand only, I stooped down and inserted my right forefinger and thumb each into an eye, and gave a huge lift. I suppose the sudden darkness had an effect on the pike. He did not make a struggle. I noticed that the triangle was hanging against my bare wrist as I lifted the fish; and if he had kicked ever so little it might have been bad for me. Anyhow I determined that when once my finger and thumb had closed in the convenient hollows made by the eye-sockets, I would hang on at all costs. Carrying my spoil a yard or two from the river's edge, I put him down on the grass. As I did so the strip of skin by which the lip-hook was holding broke, and the connection between line and pike was severed. Knocking him on the head with a little loaded boxwood bludgeon that I always carry in my pocket when pike-fishing, I proceeded to weigh him, and found that he pulled down thirteen pounds.

On picking up my tackle I found that the lip-hook was pulled out half-straight; and therefore, considering the slight hold I had, the loss of the gaff, and the size of the fish, I held myself very fortunate in landing him safely.

Although a pike-fisherman of over thirty years' experience, I have never been able to make any satisfactory rule about the fish feeding or not. I have caught pike in almost all kinds of weather, and certainly with the wind from every possible direction. I have caught them when the rings on the rod froze up so that the line would hardly run through. I have caught them in rain, fog, and drizzle, but not in snow. I have caught them with a north-easterly wind blowing hard. The ideal day for winter pike-fishing is when the wind blows somewhat strongly from any quarter between south and west, with sunny intervals and a warm feeling in the air. I have fished patiently and persistently on such a day as this in a river well stocked with fish and have not had even one run.

Personally, I like the water to be more than fairly clear, not too much stream, and the bait—when using a live snap—not too far from the bottom, say half-way between midwater and the bed of the river. Thus, in a stream six feet deep I should like four and a half feet between the float and the bait, provided the bottom was fairly free from weeds. It is not a bad plan when not meeting with success at one particular depth to vary the distance the bait swims from the bottom. I am speaking now, of course, of fishing with the live snap, which in my opinion is the most killing method in most waters. When spinning it is easier to vary the depth at which the bait is presented to the fish.

When fishing for pike with either live or dead bait, it will be better to try a small part of water thoroughly than to scamper headlong over a large portion, often leaving the best and most likely places half-tried. Some people, I know, cast their bait into the middle of the stream and let it float quietly down with the current, either holding the rod in their hands and walking along the bank opposite the float, or putting it down and moving it little by little as the bait travels down the river. By far the better plan is to take one's stand on the bank—not too close to the edge, and moving gently, for the vibration caused by heavy stamping frightens the fish almost as much as the sight of the angler wielding his rod—and then by a careful manipulation of rod and line to work the bait all over

the water in front, on the right hand, and on the left. Pay particular attention to the slight eddies and backwaters that are constantly being formed in the winter-time in most rivers, for there Master *Esox* may be lurking greedily on the watch for anything edible that may happen to pass by. Make the bait sail naturally past clumps of reeds and rushes, particularly after a frost which, though sufficiently strong to fringe the edge of the river with ice, is yet not severe enough to cover the water. If by chance your dace shows signs of being reluctant to pass any particular spot, and makes frantic efforts to escape either to the shore or to the middle of the stream, pay careful attention to that spot; for most likely a pike is there, and, although he may not take your bait the first time it goes past him, you may perchance, by presenting it to him in a slightly different form, worry him into taking it almost against his will. If the fish are not feeding in deep water, try the shallows. Good pike are often met with in comparatively shallow water, particularly as the season draws to a close.

Many a blank day would be avoided if the angler made up his mind not to cease trying—and trying his hardest, using every resource suggested by his experience—when the fish seem entirely off the feed. However, in spite of all ingenuity and perseverance, there *will* be blank days, even when the elements appear to be perfectly propitious. In winter-time pike do not appear to roam about much in search of their food. The reason for this, I think, is that they can exist for many days without taking a fish at all. The first two or three casts in a day's fishing are very anxious ones. I have noticed many times that when I have had runs from quite small fish early in the day I have not done much afterwards. Pike are horrid cannibals, and it may be that the wee pikelet of a pound or so finds it convenient to 'lie low' when voracious ten or twenty pounders are on the feed. I am speaking of fishing in rivers, be it understood.

A mistake that many pike-fishers make when using the live snap is in not giving the pike time enough to get the hook or hooks into his mouth before striking. The float suddenly disappears; and strike goes the angler immediately, with the result that the pike goes on his way rejoicing, while the angler wearily puts on another bait, and pops it before the nose of an already satiated fish. A pike invariably seizes a fish crosswise. He then, as a rule, moves off to his haunt. Arrived there, he turns the fish round preparatory to swallowing it head-first. When the bait is quite within the pike's mouth it is time to strike. The pike always faces the stream, and therefore it will be wise to strike across, trending down-stream, with the point of the rod. Strike hard, and more than once. It may be said that the second strike might possibly pull the bait out of the pike's mouth, instead of fixing the hooks more firmly in his jaw; but this could only happen when the hold was very slight, and in that case the pike would in all probability shake himself free when the tussle began in earnest. More than once I have had pike of three or four pounds leap out of the water when being played; and it is no unusual thing to see them poke half their head above the water, pointing straight upwards, and try by shaking their head like a dog to get rid of the detaining hooks. In these cases the hold is generally very slight, and the manœuvre frequently meets with success—from the pike's point of view. Of course, when spinning there is no occasion to wait before striking. If the pike has fairly hold of the fish or bait crosswise, some of the hooks on the flight must of necessity be inside the mouth, and if you wait you may give the pike an opportunity of ejecting the bait (with the hooks) directly his suspicions are aroused by the pricking of the hooks even before the fisherman strikes. Therefore, when spinning, strike directly you feel that your bait has been stopped by something. If it is only a bit of weed you will do no harm; and you will soon be informed of the fact if you are on a good fish.

The question of baits is one that might be discussed at considerable length. Dace are brighter, more tempting, and more showy than roach; but they are tender and delicate. Too much hauling in and throwing out soon finishes them off. Here let me say that considerable skill and practice are required to cast out a live bait properly and to make it fall where desired. If you throw too hard you run the risk of casting away the bait off the hook, which goes through the strip of skin on the back; and if you cast with insufficient strength the bait will fall short and render a second cast necessary almost directly. Roach are much tougher than dace, but have not so much pluck. Pond roach are recommended by some fishermen for use in rivers. I have often tried them; but except that they sometimes prove hardier and longer-lived than river roach, I do not see that there is much difference. I have tried carp; but I do not care for them—neither did the pike. I remember once in the very early days of my experience in pike-fishing having five or six small carp sent to me in a little bait-tin merely wrapped in some wet pond-weeds and carried four miles by the village postman. When the tin reached me the fish were to all appearance dead. In desperation I turned them out into a pail of water, when one by one they slowly revived and soon were as lively as ever.

I took them down to the river next morning, and put one on the live gorge-hook. In a promising-looking hole I had a run; but the pike, after waiting a minute or two, declined to

pouch the unsavoury morsel, and spat it out. This happened three times in almost the same place. Presently I thought, 'How would it do to put the carp on a spinning-flight, and so checkmate Mr Pike if he tried his little games again?' Accordingly I hauled in my game little carp, killed it—as I thought—and put it on a small spinning-flight, and cast it well over the hole in the river in which I had had the runs. The very first throw was successful. A game little pike of about four pounds came at it with a rush, and after a little fuss was duly landed. By this time the carp was bitten about considerably. Consequently I thought a fresh bait would be desirable, and I took my carp off the hooks and threw it into the river. To my astonishment, the little carp swam gaily away as if nothing had ever been the matter with him!

Dace are, of course, from their shape better for spinning than roach; but a roach can be made to spin well with a suitable flight of hooks. I have mentioned dace and roach as baits because they are more readily procured in a general way. Bleak, gudgeon, chub, and even perch with the back-fin cut off can all be used. I have heard goldfish recommended; but I have never tried them, and cannot, therefore, speak from personal experience.

Artificial baits are too numerous to mention, much less to describe. In my opinion they are only useful when natural baits cannot be procured. Therefore I will only say that the best plan seems to me to be as follows: try several different kinds, and select that for general use which takes fish in the particular water to which you have access. As a rule artificial spinning-baits are not of much use after the month of October. At least this is my experience; but at the same time I must confess that I have not used them to any great extent. I have been told that white (or undried) sprats make excellent spinning baits; but I have not tried them. I should think they would be too tender to stand much wear and tear.

In conclusion, I must say just a word about dress. First with regard to boots. When fishing from the bank the angler will have to walk through many a swampy place, often to stand for hours in wet grass and on soft, spongy meadow-land; therefore let the boots be stout, sound, and good. Tend them carefully after using, and remember that dry feet generally result in warm bodies, and that wet feet are always uncomfortable and often a source of real danger. An overcoat is a nuisance; therefore use a substantial 'sweater' under a tweed walking or shooting coat, which should fit loosely, have plenty of pockets, and not one unnecessary button. It is a good plan to keep a coat specially for fishing. Traces and flights of hooks can be wrapped separately in pieces of stout paper, and have their own particular pockets; while floats and the other small and necessary impedimenta can be stowed away in a similar manner so that they can be found when wanted at a moment's notice. This will render carrying a tin tackle-box unnecessary. The winch can go in the fishing-bag slung over the angler's shoulders. It is a good plan to have about sixty yards of line—well dressed and not too stout—on it, for when the bait-end of the line shows signs of wear the line itself can be run off the reel and turned, thus making, as it were, a new line of it. Then, when both ends are in a similar plight, the line can be divided in the middle, and the other two ends joined neatly together; in this way the sixty yards of line will make four distinct lines before being completely used up. The gaff—telescopic for choice—can be slung over the back, and thus the services of an attendant can be dispensed with.

Cold fingers are very troublesome, and gloves are worse. My plan has been as follows: on arriving at the river-side, turn up sleeves and plunge the hands into the water well over the wrists. Let them get thoroughly wet, and then dry them by waving through the air. Since adopting this dodge—which was told me many years ago by an old boatman—I have never been troubled with cold fingers when pike-fishing.

REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN MILITARY POLICE OFFICER.

IV.—THE ADJUTANT'S MISTAKE—SIKH CUSTOMS—TWO HUNDRED CAMELS ORDERED—REGIMENTAL SPORTS.

THE lesson we had given Luckwar and his gang, described in the previous article, had a very good effect, as many small gangs of guerillas lurking about the district broke up, threw away their arms, and returned to their villages to settle down as peaceful toilers of the land until a fresh opportunity occurred of going out on the prowl.

This gave us a chance of filling up our gaps in the ranks, replenishing broken-down horses, teaching recruits to ride, shoot, &c.—in fact, going in for the general improvement of the corps. The Government of India was so well satisfied with the good service the trotting camels had performed that we were ordered to purchase two hundred of the best animals that could be procured. This addition brought up our strength

so considerably that additional European officers were needed. The Government therefore decided to give us three, one to fill up the vacancy caused by the loss of our second in command, who was killed in the action with Feroze Shah, and two to do duty with the mounted infantry.

On these officers joining us we found two of them to be very young men, with hardly any experience of actual service; but they were splendid horsemen, and seemed very willing to learn what they had to do and to fall in with our ways. The third, having distinguished himself at the capture of Lucknow in a British Hussar regiment, had the adjutancy bestowed on him for his bravery. We soon found out that he was a very fine soldier and a jolly fellow all round, but a terrible martinet, and according to his ideas we wanted no end of brushing up. He therefore set to work in real earnest to smarten us; and I must confess he did a lot towards the appearance of the corps on parade; but in the midst of his glory he nearly came to awful grief, and in a most ridiculous manner.

I will briefly relate the circumstances.

One morning the commanding officer appeared on horseback in a most excited state in front of my tent, and called out, 'Turn-out Jack' (my nickname), 'there's the devil to pay in the lines. I fear that unless we are pretty smart in rectifying matters there will be a mutiny in the corps.' 'What on earth can be the matter?' I exclaimed. 'Why, I would as soon conclude that the world was coming to an end as that our men would mutiny.' 'Well,' he replied, 'it's all caused by that over-energetic adjutant of ours. He, with his head full of nothing but British soldiers and red tape, issued an order last night that every man-jack of the regiment must appear on the next inspection parade—which, as you know, is the day after to-morrow—with his hair cut short, like a Tommy; the consequence of which is, that nearly half the men have sworn that they will desert, and the rest are taking vows that if a single hair is touched they will mutiny to a man. I had forgotten to state that the adjutant had had it given out that if the men did not obey his orders and cut their hair, he would punish one and all of them. Hazara Sing has just been to see me in a great state of mind, and I have told him to rush back to the lines and explain that the whole thing is a mistake on the part of the adjutant; but he would not leave until I promised him to be down amongst the men, bringing you also, with as little delay as possible. So hurry up, old chap!'

My English readers will, I fear, begin to wonder why men should mutiny because they were told to cut their hair, and conclude that there could not have been much discipline in the corps. I therefore consider that before stating how we settled with the men I had better explain why the order was so repugnant to their feelings.

As has been stated, our men were mostly Sikhs from the Ludhiana and Ferozpur districts. Well, a Sikh from his childhood never allows a razor to touch his face nor scissors to touch his hair, as his beard and his hair are sacred; and any Sikh who should cut his hair or shave his beard or moustache is an outcast for ever. All Sikhs dedicate their hair to one of their numerous gods; therefore to interfere with it is considered to be sacrilege. As a rule they let the hair of their heads grow as long as possible, taking great pains to brush and comb it whenever they get an opportunity. That it may not appear objectionable, they fix up their hair in much the same way as a woman would do; but instead of placing the knot behind their heads, they tie it on the top, and fasten a large turban over it, which keeps out all dust. Their beards they divide into two, commencing under the chin; then they plait them very artistically, and tie up the ends over their ears. On state occasions or during a religious ceremony they let their beards down, combing and brushing them very carefully. The longer a man's beard is the more respect he commands amongst his comrades and the priests.

Readers will now understand why our adjutant's orders should have caused such a hubbub amongst the men.

Well, to proceed. We went to the lines, keeping the adjutant out of the way, and in less than no time got the men to see that the misunderstanding was caused by the adjutant not knowing their habits and customs. One and all were satisfied, gave us three cheers when we left them, and so the matter ended.

The adjutant, of course, had to be put through his facings for his serious mistake; and he was fearfully down in the mouth about the affair. He had also to undergo a tremendous amount of chaff from his brother officers for a long time. Eventually he became the idol of the men, as he was a grand rider, a daring soldier, and good at games all round, which he always joined in heartily with the men. Poor fellow! we lost him in a very sad manner about nine months afterwards; he was killed at a game of polo, in which the regiment was competing against a squad of young officers of a British regiment which was passing through our station. I shall never forget the sad scene at his funeral. There was not a single man that was not in tears, out of the one thousand five hundred who were present.

The purchase of two hundred trotting camels was no easy task, as the kind of animal we needed was not to be obtained wholesale; but in about a month we succeeded in getting the required number. Then, of course, we had to break them in to stand men firing off their

backs and get them to work in the ranks as horses do. This occupied other two months. The work was hard; but it was done, and well done, too; many a man getting some nice croppers, and several camels had to be rejected as useless all round. It must not be assumed that during these three months we were simply buying and training camels; in fact, during that time three or four expeditions had to leave headquarters to hunt down petty gangs of rebels and highwaymen.

As soon as our commanding officer considered that the camel portion of the regiment was fit for active service, he asked the General of the division to inspect us.

The inspection came off with flying colours, and the General was pleased to remark that he was proud to have such a smart body of officers and men under his command. He added that the regiment — more properly speaking police battalion—had distinguished itself so often that he felt convinced that it would always continue to do so.

After the inspection was over we had a jolly good lunch, and then started off for the race-course, where we had settled on holding a small 'sky-meeting'—a gymkhana—strictly confined to officers and men of the battalion. The camel race, with two men fully accoutred on each, caused great amusement, and many of the cavalry-men performed wonderful feats on horseback. The infantry easily overcame the cavalry in a tug-of-war; but the race that caused the greatest excitement was the one in which our sporting doctor and one of our newly appointed officers had a match for a hundred rupees. The doctor's nag was fast on the flat, but it was blind of one eye. The distance settled on was a mile. Places were drawn for, and the doctor's opponent drew the outside, which happened to be on the good side of the doctor's horse. I noticed at the time that the doctor seemed to be delighted at this, and the reason will soon be apparent. One or two false starts were made—there are usually a few of these with non-professional jockeys—but at last they got off to a good start. For the first half-mile both horses were well together, after which the young officer could be seen riding all he knew to get ahead of the doctor. This went on until they got near the quarter-mile post from home; but the game little one-eyed horse was not to be beaten—in fact was leading by nearly a length. All the lookers-on were ready to bet a kingdom to a china orange on the leader; but all of a sudden we noticed that our young officer had eased his horse a bit, by which arrangement he fell back a little; then he changed over to the blind side of the doctor's horse, sat down in his saddle, and rode as Fred Archer could do. It turned out afterwards that he had ridden many a race before. At the distance-post he was close on his opponent's girths, his nag straining every muscle to get ahead; and, amidst the greatest excitement on the course and in the stand, he landed his mount a winner by a short head. The coolness and judgment of pace displayed by the youngster was the talk of the mess for many a day; and I am glad to say that he distinguished himself over and over again in many a fight, in all of which his determination and judgment never failed him. In fact, before he left the service he rose to the rank of Major-General, and was one of the very ablest cavalry leaders that India ever had.

I must add that the doctor was game to run his horse again for any amount we liked to name, provided his opponent did not get on the blind side of his plucky little crock; but we knew only too well that we should not be in it under these conditions, so let the challenge pass.

A BRETON LEGEND.

According to Breton tradition, Cape Finisterre, a barren and storm-swept headland on the northern coast, was the point from which the souls of the dead took passage for the Isles of the Blest. The voyage was tempestuous, and the entrance to the haven was shrouded by a dense and terrifying veil of mist.

Straining eyes towards a darkening west,
A sea full of pain and deep unrest,
And never a sign of the Isles of the Blest.

And on the morrow's morn there fell
A grievous mist on the ocean swell,
Black as the adamant gates of hell.

Whereat there rose a bitter wail:
'Back! Oh, guide through the merciless gale!
We may not pierce this awful veil.

'Not for us are the forest aisles,
The morning dews, and the sunset's smiles
On the fragrant slopes of the Blessed Isles.'

But He at the helm drave steadily:
'Ye shall not faint nor fail,' said He:
'For Mine are the souls that sail with Me.

'Only be strong and void of fear,
Make keen the eye and tense the ear;
Listen, and gaze, and the mist will clear.'

And e'en as He spake the words fell true,
For the veil was cloven through and through
With flashes of opal, gold, and blue;

And the air grew warm and sweet and fine
With breath of roses and eglantine,
With balm of fir and spice of pine;

And the veil brake utterly, setting free
Beyond the pain and the mystery
That fairest haven where we would be.

Antonia Kennedy-Laurie Dickson.

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THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

By Alexr. Wm. Roberts, D.Sc., F.R.A.S., F.R.S.E., Lovedale, South Africa.

FROM the time when men first turned intelligent questioning eyes up to the firmament of stars above them, thoughtful minds have speculated on the great riddle of the nature and extent of the material universe. What are the stars? How great is the sum of them? How far distant are they from us? are the main questions which go to make up one of the most profound problems in the whole range of scientific inquiry.

It is only in our day that a partial answer can be given to these questions. Previous to the discovery of the telescope men could not even give a partial answer to them. The wise men of the Middle Ages and the philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome had nothing but their imaginations to help them in coming to any conclusion concerning the nature, number, or distance of the stars; there was scarcely a single fact known that could in the least be made use of to correct the wildest excursions of the fancy. The stars were nails or holes in the roof of heaven, diamonds in Jove's crown or sparks from Vulcan's forge, angels' eyes or the glitter of their wings, according to the vision of the dreamer. There was no one who could prove which theory was wrong, and nothing could be adduced to show which belief was right.

It is indeed wonderful what progress in the direction of lifting up even a corner of the veil that hides this innermost of Nature's secrets has been attained during the past hundred years. Herschel, Huggins, Newcomb, Gill, and Kelvin are names that will be intimately associated with the long succession of important discoveries in this direction. The laborious star-gauging achievements of Sir William Herschel, the spectroscopic discoveries of Sir William Huggins during the past forty years (forty fruitful years in spectroscopic work), the arduous investigations of Professor Newcomb on star movements, the recent determinations of stellar distances by Sir David Gill, and the still more recent and profoundly interesting researches of Lord Kelvin on the dimensions of the material universe have all been strong hands tugging at the curtain.

Although with all this effort only a corner of the veil has been lifted back, yet the ever-widening breach, the ever-decreasing shadow, the ever-clearer view of the end to be reached, and the way to reach it, is reason for believing that one day the riddle will be read and the problem solved; that we shall know where the limiting shores of our universe lie as surely as we know where the outer confines of our solar system are.

The present article, however, is not of the nature of a prophecy, except in so far as present achievements are prophetic. My purpose is to indicate the present position of our knowledge of the nature and extent of the stellar universe; and this can best be done, I think, by considering what answers we can give to the three questions which form the heart of the problem: What are the stars? How many are they? What is their distance from us?

WHAT ARE THE STARS?

The discoveries of the past sixty years indicate that the stars are bodies like our own sun; some considerably larger, others smaller, but on the average not much different in size and nature from the sun. They are, at least the visible stars are, great glowing globes of gaseous matter. As a rule these vast furnaces burn steadily. Sometimes, however, the fires seem to die down and then blaze out again as of yore. Three hundred such stars are known to astronomers; they are called variable stars because of the waxing and waning of their light. Now and again the seething fires prove too strong for the bonds of attractive force which hold the star together, and with one mighty upheaval the vast globe is shattered into fragments, blown into atoms, veritably 'dissolved into thin air.' Thousands of years after this explosion the record of the catas-

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trophe reaches the earth, and a solitary watcher in the old Barony of Bonnington, in the year of grace 1901, sees a new star suddenly blaze out in the midnight sky, to fade away only as its predecessors had done, leaving, perchance, not a trace in the sky to tell the spot where once a world existed.

Among the millions of stars are to be found bodies in all stages of development. Some are glowing with an intensity of heat and light far beyond our utmost conception; others are slowly cooling down—already they are dull red in colour; some are cold and dark and dead. No telescope will ever perceive these latter bodies, and no camera will detect them. We only know that they are there by their influence over the light and motion of bright stars. One of the most interesting sections of the new astronomy deals with these dead, dark stars; and although no eye has seen them, or ever will see them, still we are able to ascertain their size, weight, and position just as if they were in the zenith of their glory.

Not the least wonderful discovery of the past few years has been some stars of the Siamese Twins type. They are in shape like two pears joined stem to stem. After the lapse of long ages these two masses will separate, and we shall then have the birth of a double star. Long before observation revealed these remarkable bodies, Professor Darwin, son of the great naturalist, pointed out that this is the manner in which our moon was thrown off by the earth; indeed, that it is the manner in which every double star is formed. It is surely passing strange to see the genesis of a stellar system before our very eyes.

The mammoth telescopes and the great cameras, some fifty tons in weight, of the present day reveal these facts to us. Thus we find that the myriad lights, the splendid gems of our winter sky, are suns and worlds in all stages of growth, decay, and death; double stars just forming, systems just being evolved, worlds grown old and cold and dead, suns in the noontide of their splendour, and suns whose life-history is abruptly closed by some sudden and awful catastrophe.

HOW MANY ARE THE STARS?

In the southern sky the writer has counted five thousand six hundred stars visible distinctly to the naked eye. There are, therefore, about ten thousand stars in the whole heavens which can be seen by the eye alone, without any other aid. An ordinary opera-glass will show close on one hundred thousand stars. As we use larger and still larger telescopes, more and still more stars are revealed. It is estimated that in the great Yerkes telescope, the largest in the world, two hundred million stars are visible.

Then, again, the sensitive photographic plate will show, under long exposure—Sir David Gill has secured an exposure of twenty-five hours—groups and clusters of stars where the specks of light are like falling snowflakes on a still winter's day or rain-drops against the sun. A long-exposure survey of the whole heavens with one of the most modern photographic telescopes would indicate, I am convinced, no fewer than five hundred million stars.

Now, it may be urged, where does finality come in here? As we go on constructing larger and yet larger telescopes, more and yet more stars will appear. Each remove we are only seeing farther and farther down the great endless galleries of space, and the goal of our desire is as far off as ever. We may only be making visible the frontier realms of an infinite domain, the hinterland of which is a region so vast that no human invention can fathom it, and no human intellect can measure or comprehend it.

This does not at all follow. It is true that the larger the telescope the greater the number of stars made visible by it; but the question is, does the number seen increase in the same proportion as the size of the telescope would lead us to expect? If the universe is infinite in extent and the stars infinite in number, then in a telescope of a certain size we ought to see a definite number of stars. Do we see this number? This is the crux of the whole matter. Now, the answer to this question is, that the number of stars we do see in a very large telescope falls far short of the number we ought to see on the assumption that there is no limit to the number of stars; but, on the other hand, the number seen is quite in keeping with the contention that each increase of telescopic power brings our vision nearer and nearer to the outer fringe of our finite universe.

The same remarkable result is reached if we consider recent photographic research in this direction. As we increase the length of the exposure we do not obtain an equivalent increase in the number of stars registered on the photographic plate. Indeed, we sometimes reach a limit, different of course for different parts of the sky, beyond which we cease to photograph any more stars however long the exposure. We have, in short, photographed all there is to photograph. When any one pushes his way through a great London crowd, he finds the press grow less and less dense as he reaches the outer edge. If no stranger to such throngs, he will be able to gauge more or less roughly the size of the crowd from the appearance it presents to him as he passes through it. If a specialist in the matter of crowds, his estimate will probably be an accurate one. The telescope carries the astronomer through the stellar distances right on to the region where the stars thin out on the margin of the great ocean of space that surrounds the universe like a garment. From what he sees he is able to estimate all he could

possibly see. The part visible is to him a certain measure of the whole. And that whole how vast, how stupendous! The most modest estimates give one thousand million as the total number of stars in the universe—one thousand million!

If this be so—and the result is arrived at by a variety of ways—then a telescope ten feet in diameter will bring us to the foreshores of that vast, inviolate, untroubled sea of empty space that girds our realm of stars. Empty space! It may not be empty. Here and there island universes as large as our own may break the monotony of that shoreless sea: islands and islets that are visible in our largest telescopes as faint wisps and whorls of misty light, specks against the darkness. After all, the number of universes may be as countless and as diverse as the stars. There is nothing unreasonable in such a thought.

WHAT IS THE EXTENT OF THIS SYSTEM OF STARS?

The most recent investigations seem to indicate that the outermost rim of stars in our universe, the sentinels on the confines of space, are two thousand times more distant than those nearest our system.

Now, the stars nearest to us are only 'near' in astronomical language. They are on the average 'thirty light-years' distant from us—that is, light takes thirty years to come from our nearest neighbours among the stars. In some cases the distance is much less, in others much more; but the mean distance is about 'thirty light-years.'

If, now, the farthest-away stars are two thousand times more distant than this, a ray of light would take one hundred and twenty thousand years to speed across the whole sidereal universe. Sometimes distances like this are expressed in 'express-train years'—that is, we calculate how long it would take a train to go across the grand trunk railway of the universe, if such a line could be made. Why distances are so expressed I cannot tell; for what profit is it for any man to know that it would take one million million years to cross from shore to shore of the universe in a train? We can only look at the figures and smile or frown as our manner is—understand it we cannot. It gives us a pleasant sense of vastness to compute how many tons of matter are in the universe. Does it make the matter any more understandable to say that there are a million times more tons of matter in space than there are drops of water in all the five oceans of our round earth? The comprehension of a statement like this far transcends our finite conceptions. We can only be amazed, bewildered. We never can understand it, for it is bordering on infinite relations. Yet, as has already been suggested, this great universe, so vast that the mighty orbs can be reckoned in number as the sand by the seashore, may only after all be a very small part of space; in all probability it is only as a single drop compared with the practically infinite ocean that surrounds it:

> A dark
> Illimitable ocean, without bound,
> Without dimension; where length, breadth, and height,
> And time and place, are lost.

Even if man explored and measured the universe of stars above him to its farthest reaches, charting, gauging, weighing, the riddle would be still unread, for beyond and barring his way would lie this 'illimitable' ocean. We here reach thoughts that had best be left alone. Let us content ourselves with the wonderful tale of the achievements of astronomers during the past hundred years in making evident so much knowledge concerning the nature, number, and distance of the stars.

HUPEH.

PART II.

ONE night Hupeh came to me, and I saw at once that he was labouring under great mental excitement. His usually inscrutable eyes had dropped their mask, and in them I read a great anxiety and a greater danger. Hastily closing the door behind him, he peered round the room, and then interrogated me with a look full of meaning.

'All alone,' I said. 'What has happened?'

'Forder, we have been good friends?'

'I have always hoped so, Hupeh. I know of nothing that should make us enemies.'

'Good. I am a yellow man, Forder; but I do not forget. You must fly instantly from Tsing-Fu.' He seized me excitedly by the arm and peered earnestly into my face.

'That is impossible, Hupeh. I dare not. Why should I?'

'Because the Boxers are marching on Peking, and Tsing-Fu is in their line of march!'

'Well?'

'You do not understand. This Boxer movement has not for its object the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty; it is a national rising against the foreigner.'

'To what end?'

'Forder, if a foreign army were to invade your England, what would Englishmen strive to do?' His face was pale; his voice quivered with excitement.

There was only one obvious answer; and that, looking into his excited face, I was afraid to make.

'This is the warning of a friend,' he continued —'the warning of one who fears for his friend. The cry is, "Death to the foreigner!" Do not wait until you hear it ring out in the streets.'

His extraordinary agitation still puzzled me; a suspicion wavered, then grew strong. I seized him sharply by the arm.

'How do you know all this?'

'Because I am a Boxer!'

'You?'

'Ay; why not? Is not a man justified of any means to free his country of the invader?'

'But, Hupeh, we are not invaders.'

'No, you are traders; but the warship and the soldier follow you. The people are afraid; officialism has stirred their prejudices, and one can foresee nothing but horror. Forder, you are in the greatest possible danger. Every foreigner in the country is standing over a volcano. If he had more sensitiveness he would feel the heave and fall of the burning crust.'

'Europe will call for a terrible revenge.'

'Admitted; but Europe stands a long way off, and even it cannot recall the dead. It will be too late once you hear the populace shouting in the streets. We have been good friends, Forder, and this is the last office of a friend. Go while there is time.'

'And the others?' I referred to the merchants, the missionaries, and their families.

He shrugged his shoulders. 'I have already risked too much in warning you. For once in a way be guided by me, Forder. Every hour you remain in Tsing-Fu is fraught with danger.'

'You would advise me to leave at once?'

'This very moment. Make your way to Tientsin. That will soon be the last refuge of your people.'

'It is impossible, Hupeh.'

'I am sorry, Forder. This is like a rising of the Hoang-Ho. No obstacle shall stay its course.'

He went as silently and mysteriously as he had come, and I was left to digest as best I could the alarming intelligence. At first I was disinclined to give entire credence to his story, knowing the Chinese love of exaggeration and the sudden political vanity which had violently agitated some of the most evenly balanced minds. Still, I could not entirely mistrust his friendship, which had stood the test of so many years; though, if what he said were true, the rising had spread with inconceivable rapidity. But yesterday it seemed that one had heard of the Boxers for the first time, and now they were threatening the life of every foreigner in the northern and middle provinces. To be sure the Government at Peking had proclaimed the society; but if Hupeh spoke the truth, Peking was playing a double game. The question was, would they dare to flout the Powers even in secret? One knew of the Empress, and believed her capable of any daring; but in her counsel were men wiser than she—men who knew something of Europe and its power. Would the woman be foolish enough to defy that power? After all, she was a vain and ignorant woman, and to one who is cognisant of the vanity of the Oriental all things seem possible.

I went out and called on my nearest neighbour, a merchant with whom I had been intimate for some years. I found him surrounded by his wife and family. It was the baby's birthday, and the children, three girls and a boy, were romping and eating sweetmeats in honour of the occasion. It was a merry party, and for something like an hour I made a pretence of enjoyment; but as soon as the mother had retired with the children I broached the object of my visit, nor was I relieved to see that my friend Shelton received the communication with a look of the utmost anxiety.

'In my heart I have feared something like this,' he said, 'and for the last week I have been trying to make up my mind to send my wife and little ones down to the coast. But, Forder, I shall hesitate no longer; they start to-morrow.'

On the morrow they were in the hands of Cheng-Chu, the rabid anti-foreigner.

I left the house a prey to the most evil forebodings. Two or three shadows slunk out from an adjacent doorway and disappeared into the street; at intervals along the dark streets shadows seemed to accompany me. I began to regret that I had come out unarmed, and, foreseeing trouble, hurried onward. But nothing untoward happened, though I did not sleep well.

Early the following morning a runner from the Yamen came with a message from the *taotai*, Cheng-Chu, requesting me to present myself before his Excellency, who had some important news to communicate. I obeyed, and was received with every outward show of courtesy. Cheng had the reputation of being a bad man; but he possessed good manners, and these he could use when the necessity arose. He overwhelmed me with compliment, professed himself my devoted servant, and passed through all the genuflections of insincerity. Then by elaborate degrees he led up to the serious communication. It was rumoured that the Boxers had secretly entered Tsing-Fu, that their object was the destruction of the foreigners, and that he had sent to offer me the shelter of the Yamen.

I could not offend him by refusing his proffered hospitality, and yet I was not absolutely convinced of his honesty. He saw the indecision in my face, and his little black eyes blinked over me with monotonous regularity. They were wonderful, soulless little eyes, clots of black fire that smouldered sullenly.

Fortunately a diversion occurred at that moment. A noise was heard outside, and in rushed a mes-

senger, who, between quick gasps for breath, panted out the information that the Boxers were in possession of the city, and that the foreign houses were already in flames.

Cheng looked at me, and a singular smile curled the thick lips of his ugly mouth. It was no longer necessary to press his hospitality upon me.

'You will be quite safe here,' he said. 'I will keep you in hiding until the storm has blown over.'

'And what of the other Europeans?' I asked.

'All safe here in the Yamen—as safe as you are.'

'My Government will not forget his Excellency Cheng-Chu,' I said.

'I hope not,' he answered.

But though apparently safe from the storm which raged without the Yamen, I was not secure against that which raged within. Indeed, I quickly realised that I was the *taotai's* prisoner, and that my chances had not improved under official protection. When I requested leave to go forth I was met with a curt refusal, and all my protestations resulted in a shrugging of the shoulders or an ominous leer.

In this uncertainty I was kept for two days. Meanwhile strange rumours had reached me through my jailers—rumours which filled me with horror and prepared me for the worst that might happen. Indeed, I feared greatly that the other refugees were even in a worse plight, and one morning the head of my friend Shelton was rolled into my cell. My exclamation of horror drew shrieks of laughter from my captors, and I was told that on the morrow my own head would be treated with as scant courtesy. I did not doubt it. Cheng, having begun his deadly work, could afford to leave no witness to tell the tale.

About midnight I was awakened from an uneasy doze into which I had fallen by hearing the door of my cell softly open. I awoke instantly, feeling my time had come; but no ray of light illumined the darkness, and I peered towards the door, every nerve strung to the utmost tensity. If it were the end, all I could hope was that they would spare me the torture.

'Are you there?' came a low, strange voice, and yet a voice which vibrated like that of a friend.

'Who is it?'

'Hupeh!'

I gasped, scarcely realising that it could be he.

'Is this the end, Hupeh?'

'I pray not. Come with me. There is still a little hope.'

He took me by the hand and led me from the cell, and presently we entered a room in which a light burned dimly. Pointing to a bundle of clothes which lay upon a bench, he said, 'Dress yourself quickly; you must be outside Tsing-Fu before daylight.'

Without more ado I changed my European dress for that of a native, making in the uncertain light a tolerable Chinaman, and silently we passed the gates of the Yamen. Then I began to breathe more freely.

'Hupeh,' I said, 'if Heaven permits me safely to join my people, I shall not forget this act of yours.'

'May it be so, Forder.'

'There is still danger from Cheng-Chu?'

'Danger, yes; but from Cheng-Chu, no.'

'I do not understand.'

'For my sake Cheng-Chu has permitted this. Surely, Forder, our friendship has been something more than a name? Remember this one act to his credit, and to mine. Now farewell. We shall never meet again. There is the open country. Make for the sea-coast and work your way to Tientsin. You will find money in your coat. Farewell!'

. . . . . .

That was not the last time Hupeh and I were to meet. When, later on, the allies entered Tsing-Fu I accompanied them as interpreter, and in the compound of the Yamen I saw the head of the *taotai* Cheng roll in the dust; for the vengeance of the allies was swift and sure, and severe enough to strike terror into the yellow men. But in my heart I was glad that one of the ringleaders still remained at large, though the reward offered for his apprehension was tempting. Hupeh had begotten himself an evil name, and assiduous was the search for him. Every day I feared that they would bring him in; but as the time passed and no information concerning him reached headquarters, I sincerely prayed that he might be beyond the reach of human vengeance.

Then I accompanied a small expedition a week's journey from Tsing-Fu, the object of which being accomplished, we returned to the Yamen early one morning. Troops were drawn up in the compound, the natives clustering with frightened faces behind the men in khaki. Pushing to the front, I saw, kneeling in a row, some half-dozen men, their necks bared, their hands bound behind them. Even as I advanced the executioner's sword swished through the air and a human head went spinning across the paved courtyard.

'The last batch,' said an officer beside me.

'Any one of importance?' I asked.

'Yes,' he said; 'that chap at the end is Hupeh.'

'Hupeh! Hupeh! He saved me once,' I cried excitedly.

'The devil he did.' It seemed quite an unimportant matter to this automaton.

I rushed forward. The headsman, who had already accounted for three of his victims, stopped to look at me.

'Hupeh!' I cried. 'Hupeh!'

He looked up at me dreamily, stupidly, like one

under the influence of narcotics; then, recognising me, he smiled.

'Forder! Back again in Tsing-Fu! You are in time to see your friend die.'

'You must not die, Hupeh.' I turned despairingly to the officer in command, who with a swelling face was angrily advancing. 'I implore you to reprieve this man if only for an hour. I have a story to tell. He saved my life; he would have saved us all had we only listened to him.'

'Impossible. Must obey orders. Fellow's a murderer.'

'That's a lie,' said Hupeh in the most excellent English. 'I have never murdered any one. I did as you would do if the enemy were within your gates.'

'Egad!' stammered the officer, 'the fellow speaks English.'

'I will explain. Delay his execution, if only for an hour!'

'Quite impossible.'

He waved to the executioner. Again the sword fell—and again. Hupeh was the last of the line. The executioner hesitated. Hupeh looked at me, and on his face was the sweet old smile of friendship I remembered so well.

'Good-bye, Forder,' he said. 'This man is only doing his duty. I have staked and lost. But it is a strange inversion—is it not?—that the heathen should save his friend, and that the civilised Christian should plead in vain for an hour's respite? I am ready, executioner. Strike!'

THE ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

By E. A. Reynolds-Ball, F.R.G.S.

From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true.
—Rudyard Kipling.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway has recently been much before the public in connection with the Canadian tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales; and every one has read glowing descriptions of the magnificent palace on wheels, the last word in the luxury of railway travel, which was the rolling home of the Royal tourists for nearly a month.

This famous transcontinental railway is closely bound up with the political, social, and commercial life of Canada. The history of this colossal enterprise, so full of vicissitudes, which has wrecked or made so many political reputations, and, indeed, upset Ministries, reads like a romance.

Although a private enterprise, one can scarcely overestimate the enormous political, social, and economical influence of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is, in short, virtually an *imperium in imperio*. It makes and unmakes towns and cities; in fact, Winnipeg and Vancouver are as much the creation of this company as are Crewe and Swindon of the London and North-Western and Great Western Railways respectively; and it 'holds the great North-West in the hollow of its hand.'

Few people realise that it is now possible to travel by a British overland route to Australia without crossing a yard of non-British soil; and that Yokohama can be reached by this veritable imperial route in three weeks from London, and Hong-Kong and Shanghai in a month. Even with the Siberian Railway, the shortest route, in point of time, to Japan and Australia will probably be *vid* Montreal rather than *vid* Moscow.

The history of the Canadian Pacific Railway is remarkably rich in picturesque and even dramatic episodes. All through the seventies the construction of this line, on which the great question of Federation hinged—so far as British Columbia was concerned—was the burning question of the day. The determined opposition that the advocates of the railway had to contend against can only be paralleled by that of Palmerston's Government to the Suez Canal scheme. One of the strongest arguments of the political opponents of the line was the climatic one. It was declared that the severe climate would paralyse the traffic during the winter. The promoters could now, if any serious opponents to the Canadian Pacific Railway still existed, triumphantly point to a continuity of through services almost unequalled under similar conditions in the whole history of railways. Not a single day from the beginning of 1887 to the end of 1892 did the express from Montreal to Vancouver fail to run. Indeed, it is said that the English Great Western Railway has actually lost more time by snow blockade during this period than the Canadian Pacific Railway!

The Dominion Government first took the scheme in hand in 1871, undertaking to complete it in ten years. By 1880 they had only some seven hundred miles of line to show for their nine years' labour and profuse expenditure of capital, while even the surveying was only partially completed. In fact, to use a homely aphorism from the Western States, the Government had 'bitten off a bigger chunk than they could chew.'

In 1881 the enterprise, which was practically on its last legs, was transferred to a private

company, in which Sir William Van Horne (now the chairman) and Lords Strathcona and Mount Stephen were the ruling spirits. The fact that the preliminary surveys cost no less than two million dollars, and that for three hundred miles the track had to be cut through solid rock, while in one section the cost per mile was seven hundred thousand dollars, will bring home even to the unprofessional reader the stupendous nature of this titanic enterprise. In five years and a half the work was finished, the last spike being driven on the 7th of November 1885; while in June 1886 express trains were running daily from Halifax on the Atlantic to Vancouver on the Pacific slope, a distance of nearly three thousand seven hundred miles, in five to six days. We may compare this speed with the vaunted Siberian bi-weekly *train de luxe* service from Moscow to Irkutsk (three thousand four hundred miles) in nine days, and even this schedule time is often exceeded. The extraordinary energy of the contractors and engineers, who were five and a half years ahead of contract time at the finish—in itself a record in the history of great public works—will be better appreciated when it is remembered that the Siberian Railway took nearly ten years to complete, the Suez Canal fourteen years, and the Tower Bridge eight; while the comparatively trifling work, the new Vauxhall Bridge, will have taken over four years, even if completed in contract time.

Perhaps a more striking instance of the remarkable celerity with which all the work in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway system has been carried out is found in the new St Lawrence Bridge near Montreal, a worthy rival to the famous Victoria Bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway. This bridge was completed in less than two years, at a cost of one million dollars. The Victoria Bridge, a few miles lower down the river, took six years to build, and cost over six million dollars. This economy is all the more creditable as the *mot d'ordre* of the directorate to the engineers was, 'Spend what you like, but get it through before contract time.' In one section alone over fifteen thousand men were employed at one time. Though a Canadian undertaking, heavily subsidised by the Government, yet the Canadian Pacific Railway might be described as a cosmopolitan enterprise. It was directed by Canadians and financed by American, French, and English capitalists; but the contractors and engineers were mostly Americans, and some thirty to forty thousand of the labourers were Chinese coolies.

The 'stiffening' of this article with a few statistical facts may perhaps be pardoned. The Canadian Pacific Railway, in whose system are over nine thousand miles of line, is, next to the Siberian Railway, the longest railway in the world under one direction; though the American transcontinental line, New York to San Francisco, controlled by three companies, is some six hundred miles longer. In mere mileage, of course, the Trans-Asian line easily holds the record. The average speed of construction was two and a half miles a day, which compares favourably with that of the Union Pacific (two miles) and the Siberian (one mile). The first-class fare for the through journey of five days is ninety-two dollars, which is, however, proportionately more than the fare from Moscow to Irkutsk (eight pounds first class). The solidity of the track is indicated by the fact that there are one thousand six hundred sleepers to the mile in some sections, which has enabled a speed of over fifty miles an hour to be attained on certain portions. Statistics are, however, usually written to be skipped, so I will refrain from further wearying my readers.

The scenic attractions of the western sections of the line are too obvious to be insisted on, and, indeed, only the pen of a Ruskin or a Stevenson could adequately picture the sublime scenery of the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks. As Emerson said of the Yosemite Valley, it is perhaps the 'only scenery whose reality comes up to the brag.' It was during the surveys of these wild regions that most of the picturesque incidents in the construction occurred. One of these is indicated by the name of a famous pass, the Eagle Pass. The surveyors were baffled for weeks in the search for a route through the mountain barrier of the Gold Range. At length they decided to follow the flight of an eagle, which led them through this stupendous cañon.

It is mainly the romantic and picturesque aspects of the Canadian Pacific Railway that I am now concerned with, and I have little space left to touch upon the military and political significance of this great highway, for its commercial importance is sufficiently patent. The company could undertake to transport five thousand troops from Halifax to Vancouver in a week, with full equipment, including even the largest siege-guns. The strategic value of the railway was strikingly illustrated in the Riel rebellion of 1885. But for the ease with which troops were brought up to the disaffected districts it would perhaps have taken years rather than months to crush the rebellion. In the Red River expedition of 1870 it took ninety-five days to transport the troops from Toronto to Winnipeg. The Canadian Pacific Railway is of great strategic importance also in that it offers an alternative route to India to the Suez Canal route, should the 'great ditch' be closed to our transports; and certainly, though the transit would be a few days longer, it would be shorter than the Cape route, our only other alternative, while the moral effect on the native mind in India of English troops arriving from the East as well as

from the West would be enormous. Indeed, from an imperial or national standpoint, this great railway, which binds the Dominion to the mother country with its bands of steel, is almost as important a factor in the union of the British Empire as the political federation of the Canadian Provinces in one Dominion. It is curious, by the way, to remember that the title Dominion was not the one originally proposed by the provincial Governments. The 'Kingdom of Canada' was first suggested, and only dropped because it was thought that it might offend the susceptibilities of the United States!

Of late the Siberian Railway has been much boomed, and even compared with the Canadian Pacific Railway, to the latter's disadvantage, as a triumph of railway construction. But what are the facts? (1) No railway was ever made under more trying geographical and climatic conditions than the Canadian Pacific Railway. (2) As to speed of construction, the Russian average was about one mile a day; the Canadian two and a half miles. (3) The former cost eighty-five million, and the latter only twenty-eight million pounds. (4) In the construction of the Russian transcontinental line one hundred and fifty thousand labourers were employed at one time, in that of the Canadian only forty thousand. (5) The Siberian Railway has all the resources of the Russian Empire at its back, while the Dominion Railway is a private enterprise. (6) Then as regards the track, equipment, speed, and punctuality of service there is no comparison. So flimsy is the construction of the Siberian line—no chairs or fish-plates were used, the rails being merely riveted together—that on some sections the engine-drivers are not allowed to exceed a speed of six or seven miles an hour.

Perhaps no great railway in the world—certainly not the American transcontinental railway—had to cope with so many obstacles, political and economical as well as physical and climatic. Unlike the Union Pacific Railway of the United States, the Canadian line was constructed over seven hundred miles of wild, mountainous country, which was in great measure unexplored; and for five or six months in the year the work of construction had to be carried on under almost Arctic conditions. As to the more obvious and apparently insuperable difficulties of carrying the line over the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirk and Gold Ranges, what is there in the Russian undertaking to compare with these? Indeed, it is not, perhaps, overstating the case to say that the six hundred miles section from Calgary, the gate of the Rockies, to Vancouver on the Pacific slope, is the finest piece of railway engineering in the whole history of railway construction. There may be more sensational short sections of railway in the United States, India—the Darjeeling line, for instance—Ceylon, South Africa, or even in Europe; but there is probably no line of the same length as this wonderful section which can compare with it for grandeur of conception or daring in execution.

In short, the colossal enterprise of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is worthy to rank with the greatest engineering triumphs of the century, such as the Brooklyn Bridge, the Suez Canal, the Forth Bridge, the Severn Tunnel, the Eiffel Tower, the Assouan Barrage, and the Tower Bridge; while the chief claim of the Siberian Railway to be regarded as a stupendous enterprise rests on mere mileage (six thousand miles), in which respect it is no doubt unique among the railways of the world. Then, historically, the Canadian Pacific Railway might almost be regarded as the nineteenth century realisation of the sixteenth century dream of a trade route to China and India *vid* America.

THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was Sunday again, and the bell in the little kirk tower of Tainish was clanging out its persistent summons as if the welfare of every soul in the parish depended ultimately upon attendance at divine worship that particular morning.

In her bedroom in the manse Lesley was preparing with a heavy heart to yield obedience to the relentless edict.

It was one of those glorious days which so frequently occur in April in Scotland, where the fantasia of spring is a gayer medley than in the south, because of the memory of a longer, drearier winter.

The apple-trees in the garden below Lesley's window were a frothy mass of dainty white and delicate green, lightened every now and then into almost supernatural brilliance by the fitful glory of the April sunshine; but Lesley was in no mood for apple-blossom that morning. She was ahungered for something—she knew not what—and the beauties of nature seemed but to mock at her want. When the heart is light, and it is springtime, and the apple-blossom is in bloom all at once, then surely life seems too good to be true; but if the heart is heavy, then in vain is all the fragrant freshness of a hundred springs.

At least so thought Lesley this morning. She was conscious of a restless, unsatisfied desire, the exact nature of which she did not know; but of this she was certain, that the future which lay

before her would never have the power of fulfilling it; therefore she turned away from that future with a sense of shrinking dread. Yet how could she escape when her conscience accused her every moment of base ingratitude? No, she was doomed—doomed to live a life which must always fall short of those possibilities which had just awakened into being within her.

Entering the church a few minutes later, she became conscious at once of Lord Coalstoun's presence. To her surprise, he was alone.

She had seen him almost every day since the memorable evening of the concert, but always driving with his beautiful guest by his side in the intimate solitude *à deux* of a dogcart. Lesley had avoided the chances of meeting as far as possible; but it seemed almost as if he had divined her purpose and selected all her hidden byways for his daily drives. Judging by the gay and confidential intimacy of their bearing, he and his fair companion appeared to derive mutual satisfaction from their excursions; and the sight of him in this new rôle had given Lesley a glimpse of that other side of his character by which he was best known to his associates, the brilliant, cultivated man of the world, to whom life at Tainish was but an incident, or at best an amusing novelty to be enjoyed—and forgotten.

According to custom, she did not leave her place until the church had 'scaled;' and when she reached the lichgate Lord Coalstoun was standing out on the dusty road giving some directions to his groom. As she approached, the dogcart drove smartly off, and his lordship turned to greet her.

'I think a walk would be good for both of us,' he said, raising his hat slightly by way of salute. 'I have sent the trap home, and shall lunch at the inn and walk out afterwards.'

'I am sure my uncle would be very glad if you would come and lunch with us,' said Lesley, her mind running rapidly over the contents of the larder.

'Oh no, thanks a thousand times!' he returned. 'I really didn't mean it for a hint, and I feel it a duty to patronise Macnab occasionally and pay London hotel prices without a murmur for his chops and blanc-mange.'

Lesley laughed gaily. Her former dissatisfaction had vanished as if by magic; the heavy purposeless feeling had left her heart, and in its place had come the thrill of true enjoyment.

'So your visitors have gone?' she said as they walked almost mechanically side by side in the direction of the loch.

'Yes,' he answered, striking in an aimless fashion at the little flints on the road with his stick; 'a country house in the wilds of Glen Raith naturally does not possess many attractions to the socially inclined.'

Lesley glanced up at him as he spoke to detect, if possible, any trace of bitterness on his face, but there was none; its expression was unconcerned, almost cold.

'Besides,' he continued, 'there is a ball in Edinburgh to-morrow night—for which, by the way, I am supposed to return; and Lady Marjorie is the promised belle.'

'She is very beautiful,' exclaimed the girl with frank admiration.

'And charming,' he conceded. 'But shall we find a seat somewhere? The loch is a magic mirror this morning, in which perchance we may see strange marvels.' He pointed as he spoke to a fallen log by the margin of the loch, on which Lesley seated herself, he taking his place by her side on the hillocky grass.

The April sun burst fitfully through the soft clouds over their heads, lighting up the shimmering expanse of water every now and then into a million sparkles, while across the opposite hills gigantic shapes and shadows flitted noiselessly.

'This is a day after my own heart,' said Coalstoun at last. 'Do you see how its face changes every minute? It is easy to have illusions on a day like this,' he added almost below his breath.

'You always talk so much about illusions,' said Lesley impulsively, 'and I don't even know what they mean.'

'That is because there are no threadbare places in your life yet,' he explained. 'It is only when life becomes threadbare that one realises the existence of illusions. I suppose it is the contrast which makes them visible. Still, I don't think this last week has been exactly profitable for you either,' he added with abrupt significance.

The colour leapt into Lesley's face, and she turned away her head. He saw the effect of his words upon her; but a sort of reckless determination had taken hold of him. What matter whether he was only experimenting? The experience was worth enjoying. Lesley's apparent need had provided him with the temptation: for her as well as for him it was a good thing. It was high time that she should be awakened out of her girlish sleep; that uncouth log of a cousin of hers would never have the power, but would leave her to her mazy dreams for the rest of her life.

But her next words somewhat mitigated his assurance.

'And I thought you had been so happy,' she said.

'Happy, perhaps,' he acknowledged carelessly; 'happiness, however, is not always profitable.'

'But how did you know that I had been feeling like that too?' she questioned with sincere directness.

He smiled. She had voluntarily come back to the dangerous ground; on her own head the consequences.

'Oh, I am a bit of a clairvoyant,' he said; 'besides, I may as well confess that it was a venture. I was testing a curious feeling of telepathy

of which I am conscious with certain people—a very few: you are one of them. I chose to imagine your mood as part of mine. Great presumption, you will think; but, if you prefer it, it is easy to put it down to coincidence.'

'I have been unhappy,' she acknowledged simply, gazing out over the loch; 'but I don't know why. I think I want something; but I don't know what it is.'

'That is the negative side of your troubles, is it not?' he said. 'But don't you think it would be lessened considerably if you could escape from the positive—I mean the something that you do not want, and yet which duty forces upon you?'

He spoke quietly; but Lesley felt the force of his words.

'How can you know all these things?' she asked in a low, constrained voice.

'Did I not tell you that I was a clairvoyant?' he replied. 'But have I really guessed the truth?'

'Yes, I am afraid so,' she said. 'Oh! I am a very wicked, ungrateful girl.'

'You have become a woman,' he remarked sententiously; 'that is all.'

'Then it hurts to be a woman,' she flamed, with a sudden note of rebellion in her voice.

'Yet some day you will find there are compensations,' he commented dryly. He had tilted his hat over his eyes, but he was observing her closely all the time.

'Tell me,' he began again in an altered tone—'I have not seen you to speak to since the night of the concert—were you angry with me for making you sing my favourite song?'

'Not angry.' She shook her head. 'But, please, I would rather not talk about it. I don't think I enjoyed myself very much that evening.'

'I can't say that I enjoyed myself particularly either,' he rejoined, sitting up and casting a stone with careful aim at a snag which protruded its black nose above the water at some little distance.

All Lesley's sensitive pride took arms at once. 'Of course you did not. I can quite understand what a poor little entertainment it must have seemed to you. I should not have asked you to come.'

'Now you are a child again,' he responded, sinking back into his recumbent position, 'and a foolish one to boot. But I make a point of never explaining my remarks when they are misunderstood, and I have a rooted and constitutional objection to apologies in any form.

'Apologies!' she echoed in a horrified voice.

He smiled.

'Do you know, I believe you are a little afraid of me still,' he remarked.

Lesley turned and met his gaze unflinchingly. 'I am not afraid of anybody,' she said; 'but of course I never forget the difference between us.'

'The difference is all in your favour, child,' he said; 'even in the mundane matter of age,' he added a trifle bitterly.

'But you are not old,' she said.

'Unfortunately old enough to be your father.'

'But it is not years that count,' cried the girl, her face flushing with eagerness. 'A man is only old when he has reached a certain time of life and achieved nothing. Look what you have done—already.'

Her eyes were shining with enthusiasm.

'And how, may I ask, have my achievements reached your ears?' he questioned with curious intentness.

'I don't know,' she replied vaguely; 'but when I think of all you must have seen and heard and felt, I'—— She broke off.

He laughed.

'You have heard a little and supplemented much, I am afraid,' he remarked. 'I had no idea what a well of romance you contained; but I assure you there is nothing to envy me in my memories. They make an unpleasantly weighty burden sometimes, and one which, like the Old Man of the Sea, I can never get rid of; but what weighs heavier still is all that I have left undone. You think, no doubt, that I have reached the summit of my ambition, when'—with a short laugh—'I have hardly commenced to climb yet; and alas! alas! time is passing so quickly, and I am growing old.'

He sighed as he finished, then turned the sigh into a smile as he met the girl's beautiful, eager eyes. 'Ah, how I wish I could do anything, no matter how small, to help you!' she cried.

For a brief moment a reckless, almost passionate look crossed his face, then faded, leaving a grim, flinty expression behind. 'Rather, pray God you do not hinder me,' he said in a low voice, turning away his head. The next instant he was smiling again.

During the walk home Lesley was very silent.

At the manse-gate he paused.

'But we part friends, do we not?' he said. 'Perhaps some day, child, you will realise what it is to play with fire. Ah, that is right,' as she extended her hand gravely. 'This is good-bye for some time,' he added. 'I have made a sudden resolve to victimise myself to-morrow night. After all, "the ball's the thing"—especially when you are *growing* old,' with a special emphasis on the last words. 'You see your arguments have not been wasted, maid of the manse. Before I venture to call myself old again I shall ask your leave.'

He broke off, waiting for her to say something; but she remained silent. There was a bewildered expression on her face; and, realising her plight, he opened the gate with a little indulgent gesture for her to pass through.

'Good-bye,' he said again, and was gone.

'ON THE ROAD.'

ALAS! that breezy, suggestive term is now but an empty name. No longer does the happy 'commercial'—regardless of time-bills, 'connections,' excess luggage, and all the thousand ills of modern travelling methods that we are heir to—drive easily from town to town in jaunty gig or phaeton, as did his brother of former days. True it is that in some remote districts, where thriving villages innocent of railways are worth 'working,' he may revive for a brief hour reminiscences of former times by driving to his field of operations in a dogcart hired from the hotel. True, also, that certain firms are said to have tried the experiment—with success, we hear, in the matter of time-saving, and travellers on certain lines of railway will easily believe it—of sending their representatives from town to town in—oh, shade of Dickens's 'Bagman'!—a motor-car. But the glories of the 'road' are gone; of the road when that Bagman told his story, and of the times when George Moore, bagman, sportsman, and philanthropist, barely saved himself and his laces from the treacherous Solway tide.

The old road is gone, and with it the old bagmen—most of them; but though the old order changeth, giving place to new, there is pleasure on the 'road'—the new road—yet for those who love a roving life and constant change of scene. There are still with us inns which are not owned by limited companies. The 'George' at Grantham is still, I believe, 'one of the best inns in England,' as it was when those two prudent 'outsides' left the Yorkshire coach and 'turned in' there, while Mr Squeers and his wondering usher and shivering pupils pursued their journey on the snow-laden vehicle. The 'Green Man' at Ashbourne is, as Mr Birrell has assured readers of Boswell, 'still an excellent inn;' though we doubt if even the most honoured of its guests now receives the hostess's 'duty' and the quaint and simple appeal for recommendation which 'M. Killingley? proffered to Johnson's good-natured friend on his departure from her hospitable door.

Perhaps of all travellers, whether bound on business or pleasure, the 'commercial' lives at his inn more nearly as travellers lived in days gone by. The ordinary traveller is now but rarely an habitual guest at any country hotel. Suppose, for example, a solicitor travelling frequently from west or north to London. A century ago, more or less, he performed the journey by coach, and probably stayed a night, if not two, on his way up and down. Now he can reach the Metropolis in a few hours, and without a single stoppage. This applies to all classes except the commercial traveller, so that he has come to be the one visitor who may be counted upon to appear and reappear with any regularity. To the wise host, therefore, he is indeed a *persona grata*, and one whom he delighteth to honour.

And honoured the bagman is. Nowadays, when 'palatial' is a popular descriptive term with hotel proprietors—as if any sensible person would desire to inhabit a palace!—no dweller in such caravanseries is one whit more comfortable than the bagman in a well-ordered country-town hotel. He has toiled, perhaps unsuccessfully, all the winter day, and is cold, probably wet, weary, and—more than likely—cross. But the very sight of the blazing commercial-room fire would melt the heart of an iceberg. 'Boots' has his bag out of his hand before he is across the threshold; the smiling waitress rattles off a dozen tempting delicacies awaiting his selection for tea; a friend makes room for him on the hearthrug that he may thaw himself in John Bull's orthodox manner; another looks up from his meal to greet him; while a third throws 'Hullo! you here,' over his shoulder from the writing-table without lifting his flying pen from the paper.

Kaleidoscopic variety is the great feature of the commercial traveller's life. Towns, the scenery of his journeys, the manners of his customers, the faces round the evening table, form an ever-changing panorama. Of the last-named, his brothers of the bag, some will have been familiar for years, others are always fresh. Some men work their ground with such clock-work regularity that they may be relied on to reach a town, an hotel, a customer's shop even, at a given day, hour, almost minute; such a man will casually ask the 'Boots' if Mr Blank has come in yet, as though he had last seen his friend half-an-hour before, instead of perhaps half a year. But across the track of such fixed stars of the road passes a crowd of more erratic lights that appear, join in the social talk, and disappear—who, whence, or whither bound their convives of an evening know not.

Possibly there is no trade or profession which is permeated by so large-hearted and genial a brotherly feeling and camaraderie as that of which we are speaking; none in which the novice is so certain of meeting with friendly assistance and 'tips.' The bagman is probably without a rival in his freedom—comparative freedom at any rate—from the reserve and stiffness which is generally supposed to be the Englishman's special prerogative. The word 'commercial,' the bag, great or small, that by its shape, make, even the way it is carried, says 'samples' as plainly as leather can speak, are sure passwords to the freemasonry of the road. Intercourse is essentially free and easy; men

who cross each other only at intervals, who very possibly do not even know each other's names, will greet and drop forthwith into what appears to the outsider the intimacy of long-standing friendship. They part and pass from each other's recollection, till the course of time brings them to the meeting-place once more, when the thread of intimacy is picked up as a score of like ones have been picked up and dropped in the interval.

So much for the pleasures of the bagman's life; but there is sport even in his work. The haughty owner of a deer-forest, who stalks the 'antlered monarch of the waste,' would not perhaps willingly brook a comparison between the two occupations; we may more safely take refuge with a follower of the gentle craft of which a linen-draper is the great apostle. Like the angler, then, the bagman has his 'weather.' Towns and districts under a cloud of bad trade, overbuilding, and similar causes of depression will repulse him with empty order-book after many a hard day's whipping of the stream. He, too, has 'flies'—his samples—suitable for different seasons and places. It will not be always possible to forecast with certainty whether his fish will bite or even rise. He may try one 'pool' after another, only to find the occupants leagued in an apparent conspiracy to lie sulking at the bottom. 'Patience, and shuffle the cards,' says the Spanish proverb; if the angler's version of the latter part of the recommendation is 'change your flies,' the commercial's is 'change your samples.'

With the patient reader's permission the simile may be pursued further. As the fish may swallow the bait without being safely hooked, so will the shy and skittish buyer admire a sample in the most delusive manner and yet fail to 'place an order.' Then what 'playing' is needed; what apparent and gently soothing indifference, and seeming wandering from the subject; what a sensitive finger on the pulse to note every change of wavering intention! Oh, it is undoubted sport, the bagman's; and a noble quarry withal, for does he not hunt man?

There is an insignificant-looking little book, for the recovery of which, did its owner mislay it, he would likely offer more pounds than the casual finder would deem it worth pence. It is the list of his customers which he made when first taking up the ground. There are cabbalistic signs against the names, whereof the meaning is known only to the possessor: of some the meaning is complimentary, at any rate from a business point of view; of some much the reverse. Probably the whole list and the information it contains are indelibly impressed on his memory by long years of reference to it; but still he values the book, and, moreover, has a wholesome dread lest unscrupulous rivals finding it should, by putting two and two together, suck no small advantage from a perusal of it. Many a name is there inscribed over which the traveller's keen eye will soften. Memories are awakened of record orders taken, of brilliant successes after much hard fighting; perhaps of no material profit, but of some kindness shown, some useful hint given. Many travellers can tell of men who order little and seldom, but have yet been their best friends in a town, by the giving of a suggestion as to where good business might be done, or a warning of approaching disaster in certain quarters. One cannot 'take the road' day after day, year in, year out, without meeting many a rebuff, not perhaps intentionally given, but yet sufficiently galling; sometimes, indeed, downright purposeful rudeness. Not often this latter, but still—sometimes. And against such a background bright spots are easily seen.

If the traveller works a ground on which his firm has been previously represented, there are names in that little memorandum-book on which he looks with a peculiar affection: those of men with whom *he* was the first to do business for the 'house.' He could give you twenty years later full details of all his dealings with them: of his first 'call,' probably by no means coincident with his first order; how he humoured, how he sounded them, finding out slowly for himself—never a hint from his predecessor—all their likes and dislikes, their idiosyncrasies and peculiarities. With them he feels his position to be unique; *he* is all they know of the firm, of which they had perhaps never heard before seeing him. So he comes to feel a personal affection, be it only for their 'account,' a responsibility for their satisfaction and fair treatment by his 'house' that has something in it besides mere sordid love of gain.

Some of us have seen *Jedbury Junior*, the old butler who, made the recipient of the most acrimonious of messages between master and mistress, softened them in transit into 'honeyed words of sweet intent.' The task of the traveller is more delicate still; for he has not only to render palatable communications of which he is made the medium, but also finds himself called upon at a moment's notice to soften and explain away amenities which have been unwisely transmitted by letter, exchanged, as it were, 'over his head.'

However, if the bagman's occupation has its own peculiar trials, it has also compensations. There is variety even in his worries. Has he a *bête noir* on his list: a customer—and such there are—who is always primed with some complaint, some quarrel with goods or firm, which he vents on the patient buffer? Well, the *mauvais quart d'heure* is soon over, and 'Our Mr Samples' turns his back on that particular trouble for a few weeks or months. Does he meet with reverses? He always hopes to find things better at his next call—in the next town—another county.

Not perhaps the least of his benefits is that

he cannot waste much time over brooding. It is not his lot to sit idle, and consequently depressed, in office or consulting-room, waiting for the client or patient who cometh not; nor yet to stand, a weary tradesman, behind a neglected counter. The less business the more work. Brighter, if wholly superficial, must be his cheerful smile; the more fluently must he 'toll the silver iteration' as he presses home his point to ears dull and unimpressed; more deftly and swiftly must his fingers display the alluring sample. The traveller who allows anxiety and failure to invade his countenance or manner is lost. He may perhaps 'take' an order, intercepting it, as it were, on its way to the letter-box; but 'get' an order, pumping it up by sheer hard labour from the depths of the giver's reluctance, he never will.

Good manners and good feeling will carry a man or woman satisfactorily through most of life's scenes. But every class, every clique, whether born of pleasure or of business, has its shibboleths, ignorance of which will betray an outsider. There are many such small items of unwritten etiquette 'on the road.' The ordinary sojourner at a strange hotel will on his arrival ask to be accommodated with a 'bed' that night; the bagman, if he asks for anything at all, expresses his desire for a 'number.' If he knows his house, however, he goes straight to the commercial-room and makes himself at home. At the one o'clock 'commercial dinner,' too, which holds sway especially in smaller towns where restaurant accommodation is limited, a man must 'know his way about' if he wishes to pass as 'one of us.' The bagman fraternity is conservative, and holds fast to old forms and ceremonies: no small tables or dinners *à la Russe* for its members. The commercial table has a president and a vice-president, even though the smallness of the gathering should leave those officers no company to preside over. And if our supposititious stranger sees three or four gentlemen carefully keeping outside the commercial-room door as the appointed hour approaches, he will do well not to intrude himself too rashly, unless he has a passion for carving and for a conspicuous position; for, failing the presence of some one who has stayed overnight in the house, the first inside the door will be called upon to take the head of the table.

Once seated, and served with his soup or fish, he may fail at first to fathom the meaning of a very possible remark from the president: 'Gentlemen, this is a free table.' Formerly it was the custom for all the convives to share alike, not only in the price of the dinner, but also in the cost of the liquor consumed; but the spread of total abstinence, as well as the not unnatural dislike of the modest ale-drinker to pay for the more cultured taste of his neighbour who prefers wine, has led to the almost universal fracture of this rule, and the 'freedom' of the table is now usually taken for granted.

With the cheese a couple of money-boxes and a memorandum-book are placed before the head of the table, and each diner is seen to produce a penny which the waitress collects on a salver. 'One and twopence, gentlemen; shall I divide it?' asks Mr President; and forthwith the Benevolent Fund and the Commercial Travellers' Schools at Pinner are each the better by sevenpence. It sounds trifling; but remember that at the other hotels in the same town, at all the towns in Middlesex, and in every county in England a similar collection is daily made; and it will easily be seen what advantages these deserving institutions reap from the bagman's daily penny.

'Mine Host,' as a personality, in these days of company-owned hotels managed by hirelings, is sadly shorn of his ancient glory. Next, perhaps, to the cook, that despot of hungry humanity, the traveller depends most for his comfort and peace of mind and body on the table attendant—usually a waitress except at large houses—and that all-important functionary 'Boots.' More especially is the latter's capability of consequence to the man who carries large and many samples. 'Boots' will select for him that out-porter who will most briskly wheel his colossal pile of cases or 'skeps' from shop to shop. Railway time-tables are at his finger-ends. Nor does his utility stop here. He knows all the gossip of the town, while that of the 'road' flows to him in countless streamlets from the ever-passing guests, and forms an olla-podrida of information from which he can generally make a selection to suit all comers. Where a man has earned a reputation for reliability and promptness, many a traveller would prefer to find a new and unfamiliar house awaiting him at the end of his day's work to the shock of encountering a fresh 'Boots.'

The waitress, too, is no mere machine to fetch and carry; and it would rarely be possible to class her as 'dumb.' She usually knows her charges' tastes well; but it is not often that her care for their creature comforts carries her as far as in the following case—a story which is vouched for as authentic. At a certain hotel in a county town of the west country was an Irish waitress of a passionate but withal kindly temper. To her enter one evening an habitué of the commercial-room who bespoke a 'cod-steak' for his tea. 'Lucy' took the order without demur, and withdrew, but presently reappeared. The gentleman, who was somewhat deaf, was by this time deep in his newspaper. 'Listen,' said the daughter of Erin, shaking him by the arm to attract his attention; 'ye'll not have cod-steak. I've ordered a chop instead.' 'What on earth for, Lucy?' asked the naturally astonished guest. 'Because it'll do ye more

good.' The bagman paused; he felt rebellious, but he also knew that he would 'feel' Lucy's thwarted temper if he joined issue on the question. So Lucy's selection from the larder was consumed as meekly as by any 'Mr Henpeck' of the comic papers.

It doubtless goes without saying that the number of commercial travellers on the road has increased many-fold during the last half-century; but it is equally certain that the relative importance of all but a very small proportion of the number has greatly decreased. The reason of this, at any rate in the case of that large and ever-increasing class of goods which bear a known name or patented brand and are termed proprietary, is told in one word: advertisement. The 'catch-the-eye' poster, whether artistically attractive or painfully so, which faces us on the hoarding, at the railway station, even in the quiet fields; the leaflet which falls out of our new magazine or review: these are more silent yet more effective ambassadors of business than the most fluent and persuasive of commercials. The bagman proper can only reach the tradesman, who is after all but a middleman. The advertisement steals its insidious way into the heart and home of the consumer. There can be but one result: the general public buys what it hears most talked about and sees most flaunted, whether it is a mowing-machine or a bottle of sauce.

However, the hotelkeeper, to whom the commercial traveller is an undoubted 'object of interest,' and others of us who may perhaps be still more reasonably anxious for his survival, need not fear his immediate disappearance from our midst. We do not all drink 'proprietary' tea and coffee as yet; and our wives will probably decline for many a long day to wear frocks on each length of which the maker's name appears. It is unlikely that engagement-rings and other love-tokens bearing such a brand, say, as 'Goldman's Unbreakable Guinea Binder' will win a swift way to popularity. Not yet will the 'commercial-room' be of the past. The evening tea-table will still hear the universal complaint as to the badness of trade, mixed with the chorus of cheerful joke and repartee which no trade seems bad enough to silence. And we are glad of it.

HOW EDITORS SAY 'NO.'

IT is related of a well-known author that he decorated the walls of his workroom with printed slips of editorial regret in order to 'keep himself humble.' Following his excellent lead, the writer of this little chronicle has formed an interesting collection of miscellaneous 'No, thank you' slips—the result of many unsuccessful attempts to dispose of literary wares.

Rejected contributions are usually sent back accompanied by a printed paper formally stating that 'the Editor regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed contribution, for the kind offer of which he is much obliged.'

Much obliged indeed! This Editor, would you believe it, is so much obliged, and his regrets so keen, that the 'enclosed contribution' is used by him as a scribbling-block, by the sub-editor as a blotting-pad, and finally by the office-boy as a convenient register for thumb-marks. This, however, I am bound to say, is on the whole an exception; but it remains a fact, of course, that the thanks and professed regrets are mainly mythical. If the 'kindly offered contribution' is not suitable, then the sooner it is removed from the litter on his desk the better is the Editor pleased.

In this connection a rather curious fact may be noted. In order to secure the prompt return of an unsuitable contribution it is better that the author be inexperienced and that his contribution be exceptionally bad. Then, in the first place, he will write a weak article; and, secondly, he will send it to the wrong paper. The poor article, naked in its incongruity, will not even pass through the advance pickets without instant detection. It will be promptly returned. If, on the other hand, the contribution is of itself good, but not immediately suitable, it may be many months before the unfortunate author gets it back again. Probably it is pigeon-holed, and as promptly forgotten. When, in the course of time, the manuscript is again discovered, the chances are that it is then out of date. Back it goes 'with the Editor's compliments, thanks, and—regrets.'

Among the very first papers I decided to storm with serried literature were the *Times* and *Punch*. Such is the splendid audacity of youth, inexperience, and mediocrity! The *Times*, I had read somewhere, paid five guineas for a column article; and *Punch*, I knew from a friend, gave half-a-guinea for bad puns—at least his were inexpressible. From the former I received a variation on the usual hypocritical formula; but from the latter, my first indication that the Editor is a personality and not merely a printing-press automaton. The communication, neatly written and initialed by Mr Burnand, the genial Editor, was as follows: 'Whenever you may happen to send anything on approval or otherwise to *Punch*, please observe the above printed and published conditions, otherwise it will be understood that the manuscript is not expected to be returned whether the article be used or not.—F. C. B.'

Inasmuch as the contribution consisted only of a poor joke expressed in two lines, and with which I had naturally not enclosed a stamped envelope for return, the warning and kind return struck me as being particularly courteous. However, this, as I found, was only an exception, as *Punch*, when returning manuscript in the usual way, dispenses with even the scant courtesy of printed acknowledgment.

However, there are other virtues in saying 'No,' and chief among them is to say 'No' quickly. The majority of the daily papers are quick in speeding the rejected, although in some cases they do not return manuscript at all. Allied to the latter class are one or two rather dull old weeklies, their motto being, 'No contributions returned under any circumstances.' Such papers, written by a staff and clique, usually present a monotonous sameness, and certainly owe their existence more to name and reputation than to present-day activity and attractiveness. Monthly magazines are usually long in deciding, and the majority of weekly popular journals uncertain and often inconsiderate. The following occurs to me as an instance: Some two months before last United States Presidential Election I prepared a pithy paper on the subject, and shortly afterwards submitted it to a certain journal, together with a stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. Six weeks passed, and I was counting my cheques, when, two days before the event, a shabby manuscript crawled shamefacedly into my letter-box. The trick was done. There was no time to get it retyped, and, as in the meantime several similar articles had been published, there was no chance whatever of the ragged return being placed elsewhere. If in the meantime my article has not been used to light fires with, it will be four years before it again becomes available. Such are the minor catastrophes caused by inconsiderate Editors. Of course it was probably a mistake, an oversight of the 'sorry-your-article-got-mislaid' order: it always is.

At the moment of writing, one of my articles is celebrating the first anniversary of its stay at certain editorial offices; and nothing less than a solicitor's letter, I am advised, will get me news of it. On another occasion I had a contribution kept without any acknowledgment for exactly a twelvemonth, then published and paid for. This is the sort of delay that one is more readily inclined to forgive. It is wonderful what a soothing effect a compact little cheque exercises. Inasmuch as I had long since given up the little brain-child for lost, it was indeed a pleasant surprise.

I wonder if Editors and managers ever consider that their treatment of correspondents must affect them proportionately. There is a journal, for instance, to which I would under no consideration submit material—the result, of course, of bad treatment received. As a single instance, this I must admit is a laughable matter—one poor little journalistic worm on the turn! It is almost pathetic. But consider: one multiplied by an unknown factor may mean all the difference between securing entirely suitable matter and fairly suitable matter, between a rich choice of articles and a poor choice.

There are published in London three weekly journals boasting a combined circulation of nearly two million copies a week. They give the same rates of remuneration, and are severally run on almost exactly similar lines. It has happened to me very frequently that what one of these journals rejects is gratefully accepted by the other. I now come to the point. The Editor of No. 1 journal is careful and prompt with submitted contributions; he accepts and rejects alike quickly and courteously. The Editor of No. 2 journal thinks a month or two in accepting; but he rejects on the whole more quickly. The Editor (speakingly collectively in all three cases, of course) of No. 3 journal is lax and uncertain with all contributions. Is it to be wondered at that No. 1 journal has first choice among all suitable articles written by the person who has experienced the different business methods of the three? No. 3, of course, is only made use of as a last expedient. I regard it as a dumping-ground for rubbish—rubbish, by the way, which is not infrequently thankfully accepted. I know that the citation of this, a single personal instance, must seem incongruous; but I believe and maintain that, on the whole and in the mass, the policy of a paper in this respect must influence it in the manner briefly indicated. At any rate, there is consolation in cherishing the belief that editorial sins are in this way revisited upon them.

'Dear, dear, what a fuss and worry all about nothing!' I hear some reader exclaim. For this reader's benefit, then, let us find a commercial parallel. Supposing you were to send a tradesman a ten-pound note to open a deposit account. Supposing that he never acknowledged its receipt until after six months; or that he returned it after six months, having made no communication whatever to you in the meanwhile; or that——! But the whole thing would be impossible in commercial circles. Not so among the tradesmen in literary wares. At this moment I have at least ten pounds' worth—this is the market value I paid for them—of photographs and drawings out among various press tradesmen; some have been kept for a year, some for less, but none for less than a month. Of each and all these, accompanied by letterpress upon which I hesitate to place any money value, I have received no single word of acknowledgment! Nor am I to expect any, for this is apparently a recognised proceeding. As for writing letters of inquiry—well, one may as well put a note in the wastepaper-basket, and have done with it at once.

Now for a few variations on the eternal editorial theme. The following is a very crafty, tactful specimen: 'I have read your brightly written story with pleasure, but regret I have to return it, as I don't think it quite suitable for *The* ——. Hoping my inability to purchase the manuscript will not deter you from giving shelter to an occasional copy of *The* ——, and thanking you in anticipation, I am,' &c.

So much for an Editor who has learnt the besetting weakness of writers, and makes good use of it. Let us turn to one who shows a keen sense of humour. Quite recently I sent out to a popular weekly paper an article describing a new and peculiar railway. The report, labouring under the disadvantage of being without pictorial representation, became somewhat involved. It certainly sounded all very wonderful and impossible. The account of the very marvellous engineering exploit was returned to me, and with it the following printed slip: 'The Editor regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed. All arrangements for fiction have been made far ahead.' This was unkind. However, I can well afford to smile over the neatly veiled imputation, as I was subsequently able to place different accounts of the *fiction* with no less than four high-class London journals.

One of the illustrated weeklies makes a point of not wounding the tender susceptibilities of its contributors, as in the following manner: 'In returning the enclosed, the Editor begs to point out that such rejection does not imply lack of merit in the contribution, but merely that it is not available for his paper. In order, therefore, that it may be placed elsewhere, he returns it without undue delay.'

Here is rather a neat way of choking off unwelcome contributors; it is of the sort that would accompany totally unsuitable matter. The contributor is politely warned off the premises till further notice: 'In consequence of a vast accumulation of manuscripts of every description, the Editor is regretfully obliged to return the accompanying. He will be unable to accept further contributions for some months to come.'

The 'no space' apology is very often used by those minor journals that cannot so readily afford to be discourteous to correspondents and possible subscribers. The following is a specimen, and it is amusing that it emanates from a large, dull, eight-page local journal mostly filled with cuttings and advertisements: 'I should like your interesting article; but my space is so limited [!] that I could not use it. With best thanks for offer,' &c.

An American humourist suggests that, as a counterblast to Editors' return forms, the following printed circular might be sent on the return of a manuscript:

'The Author regrets the editor's inability to appreciate a truly good thing. The rejection of a manuscript, however, does not necessarily imply that the editor is lacking in merit, merely that he is lacking in judgment. As many thousand manuscripts are returned to him annually, the Author cannot enter into correspondence with each editor personally concerning the deficiencies of his taste. Nor can the Author give his reasons for considering the editor blind to the best interests of his magazine. THE AUTHOR (per himself).'

This exquisite piece of humour—from the New York *Life*—will be best appreciated by those numbered among the great rejected.

Very frequently contributions just miss being quite acceptable, in which case the bald editorial regret is qualified by a hastily scrawled note, of which these are examples: 'If you could submit something of the kind next spring I might use it. Just now it is all *war*.'

'Enclosed good and facty, but is unfortunately out of date.'

'I cannot accept your "American N——;" but if you care to submit one of "English N——," I might be able to use it.'

To recapitulate the weary round of thanks and of compliments and of regrets formed in the collection would be both impolitic and monotonous. There they all are in my drawer, a jumbled litter—the *Times* regret, and the *Comic Bits* regret, and the *Technical Monthly* regret—a ghostly collection of empty, shuffled words: phantoms of cherished little hopes that were as suddenly and brutally crushed, of bright little pleasures of the moment's gained desire.

Come! we will close this drawer of musty memory; we will press our lips tighter together; we will bend over the virgin white of fresh foolscap, and perhaps—who can tell?—our next paper may sound a pæan in praise of editorial benevolence, beneficence, and courtesy; may sing of the times when Editors accept, pay, and are pleasant; may describe, in short, 'How Editors say "Yes."'

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

THERE are three words that haunt my way,
And break my rest by night and day.
Wouldst know them, reader? These are they:
'Declined with thanks.'

I wooed a proud and lovely dame—
I trow you would have done the same—
Alas! her answer quickly came:
'Declined with thanks.'

I had a longing once to be
What may be briefly styled M.P.;
But, ah! they would have none of me:
'Declined with thanks.'

I send this in, with deep-drawn sigh,
To greet the editorial eye,
Waiting the wearisome reply:
'Declined with thanks.'

V. I. LONGMAN.

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SIXTH SERIES.

THE SALVING OF THE 'SENATOR.'

I.

THE ice-coated tramp slouched under her wheezing machinery through the gray seas and the dirty drizzle at an indifferent speed, and at three-minute intervals her siren howled dismally into the mists to give warning of her approach. Her second mate, sumptuously clad in oilskins and leather sea-boots — the trade-mark of the North Atlantic mariner—dodged the sprays that licked the bridge and stared fiercely into the weather. Surely, he thought, this kind of atmosphere was enough to put any Christian out of temper. This, however, was not the first cause of his ill-feeling; and, finding nothing more sociable on the bridge than the ice-streamed ledge of the canvas dodger, to it he addressed his misery:

'A second mate contemplating marriage on seven pounds per month! Well, that's all right so far as it goes; but a second mate designing matrimony on the same seven, who has proposed already to his girl, and then finds all the chances of sack from his job, is all very wrong so far as it goes —and it goes the dickens of a way.'

Walters sniffed the cold air sententiously, and tried to forget the hardness Fate held in store for him by zealously fixing his attention and eyes on the fog, and, by way of easing his feelings, viciously pulling the whistle-string, which sent discords of hideous music madly shrieking over the dark swells; but that first cause would return and be reasoned with. 'So you've got to do it—you've got to give her up,' it said; and at these especial moments the wish of the second mate was that a gray-bearded roller would wash him overboard into the Western Ocean and eternity. Then his uttermost thought was to treat himself to a good, sensible, all-round kicking; for a seaman, he believed, had no claim to sentiment. 'I wonder if that yarn's true the old man told me; if so, pack up your chest and trot, Mister Walters, when you're paid off at Newcastle.'

Thus, in uncomfortable thought-company his hours of the watch slid by, and then the foreteller of Walters's bad luck cautiously scaled the bridge-ladder and groped along the slippery bridge to the compass.

Captain Larry glared savagely into the eye of the exasperating weather, and, crunching a block of ice underfoot, volleyed to Walters: 'Hang the eternal bad chances that dog us like hungry wolves! Hang the bad weather! Hang all! Put the engines "full ahead" and God bless the Board o' Trade Regulations. We've been steaming slow for three whole days, and the owner'll be everlastingly chewing the rag about his condemned tramp of tramps and her most unfortunate skipper of skippers. It's enough to make a man bald! I'm grayed already, and the sooner I go underground the sooner I'll pass from this vale of misery to a brighter beyond.'

Walters appreciated the sentiments of the master-mariner, and grinned; while with a willing hand he telegraphed the order received to the engineer on watch in the engine-room, and some time later the old tramp vibrated heavily to the new strain, and accomplished her racing speed of a few yards under seven and a half knots.

Larry watched the leaden seas hurl past with a face broadening to contentment. 'Lord! how she can go when she likes!' he commented. 'The engineer despises his bonus this voyage.'

Then the soaking nor'-west drizzle spat spitefully upon Captain Larry, which caused him to crouch under cover of the weather-dodger. Walters, in answer to Larry's bidding, spread sheets of torturing music about the seas with a generous hand. This generosity was necessary—very necessary.

That he was running tremendous risks no one knew better than the captain of the *Masterpiece*, for a steamboat's engines working 'full ahead' are as a rule very refractory to go astern at a moment's notice. The speed of 'full ahead' is a detail out of consideration. The ship was in the 'great circle' track adopted by the Western Ocean

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liners that plough it on a line correct as railway running. Moreover, Larry was acting in due contravention of the international law that says: 'In fog . . . all ships shall go at a moderate speed;' which means something below their average 'full.' Still, a tramp skipper cannot serve two masters, and Larry explained this to Walters, while both mariners said bitter things about seagoing and wiped the brine with mittened hands from their faces.

'We've two enemies to fight,' began the skipper. 'If we get into collision by steaming fast, I lose my ticket from the Board o' Trade. If I avert collision by steaming slow (granted the owner is able to meet creditors and keep his ship), I thus come late to port and get bundled out neck and crop, without thanks. So where's the odds? I lose my job in any event. But this is a special case. The owner's in bad straits, beating through 'em with Dutchmen's anchors.' Dutchmen's anchors, by the way, are those left at home.

Larry came confidentially close to Walters; and the second mate prepared himself to listen heroically to a story he now knew by heart.

'They're in debt for two thousand pounds, and can't raise it. They're young in shipping circles, and not well enough known at Lloyd's to obtain a loan; but they've got to raise the breeze somehow; and, so far as I can see, that somehow consists in selling up the ship. As a result, I go, you go, we all go. And I'm sorry for you and the girl. I'd advise you to write her from New York, and offer arbitration—patience. And if she's a good un—and there's 'eaps of 'em on the Tyne: I know a particularly nice one—she'll accept and wait. Otherwise, Mister Walters, overboard you go, and good riddance. If the girl clings to a straw'—Walters grinned—'and the worst happens—which is likely—why, you may perhaps pick up a job as a Methodist parson or a farmer, or go organ-grinding until you get your hand in, and then you know—oh! it's only a dream—start on your own with organs and monkeys and ice-cream carts; so with the girl's help (she'd mix the ice-cream) you might set up a kind of indiscriminate confectionery business, and have a plate over the shop with your name in gilt letters as large as those on the bows of the *Masterpiece*.'

Now Walters, unlike most men who hire the sea for a living, had no ambition outside his work. Besides, his ideas concerning shore-labour were just as sublimely foggy as those expressed by the master-mariner. Apart from that, during most of the time the steamship *Masterpiece* had kicked up her heels sky-high in the North Atlantic, Walters had served her in the capacity of second mate. For three voyages he had shipped as mate; still permanent promotion seemed a long way distant; but he never wavered in faith to her or her owner, though, to use his own expression of endearment, she was a 'hog' of a steamboat. He was proud of her, mightily proud of himself, and prouder still to think of the day he should be her master on fifteen pounds per month and all he could fudge; but that woeful tale of debt dissipated all his happy thoughts of a rather gilded future, and dear-heart Nellie seemed to fade out of his life. He looked sourly upwards at the streaming blanket that cut short daylight, and listened to the spiteful siren blasts, and the echoes that came as the answering screech of an ocean sister playing in the game of Atlantic 'blind man's buff.'

Captain Larry further expounded the case of the financially struggling tramp. 'I know,' he said, 'the owner has some relation or other who has plenty of cash; but they're at loggerheads, and therefore wouldn't help each other if either were on the edge of the precipice of ruin. You know what relations are, Mister Walters, in these matters. I see nothing for it but a clean wipe-out for all hands, unless a very strange stranger steps in and saves the old wagon, and thus gives the vermin who eke a subsistence out of her beef and biscuits to rivet their bodies and souls.

II.

THAT speedy conclusion of Captain Larry to disregard deep-sea rules was as quickly overriden. A big Cunarder was the cause; and a great scare, many maledictions, and the adoption of extreme caution aboard the *Masterpiece* the effect. The liner fled past the tramp's beam scarce a ship's-length distant, and her myriad electric lights flashed through the mist like those of a brilliantly lit town; she gave a tearing shriek on her quadruple siren, and then there came darkness all about, and the tramp was once more left to her own miserable cogitations. Larry reduced speed, and for seven days the steamer dragged wearily forward, and needled a course past the 'Banks.'

It was well for the ship and her crew that Larry took this action, for vessels sailed out of the gloom from all directions, sometimes barely leaving time for the *Masterpiece* to get out of collision-reach.

To Larry, through all those miserable seven days there loomed in the murky mists the apparition of a crying, angry owner, till at last the distracted skipper spoke with the engineer. Then that gentleman, having an affectionate spouse in New York, and understanding his business, manfully drove the big tramp at her best; going, indeed, like half the steamers she shaved past, especially the mail-boats, who should have known better even if they had excusably less conscience. 'Unless this dirty fog stretches from Heaven to Hades we'll run out of it,' was Larry's comment to the engineer.

So the 'white elephant' bumped over the swells under one hundred and fifty pounds pressure of steam and a lying telegraph. True enough they

ran out of the fog; and when the skipper boarded the bridge at three o'clock the next morning he found overhead a cheerful wintry sky powdered with dots of twinkling yellow, the air clear and sharp as crystal, and the wind whistling somewhat freshly out of the west-nor'-west. Larry dropped into the chart-room, noted the barometer, and came afterwards to Walters, making no comment for a time, and staring gloomily into the west-nor'-west, out of which rolled an ugly swell.

He broke out at last. 'Three weeks of torment,' he said fiercely; 'freight dwindling to the Lord knows where; a picture of my owner with his boots ready to do business with me at the end of the voyage, and yet the Atlantic isn't satisfied. Why doesn't it drown us outright? We no sooner clear the fog than we get the promise of a rousing gale. Are we ever to reach New York?'

'It's not impossible,' replied Walters. 'Old Howie says we've coal for three weeks' steaming.'

Larry did not resent this banter from his subordinate; for the skipper had hurled it at the tramp wholesale since the time of her advent from the yard. It was whispered that even her builders swore mildly under their breath as they watched her day unto day increase into uglier dimensions, and made prophecies and took affidavits for a tremendous coal consumption; and when Larry took her over on the Clyde at her christening he complimented the master-builder severely: 'The man who designed her, sir, is a genius; but the man who can rivet lobster-cans into a more horrible shape is a marvel.' And even the builder forgave the captain for speaking the truth. That is a part of her past history. At present she executed an extremely lively movement by taking a half-turn out of herself, and then ducked her bow and shipped a huge sea over her forecastle that cataracted six feet deep in the well of the foredeck, while the sprays lashed up and white-curtained the bridge and its crew, and snaked about the funnel and brined it so that the great iron structure glistened like a huge sheet of diamonds.

Larry and Walters shook the sea from their oilskins, and when the water seethed off the bridge, settled into the weather-corner for a quiet, contented growl; so that there was some consolation in the bad weather and the worse tramp.

'She's a blessing in disguise,' said Larry, grinning.

'Yes?' questioned Walters. 'But undoubtedly under any other raiment she's anything but a blessing.'

'Come to think of it,' philosophised Larry, 'it does my tar-pot soul good to have a bit of experience like this.'

'You are destined, sir, to be a martyr,' said the second mate.

'On the contrary, I'd like to be a seaman's agitator. I'm seriously thinking of starting a society, and spouting mercantile marine politics on the top of a beef-cask at the back of the Liverpool Sailors' Home.

'Flock to my banner, O Brethren of the Sea!
And list to what a land-shark has to spout to thee!'

'That's prime, sir,' said Walters. 'Did you decompose all that at once?'

'Mere impromptoo,' laughed the skipper.

At this moment both men stared hard ahead; the next they dived amidships and secured binoculars from a teakwood box. And by-and-by, when the *Masterpiece* lifted, on the dark water there reflected a cloud of brilliant blue and yellow, shot with the seething white of the sea-crests; and, lastly, over the great seas the light itself hove up and revealed a distressed steamer.

'Salvation!' muttered Walters. 'Funnel white, top black; three sticks well raked. Can't distinguish the hull. But I'll call her a White Star liner—bless her!'

'Oil,' said Larry; 'struck oil, mister, I think; good iron all right!'

Then everything was lost to view; a sea tumbled over the bridge, and remnants became solidified into icicles in the tramp's rigging; but Walters resented the merciless wet not an atom. The old *Masterpiece* was for the nonce a confectioner's shop, and her bridge the counter, and somewhere about was dear-heart Nellie.

Meantime the steamer dived painfully on her zigzag course towards the signalling ship. Now she topped a mountain-surge, and now she raced madly down the great sea-wall into the trough, only to climb the next roller half-way and grope blindly through, while the enraged seas poured over her bulwarks. Once, as she mounted to the encounter, the bridge-crew observed another flare of light.

'They seem to be in a desperate hurry to leave the ship,' said Larry, with falling heart. 'My firm can't afford to blow off squibs as if it were a Guy Fawkes exhibition; so give a blast on the whistle, mister, as answer to her signal.'

Aggravatingly slow the *Masterpiece* crawled onwards, at times taking exception, when she gathered heart and speed and split the seas with abandon, and rent them into scud; then rose, her great iron body all aquiver, and the smoke of the broken water flinging in song to her lower mastheads.

Through all this the captain and his second officer played hide-and-seek, and caught occasional glimpses of the lurching redemption ahead. The weather enjoyed the game, and grew fiercer; but the tramp struggled boldly, casting her nose skywards, and then heaving her bows deep, deep down into the Atlantic, while her stern hung high and dry in air, with the propeller wildly beating to the hysterical machinery that at every upheaval threatened to put an end to the steamer and her torture.

To Walters the staggering situation appealed strongly. He was in for 'neck or nothing,' but

was still buoyed with a faint hope of reaching New York with a whole skin in a whole ship. He spoke his thoughts: 'Hadn't we better ease her down, else we may totally break up?'

The tramp's skipper eyed Walters savagely.

'Are we to give up now,' he cried, 'at the auspicious moment, and sling away wilfully the chance of making a few chips? What about the ice-cream bar? If this old box wants us to attend her funeral, let it be so, and be hanged to her!' He pointed to a position where the other steamer lay hid deep in a seaway. 'Perhaps you'll be able to accomplish something great, mister. Don't let the chance by.'

So the tramp had to battle forward, and an angry sea sprang up by way of retort, and soaked and bruised against the wheel the man who had set her at defiance.

THE MAKING OF DIAMONDS.

IT has been the custom to describe anything of unusual excellence as being 'worth its weight in gold.' It would give far greater force to such an estimate if for gold we were to say diamonds, for a diamond of even moderate size is worth many thousand times its weight in the precious metal. A gem which was exhibited not long ago in London, one of the finest ever yielded by prolific Kimberley, was valued by experts at two hundred thousand pounds, a sum which in gold would weigh just about two tons. The value of the gem becomes more strikingly apparent when we reflect that it weighed little more than an ounce, and could easily be hidden in a corner of the waistcoat-pocket, while its equivalent in gold would require for its porterage a trolley and a couple of strong horses.

Pliny, in his *Natural History*, speaks of the diamond as being the most valuable thing on earth, and as being of such indomitable hardness that if placed on an anvil and struck with a hammer the gem will remain uninjured, whilst the anvil and hammer will be split to pieces. Pliny also asserts that the diamond is incapable of being burnt. The world would have been richer in diamonds to-day had Pliny and his disciples been a little more particular in verifying their statements; for long after his time it became the custom to test the genuineness of a diamond by the hammer, and many valuable gems were thus reduced to fragments. A diamond is certainly very hard, but it is also brittle; and evidently Pliny and his followers could not distinguish between these two entirely different properties. Nor is the old philosopher more accurate when he speaks of the diamond being incombustible, for, as we shall presently see, it quickly yields to the action of fire. Many fine gems in past times have been destroyed in the attempt to show that they would stand the ordeal of fire, and many of smaller size have been sacrificed in the chemist's laboratory in the endeavour to discover the nature of the beautiful gem-stone.

It is now known to every one that the lustrous diamond is simply carbon in transparent crystalline form; and it is by no means difficult to put the matter to the test of direct experiment if we are content to sacrifice a small gem in the operation. A glass flask is filled with oxygen, except for an ounce or two of clear lime-water, which is allowed to remain at the bottom of the vessel. The diamond to be tested is held in a tiny cage of platinum-wire, which is attached to two thicker wires that extend through the cork of the flask and are connected outside it with an electric battery. Directly the circuit is completed the diamond bursts into flame and ultimately disappears, while the lime-water becomes milky through the action of the carbonic acid formed by the union of the carbon and the oxygen. Precisely the same effect is produced if for the diamond we substitute a piece of charcoal or other form of carbon. In this way the chemist is able to assert most positively that the valuable diamond is identical in composition with one of the commonest elements known. The glittering stone which has been always identified with all that is princely and magnificent has, after all, only a very humble parentage. Its brother is the piece of coal that tumbles unheeded out of the fire-grate on to the hearth. The possibility of reversing the experiment which has been just described, by taking the charcoal and turning it into the crystalline form, has naturally occurred to many minds; but it is a problem by no means easy to solve. However, as we shall presently see, the task is by no means an impossible one.

The beauty and great value of diamonds have from the earliest times fired the imagination of writers. Sindbad the Sailor found himself in a valley where these gems strewed the earth instead of ordinary pebbles; and it will be remembered that Aladdin was conducted by his pseudo-uncle, the wicked magician, to a subterranean garden where the petals of the flowers were formed of brilliants. The chemist is the magician of to-day, and to his laboratory must we look for the production of diamonds, if they can be produced artificially.

The manufacture of imitation gem-stones was long ago carried to great perfection, and there are shops in most large cities where these are artfully displayed near hidden electric lights so as to make a brave show. Any gems can be well imitated in

what is known as 'strass,' which is a peculiar kind of glass of high reflective power. Imitation gems are also made of the different varieties of quartz; but the best of these fall very far short of the beauty of the diamond, and there are simple tests which at once reveal their true nature. Those who are hoping to reproduce in the laboratory the true diamond have no thought of these acknowledged imitations; they aim at making artificially a veritable diamond which is identical with the natural product in hardness, in specific gravity, and in resisting the action of acids.

We have seen how the chemist is able to analyse a substance. Wonderful is it to reflect that he can take a thing of complex composition and can tell us not only what are its constituents, but can give us the proportion of each one of them. Still more wonderful does it seem that he can in many cases build up those constituents so as to form a natural product artificially. To give only two instances of the chemist's power in this direction, we may name madder and indigo, the production of which in the laboratory has had the effect of revolutionising two important industries. It would seem a comparatively easy matter to induce charcoal to assume the crystalline form, and thus to make diamonds; but Dame Nature does not reveal her secrets too easily. Those who would win her confidence must study her methods and work hard, and even then she is most grudging of her benevolence.

About twenty years ago much excitement was aroused by the report that Mr J. B. Hannay, of Glasgow, had actually succeeded in making diamonds. Acting on the belief which is general among chemists that these gems are formed in Nature's laboratory by the joint action of great heat and immense pressure, he enclosed carbonaceous substances in a strong wrought-iron tube, which was closed at both ends, and submitted it for some hours to the fierce heat of a reverberatory furnace. In many cases the tube burst under the ordeal; but occasionally one was found to withstand the treatment, and it was subsequently cooled and sawn asunder. Within it was found a dark mass of hard carbon, together with some tiny crystals which were said to be diamonds; but they were quite useless from the jeweller's point of view, so microscopic were they in dimension. Even if they had been big enough for use as gems, the cost of their production would have been far beyond their actual value. The report that diamonds had been thus manufactured doubtless caused some uneasiness among the dealers and owners of gems; but when it was found that the artificial gems had no commercial value the scare was forgotten. Nothing has since been heard of Mr Hannay's experiments.

The Glasgow experimentalist was handicapped in his efforts to produce the diamond by being unacquainted with the nature of its matrix or mother-rock. This is now believed to be the blue ground in which it is found at the South African mines, to which rock the name 'kimberlite' has been given. In the surrounding rocks a black shale (a form of carbon) is found; and it is noteworthy that pieces of this shale which have been altered by heat are found in the blue ground or kimberlite. It would thus seem to be possible, to some extent, to trace the conversion of the carbon of the shale into the crystalline form, the process having probably occurred deep down in the earth under high temperature and great pressure; for the huge pockets or 'pipes' in which the blue diamond-studded ground is found are the vents of extinct volcanoes.

The next one to take up the tale of experiment with carbon with a view to produce diamonds was M. Moissan, the French chemist, who is celebrated among other achievements for his success in isolating the element fluorine. He, too, determined to try the effect of intense heat and high pressure, his method of procedure being as novel as it was ingenious. Carbon, unlike easily crystallisable bodies, is insoluble in all ordinary solvents; but, as is well known, molten metals will combine with it. Bessemer steel, for example, is made by decarbonising iron and then adding to it a measured quantity of carbon. M. Moissan used iron as solvent for charcoal, melting the iron in the electric furnace and allowing it to take up as much of the carbon as it could—in other words, to saturate itself with carbon. The crucible in which the white-hot metal was contained was then plunged into a bath of molten lead, with the result that globules of the iron rose to the surface of the lead and were quickly cooled on their outer surface. Inside the hard crust the iron remained for some time in a molten condition; and, as iron expands on solidifying, the contents of those little globules were subjected to a pressure possibly not attainable by any other means. In due time the lead solidified, and bound up in its mass were several of these bullets of iron, the interior condition of which it became desirable to examine. By the action of powerful acids, first the lead and then the enclosed iron globules were dissolved, leaving a residue of carbonaceous matter which contained tiny crystals. These crystals were determined by careful tests to be true diamonds; but as the largest of them measured less than one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter, they cannot be said to have any commercial value.

It may be mentioned here that true rubies, sapphires, and some of the other gem-stones so highly valued as jewels have also been produced in the chemist's laboratory, and that such stones, although not large enough to be set in finger-rings, are much used for watch movements.

From the scientific standpoint the chemist is

content to have mastered a very difficult undertaking. It is a great triumph for him to have actually reproduced these wondrous flowers of the mineral world. As to the mere size of the crystals, that does not trouble him; he is content to know that they are true to nature. There are thousands of persons in this world interested in keeping up the market price of diamonds, who are most fervently hoping that the chemist will continue to regard his successful efforts in the making of gem-stones from the same academic point of view.

THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

CHAPTER V.

BARHULICAN remained shut and deserted for long after that eventful Sunday. The fish had it all their own way in the Glen Raith reaches of the river, for the Law lord, for whose whims so many of their brethren had suffered and died, was engaged in another and more serious quest; though it, too, was concerned with life and death.

On the mountains the bracken was spreading strong and thick and green in vast irregular patches, interspersed with heather, and the whole of nature seemed to be toning up for the great summer festival of colour: the purple and golden pageant of a hundred glorious sunsets rolled into one.

In the manse garden the apple-blossom had all been blown away by a day of April storm, and the first delicate green of the foliage had ripened into a more sombre shade which somehow made the tints of autumn seem not so impossible after all.

'Winter is coming,' said Lesley over and over again to herself with set purpose, forgetting that the summer had yet to have its day; but she had lost faith in summers lately. To outsiders she appeared wrapped in a perpetual brown-study; as a matter of fact she was sternly preparing herself for sacrifice. The one thing in which she evinced any interest, outside her own thoughts, were the daily papers, and these she devoured late and early, carrying them by stealth to her own room, and there reading and re-reading certain passages again and again. She flattered herself that her unusual zeal passed unnoticed by any member of the little household, and as far as the minister was concerned she was right in her conjecture; but she had forgotten to take into account the shrewd, watchful eyes of old Elspeth, who let no slightest action of her adored young mistress go unheeded.

At first the old woman was sorely perplexed to find the motive of her sudden and mysterious interest in the affairs of the outside world; but she was not long in formulating her suspicions, and then came the question in whom to confide them. For some time she was torn with doubts as to whether it was her duty to lay the case before the minister; but her better wisdom bade her refrain, and at last one day, in desperation, she sat down and unburdened her soul in a short though pointed epistle to Mr John in Edinburgh. She wrote:

'DEAR MR JOHN,—There's a sair change in Miss Lesley this last month, and I misdoot me it's that deil o' a Law lord that's done it. Ye ken the trial o' that muckle murderess Jane Silence, that's on in the Courts juist now, and that Coalstoun's the Judge, and how the papers are fu' o' the evidence and the smart sayin's o' his deil's lordship? Miss Lesley's aye devourin' them, and I ken fine it's no' oot o' peety for the prisoner, puir vile sinner that she is! Noo, ye'll likely laugh at my suspeecions; but maybe if ye'd seen the grand buik that cam' for the lassie last mornin', a' dinkit oot wi' green ribbons and sic-like clamjamphrie, frae Edinburgh, ye'd think seriously eneuch o' the maitter.

'It's got his name forenent, and a dinna forget sort o' motto below, wi' the date o' the widdy's concert, and a' manner o' Scottish sangs intill't; sic-like daffin', and him busy a' he kens blastin' the soul o' the unfortunate Silence critter! Ye'll kindly mak' no mention o' this, for it was by a chance happenin' it cam' under my notice.—Your respectful and loving

'ELSPETH MACROBIN.'

Unconscious of the betrayal of her secret, Lesley continued to make for herself a graven image in the likeness of heroic justice. All her thoughts were centred at this time in the gloomy court-house in Edinburgh, nearly two hundred miles away, where the grim travesty was then taking place. Her point of view was essentially from behind the Judge's bench, and only when the dreadful inevitable fiat had gone forth did her sternly strung faculties relent, and an inconsistent flood of tears swept away the Spartan glamour from her eyes.

. . . . . .

Upon the termination of the trial the Judge had driven through the half-twilight of the sloppy, deserted streets to his beautiful house in Moray Place. Sheets of rain lashed against the windows of his carriage as he drove, and the north wind howled demoniacally at the street corners; but his lordship was not likely to be moved by a pother of the elements when the cries and lamentations of the condemned woman

as she was led from the dock had brought but a contemptuous frown to his face.

The dinner-hour was eight o'clock, and five minutes before that time he joined his sister, Lady Cariston, in the drawing-room. She had learnt all she wanted to know of the trial from the news-boys who, ever since the pronouncement of the fatal verdict, had, with opportunist greed, been sporting their extra special through the streets. The dismal cadence of their voices rising and falling and dying away in the distance had made her shiver in spite of her stout nerves; but when her brother entered the room she greeted him with a smile which betrayed no trace of previous feeling.

Instinctive tact and an accurate knowledge of his character bade her beware of any allusion to the subject which must necessarily be uppermost in his thoughts. Instead, she met him with a ready flow of small-talk, conscious as well as he of the necessity of bridging over the landslip in the emotions which was the inevitable result of the afternoon's work. It is a merciful Providence which inspires some people with the art of bridging over such gaps—the nervous man who sticks at them deserves no less than hanging.

Lord Coalstoun responded gratefully to her endeavours; the reflex action of his mind, after long days of brooding over the problem of life and death, made him especially talkative and brilliant that night, and the dinner *à deux* passed off with a swing of success. The footman, a new-comer from south of the Tweed, who had been looking forward all day to the gamut of private information as to the most thrilling and bloodthirsty details and incidents of the trial, which in his capacity behind the scenes would fall to his share, was ruefully disappointed, and passed a verdict of his own on his master, which condemned him as the most cold-blooded and heartless of his kind.

'A-drinking of his champagne—Heidseick Dry Monopole '93—with that much gusto as if he had given the poor unfortunate creature a new lease of life instead of cutting her short in the midst of her sins,' said James indignantly. As a matter of fact, Lord Coalstoun's thoughts were very far indeed from the cell of the condemned woman. His powers of concentration on the subject in hand enabled him when the necessary result was achieved to fling off all thoughts of his past endeavours; and in this case he did so with a fine disgust and repugnance which left no room for pity. While the trial had lasted he had devoted himself body, soul, and spirit to eliciting the justice of the case; but now that he had succeeded conscientiously in that attempt, he felt he deserved relaxation. Accordingly, with the removal of his mental curb, he had allowed his thoughts to slip back into certain pleasant byways of the past, where all sorts of fragrant illusion had flourished, covering as with a flowery pall the cold carcass of his ambition.

'Mark,' began Lady Cariston abruptly as he entered the drawing-room after an interval of solitude in the indulgence of his fancies, 'I want to know what I am to do about Marjorie.'

'Do about her?' he repeated, taking up his position against the mantelshelf and looking down with an amused smile at the handsome, perplexed face of his sister.

'You know that she expects an invitation—after—well, all this stress of work you have been having lately is over,' continued Lady Cariston. 'Shall I ask her to come here for a fortnight?'

Lord Coalstoun shifted his weight from one shoulder to the other, a slight frown contracting his brows.

'I don't quite see why she should have expected an invitation,' he said. 'The fact is, I had thought of running down to Barhulican for a rest, and if Lady Marjorie comes I am tied.'

'Not if I am here to look after her,' said Lady Cariston conventionally. 'Besides, you know, it is the last fortnight I can spare this summer,' she added in a more natural tone; 'and you could surely delay going to Barhulican for a little. You cannot shut your eyes to what everybody is saying, or be blind to the influence the Earl would have as your father-in-law upon your career. Personally, there is no one I should prefer more for a sister-in-law—if that is likely to have any influence on your decision.'

The frown deepened on Lord Coalstoun's face as she spoke. He left his place by the fire, and commenced to pace up and down the room with hands behind his back—a sure sign of mental disquietude with him, as his sister knew; but she was determined to stand to her guns, and force him if possible into some direct confession of his intentions.

'Perhaps it is because I have so much to do with deciding other people's affairs that I am tempted to shilly-shally where my own are concerned,' he said at last, with a short laugh.

'There speaks the man,' cried Lady Cariston. 'Do you forget, O egotist! that there is another concerned as well?' she added significantly. But before he had time to reply a knock at the door interrupted the discussion.

'There's a young man waiting to see you, my lord,' said James discreetly. 'I told him you were engaged; but he said he must see you, so I showed him into the library. Judging by his looks, my lord, I should guess he was a juryman.'

Lord Coalstoun laughed outright at this evidence of the footman's perception. 'That will be all right, James,' he said.—'I will be back in a few minutes, Geraldine,' he added to his sister as he left the room, 'and we can fight it out to a finish then.'

The shaded light suspended from the ceiling in

the library seemed rather to emphasise than illuminate the darkness of the surrounding walls, with their solid fencing of calf-bound treasures; but as Lord Coalstoun entered, a man's figure rose from a dusky corner and stepped into the central arc of light.

It was John Mackenzie.

Lord Coalstoun recognised him in a flash, though illness and trouble of mind had wrought sad havoc with his appearance; but he gave no sign of having done so.

'Good-evening,' he said, as his visitor remained silent. 'Won't you sit down?' indicating a chair as he spoke, and himself sinking into his own particular seat by the table.

'My name is Mackenzie,' said John abruptly, taking no notice of the proffered chair; 'my father is minister at Tainish.'

'Ah!' said his lordship, 'I thought I had seen you before.' He rose as he spoke and held out his hand; but John's clenched themselves obstinately.

'I have not come to-night to seek for your friendship, Lord Coalstoun,' he said, 'but to tell you something which it is right you should know.'

His lordship's eyebrows rose. 'Still, that is no reason why you should not sit down,' he said imperturbably, and again he set the example, crossing one leg over the other in an easy attitude.

This time John yielded, and seated himself in an uncompromising manner on the chair indicated.

There was a short interval of silence, during which Lord Coalstoun's eyes were fixed with a calmly interrogatory stare upon his visitor's. His stern, heavily modelled face seemed like a mask, so impassive was it, and somehow John felt his courage evaporating. Here in this luxurious room with its soft, rich carpet and the sombre glory of its oaken furnishings, his cause of quarrel with the owner seemed to take on the nature almost of a presumption. The dominant presence of the great man, too, fresh as he was from dealing with the enormous issues of life and death, gave John a sense of his own littleness which served but to exasperate him into a loss of self-control.

'I don't know how you'll take what I've got to say,' he burst out at last; 'but perhaps you'll be honest with me at once, and spare the rest. My cousin, Miss Gordon, is engaged to marry me.'

His waning courage lent an air of rudeness to his delivery, which emphasised still more forcibly the difference between them.

Lord Coalstoun hid a smile with difficulty.

'That is no news,' he said. 'Miss Gordon informed me indirectly of the fact the first time I had the pleasure of meeting her. But before I proffer my congratulations, may I inquire the date of this engagement? Miss Gordon is so young—I understand that she is just eighteen—that I imagine it must have been quite a recent affair.'

A dull red flush mounted slowly into John's haggard cheeks.

'We have been engaged always,' he said in a low, dogged voice; 'we are not like other people—there was no need for me to ask her; she has always belonged to me. Besides, I haven't come here to-night to seek your congratulations,' he added with sudden vehemence, his nostrils quivering.

'Ah, I see—my advice, then,' put in his lordship agreeably. 'Well, you are not the first one; and for the sake of my friendship with your father and—cousin, I shall be only too glad to help you—if I can. No,' holding up an authoritative hand, as John was about to burst into indignant denial; 'allow me to finish what I have to say.' There was a relentless gleam in his eyes though he was outwardly calm and unmoved. 'From what you have told me I gather that this engagement is founded upon a mutual understanding,' he began; 'or, to put it more plainly, though perhaps less politely, you have allowed the young lady no choice in the matter, but on the strength of that sole responsibility of which you boast, have blinded her to the existence of any other possibilities. I can quite sympathise with your desire to possess her; but I confess the means you have adopted seem to me hardly fair. Some day an alternative choice is certain to present itself—it is not as if she were in any particular an ordinary woman—and just as certainly after her marriage with you as before it. In either case your happiness must be jeopardised. The whole issue depends, of course, on the quality of her affection for you, and about that I am naturally quite incompetent to pass opinion; but yourself must have gained some idea upon the matter. Does she love you only as a cousin, or does she love you with that love which as her future husband you have a right to expect from her? Upon your answer to that rest the whole ethics of the situation. If you feel convinced of the latter you will be justified in marrying her blindly and risking. the inevitable awakening; if you have any doubt about it, it is your bounden duty to allow her opportunities of making her choice between you and any other candidate who may present himself.'

He paused. While he had been speaking a vision of Lesley's face had risen up before him—young and sad, as he had seen it in church that morning, and he had been moved to further zeal by the thought that it was her unconscious cause he was pleading.

'You, to speak of possible candidates and future awakenings!' cried John with bitter indignation as he finished. 'You!'

Lord Coalstoun faced his vehement anger calmly.

'I presume, sir, coupling your intrusion to-night with what you have just insinuated, that your accusation is levelled at me?' he said.

'I did not mean to insinuate anything,' said John. 'I tell you to your face that you have taken her from me.'

His lordship uttered a short sardonic laugh.

'You have small respect for your cousin's name apparently,' he said, 'when you would have me believe that she has given her heart unsolicited to any man.'

'Unsolicited!' echoed John, leaping to his feet, the veins starting out like whipcord on his temples.

'Unsolicited,' repeated Lord Coalstoun.

'Then you are a worse villain than I thought,' cried John; 'for, though you have doubtless been careful not to implicate yourself by words, you have done the mischief just as surely. Read that.' So saying, he fumbled in his breast-pocket and drew forth a crumpled letter, which he thrust into the other's hand. It was old Elspeth's communication, and Lord Coalstoun took it with a faint sneer.

'Well, the old woman is more plain than polite,' he commented after he had read through a few lines. When he had finished he tossed it back to John.

'Young girls are proverbially known to have a thirst for sensation,' he remarked carelessly. 'It would have been wiser for Miss Gordon to have been debarred the delectable enjoyment in this case; but I really fail to see the corollary between the fact of her interest in a murder trial and her supposed secret devotion to the "deil o' a judge." In any case, I prefer to retain my respect for the young lady, and leave myself unflattered by the illusion.'

His coolness provoked John well-nigh to madness. 'But the book! the book!' he cried, smiting the letter with his open fingers.

'Ah, the book!' repeated his lordship in a reflective tone, a shadowy smile flickering round his lips as he spoke. 'After all, it was a small enough token of gratitude for a very pleasant memory,' he continued abstractedly, 'and from a man who was old enough to be her father. But,' he broke off with a sudden white heat of passion, 'what am I dreaming of to be thus stammering excuses to a raw college boy? Pah!'—with a short laugh—'let us bring this unprofitable interview to a close.' He rose as he spoke. 'I am sure you will excuse me; and as for yourself, I should recommend bed as the best place. You've been working too hard, I imagine,' scanning with careless interest his visitor's dejected visage.

But John was not to be so easily disposed of. 'You cannot put me off like that,' he said in a low, tense voice. 'You may blind others, but you cannot blind me. You chose to amuse yourself with a simple country girl, when all the time your heart was set on a grand marriage. It was the first time a man like you had ever paid her attention. Is it any wonder that she compared us in her heart? You've little enough to boast of in your conquest after all,' he broke off with bitter humility, 'with me as your only rival.'

Lord Coalstoun's expression changed as he spoke, and an almost compassionate look stole over his face.

'You make a mistake,' he said; 'I am no rival of yours. I had not even thought of entering the lists against you; and if I ever do, rest assured that it will only be after you have had your trial and failed. Any interest which I may have aroused in Miss Gordon's heart must be of a transitory nature, for no word or suggestion of love has ever passed between us. I assure you it is my trappings and not myself which have been responsible for the mischief. Should you fail in your endeavours, it will surely matter little to you whether it be I or another who succeeds. On my life,' he finished, with a grim smile, 'there is only one objection which you could fairly raise to me, and that is my age. But if she agreed to condone it?' he shrugged his shoulders expressively. 'There, I have said my say. Go in and win. You need fear no rivalry from me—as I am a gentleman.'

If the contrast between them had been marked before, it was doubly accentuated now.

Bereft of passion and disarmed by the magnanimity of his rival, John's whole attitude was expressive of self-conscious inequality. He hung his head and appeared to be seeking for something to say in response which should emulate his host's generosity. But they were no longer speaking as man to man; in a flash they seemed to have regained their normal standpoints—Lord Coalstoun that of the brilliant man of the world, descendant of a long line of cultured ancestors; John, the divinity student, grandson of a crofter, with his peasant blood betraying itself in every gesture. At last he burst out with an effort:

'My exams begin to-morrow. If I am successful in them I shall ask her; and if I am unsuccessful in that I shall let you know.'

'Pray do not trouble,' said Lord Coalstoun coldly. 'Be assured that you have my best wishes for both endeavours,' he added in extenuation as he held the door open for his visitor to pass out.

'I have changed my mind, Geraldine,' he said, entering the drawing-room a few minutes later, where Lady Cariston was still seated before the fire. 'I shall not be going to Barhulican just now. You may do what you think best about your—visitors.'

BELL ROCK, 1808-1902.

SOLILOQUIES ON THE EVE OF ALTERATIONS.

THE tenure of your life, as witnessed for the last ninety years, is drawing to a close. In a few short days your upper walls, lantern, and dome, which have defiantly withstood the storms for that time, will, for the most part, be cast into the turmoil of waters raging beneath, seemingly eager to encircle and roll into unknown depths, or carry for ever out of sight, their share of the débris or spoils of destruction. Who can tell the boon your beaming eye of light has been to the mariner in that time? As he careered along before a raging gale in the vicinity of your treacherous reef, a sight of your beams has gladdened his heart and guided him to a safe haven. I see no reason why you should not have become a centenarian before any dissolution of your members should have taken place; but it has been otherwise decreed. True, you are getting too slow, scarcely moving with the times, and not up to date; and your upper story is getting rust-eaten, cracked, and feeble through occasional bleaching with salt spray. The idea of being outshone by comparatively youthful innovations in your vicinity is of itself enough to make you sign a new lease of life. The Inchcape Rock, of which poets have sung and historians rehearsed, you must still come to the front as conspicuous as any, though your bells are again—and for ever, it is to be feared—to go 'down with a gurgling sound,' fated never more to send their warning tones over the waters. Some are inclined to question the wisdom of putting a new head on old shoulders, and presage that your weight of ambition and lofty attainments will be your downfall. Your foundations are secure as ever; neither microbes, aches, nor pains have attacked your frame. You will, I doubt not, continue to rear your imposing head for the guidance of our children's children when structures now building will be shapeless cairns.

Ninety years! How many long, dreary watches have the keepers spent within the octagonal stone-built wall which forms the lightroom, gazing on the square-paned lantern, revolving frame of red and white lights, and brass machine-case, all of which are now to be demolished! How often have they climbed the ladder—if not to fame and fortune, towards light and leading—to replenish the oil in the fountains, to trim or regulate the burning of their lamps! Sitting at his lonely seat at the table, or pacing the half-circle of the lightroom, six steps and a round-about turn, wherever his thoughts or imagination may have wandered, the keeper's eye, intuitively, was directed upwards towards his lamps. How often has his foot rested conveniently on the nose of one of the dolphins (four of which formed corner-pieces of the base of the machine-case), or his curiosity been roused regarding the alligators, serpents, flambeaus, and other mythological and allegorical emblems with which the panels and corners were otherwise ornamented! On this base rested the beautiful machine-case of polished brass, with fluted corners, top and bottom mouldings, and glazed doors, a veritable work of art, worthy a place as a show-case in any museum; but methinks its beauty would soon fade were its regular polishing neglected.

How oft have the keepers, nightly pacing to and fro within your walls, thought of their dear ones at home, and doubtless offered up silent supplications for the special welfare of some sick member of whom they were anxiously desiring to hear, but could not! How they have felt when assailed by the storms which have wrought destruction on our coasts during the ninety years of your existence; when the fierce westerly gales would sway you from your perpendicular; when the shrieking of the wind was such that the tell-tale bell of the machine could scarcely be heard, and when at the change of the watch it was a case of shouting to each other when in conversation! And when the mighty north-easter comes rolling in—the grandest sight of all—as the keepers stand viewing the turmoil from the balcony, advancing waves seem as if they would carry all before them, at times throwing the spray for a hundred feet to the lantern-glass, the impetus making the building tremble from its foundation, and causing doors to creak and utensils to rattle on the walls as during an earthquake shock! Naturally the keepers felt timid at first; but now, with perfect faith in your ability to withstand the strongest of storms, they only regard the visitations of the storm-king with awe and wonder.

There are, however, a few familiar and valuable articles which will be carefully preserved and restored to adorn the new lightroom for another century; but, instead of resting against the cold wall of Craigleith stone, they will hang on the warmer background of good pitch-pine. Chief among these is the magnificent timepiece, made, as also was the machine and case already mentioned, by James Clark, Edinburgh, in 1811. The works, all of which can be seen, are enclosed in a brass-framed case, glazed all round, with a mirror in back. Meantime it occupies an honourable position in the library of the lighthouse, on the bracket along with the marble bust of Mr Stevenson, engineer and builder. In addition to the usual hourly tell-tale, dials on the sides indicate the days of the month and week. Few

look on its face during the day; but I question if there are many so often scanned in the silent watches of the night, when keepers—cold, weary, or drowsy—are anxious for their watch to come to a close. And how often—and who can blame him?—has the keeper wished that its side-dials would quicker indicate the dates of his turn for being relieved! Fortnights are the great epochs of time in the lives of Rock light-keepers, for each fortnight reliefs are made, and it is the turn of one or other to go ashore.

The barometer, another old friend whose indications are at times carefully studied, shall in due course return to its usual position. Often is it scanned when favourable weather is anxiously desired at relief-time; and when the storm-king is careering along in his strength, and the mercury low and pulsating in the tube from the atmospheric depression, its face is often tapped to find its lowest reading, or to ascertain if it shows any signs of abatement of the elemental war.

Another familiar object removed from the sunny side of the stone parapet wall is the sundial, which will, in the most convenient place, be fixed to the new cast-metal structure, to regulate the time for a few more generations.

However, in future the Bell Rock will be a bell-less rock, for the two large bells on the north and south sides of the balcony are to be discontinued, having been superseded years ago by a more efficient explosive fog-signal. These bells, which each weigh five hundredweight, bear the inscription and date: 'Thomas Mears & Sons, London; *fecit* 1811.' They may have been useful fifty or sixty years ago, when hundreds of small sailing-craft were drifting about our shores; but as an aid to the navigation of the present-day class of vessels they are of little use. One of these bells, in response to a request by the secretary of the Arbroath Museum, has been presented to that institution by the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses. I see no shape of a bell about the formation of the rocks to give the place its well-known appellation, and consider that it must have got its name after the publication of Southey's well-known ballad, or from the fact of bells being on the rock.

The original album is not now in use—the one in which Sir Walter Scott in 1814 inscribed his name and the following well-known lines:

> Far in the bosom of the deep,
> O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep:
> A ruddy gleam of changeful light
> Bound on the dusky brow of Night.
> The seaman bids my lustre hail,
> And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

The present album dates back over forty years, and is full of interest and well worth an hour's study. The writer has during the last twenty-five years made the acquaintance of many old Bell Rock residenters, and to him many pages bear well-known signatures, recalling old-time recollections and awakening thoughts of dear friends, many of whom have passed away. Apart from that, a look through the book is curiously interesting. Several have, like Sir Walter, left a souvenir of their visit in verse. The late Rev. D. W. Morris, Edinburgh, in 1861 wrote:

> Oft have I watched thee from the shore, thou sentinel of light!
> As o'er these rocks, where billows roll, thou vigil keep'st by night.
> For many years thou hast held sway o'er this thy rocky keep,
> When tempests raged or mists obscured the face of the briny deep.
> In the changing light of thy bright eye, or the deep tones of thy voice,
> The seaman learns when danger's nigh, and steers a wary course.
> Emblem thou art of Him who set the way of life to show:
> Not only points where dangers lie, but shows the course to go.

Last year, erected in Glasgow Exhibition, you looked down on thousands of all nationalities passing beneath; but now you come to solitude and desolation, but for a better, nobler purpose. The waves of the ocean will continue to thunder on your granite base; you will in due course receive your baptism of salt spray; the gale will whistle and shriek in your gun-metal astragals, funnel, and lightning-rod; the sea-birds will scream discordant around you, and migrants attracted by your rays dash themselves against your panes and die; but long may you withstand the tear and wear of the elements, and with your brighter light conduct and guide all who manage the transport of our increasing maritime commerce, and all others who have their business in your vicinity.

SOME RABBIT-PROOF PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

By WALTER SMYTH, Author of *Hardy Border Flowers the Year Round.*

RABBITS give so much life to a landscape, with their little brown bodies and skipping ways, that it is a pity they are such depredators, in a general sense, to all green things. There are, however, some plants which they are not disposed to nibble at; and our object is to give the names and descriptions of these, and also specify some suitable positions for planting.

The common furze or whin, with its prickly spines, does not appear attractive to rabbits save as a shelter; in fact, furze seems to grow very luxuriantly and to flower well in the neighbourhood of rabbit-warrens. It may be easily grown from seed, which should be sown in drills in

quantity, or it may be raised from cuttings. There are several varieties of Ulex or furze, all of which are useful for planting. Of these a dwarf variety named *U. nanus* makes a pretty shrub, flowering after the native whin at midsummer. There is also a double variety which is well worth planting. Indeed, it is a wonder that more use is not made of the furze, as it is so hardy and useful.

For extensive planting in thickets and underwoods, dogwood, elder, and snowberry are very useful, as being proof against rabbits; and for more secluded and important shrubberies *Aucuba japonica*, with its green leaves variegated with yellow, may be depended on; but, not being quite hardy, it should receive the benefit of a sheltered position. Of the Berberis family, many are to be recommended; they are all handsome berry-bearing plants of much ornament in winter. The common box-tree, too, with its dark evergreen leaves, is very hardy and useful for this purpose. The Cotoneasters are also suitable. Ordinary soil suits all of them, they are thoroughly hardy and free in growth, and bear beautiful clusters of brightly coloured berries in autumn. They have been introduced from the Himalayas and China.

The noble pampas-grass appears to remain untouched by rabbits, and the handsome yellow-flowered St John's wort will never be entirely killed by them. Then it is only necessary to mention the hollies, the laurels, and the daisy-trees, which were introduced from New Zealand, and, being rather tender, require a sheltered spot. Two very beautiful shrubs, the mock orange and the purple plum, are also recommended; the former bears beautiful scented white flowers, and the latter is desirable for its handsome purple foliage. Of the rhododendrons, *R. ponticum* makes a fine cover-plant, and should be planted in quantity. *R. Auguste van Geert*, *R. concessum*, and many others are suitable. Some of the shrubby spiræas, too, may be planted; also the sea-buckthorn, a beautiful native shrub which bears a profusion of orange berries.

Of forest trees it is merely necessary to mention the Austrian pine, Scotch fir, spruce fir, and the silver fir; and of coniferæ, Thuja (*Arbor vitæ*). The hardy azaleas called Ghent azaleas, introduced from North America, are beautiful shrubs suitable for planting in shady woodlands, where rabbits frisk in and out; and butcher's-broom, a plant which produces beautiful red berries, and is suitable for planting in partial shade and under the drip of trees, enjoys immunity. Box-thorn also, so rapid in its growth, is suitable for covering walls or even making a hedge.

The Forsythia, or golden bells, is one of our most beautiful shrubs. It is of loose, rambling habit, and in a sunny spot gives a fine display of flowers in spring; and both it and the well-known hydrangea are considered to be rabbit-proof plants. The Hibiscus, or rose mallow, and the evergreen shrubby juniper have been noted as suitable for planting in sunny, sheltered spots in the south of England and Ireland. Peonies and privet are not sought eagerly after by the rabbit; and the spindle-tree, or Euonymus, (which suits any class of soil and thrives near the sea), as well as the yuccas, escapes.

Of hardy flowers untouched by rabbits we have noted the following: Arabises and anemones, aubrietias and aquilegias, Canterbury-bells, *Cineraria maritima*, and daffodils, dog-tooth violets, delphiniums, foxgloves, and grape hyacinths, irises, kniphofias (flame-plants), lilies of the valley, periwinkles and primroses, scillas, Solomon's seal, and montbretias in many varieties.

Mr Charles Warwick, land-steward to the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, in sending a list, wrote me some time ago: 'In times of frost and snow the rabbit, like David of old, is not too particular where he gets his dinner; and if the plants want to be thoroughly protected they should be surrounded by wire-netting.'

REMINISCENCES OF EDINBURGH SIXTY TO EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

By a Pioneer Resident of Victoria for Sixty Years.

I WAS born in 1818, the son of a well-known physician practising in Edinburgh during the first half of the last century. I must in infancy have been singularly precocious, for I can easily recall the nursery I occupied with an elder brother and sister, my parents' domicile at that period being in a flat at the corner of St Andrew Square, on the same side as St Andrew's Church. The nursery was heated by a small stove, on top of which my sister used to toast little cakes of moulded new bread, and the process interested the children, and thus the surroundings became impressed on my memory. I was little over two years old when we removed to a larger house at the corner of Hill Street and Frederick Street, west side, where my now only surviving sister was born, and I recollect a scene there when she could not have been more than a few months old. By our area gate, on the pavement, was a form, on which sat, when disengaged, three licensed porters, having a sedan-chair, then much in request by ladies and children going to or returning from

evening parties or visiting, just as street cabs are now. These chairs were borne by two stalwart porters, one in front and the other behind, each holding two long handles. The porters were clothed in the costume of the eighteenth century —long coats and vests, shoes with buckles, and cocked hats—and each had a large metal badge of license on his vest or hanging from his neck. In 1822 I recollect being held up by our nursery-maid to witness in the evening the procession bringing the reigning king, George the Fourth, then on his visit to Edinburgh, to the quarters prepared for him in the Castle, Holyrood Palace being out of repair until restored some years later. I remember the band playing and the torchlights.

Later, while I was still but a little boy, my father's practice having greatly increased, we removed to a large house, No. 31 Queen Street, and from there I went to a small boys' school kept by a Mr Gilston. In front of Queen Street there was then within high stone walls a grass field extending to Heriot Row, in which was kept a bull that we could see resented any intrusion on his domain, and occasionally induced feats of agility on the part of the owner or keeper if he showed himself outside the shed at the entrance to the field when the bull happened to be near it and in a captious mood. Gardens were being laid out between this field and Howe Street on the east and Wemyss Place, then in course of erection, on the west. At the foot of Wemyss Place there was the ancient domain of Moray Park, which was entered through an iron-railed gate, between dark-gray stone pillars, each surmounted by a stone lion couchant. These disappeared when the ground was feued in mansion sites. First excavations were made for the servants' apartments, kitchens, laundries, and cellars, and the foundations and cellarage under the pavement built in; and then Moray Place and adjacent streets towards Randolph Crescent, with its tall trees in front and noisy rookery, were quickly built. However, up to the date of my leaving Edinburgh at the age of twenty-two, in March 1841, there were no buildings north of Dean Bridge or of Ann Street towards Queensferry Road, except a row at Comely Bank; there was nothing but cultivated fields outside and between these, and between Lynedoch Place and Corstorphine Hill, which was reached by Lovers' Lane, a narrow road running alongside corn-fields, and leading to a stone seat inscribed 'Rest and be Thankful.' At the entrance to this lane a dear old lady we visited, Mrs Keith (mother of Dr Keith, then at Wemyss Place), had her country residence, her quaint, old-fashioned town-house being in the Canongate of Edinburgh, on the south side, below John Knox's house, towards Holyrood. The residences of Lady Keith of Ravelston and Lord Jeffrey, between Ravelston and Craigleith Quarry, were also near; and whether with my father as their family physician, in my holidays, or occasionally when with genteel schoolfellows, the dear ladies there and at Ramsay of Barnton's and Hopetoun House were lavishly kind to me.

When St Stephen's Church was being built, the Circus Place School was inaugurated by a syndicate of gentlemen, of whom my father was one, and I attended it till I went to the old High School in Surgeons' Square. Going thither I occasionally met on the Earthen Mound, then only the site for wild-beast shows and such-like, the famed poet and novelist Sir Walter Scott, and noted the peculiar hop-and-skip gait his lameness occasionally induced. I also saw the execution of several criminals, about the time of the Burke and Hare tragedies, on the open scaffold in High Street. Surgeons' Square, with its anatomical lecturers' dissecting-rooms, and their horrifying odour felt by all passers-by, then became a terror; and the new High School at the Calton Hill, beyond the new jail and the castellated house of the jail-governor (Captain Rose), was projected, and when it was completed a grand procession of the boys in classes, with their teachers, took place, wherein I, then in Mr Pyper's class, walked in the procession.

Going to the new High School necessitated a new route along Queen Street, thence by St Andrew Square and Register Street to Waterloo Place. Near there, opposite a coach-office, on peering at an object on the ground I discovered it to be a bundle of bank-notes, probably dropped by some cattle-dealer going to or returning from Falkirk Tryst. I had stooped to lift it, when a man more like a thief than owner of such an amount of money thrust me aside, snatched it up, and disappeared quickly. It was too common a practice up to the time I left Scotland, in 1841, for drovers and graziers attending cattle and sheep markets to carry similar bundles of bank-notes for the settlement of their transactions; cheques seemed unknown, but amongst the then interested market attenders dishonesty was rare.

The teacher of writing at the old High School, Mr M'Kean, senior—his son succeeded him—was a martinet with the nickname of 'Hoppy M'Kean' on account of his peculiarity when chastising an evildoer of holding him by the collar with the left hand, and gyrating around on one leg, with the taws operating actively on some portion of the offender's person. He did not teach at the new High School, but at his house in Duke Street, on the west side. In his classroom entrance-passage was a once well-stocked stone rabbit-house. I, with many of my schoolfellows, kept tame rabbits, but none of us could then imagine the universal scourge the liberation of a few score pairs in Victoria would afterwards prove to the whole of Australia, nor the enormous cost of merely thinning their ever-increasing and outspreading legions from the agricultural and pastoral areas.

When I emigrated to Victoria in March 1841 from Greenock, in a 700-ton sailing-ship of the round-bowed form of ocean tubs then in vogue, my voyage lasted one hundred and twenty days. On the 26th of July the ship anchored in Hobson's Bay, Port Phillip; and we were landed from it by a boat from the shore of Sandridge, now the populous town of Port Melbourne, but then having only one house in it, and no others within a mile. There was no jetty or landing-place. Each passenger was hoisted on a boatman's back and landed high and dry. A walk of about two miles brought him, following the edge of a reedy swamp in which the frogs made a noise almost deafening, to the punt over the Yarra River, without passing a single house or hut. Thence we entered on the partially built-up Swanston Street and Collins Street, the main business streets then in Melbourne; blank spaces or yards for bullock-teams separated the few one-story shops, one of which—now a palatial music warehouse—was a butcher's with a wooden block on the earthen floor, and with only a wide, shuttered opening for a window. In front, the unmade road had on both sides a gulf-like excavation, caused by rainfall, that would have engulfed a wagon. An Arab stallion was smothered in one. The Government House was a cottage on a hill now levelled and covered with a network of railway-lines. The blacks were dangerously hostile within a few miles of Melbourne.

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Another 'Old Edinburgh Citizen' sends us the following reminiscences:

Though not by any means a Jacobite, I have a few links—slender ones, it must be admitted—with Prince Charlie.

A valued friend of mine in former days lived at Merchiston Castle. The old family coachman, my friend told me, had conversed with a woman who, standing at her cottage door, exactly opposite where Craiglockhart safety-pond now is, saw Prince Charles Edward and his Highland host march past on their way to Edinburgh. Bivouacking at Slateford the night before, they had ruined a bean-field. When the farmer complained, the Prince gave him a promissory-note on a future bank. That bank *was* set up in Inverness; but what its notes were worth after Culloden every one knows.

Another intimate friend of mine who carried on a lengthened ministry in Teviotdale numbered among his congregation an old man who had often heard his mistress, the farmer's wife, recount the following experience: When a little girl she was sent one day in 1745 on a message from the village of Ancrum to Jedburgh, some four miles distant. Emerging from a wood, she was appalled by seeing the road black with hundreds of fierce, strangely dressed armed men. As she stood petrified at the sight, 'a bonnie gentleman on horseback'—so she described him—seeing her alarm, called her to him, and told her to stand beside his stirrup. When the soldiers had passed he put spurs to his horse and rode on. Need it be said that this was the Prince? And one cannot wonder that when the girl grew old enough to understand about public events she was fond of referring to her short interview with him.

A Scottish laird informed a circle in which I sat that from the lips of a Highlander a hundred years old he had heard the following story: In 1746 this Highlander, then a herd-boy in Skye, was looking after his master's sheep when he saw two ladies approaching him. One he knew, because she was Miss Flora Macdonald, his chief's adopted daughter; but the other was quite a stranger to him. First of all they eagerly asked him if he had seen any of King George's red-coats on the island. That question having been answered in the negative, they next inquired if he had seen any Government ships cruising about. To that also he replied 'No.' Then, at their request, he led them to a spring, where the stranger lady, unhooking a small gold cup from her girdle, filled it, and offered it to Miss Macdonald. When she declined to drink first, the visitor emptied the cup, and then refilled it for her. The boy's heart having been made to dance by the gift of a shilling, they left. It will be unnecessary to say that the stranger was Prince Charles in female attire.

During the first half of the nineteenth century, while moving about in the south-west of England, I took up my abode for a short time in the village of Berkeley, Gloucestershire. This village, readers of English history will remember, is the place where Edward II. ended his troubled life, foully murdered, there is every reason to believe, by some of his barons. There was pointed out to me a window in Berkeley Castle from which cries were heard to issue one night in 1327.

As I conversed with the chatty landlord of the inn where I was a guest, he interrupted our talk by drawing my attention to an old man in a smock-frock who was passing in front of the window. As there was nothing striking about him, I naturally looked for an explanation, which was at once given. Towards the end of the eighteenth century Dr Jenner, of Berkeley, was, like other medical men of his day, often grieved by the havoc which smallpox wrought among the villagers. At last he observed that the milkmaids of the place either enjoyed immunity from the fell disease or were very slightly affected by it. Following out this striking fact, he came to the conclusion that something in their daily calling must render them invulnerable, or nearly so. What could it be? He traced it to the cowpox near the udder, the nature of which he did not know; but it is now familiar to the world as lymph. Could this be the substance

that protected from smallpox? That was the question, and it could only be answered by experiment. Dr Jenner then made known his convictions to the villagers, and asked for a boy-baby, a healthy child, as a subject for experiment with the supposed cure. The conditions were that if the child died—though Dr Jenner apprehended no such result—the parents would receive one hundred pounds; and if, on the contrary, he lived to the age of sixty, he was then to enter into the possession of a cottage, with a bit of ground attached to it, and to receive eight shillings a week till the day of his death. The old peasant whom I saw had been that boy-baby, and was now enjoying the provision made for his old age by Dr Jenner. Thus I had seen what may be called the fountain-head of vaccination.

Returning to Scotland not long after the incident just related, I came across a family partially French living in one of the closes of the Canongate of Edinburgh. The grandmother and her daughter were pure though humble Frenchwomen; but the husband of the daughter was Scotch, and their children, though of mixed descent, were undistinguishable from other young people of the neighbourhood. The old lady had accompanied her husband, a military prisoner in the great Napoleonic war, to Scotland, and after his death she remained in Edinburgh. She knew no language but French, and could not read. Conversing with her one day, I expressed surprise that, coming as she did from such a cultured country as France, she had not learned to read. 'Ah, monsieur!' was her reply, 'quand j'étais petite fille, Robespierre n'avait pas laissé des écoles en France.' The effect on me was positively electrical. I well knew the date of the Revolution; but its horrors were such as to make it seem far, far away back in the past. Yet here was I face to face with one who, safe in her obscurity, had lived at that time.

It may be mentioned in passing that one of my mother's earliest recollections was the death of Louis the Sixteenth. One day early in 1793 she, a little girl, was standing beside her father at the breakfast-table when the morning paper (the *Mercury*, I believe) was brought in. Glancing at it, he exclaimed, addressing my grandmother, 'Good heavens, my dear! the French have cut off their king's head.' Later in my mother's history, when she was a young married lady, and lived in what was then the extreme south of Edinburgh, there were hundreds of French prisoners of war at Glencorse. Some of these soldiers had been followed by their wives, who lived in cottages near the Government prison. Out of the mutton-bones which remained after their dinners the neat-handed Frenchmen made toothpicks, bookmarks, and other little articles; these their wives sold in Edinburgh, buying with the proceeds tea, tobacco, and a few simple luxuries for their husbands. My mother got into the way of showing these women kindness. They used sometimes to embrace my elder sisters, then little children, as they thought of their own darlings far away. When an exchange of prisoners took place they came with joyful hearts to say 'Adieu' before returning to their own loved homes.

I must now ask the reader to accompany me to India, where I spent a few years. There, among other incidents, besides being introduced to Lord Canning and Lord Dalhousie, Governors-General of India, I had a conversation with Mr Elliott, son of General Elliott, afterwards Lord Heathfield, who commanded at Gibraltar during its celebrated siege in 1782. In that year the Duke of Crillon, who had shortly before taken Minorca from the British, arrived on the scene. All the French Princes-Royal, with thirty thousand French and Spanish soldiers, were in the besieging camp. Ten floating batteries, mounting three hundred and ninety-seven guns, were specially constructed for the work. All their efforts, however, were frustrated by General Elliott and the British forces under him. As the fierce attack went on, when some of the floating batteries were set on fire by red-hot balls fired from the Rock, Captain Curtis, commanding a party of the besieged, saved the lives of thirteen officers and three hundred and forty-four soldiers. Vain were the efforts of the beleaguering army, which had to retire unsuccessful.

The Mr Elliott I have mentioned inherited no small amount of his father's courage and energy. On one occasion, armed with nothing but a horse-pistol, he faced an infuriated Madras crowd. He also, with great cleverness, detected the perpetrators of a daring robbery. All the plate of a leading hotel had been carried away, and as the loss was serious, the police were eager to apprehend the thieves. For some time they were quite baffled; but at last suspicion was concentrated on an eating-house near the shore, chiefly frequented by sailors. Having made his arrangements, Mr Elliott entered this house one day in the costume of a naval officer, and ordered a dish of curry and rice. The food was soon placed before him, but accompanied by nothing better than a pewter spoon. This was precisely what had been expected. Handling the spoon with a contemptuous air, he asked if they expected one of Her Majesty's officers to eat with such an article as that. Searching looks were then directed to him; but he succeeded in maintaining an appearance of ingenuousness and simplicity. Then, after a short delay, a silver spoon was brought bearing the mark of the plundered hotel. A few quick steps took the magistrate—for such he was—to the door, and a low whistle brought the waiting subordinates; then the landlord, landlady, and servants were seized, and the whole of the plate recovered.

ELECTRICITY IN THE KITCHEN.

THE very latest application of electricity is to cooking. M. Moissan, of Paris, has been making experiments in raising heat by electricity. He has succeeded in inventing an electric crucible in which very great heat is generated, and the most intractable substances, that hitherto had defied analysis, are driven off into vapour; but more moderate heat can also be obtained for ordinary purposes. In fact, it is a mere matter of arrangement whether we get light or motion or heat from the electric current. If we choose heat we can have it, and we can use it as we desire, to smelt metals or to cook our dinner. An electric oven has been invented, in which electricity both turns the spit and roasts the joint. The fireplace has been turned into a small electric furnace, from which the heat radiates just the same as if it were a coal-fire. Vessels have also been made for cooking purposes, with an outer and an inner skin, the interval between the two skins being filled with a white metal which is heated by a current of electricity. In this way water can be boiled and food cooked. There are three degrees of heat according to the will of the attendant. The vessels are provided with binding screws that connect them with the current in a moment. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this invention. In a few years we shall be turning on our room-fires for heating just as we now turn on the gas for lighting. Our cooking will be done without dust or smoke; and by being able exactly to regulate the intensity of the heat, we shall also be able to cook a steak to our entire satisfaction. At the breakfast-table the coffee may be made before our eyes; while soups and other preparations can be allowed to simmer any needed time, with the certainty that the fire will neither become too hot nor go out altogether. There is hope for scientific cookery under the conditions of the coming time! The housewife's labours will be lightened, and her husband's temper will remain serene. Already the applications of electricity as a heat-producer are numerous, and they are increasing every day. Among the first so to use it were tailors, who now employ it to heat their irons; and as these were formerly heated by gas, the workshops must now be healthier places to work in. The electric current, it seems likely, will be used extensively for many similar purposes.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

Oh, the world has many wanderers!—the Pilgrims of Unrest—
Who press for ever on,
Who come and then are gone,
As if searching for some wondrous distant Islands of the Blest;
But to me the old home-country has always seemed the best,
Though now I sojourn far,
Where great pine-forests are,
In this vast and foreign country of the young and growing West.
And my heart goes back again—
Ever back and back again—
To the little, low thatched cottage by the island sea,
To the north winds blowing free,
To the shadows fast asleep on mountains far away,
To the land of sullen gray,
To the rocky barren shore,
To the witching foam-white mists—the mists of Corriemore.

I have crossed wide sultry prairies stretching out beneath the sky,
Have seen the night-winds pass
Over the sun-dried grass,
Till I heard it stir and shiver as though spirits had gone by.
Yet, for me, I know the country where I'd choose to live and die,
Though in a narrow bound
The mountains shut us round,
And we cannot see a wider world unless we look on high.

I have passed through great pine-forests, with their solemn, silent ways,
Have seen the sun-shafts fall
Adown the pine-stems tall,
While the shadows lying blackly stretched themselves into a maze;
But to me there comes a breathing from some far-off childish days,
Of small birch-woods in spring
With mossy carpeting,
And the smoke of burning heather in the air from hills ablaze.

I have seen wide western rivers flowing seaward silently,
Carrying craft of every size,
And foreign merchandise,
With the calmness of a mighty land, whose best is still to be.
Yet I know a little country where small burns sing cheerily;
Here in the gracious West,
These still I love the best,
Though they carry only music through the heather to the sea.

Oh, the world has many wanderers, and I have wandered far,
And everywhere I find
The hearts of men are kind;
For well I know the road to these no race or speech can bar;
Yet from this kindly Western land my home is very far.
I am with strangers here,
Not so my fathers were
In the little island oversea, where still their kinsfolk are.
And my heart goes back again, &c.

LYDIA MILLER MACKAY.

LOCHINVER.

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OLD NEWGATE.

By the Author of *Life in a Convict Prison.*

THE phrase 'Old Newgate' seems a little paradoxical; but it is thus that 'the man in the street' designates the ancient pile which the Government has taken over from the City authorities, in virtue of the Prisons Act, 1877, and which the 'house-breakers' have been busily employed in pulling to pieces. The total disappearance of this ancient City landmark calls for some comment, and information bearing on its history will be of interest.

As is well known, London was a walled town in early times. The City gates—closed every night when the curfew-bell was tolled—were Aldgate (which, as the name implies, was very ancient), Bishopsgate (built in 680), Moorgate (in 1415), Cripplegate (in 1010), Billingsgate, Ludgate, Highgate, and Newgate. The latter was originally known as Chamberlain's Gate, because of its connection with the City and its Chamberlain, and is the only gate now associated with a prison. Strype, in 1700, gave a very interesting account of it in his *Chronicles.* He mentions that it was first called Justices' Hall. 'It is,' says he, 'a fair and stately building; very commodious for that affair. It cost six thousand pounds to build; and in this place the Lord Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex do sit and keep His Majesty's Session of "oyer and terminer."'

The building thus described was destroyed by fire during the Gordon Riots of 1780; and the well-known architect Dance erected the new prison, which, of course, has been much altered and enlarged since. It is of this fire that Dr Johnson, writing to Mrs Thrale, says: 'As I went by Newgate, the Protestants were plundering the session-house at the Old Bailey. There were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed, in full day, such is the cowardice of a commercial place.'

That the destruction of the old prison was not an unmixed evil may be gathered from statements then made as to its insanitary condition. For instance, one writer tells us that it was 'seldom free from disease.' Another 'faithful chronicler' informs us that 'it was not only among the prisoners then overcrowding the jail that disease showed itself; but two judges, the Lord Mayor, several of the jury, and others, to the number of sixty persons, died in the spring of 1750 of the jail distemper, which was communicated to the session-house from the adjoining prison.'

After the Gordon Riots great progress was made with the new prison, and on the 9th of December 1783 the first execution took place there; the last one at Tyburn having been about a month before.

The most notorious part of the whole structure —and which yet remains—was the press-yard. Here it was that *peine forte et dure* was inflicted upon prisoners charged with felony who, with the view of saving their property from confiscation, refused to plead at the bar. This dreadful punishment of being pressed to death was, however, abolished in 1772. A Major Strangways, who was indicted for murder, having refused to plead, was condemned to this savage *peine forte et dure.* He died in eight minutes; and many of those who witnessed the dreadful sight threw stones at him to hasten his end.

In Old Newgate poor Ann Askew, Penn (the founder of Pennsylvania), Elwood (Milton's friend and amanuensis), Lord William Russell, and a score of other celebrities, were imprisoned. Here it was that Defoe commenced his *Review;* and here, in the very prison he had emptied and set on fire, Lord George Gordon died of the jail distemper in 1793.

That executions were constantly occurring at Newgate, and on a scale which—thank God!—is now unknown, is evident from both public and private records. Thus, Horace Walpole, writing to his friend Mann, says: 'It is shocking to think what a shambles this country has become. Seven-

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teen were executed this morning after having murdered the turnkey and almost forced open Newgate.' Indeed, public executions had long been a great scandal; but since 1868 all executions have taken place within the prison walls in an iron cage-like erection, which, by the way, was recently carted off by the contractors.

It was at the Old Bailey that all the regicides were tried; and, besides those already mentioned, a Newgate *Album* would not be complete without the names of the Earl of Shaftesbury, Hardy, Dr Dodd, Savage, Elizabeth Cumming, Bellingham, Thelwall, Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, Governor Wall, Horne Tooke, Fauntleroy, Thistlewood, and many more.

Among the elaborate contrivances which went to make up the penal machinery of those days, the pillory occupied a prominent place. The last to stand in this unenviable position was a man named Bossy. He had been tried for perjury, convicted, and sentenced to transportation for seven years. Before transportation he was to be confined in Newgate for six months and to stand in the pillory for one hour. This sentence was carried out to the letter, and on the 22nd of June 1830 Peter J. Bossy stood up on high like 'unabashed Defoe.'

One of the most gruesome sights was the old graveyard of Newgate. This was situated between the prison and the court-house, so that every prisoner who passed from the one to the other literally walked upon the graves of the criminals executed there during more than two centuries. I have known of at least one man who walked over those rough flagstones on the first day of one month, and was put underneath them by the first day of the next, or thereby. This hideous passage was roofed over with iron netting —from which it received the sobriquet of Bird-Cage Walk—and was flanked on each side by high stone walls. For a long time my mind was exercised in deciphering the great number of letters cut in the side-wall. These, I afterwards learned, were the initials of the names of those buried there. In more than one instance I have traced out a whole name—for example, 'Flowery Queen,' &c.

To the uninitiated it may appear impossible that such a large number of interments could take place in this very limited space. The explanation is that quicklime was always thrown in with the remains, which soon disappear under chemical action. The depth of the graves was about six feet, and the place might well be called the 'valley of bones.' After the inquest was held the body was encased in a 'shell' of plain deal, painted black; and into this the bags containing the lime were put.

'What is to be done whilst the new Old Bailey is being built?' may be asked. Well, the choice was between Wandsworth and Brixton, formerly a military prison. The authorities have already selected the latter, and a few months ago Brixton Prison was opened. It may here be stated that seldom have so many prisoners been confined in Newgate as within the past year, nearly one hundred prisoners having been located there lately. This was probably owing to Holloway Jail, the usual 'house of detention,' being crowded.

My earliest recollections of Newgate are associated with the public execution of five pirates for murder on the high seas; and I can recall the horrible sensation experienced when, as a mere boy, I witnessed the dead bodies dangling in the air. It was indeed a gruesome spectacle; and as I lived near the spot at the time, I suffered indescribable agonies on account of the hideous noises which, during the whole of the previous night, converted an ordinarily quiet neighbourhood into a veritable pandemonium.

The *Times* commented on the subject of 'Old Newgate' thus: 'In view of the approaching pulling down of Newgate Prison, a number of articles of historic interest have been transferred from the celebrated jail to the museum at the Guildhall. The collection contains the following: Six volumes of the *Police Gazette*, 1828 to 1833; the Lord Mayor's minute-book, 1791; the visiting magistrates' book, 1814; two volumes of visiting justices' minute-books, 1843 to 1873; the committees' orders from 1871 to 1878; one set of leg-irons and four waist-belts; a bust of Sir John Sylvester; a whipping-block; a leaden cast of the City arms, dated 1781; and four ancient chairs from the chapel. The casts of the heads of some of the celebrated criminals who have been executed within the prison, and which are familiar to those who have visited Newgate, were offered to the Guildhall Museum authorities, but were declined as being too gruesome in character. These relics have been sent to Scotland Yard, where they have been added to the collection of famous criminal *curios* at the police headquarters.'

With the demolition of Newgate will pass away an institution around which scenes of historical and dramatic interest cluster thickly.

THE SALVING OF THE 'SENATOR.'

III.

IT was when the high dawn slanted athwart the boiling ocean that the distressed vessel revealed herself in true colours, and Walters banged his glasses into the box with unmistakable disgust.

'A pot-bellied old coal-wagon bound to the west'ard.'

'Yes, she's a funny old sardine-tin,' compromised Larry. 'But she may be a valuable boat,' he added hopefully.

'She's too painfully built for that,' subtracted Walters.

Then a hoarse shout floated down to the *Masterpiece* on the streaming wind: 'Will you take us off? We're sinking!'

'Oh dear!' groaned the second mate. 'There's nothing to be earned there but a tin medal, and emphatically I didn't come to sea for honour.'

To the hail of the steamer to windward the skipper of the *Masterpiece* shrieked reply across the mad seas with the siren, forged half a mile farther, and then eased his engines so that his vessel lost headway. He looked at the second mate, and then overside at the great seas which screwed upwards the jerry-tramp; and when a great roller had swept the rusty side and left a momentary peace in its wake, the captain spoke:

'If you can get a crew to volunteer, go ahead; but it's a risky job, Mister Walters.'

'Beggars are not choosers, and might as well die fighting,' answered Walters, and grinned gloomily. He left the bridge, roused all hands, and arraigned them on the steering-bridge, where whisky was provided by the skipper to give the sailors encouragement. When the captain had assisted himself generously, he proceeded from pleasure to business.

'There's more whisky where this came from; but that's got to be earned. Astern of us there's a steamboat's crowd yelling for us to take 'em off. As I understand, there's no salvage, because the boat's sinking. But there'll be a smoking concert at the Liverpool Home if you fellows do the right thing; and any one bold enough to get only half-drowned will no doubt be awarded a good, solid, unbreakable medal. Don't you think it's worth earning?'

However, the hands appeared unanimous in adverse opinion; they were not quite so ready to volunteer manning a boat as they were to drink free whisky; and when Walters had waited impatiently two minutes for answer, he pitched upon the best man of the crowd.

'Griffen,' he said savagely, 'come out of that gum-sucking congregation. You're worth three pounds per month, and one-half your voyage is pay to the slop-chest. If you get drowned now instead of a little later on, you'll die to wind'ard of your debts; in the other case you'll work for nothing.'

Griffen gave consent to the usurious proposal by striding across the bridge. 'Whisky,' he observed, 'will nerve a chap to do anything,' and he cast fond eyes upon the bottle; while Larry overcame his acquisitive scruples and kindly 'took the 'int,' as Griffen expressed it.

The crowd had been waiting for a leader, so that there was a full complement chosen to man the lifeboat. Then all hands set to work to sling overboard the craft of rescue, while to leeward the vessel in distress bleated on her whistle for help. Soon the lifeboat took the water, and, with a half-coil of new three-inch line in her stem, dropped astern.

The big seas caught her, and flung her into a chasm that yawned black and grim, and the boatmen held to the thwarts and wondered how many seconds would elapse before they should say 'Amen!' But marvellously the lifeboat swung up and over the seas, and rode them as a graceful albatross rides Cape Horners. All the time the skipper watched anxiously from the poop and slacked the line from the bits, and sighed relief when the staggering craft bobbed to his ken every other half-minute.

'It's not exactly a yachting expedition,' he defined; and the boat shot down, down, until Larry shook with a terrible fear—and then bravely out of the smoking trough the lifeboat climbed.

When the line came to a finish Walters put out his sea-anchor to lessen the drift and keep her head on, and for the next ten seconds no one knew precisely what happened. A great, green wall of water, white-fringed and ominous, rose over the stem, and as some person shouted 'Hold on!' an ice-biting sea snapped over the boat and its crew. At the limit of those ten seconds, Griffen, bathing neck-deep, came out of the salty smother and grasped the boat's gunwale; and the crew hauled him aboard and laid him, a shivering heap, upon the bottom boards.

After many editions of this, the lifeboat, with three men bailing her out for dear life, came alongside the steamship *Senator*, from which a line was thrown and many eager faces peered. Down ropes the *Senator's* crew came swiftly, with death above and death below—or at least a promise of it. A big man was the last to descend, and he came as coolly as if he were entering a ball-room. He squeezed himself on the stern thwart and smiled, which irritated Walters.

'I don't know what you see to monkey at,' he spluttered. 'Hi! shove her off there, some of you, unless you want us to be swamped.'

'I've been looking for adventure,' explained the big man, 'and I've found it—heaps of it. And I am not going to look for it any more.'

The second mate regarded the speaker with appreciation. 'Yes,' he said, 'you've about gone the whole hog, Mister Quixote, and I admire your effort to be drowned rather than buried and so save funeral expenses. It's a good idea, that adventure business; and my devout wish for you is that you get an epitaph in the Atlantic. It's a nice poetical place, isn't it? It's you passenger Jonahs that cause mishaps at sea, Mister Quixote, and that's my belief.'

Then Walters addressed himself to a black-whiskered man whom the rescued crew treated with some deference.

'I believe you are the *Senator's* skipper?'

'I am, my lad.'

'What's the matter with the bucket?'

'She's suffering from a chronic desire to sink.'

'Been in collision?'

'Yes. I think we must have struck something below water; perhaps a sunken wreck. Anyhow, whatever it was, it punched a big hole in her under the engine-room.'

'Much water in her?'

'Half-way up the cylinders and bunkers; the engine-room's fairly drowned.'

'But her Plimsoll's well above water.'

'That may be.'

'Any cargo in the holds?'

'Nothing. Ballast for New York.'

'How long do you suppose she'll swim?'

'A few hours.'

Then the lifeboat came to the side of the *Masterpiece*, which vessel had hung handy to leeward to pick up her crew.

IV.

LARRY'S face was decidedly long as he glanced out of the chart-room at the white hail and wind-squalls driving madly from the flaked hills in the westward.

'It's something more than desperate,' he said. 'We're barely provisioned for ten days longer, and now there's twenty-two more mouths to feed.'

Naturally enough, with a minus quantity of dividends, the owner could ill supply the *Masterpiece* generously.

'It's hard lines on you,' said the salved passenger, and then dived to the shelter of the weather-dodger, where Walters kept a lookout and made poetry upon this life of torment.

Two miles astern the *Senator* rolled in the long seas like a huge bucket, and buried her well-decks at intervals. Eight hours had elapsed since her desertion, and still she did not appear to settle deeper in the water.

'It's quite time she sank,' said Walters, 'according to her skipper.'

The second mate lost eyes for reality. Salvage gave him visions of dear-heart Nellie and a master's berth; but salvage looked very uncomfortable, not to say impossible.

All day the *Masterpiece* crawled west at a quarter-knot-an-hour speed, and the Atlantic piled up agony and wrought wholesale destruction about the steamer's decks; it tore out the chart-room, carried away stokehole ventilators and all but put out the fires, lifted the main winch from its deck-bolts, cracked and tore at the bulwark, and swept the whole business pell-mell into the sea. In the engine-room the big Geordie mechanics throttled the racing machinery, and swore at the fate that made them work knee-deep on the foot-plates in brine.

At 5 P.M. Walters took over charge of the bridge from the mate, and glancing across the purple swells to where still hung the ungainly *Senator*—no deeper surely, he thought, than at noon—experienced a most pleasant heart-throbbing which sent his half-frozen blood oozing to his face, and for a time he became dreamily thoughtful. Larry unpleasantly awoke the second mate.

'Things are worse than I thought,' he said. 'We've barely provisions for five days for one crew. I've inspected the lazaret, and there's no doubt at all upon the matter. Still, the weather's clearing, and we'll soon make good speed.'

Walters came quickly to Larry, and said, 'I've been thinking it over, and I've got an idea.'

'Let's hear it, man.'

'That deserted ship has all we require.'

'Well, what of that?'

'Hang on to her, and when the sea smoothes down I'll go aboard and get you all you want.'

'Surely you're not so mad. The *Senator's* sinking. Her skipper says so, and he ought to know.'

'He ought to,' replied Walters quietly.

Larry turned on the second mate quickly. 'Well?' he said.

'That ship is not sinking, and I've an idea what's saving her.'

'Go on.'

'That's all.'

'Are you sure of all you say?'

'Positive.'

The skipper stamped upon the bridge and strode athwart. At last he gave Walters a decision.

'The chance is yours. Ring the engines down "slow."'

They held tight to the *Senator*, and the weather slowly fined.

The late skipper showed some uneasiness, and asked, 'Do you mean to tow her, Captain Larry?'

'I've done worse things in my time,' was the response; and the captain of the *Masterpiece* went to the upper bridge and waited for the moon to clear the darkness. At midnight the yellow globe swung over the eastern swells and sent a pale,

golden light shafting over the heaving bosom of the Atlantic, revealing the *Senator* riding the seas quite comfortably. By the time the moon meridianed, the weather had decidedly improved and the sea gone down.

Larry ported his helm and brought the *Masterpiece* almost alongside the *Senator*, so that the drippings from her scuppers and plate-edges could be plainly heard aboard the sister-tramp. The *Senator's* skipper, leaning over the rail, interrogated Larry: 'What do you mean to do with my ship?'

'Board her and get provisions for your crew and yourself.'

'You're utterly foolish. The old box won't live five minutes.'

'Long enough for my second mate to take her in hand.'

'You'd pirate my steamboat?'

'Not for worlds.'

'I'll go aboard too.'

'With my permission. Oh no, sir; you'll stay where you are.'

A boat was put out; the lifeboat was drifting east in sections; and half-an-hour afterwards Walters returned with his boat loaded with tinned provisions.

'She's a safe salvage,' he exclaimed. 'Not a drop of water in the holds; her bulkheads have saved her. What water she has cannot be increased.'

Finally the ex-captain of the *Senator* was invited into the chart-room.

'Your ship's waiting to be salved,' said Larry.

'Rot!' replied the *Senator's* master angrily; 'and a man's a fool who says otherwise than that she's perfectly unsafe.'

'Very well,' replied Walters, 'I'm off aboard. I'll see you in New York.'

'Stop! stop!' cried the skipper. 'You don't mean she's all right?'

'I mean I want your apology, or your ship's mine.'

'I don't want to waste any more time,' observed Larry after an interval of silence. 'Come down your dignity or take the other consequences.'

Some time later the *Senator*, secure on a double hawser, was towing over the gilded deep, her former captain on her bridge, grateful but feeling small.

The pent-up feelings of the second mate found a sympathetic ear into which to pour their load; for surely disappointment had cut him with a cruelly keen edge.

'After all the trouble and worry and risk. By ——, man! I thought I'd get something out of the business besides a tin medal and the sack. We've given that fellow our rightful salvage, and it broke me up to do it on account of the promise I made to my girl. Well—he was a shell-back, same as myself. Perhaps he's already got a wife and youngsters. The salvage on that old drag-astern will be a mere nothing. If I could only get to that rich relation of our owner I'd boot him—no, boot him isn't strong enough—I'd kick him until he was black-and-blue in the face, and then heave him overboard. Well, never mind any more now; there's the steward banging the hash-hammer.'

'You like the *Masterpiece?*' inquired the salved passenger.

'She'll do, though she's a hog in a seaway. But she gives me six pounds a month and promises—substantial promises.'

At New York, where the authorities took over the *Senator* for repairs, the passenger left the *Masterpiece* and wished Walters luck.

Some days later the tramp steamed from Sandy Hook, set her course in the home-trail, and after battling for seventeen days, berthed at one of the Newcastle quays.

She had but tied up to the wharf-posts when a boy handed a note over the bulwarks. Larry read it with a lengthening face and approached the second mate, who was busy scouring the decks of lines and cork fenders.

'We're wanted at the office,' he said grimly, and stalked to his room without further explanation; and each man, attired in Sunday rig-out, was despondent and miserable as he stepped on to the quay.

'I'm glad Nellie's not here,' thought Walters.

'I'm thankful Bessie kept out of the road,' added Larry.

At the first public-house the two men obtained courage for coming disaster, and later entered the steamboat-owner's office, and were ushered into the presence of that gentleman, who smiled genially and presented a handshake of welcome to the mariners. He said:

'Mister Walters, I wish to appoint you as mate of the *Masterpiece* for a few voyages, when I shall be pleased to promote you to master. Captain Larry, when the transaction of my taking over the *Senator* is complete, I shall desire you to take charge of her, at, of course, an increased salary. The *Masterpiece* will be here only a fortnight; so I'd advise you both to skip and have a holiday while the opportunity offers.'

'He's the stuff,' Walters heard a voice he recognised say, and, looking into an out-of-the-way corner, discovered the big passenger regarding him. The man came across the private office.

'I am Mr Slade,' he said, 'the cousin of your owner, and upon whom'—the man smiled and put a greeting hand out to Walters—'you swore vengeance.'

For a moment things real faded from the eyes of Walters. He forgot about steamboats and hard fate, and all the rest of it; and in place there rose a vision of dear-heart Nellie hugging him on the quay at Newcastle and giving him, his fifteen pounds per month and all he had fudged, a glorious and longed-for welcome.

WASTE.

THE consideration of waste is very interesting, whether we think of waste as meaning manufacturing residuum or as the result of wear and tear.

Taking the first definition, it is wonderful how modern science has enabled us to utilise what in the past was useless and only fit for the rubbish-heap. The Romans during their occupation of this country worked and smelted the iron ore in the Forest of Dean; but so imperfect was their process that it has since been found worth while to resmelt the heaps of waste left by them for the sake of the unreduced iron remaining in the slag.

Amongst manufacturing processes, too, many instances may be mentioned of the utilisation of residual products formerly worse than useless. An example of this is seen in the manufacture of ordinary coal-gas. In the early days of gas manufacture the tar and ammoniacal liquor were subsidiary products of little if any value, and sometimes even entailed a loss by reason of the cost of their removal. Now, however, that aniline dyes are made from coal-tar, the tar is very valuable commercially; and the ammoniacal liquor can also be dealt with to a profit. It is even a question whether in the future the gas will not be comparatively valueless, and coal distilled for the sake of what are now called residuals. So far is this already the case that, whereas in the production of coke from small coal it was, and in old-fashioned establishments still is, the custom to allow the gas and residuals from the ovens to burn away freely in the air, it has been found economical to construct elaborate apparatus and carefully collect the residuals. Again, in the manufacture of silk it was at one time the practice, after winding off as much silk as possible from the cocoon, to throw out the cocoons for use as manure, though some remnants of silk still adhered. In 1857, however, Mr Lister of Bradford (afterwards created Lord Masham) invented a successful method by which these remnants of silk might be detached and spun up with the rest.

The towns of Dewsbury and Batley, with the districts round them, owe a large part of their prosperity to the utilisation of waste. In former days rags were of no use whatever except for the making of paper, and for that purpose only certain sorts were available; but now, in the district named, thousands of tons of woollen rags are every year converted into wool, and, with the addition of more or less new wool, again spun and woven into serviceable cloth. In washing wool and woollen cloth in the process of its manufacture a large amount of soap is used. Chemical processes now enable the manufacturers to recover from the soap-suds a considerable proportion of the grease of the soap, which had run to waste and greatly polluted the streams.

A wonderful saving has been effected by the aid of modern science in perfecting old processes and finding out new ones with the object of doing the required work more thoroughly, and that with less waste of the material manufactured and less expenditure of fuel. The very refuse of our great cities is burnt, instead of being collected in heaps dangerous to health, and the heat produced is utilised. Cheap fuel is, however, an important factor in the utilisation of waste. Most of the regenerative processes are carried on largely by the aid of heat; hence the life or extinction of a useful process depends frequently on the facility for procuring cheap fuel. Small establishments for the treatment of manufacturing refuse spring up when coal is cheap, but are nipped off by a rise in the price of fuel, when, as often happens, there is no considerable increase in the value of the commodity recovered or produced.

The gradual wearing away of a thing by use or decay is our second definition. Chemists tell us that it is impossible to destroy anything. We may cause new combinations amongst the elementary substances of which a thing is composed, or add some further element to them; but though the apparent form of the object may be changed, or even made invisible, the elements still exist.

Over and above chemical waste of this kind, however, a wonderful amount of solid matter disappears, for all practical purposes, by mere wear without any chemical change. Take, for example, one of the great main roads which run through England, and have followed more or less their present lines for the greater part of a thousand years. Year by year the road is coated and repaired by the application of thousands of tons of material of various kinds. To coat a broad main road something like a ton of stone per lineal yard is required. This coating, taking from one thousand five hundred to two thousand tons of material per mile, may be done every three or four years where there is heavy traffic, and yet what becomes of it all? The road does not get higher and higher, till, from being on a level with the country round about it, it forms a ridge across the landscape; but if not, what becomes of so much solid rock and earth? The rock is, doubtless, ground into mud; but this is usually scraped off and kept in heaps at the side of the road, to be used at the next coating to bind the broken stone. One explanation of the gradual disappearance of road metal is that it blows away in dust; but this seems rather a weak explanation to give for the disappearance of a thousand tons per mile of road in, say, five years.

The wear and tear of a railway is another instance. In the early days of railways, when

iron rails were used they constantly needed renewing, being worn out by the light rolling-stock of those days. Even now, when steel rails and steel wheel-tires are used, the wear and tear is very great. Doubtless the chemical action of the air, in rusting the bright surface of the rail in damp weather, does something; but the real wear is much more than this; and it must be remembered that the wear is mutual between the rail and the tire, and that the friction between the two is tremendous when a train running at a good speed is brought up by a powerful continuous brake, greatly retarding the revolution of almost every wheel in the train. Where, then, does the steel of the rails and tires go to? Are we to suppose that geologists in the distant future, when railways have been abandoned in favour of flying-machines and forgotten, will be puzzled by a network of thin bands of iron ore spread over the country?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has almost every year to ask Parliament for a grant to repair the waste of the gold coinage. In 1899 this loss amounted to about two thousand pounds. The mere transit of a box of gold coin from the Bank of England to Edinburgh or Dublin entails an appreciable loss of weight by the coins rubbing one against another. If this is so when the coin is carefully packed, how much greater must the wear be in the rush and bustle of business, when money is roughly thrown from till to counter and back again, and subject to constant friction in purses and pockets! Where does all the gold and silver go to? One might expect a Lombard Street dust-cart to have more gold in it than many a gold-mine floated with a most entrancing prospectus.

To our sorrow, we know how fast our clothes, and especially our boots, wear away. The amount of waste in individual cases is small, but in the aggregate enormous.

The mud of our great cities must be of wonderful composition!

THE LAW LORD AND LESLEY.

CHAPTER VI.

'PERHAPS the lists did not come out after all to-day,' said the minister, looking nervously up from the book he was reading. 'I think he would have telegraphed if they had come out,' he added. It was the third time since supper that he had volunteered the remark, and each time it had brought Lesley's thoughts back with a rude shock of self-reproach to her uncle's need of consolation.

The oil-lamp on the table flung its light on to the pages of the book she was reading; but, though her eyes skimmed the words, no sense of their meaning invaded her mind.

'No, they cannot be out yet, or he would certainly have wired,' she agreed for the third time.

'He has never failed to do so before,' said the minister; 'but then it was always honours, and he has warned me repeatedly in his letters of late not to expect too much this time. It is strange what difficulty the lad seems to have had with this last examination, when most men find it child's-play after the others.'

A still sharper pang of self-reproach went through Lesley's heart at his words.

She had only lately begun to realise the nature of her influence over her cousin, the events of the past spring having rendered her clairvoyant about such matters. But the knowledge did not persuade her to mercy; on the contrary, it seemed to have a hardening effect upon her thoughts of him, which was betrayed but too plainly in the few and scanty letters now representing their once copious correspondence. Oh, what a traitor she had felt when again and again she had been called upon to join in the old man's glad anticipations of his boy's final triumph, knowing that in her heart was nothing but a sick dread at the prospect of his victorious home-coming! How could she deny him what he had been working for so zealously all these years? No. At all costs to herself she must fulfil her obligation and go through with her share of the tacit bargain which had existed between them from the commencement. The longing to escape had been growing and deepening within her every week which brought the dreaded event closer. Visions of herself as a hospital nurse, a governess, a lady's companion, floated enticingly before her eyes—the most menial servitude appearing glorious freedom in comparison with the inevitable future; but her conscience, like a strong wall, barricaded her about, shutting her off for ever from the joys of independence.

Silence had fallen once more upon the little room—the tense, nervous silence of expectation, when suddenly, as if in answer to the mute desire of the occupants for something to happen, the door quietly opened, and there was John upon the threshold.

At first sight of him Lesley recoiled in horror, for as he stood swaying to and fro, clutching at the lintel for support, he had all the appearance of a drunken man; but the moment he spoke she knew she had wronged him.

'Father! Lesley!' he ejaculated, and then

stopped; something seemed to be gripping his throat and choking back the words he would say.

'I have failed,' he added hoarsely at last. His eyes were burning out of the clay whiteness of his face, and his clothes hung in loose folds on his once stalwart figure.

Lesley remained riveted to the spot, her gaze fixed in uncomprehending fashion on the spectacle of misery at the door. The whole scene seemed to her like a petrified nightmare. Surely—surely it could not be true—this dreadful ironical response of Heaven to all her past rebellious longings.

'Failed?' echoed the minister, who had risen too at the opening of the door, and now stood erect and rigid by the table, his lips mechanically repeating the fatal announcement in vain endeavour to bring home to his mind the meaning of the word. 'Failed?'

'Ay, failed—the gold medallist a stickit minister,' cried John in a voice of misery. 'Oh Lesley, girl, for pity's sake say something!' he added, turning almost fiercely on his cousin. 'Don't stand there glowering at me with those frightened eyes. I'm not asking you for anything, God knows. Why, girl, you should be rejoicing. This night you're free—free; and I'—— His head went down on his breast, and his voice died away in an inarticulate murmur.

Then for the first time Lesley realised the full significance of the tragedy. His words, piercing straight to her heart, brought about a total revolution in her feelings: all the dread and repulsion of the past few weeks were swallowed up in an absorbing love and sympathy.

Great tears of remorse welled into her eyes. She was hardly conscious herself that she was crying; but John, raising his head again, became suddenly aware of it.

'Oh lassie, don't greet!' he exclaimed with passionate contrition, his own grief melting at sight of her distress. 'There, there—foolish cry-baby that you are,' he went on, patting her tenderly on the shoulder as he spoke, and gently drying her eyes with his handkerchief; but the memory of the many other times when with like tender administrations he had comforted her childish griefs made Lesley's tears flow all the faster.

'Ah, poor lassie! poor wee thing!' he continued, looking sorrowfully down at her. 'I ken fine how the skies rain sometimes for relief when the day is at its brawest,' he went on, relapsing into his boyish vernacular, as if the past had truly for the time being supplanted the unhappy present.

'Let her weep, man,' put in the minister's voice sternly; 'it is natural that she should. Tears bring comfort to women; but men have no such outlet for their griefs,' he added bitterly.

'No, poor dad; it's hardest of all for you,' said John, taking a few steps over to where the old man still stood immovable by the table. He staggered a little as he walked, and clutched aimlessly at a chair in passing; but neither Lesley nor her uncle noticed the fact. Both were too absorbed with their own grief.

'I was never clever like you, dad,' he pleaded, laying his hand with a little wistful gesture over his father's.

'Merciful Providence! the lad's fevered,' cried the minister, coming to himself with a start. 'Laddie, are you ill? You're burning like a furnace.'

John smiled vaguely, raising his other hand to his head in a bewildered fashion. 'I've been burning in hell so long, it's little wonder,' he said. 'Oh father!—Lesley!—I think—I must say good-bye—now,' and he fell in a prone heap on the little horsehair sofa.

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For many days after that awful home-coming John lay unconscious to the summer world about him, in a mysterious region far removed from the utmost reach of tender human voices, alone with the imaginary demons conjured up by his diseased brain. There day by day he wrestled in mortal conflict with his unseen foes, and only by his muttered ravings were the anxious watchers by his bedside able to gauge the full extent of the torments he was enduring.

The one word failure was never off his lips. 'Failed! failed!' he would repeat again and again with monotonous insistence, and then would burst forth into unintelligible wanderings through the mazes of which his listeners could catch but distant glimpses of the truth. 'It was only at the end, I tell you,' he would cry; 'she was mine till then. But God pulled the hardest. I knew He would—He had so much on His side—that beautiful room, with all the books and the carpet—like velvet—and they had taken away mine when I got home that night—the strip by the table: my chair had made a hole in it, and Mrs Fasson was angry. But they all said God had a hard heart. He hanged Jane Silence, you know.'

'Lesley! Lesley!' he cried on another occasion when the girl was seated alone by his bedside, 'that day I took the thorn out of your finger you kissed me, little sister; but I said sweetheart under my breath; that was before the awakening. Oh! I have had such awful dreams, Lesley. I dreamt I had failed,' and his voice trailed away in a dry, hopeless sob.

At first Lesley had hardly been able to control herself as she listened to the wild outpourings of his tortured brain, every word of which seemed to pierce straight to her heart; but by degrees the stoical despair of the penitent took hold of her, and she would sit by the hour calm and apparently unmoved in the endurance of her punishment.

At last, one day when the doctor had gone, leaving a well-nigh hopeless verdict behind him,

John, who had been lying still and silent for longer than usual, opened his eyes, and Lesley saw in them for the first time since his illness the light of reason. In an instant she was down on her knees by the bed, pouring out the confession of her pent-up love and misery. If only she could disabuse his mind of this reproach of failure all might yet be well, and surely this God-given opportunity had not been sent in vain. But the awful days and nights of mental torture had made too deep an impression on his mind to be wiped away in a few moments; and, despite all her vows and protestations, the anguished expression still lingered on his face like a reflection from the gates of hell through which he had just passed.

At last a glimmering dawn of hope in his eyes rewarded her appeals, spurring her on to further efforts. A few moments later she burst impulsively into the study where the minister was seated in a dejected attitude by the table, his head buried in his hands.

'But have you counted the costs?' he asked sternly when he had listened in silence to her wishes. 'I would do anything to preserve his life; but we cannot tell—it may be God's will to take him from us.'

But Lesley was in no mood to count the costs; her whole idea was to make expiation for the terrible consequences of her ingratitude. 'Come—come! Oh, come quickly!' she cried with frantic impatience. 'Why, he is better already, and—who knows?—if he feels what it is to be happy again he may recover. Oh, come! come at once! He will never believe it till he hears you say the words.'

So the minister followed her to the sick-room, and there in a few moments more Lesley Gordon and her cousin were made man and wife. As the brief ceremony came to an end a contented smile crept over the sick man's face, and with Lesley's hand in his he was soon sleeping peacefully.

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Two days later a notice of the strangely solemnised marriage appeared in the *Scotsman*. Lord Coalstoun read it at breakfast, and laid the paper down quietly.

'Lady Marjorie,' he said, addressing himself to his guest, 'do you remember a concert, when we were at Barhulican long ago, in aid of ministers' widows, and a minister's niece who sang a Scotch song at your request?'

'At yours, rather,' she corrected; 'and it wasn't so long ago at all. Of course I remember.'

She spoke pettishly. It was the last day of her visit, and she had become impatient of her host's dilly-dallying methods.

'To me it seems ages and ages,' he returned abstractedly.

'And why do you ask?' put in Lady Cariston from behind the coffee-urn.

Lord Coalstoun gave a start, and then uttered a short, half-apologetic laugh.

'Oh, only that I see in this morning's paper she has taken the first step towards qualifying for a future share in that night's profits,' he returned enigmatically.

'What do you mean?' interposed his guest.

Lord Coalstoun bent towards her with a smile. 'She has married a minister, of course,' he explained gravely.

'How dreadfully prosaic!' cried Lady Marjorie, rising. 'I thought you were going to tell us she had gone on the stage or bolted with the village schoolmaster—that dreadful man with the blue tie.—Now, dear,' turning to her hostess, 'if you will excuse me, I will run away and dress. I don't want to miss my train. Yes, do come with me.' So saying, she swept from the room, followed more slowly by Lady Cariston.

'And so ends romance the true and the false,' said his lordship in a low, ruminant voice.

That night he started on a long-projected journey to Russia.

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A premature November frost held the old gray city in its relentless grip when he returned. The pavements rang crisp and metallic beneath the feet of the hurrying foot-passengers, exhilarated into greater speed by the familiar nip in the air. All day over the Castle there hung a yellow haze, which deepened and fell like a gloom upon the town in the later afternoon.

Lord Coalstoun had broken his journey on his way north at Dudhope to pay his respects to Lady Marjorie—now Lady Marjorie Maxwell—and the young laird, her husband. The flying visit left him absolutely unmoved. Not so his hostess. 'Poor Coalstoun'—he was always poor Coalstoun to her after that—'no doubt he had felt her marriage dreadfully. He had aged years in a few months. After all, when a man has remained single until his time of life, it is safer not to think of matrimony at all,' she confided to her very youthful spouse, who agreed with her laconically, as he always did with everything she said: it saved trouble—a fact he had discovered even in his few short weeks of matrimony; and if he did happen to have opinions of his own on the subject—why, he could keep them just the same. Old or not, Coalstoun was a deuced fine fellow, and the woman who got him might say grace with a thankful heart.

Certainly Lord Coalstoun had aged, though Lady Marjorie was mistaken as to the reason. His hair was grayer by far, and the lines round his mouth had deepened; but the virile force of his personality which had always constituted his chief attraction to both men and women remained undiminished: it was if anything rather increased and intensified by the rubs of fortune.

Whatever the condition of his feelings, his first evening at home found him in harness once more,

and settled down in the shaded sanctity of the library before the immense arrears of correspondence which had accumulated during his absence. The house was very quiet—after the din and rattle of months of incessant travel it seemed to him almost oppressively so—and he welcomed with some degree of pleasure the roll of the carriages over the cobbly stones as they rounded the crescent, bearing the guests to a dinner-party which was taking place a few doors off. He was conscious of that very human weakness which inconsistently desires to do nothing the moment a long-coveted opportunity to do much offers itself.

Still, he was not the man to allow his vagrant fancies to overrule his conduct, and he wrote steadily on until a knock at the door provided a legitimate interruption. With a sigh of relief he laid down his pen and turned half-round in his chair.

'A young lady, my lord,' said James, whose training was gradually adding discretion to his many other virtues. 'No, my lord, she won't give no name,' as his master interrupted him with an abrupt query; 'she said as 'ow I was to tell you it was a minister's widow, my lord.'

'Show her in,' was his lordship's curt command. But he did not turn round at once; instead, he remained with his back to the door, bending over his table, and pushing the papers upon which he had been engaged hither and thither in an aimless fashion until a soft swish of feminine draperies warned him that he was no longer alone.

Then he straightened himself and faced round abruptly.

For a moment there was silence.

'Is this a jest?' he asked at last, indicating the girlish simplicity of his visitor's attire.

Lesley smiled sadly. 'It would be a poor jest,' she said. 'It was one of my husband's wishes that I should not—not wear black.'

Lord Coalstoun winced.

'When did he die?' he asked in a conventional tone, his tired eyes scanning with relief every line and curve of her graceful figure, and dwelling thankfully on the vivid beauty of her face.

'A long, long time ago,' she returned.

He started. 'But you were only married on the 15th of July—four months ago to-day.'

'And he died on the 18th,' said Lesley.

'My God! then it was a deathbed ceremony.' There was a note of triumph betrayed in his voice in spite of himself.

'I did not know he was dying,' she explained in a low, monotonous voice. 'We were engaged always. Neither of our lives would have been complete if we had not married.'

She repeated the short sentences mechanically, like a lesson learnt by rote—though even as she spoke a pang of the old remorse which she would carry to her grave shot through her.

Lord Coalstoun observed her closely the while; but, whatever his thoughts, he suffered no sign of them to appear upon his face, and she continued hurriedly:

'You know that he had failed; but the day after his death came a letter from the University Court saying that as it was only in one of the smaller subjects, and as he had done so well in the others, they had agreed to pass him. So he was a minister after all, though he never knew it.'

There was a pause.

'Ah, well! you have had your romance, and it is over,' remarked Lord Coalstoun at last. 'And I have had mine, and it is over,' he added in a lower tone. 'We must both of us start afresh. It will be easy for you—you are young; but for me who am growing old'—with a little reminiscent smile—'it will be less easy. It is a difficult matter to make old love grow round a new name; but when it is only the name that is new'—— he continued abstractedly, then broke off.

'Do you remember my sudden interest in ministers' widows that first day I called at the manse,' he began again abruptly, 'when you told me about the concert? I know you thought I was joking; but I assure you, though I had never given them a thought before, I seemed suddenly to feel a presentiment of future interest in—well—one at least.'

He finished with an interrogatory glance at Lesley.

She coloured faintly. 'Yes, I remember,' she said. 'My uncle has been very ill ever since,' she continued in a somewhat constrained voice, ignoring his former allusions. 'I have been nursing him; but he is better now, and I have come to Edinburgh to pack up the things John left behind him and take them home. The day he died he wrote a few lines to you, and made me promise to give you the letter with my own hand. I would have sent it by post otherwise, as I have not had time to get away before: that is my only apology for my intrusion to-night.' She handed him the letter as she spoke.

He took it from her and laid it down on the table.

'I only arrived from Russia this afternoon,' he remarked, with apparent irrelevance; 'and to-morrow I go to Barhulican,' he added, a gleam in his eyes.

Lesley coloured again. 'You have bought the place, have you not?' she asked, striving to speak conventionally.

'Yes,' he rejoined. 'I bought it because it is the brick and mortar personification of a certain airy castle of mine. My Castle of Indulgence I call it—the home of my illusions. I am glad I did so now. The deed has brought good fortune with it.'

'And I am glad too, for your sake,' she conceded; 'but I will not interrupt you any longer.'

She turned to go as she spoke, but he hastily interposed.

'Allow me just to read this first, and then I will see you home.' He took up the dead man's letter as he spoke.

'Oh no—no!' cried Lesley in a pained voice. 'I would rather not wait. There is no need for you to see me home. I am accustomed to looking after myself—and—I am tired.'

'Let me see you in my chair first,' he said, the old peremptory ring in his voice. 'Come,' he added, taking her hand in both his. 'This is my house, and you must do my bidding.' His will seemed to be dominating her—rendering her powerless to struggle against it. 'There, that is right. Sit down. Oh, what a long time I have waited for this! And I will tell you a wonderful story about the future'—he leant over the back of the chair as he spoke, and taking her face between his two hands, he turned it up to his own—'of how Lesley married the Law lord,' he went on in an ever deeper, more tender tone, 'and how they both lived happily, shall we say—what a poor thing a vocabulary is, child!—in a heavenly place which is called Barhulican, ever after.'

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association opened its seventy-first session at Belfast, under the presidency of Professor James Dewar, whose name is so well known, more especially in connection with the low-temperature researches which have occupied the attention of science during recent years. His presidential address will be highly valued as an exhaustive history of the gradual approach by the march of knowledge to the absolute zero. The last time the Association met at Belfast was in 1874, when Professor Dewar's predecessor at the Royal Institution, Professor Tyndall, was president. There has been a good attendance at Belfast this year, and many questions of interest have been dealt with. Professor Armstrong's paper on educational reform will naturally attract much attention at a time when the same matter has so recently formed the subject of parliamentary debate. He condemns the modern system of teaching, and contends that, as progress depends upon research, the spirit of research should be the dominant force in our educational methods. The tendency of the modern system of education was, he considered, to kill the very power upon which the progress of the world depends. He blamed the Education Department for having allowed the present method of teaching, as pursued in our Board schools, to grow up, and he advocated a root-and-branch reorganisation of the entire system.

OLD SHIPS.

Like all other mundane things, a ship has its limit of serviceable life, however strongly it may be built, and sooner or later it finds its way to the shipbreaker's yard. Nelson's old flag-ship, the *Victory*, is of course an exception; and while it is undoubtedly the oldest warship afloat, great pains are taken that it shall not fall into a state of decay, large sums being spent upon its maintenance. The life of a first-class wooden ship may be reckoned at one hundred and twenty years. Iron ships should last longer; but improvements in their construction have come so rapidly that these ships get obsolete long before they perish from old age. The oldest steamer still in active service appears to be the *Swift* of Cardiff, whose years number seventy-one. We have no means of ascertaining the age of the oldest wooden ship afloat; but within recent years we have seen at Ramsgate a picturesque old ship which brought timber from Norway, and which was so ancient in appearance as to at once challenge remark. It may be assumed that such an old-world relic could not be entrusted with any other sort of cargo. A wooden ship carrying wood can be trusted to float under any conditions.

HUGH MILLER.

The celebration of the centenary of the birth of Hugh Miller, which took place at Cromarty recently, was a significant testimony to the loving regard in which that great geologist is held by his compatriots. Although times, and ideas too, have changed with regard to many matters on which he wrote more than half-a-century ago, his books will always repay perusal, so fresh are they with the breezy air of hill, dale, and seashore. Well might Sir Archibald Geikie say of him: 'He clothed the dry bones of science with living flesh and blood. He made the aspects of past ages to stand out once more before us as his vivid imagination conceived that they must once have been. He awakened an enthusiasm for geological questions such as had never before existed.' It is noteworthy that, besides the British geologists who met to do honour to Hugh Miller's memory, there were present at Cromarty representatives from both America and Canada and from other countries.

A NEW FIRE-RESISTING SUBSTANCE.

It is generally acknowledged by those who have given attention to the subject that an absolutely fireproof house is a thing impossible

of achievement, for although we may employ uninflammable materials in its construction, its contents will always present an opportunity for the play of flames. At the same time it must be admitted that our ordinary modes of building construction are open to grave condemnation on account of the unprotected woodwork which forms the foundation of walls, flooring, and stairways. Recent legislation has formulated certain rules which have to be adhered to by builders; but we have not as yet gone very far towards the realisation of a fireproof structure. A demonstration was recently given at the factory at Higham, Kent, of a fireproof material called uralite, which is made by the British Uralite Company. Its principal ingredient is asbestos, which is combined with chalk, water-glass, and other materials. The composition is rolled into sheets and boards, and can be used in place of wood in house construction, for roofings, ceilings, floors, and partitions. It can be planed, sawn, and worked with carpenters' tools generally, like ordinary wood, while at the same time it will stand the action of continued heat with impunity. We are without any information as to the cost of uralite as compared with timber, and cost is unfortunately an item of great importance in the adoption of any new material.

AN AUTOMATIC LIGHT-SHIP.

The ordinary light-ship which guards our coasts usually has a crew of twelve men, seven of whom are always on board while the others are resting ashore. It is a lonely and dangerous life, this, of guarding hidden sands and sunken rocks; for, strange as it may appear, it is not uncommon for these vessels to be run down by the ships for whose protection they exist. Possibly in the future the automatic light-ship will take the place of the old type of vessel, the new beacon riding at its moorings untenanted. Such a ship has recently been established at the Otter Rock, Islay, on the west coast of Scotland, and it remains to be seen whether its performance is equal to promise. The idea of such a ship seems to have been suggested by the gas-lighted buoy which now finds employment in so many places. The new ship carries a light on its mast which is visible for about twelve miles, and this lamp is fed with compressed gas carried in tanks in the hold of the vessel. The lamp will burn for many months without attention, and the gas-supply is so arranged that on its way from the tank to the lamp it will actuate a lever which rings a powerful bell. Thus through the medium of two senses the mariner is warned from the vicinity of danger by automatic means.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

If any one would care to follow the example of that idol of boyhood, Robinson Crusoe, he has now the chance of doing so, for Juan Fernandez, the island upon which Crusoe and his man Friday were supposed to go through such thrilling experiences, is now, so to speak, ready for occupation. The island, which lies six hundred miles to the west of Valparaiso, belongs to Chili; and the Government are now arranging to make it one of their provinces, and to establish there a local civil government. The island is about fifteen miles long by eight miles broad; and it has at one side a good harbour. Its commercial advantages have not been overlooked, for a large canning factory has been established for the utilisation of the lobsters and crabs which are found on the island in inexhaustible quantities. There are also plenty of fur-seals to be found there, which the law allows to be killed from March to November, the skins finding a ready market at Valparaiso, whence they are shipped to Europe. Land can be acquired by intending settlers on the island free of cost; there is plenty of fresh water; fruit and vegetables grow wild, and are easily cultivated; and plenty of food-fishes can be obtained on the coast. The expenses of living are therefore very low. We are indebted for these particulars to the *Journal of the Society of Arts*.

PAPER-MAKING MATERIALS.

Only paper of the very best quality is now made from rags, the bulk of that employed for newspaper and book work being manufactured from wood-pulp. Other materials are also coming into use to meet the enormous demand for paper, and plants which were at one time supposed to be of no economic importance are contributing their fibre to the manufacture. Among the new materials may be named bagasse, the refuse of the sugar-mills, formerly a waste product save that it was employed for fuel. Rice-straw, long only used as bedding for cattle, is also enlisted in the service of the paper-maker. Spruce is the wood now generally used in making paper-pulp, and of this there is a vast amount not yet drawn upon in the Dominion of Canada, which is only waiting for railway facilities of transport. In the meantime protests are being raised against the quality of the paper made from these substitutes for rags. It answers the purpose of ephemeral literature; but there is good reason to believe that it rapidly deteriorates, and that books made of it will have but a short life. It is somewhat humiliating for us to have to acknowledge that our modern documents cannot compare in permanence with those written on Egyptian papyrus before our own historical period commenced.

A USEFUL FINGER-SHIELD.

Those who frequent public libraries are often inclined to feel some repugnance at handling popular books of reference on account of the very dirty condition of the leaves; and their disgust is not lessened by reflecting that much of the soiling is due to the common practice of moisten-

ing the finger as the pages are turned over. It is a matter of common knowledge, too, that infection can be conveyed by books, and it can be easily imagined that this very obnoxious finger-moistening practice is conducive to that end. The busy person of clean habits and clean ideas will therefore be thankful to hear of a rubber finger-stall, with corrugated surface, which has been introduced for their relief. From personal use we can testify to its efficiency in clinging to the paper with greater tenacity than the naked finger, and to the sense of comfort and cleanliness which it confers upon its user. The cost of this valuable little device is one penny, and we feel sure that it will meet with large demand. We think, too, that it will be found useful in certain industries, such as photography, where glass has to be constantly handled. It is manufactured by the Scottish Waterproof Company, of Cockburn Street, Edinburgh.

A NEW TURBINE STEAMER.

Some time ago, when the efficiency of the Parson's turbine system for steamships was first demonstrated, we ventured to prophesy that before long the Channel service between England and France would see the introduction of vessels propelled by that method. We now learn that that anticipation is about to be realised, and that the ensuing season will see launched a turbine steamer which is being built for the railway company under whose control the traffic is worked. There is no doubt that the change is due to the great success which the system has met with on the Clyde in the hands of Messrs Denny of Dumbarton. The length of the new vessel will be three hundred feet, with a beam of forty feet, and she will be built with every possible convenience which may add to the comfort of the passengers. Thus her spacious deck will be covered by an overhead shelter, so that in rough weather the horrors of the cabin may be avoided by good sailors. The turbine machinery occupies so little room in comparison with the ordinary engine that there will be increased space for passengers. The present quickest time for crossing the Strait of Dover is sixty-five minutes, and it is expected that the new boat will reduce this by more than one-third. To those who suffer the pangs of sea-sickness the saving of that twenty minutes will be a great boon.

THE PRICE OF SPEED.

The largest steamship in the world is the White Star liner *Cedric*, and a competitor with her for the Transatlantic passenger service will be the recently launched *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, belonging to Germany. The *Shipping World* has given some interesting comparative figures with regard to these two vessels, by which it will be seen that the highest speed can only be attained by a steamship at great cost. There are many passengers who cross the Atlantic who are willing to pay a big price if only they can travel quickly; and so long as this is the case ships will be devised for their special benefit. The German ship referred to is to have a speed of twenty-four knots, and its engines will develop forty thousand indicated horse-power. The British ship, with fourteen thousand horse-power, will have a speed of seventeen knots. To obtain her extra speed the German vessel will require to burn each day about seven hundred and fifty tons more coal than her rival, and will require two hundred and fifty-six more hands to do her work, the chief of these being mechanics, not sailors. At the same time, to make room for her coal, she must forgo the carrying of twelve hundred passengers and about twenty thousand tons of cargo every voyage. It will thus be seen that speed must be paid for.

TABLE SALT.

Although we too often hear of cases of food adulteration even in these days of inspectors and sanitary authorities, we are probably better off with regard to purity of food generally than were our forefathers, who had to be content with rough-and-ready methods of preparation. The manufacture of the commonest necessaries for table use is now controlled by scientific knowledge, and we have the comfort of knowing that if a food-substance bears a reputable name its purity may be depended upon. We can many of us remember the time when table salt, for example, would always cake into a solid in dry weather, and become moist and semi-liquid when the barometer was falling: changes which were due to the presence of various chemical bodies generally associated with salt in its native state, which the mode of manufacture at that time failed to eliminate. We were thus dosed with various medicinal salts unknowingly, and no doubt suffered in consequence. We have recently received a sample of Messrs Tidman's digestive and dietetic table salt, which is quite free from the faults to which we have just adverted, and is as appetising to the sight as it is in actual use. Messrs Tidman's name is well known in connection with the rougher kind of sea-salt supplied for bath purposes.

DUST.

At the recent Sanitary Congress held in Manchester, Sir James Crichton-Browne dealt in an exhaustive manner with the subject of dust. 'We are,' he said, 'from the cradle to the grave encompassed by a cloud of dust;' and then he proceeded to show the various sources from which the different kinds of dust had their origin. Part of it comes to us from space, in the form of meteoric dust. Every shooting-star which we see slanting across the sky breaks up and finds its way as dust to our earth. The volcanoes, as we have all been recently reminded, send forth dust by thousands of tons. In the healthiest

places we find dust—two hundred particles have been counted in a cubic centimetre; and in London the number totals up to one hundred and fifty thousand particles. The greater the number the more disease; and this quite apart from any question of pathogenic germs. The dust of cities is made up of all kinds of incompatible items, such as sand, soot, salt, cotton fibres, vegetable débris, pollen of flowers and grasses, bits of straw, scales of skin, and other organic and inorganic fragments. Then in certain localities there are deadly ingredients added to the ordinary dust: tiny particles of lead which bring death to the workers in many trades, arsenical dust which affects others, phosphorus dust which attacks the match-makers, and the terrible anthrax dust which brings 'wool-sorters' disease.' Then there is the gritty dust which wears down the lungs by its irritating presence, and which is constantly present in other manufactures. With all these minute enemies warring against us in the air we breathe, it is a matter for wonder that the general death-rate is as low as it is.

THE CONTROL OF RAIN.

It is a matter of common knowledge that in hilly situations the rainfall is much above the average, and that a town may be so situated with regard to neighbouring elevations that it will receive two or three times the amount of rain in a year that falls on a place only a few miles distant. A case is quoted in one of Professor Tyndall's lectures, where the rainfall of one Irish town amounts to fifty-nine inches, and of another to only twenty-one inches, the difference being due to the action of the Kerry Mountains in forcing the moist winds up suddenly to a higher level, where they meet with the cold necessary to precipitate their moisture as rain. The Hon. Rollo Russell has suggested that we might control the rainfall artificially by the erection of immense walls, extending for some six or seven miles in length, and from three hundred to four hundred feet high. Such walls would act as natural hills in diverting the path of the moisture-laden air, and the clouds would be forced to yield their treasures. The idea seems to be theoretically sound, but the practical difficulties of building a wall of such dimensions would be insuperable.

THE NEW WATER-SUPPLY FOR EDINBURGH.

The story of Edinburgh water-supply, like that of all large cities, is one of gradual evolution. The sanitary condition of the wynds, closes, and streets surrounding the sky-aspiring tenements of the town three hundred years ago was often anything but satisfactory. When the draw-wells within the city walls became insufficient, water from the South Loch in the Meadows was brought in three hundred years ago. After 1681 water was brought from Comiston, then three miles outside the town, in three-inch pipes. The Swanston springs were next annexed; then Bonaly Reservoir was made, and the waters of Glencorse valley, or 'Crawley,' were introduced. A supply of five million gallons daily was secured from the springs in the north Pentlands, and the reservoirs of Clubbiedean, Torduff, Harelaw, Thriepmuir, Harperrig, and Crosswood were formed in succession to supply Edinburgh, and also the millowners on the Water of Leith and the Almond with compensation water. One of the first endeavours of the new Edinburgh Water Trust in 1869 was to introduce water from St Mary's Loch; but the scheme was defeated in Parliament. In 1895 a Bill was passed to secure the water of Talla, in the parish of Tweedsmuir in Peeblesshire, and a drainage area extending to six thousand one hundred and eighty acres was bought from Sir Graham Montgomery and the Earl of Wemyss at the cost of thirty-six thousand pounds. A light railway of eight and a half miles was formed from Broughton, on the Peebles branch of the Caledonian system, to the Talla valley, where a reservoir extending for three miles up the valley, with a capacity of two thousand seven hundred and fifty million gallons, is being formed. The embankment for the reservoir, in order to withstand the enormous pressure of such a body of water, is being made very strong. At the base it is six hundred feet broad, with a core or puddle-trench of blue Carluke clay. The embankment, ninety feet in height, will stand nine hundred and eighty feet above sea-level. This reservoir, it is expected, will be capable of supplying thirty-five or forty million gallons daily, although only from eight to ten million may be required at first, to give forty gallons per head to each person in a population of over four hundred thousand. The water-track extends from Tweedsmuir to Fairmilehead and Alnwick Hill (where it will be filtered), a distance of over thirty-two miles. It will be brought by pipes, tunnels, and aqueducts. When carrying the first instalment of eight million gallons per day, the water tunnel, which is of concrete, seven feet six inches high, and six feet wide, will only be flooded to a depth of two feet. The estimated cost was six hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds; but the expenditure has already risen above that sum owing to expensive whinstone tunnelling in the vale of Tweed and running sand and water in other sections, and it will ultimately cost about one and a half millions sterling. The works have been in progress for seven years; and three years may yet elapse before their completion, when Edinburgh will have a water-supply second to none in the kingdom.

ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM.

An interesting series of experiments has just been carried out very successfully near Rostock, under the auspices of the Prussian Minister of Agriculture, in the application of electricity to

farm-work, a plough and a thrashing-machine being used. These were of the ordinary type, the only difference being that they were driven by electric motors instead of steam-engines. The motive-power had been stored up in accumulators, and these were taken on lorries to the spot where they were needed. A lorry could convey accumulators with sufficient electricity to drive the windlass for the plough during four or five hours—that is, for one yoking; and during the dinner-hour the exhausted accumulators were replaced by a supply sufficient to last until the evening. The thrashing-machine was worked in the same way.

The water-power was supplied by a waterfall on a small burn on the farm, which had formerly been used to drive a turbine. The turbine now generated electricity, and was kept running constantly day and night.

For the farm-steading, accumulators were not needed. The electricity was simply led by wires, and put to various uses: in the dairy to work the churn, in the sheds to cut the turnips, and in the time of sheep-shearing to work the scissors. The ordinary servants on the farm seemed quite able to use the motors, and no accident happened; therefore, the experiments were considered so satisfactory that the farmers generally are likely to adopt motor-power. In the upper reaches of the Rhine, however, the method is different. The farmers of a district form themselves into a company, set up a turbine on the river, and distribute the electrical power by wires among the farms within a radius of fifteen miles, and it is used when needed.

In Germany two million five hundred thousand horses and fifty thousand oxen are employed in the cultivation of the soil; and it is calculated that if their labours could be dispensed with through the use of electrical power it would be a saving of eleven million pounds per annum. However, this is practicable only in places where water-power can be had to drive the dynamo.

There are many places in Scotland and England where these experiments would be as successful as they were at Rostock. With our abundant rainfall and numerous streams and rivulets, and with the system of accumulators, there is no reason why we should be behind other nations in the use of electric energy. Water-power is cheap. It can be utilised by night as well as by day, and the turbine could be run continuously at certain seasons. The only difficulty would be to supply a sufficient number of accumulators; but even with merely sufficient to provide for one day's thrashing or one day's ploughing at a time, a great deal more work could be overtaken in seed-time and harvest.

No mention is made of the cost of such an installation; but it seems likely that it would cost less than steam-power, and it will no doubt become cheaper when it is more generally used. For the smaller class of machines like cream-separators and turnip-cutters the electric motor is sure to be most useful and economical. For heavy work, where expensive accumulators are necessary, it will be different; but most farmers would be content to set up a turbine or to use the power where it can be led. We shall watch with interest this new step in the progress of scientific farming.

Consul Bergh reports from Gothenburg that an effort is being made to use electricity in agriculture after another fashion. A seed-field is covered by a network of wire, and a strong electric current is turned on during nights and chilly days, but cut off during sunny and warm weather. The system, which is yet on trial, is invented by Professor Lemström of Helsingfors, Finland.

AN ORCHARD PEST.

Some of the finest orchards in California are infected by what is known as 'scale,' the larvæ of a fly which multiplies with great rapidity. Many efforts have been made without success to rid the trees of this invader; but at last Mr I. M. Clark has devised a means which is effectual. This is evidenced by a photograph of two rows of trees, the one treated in the manner to be presently described and heavy with foliage, the other bare as in winter owing to the ravages of the scale insect. This photograph was recently published in the pages of the *Scientific American*. By means of a pump the trees are first of all sprayed with mineral oil, a process which kills insects and larvæ in a few minutes. This is followed by a spray of caustic alkali, which prevents the oil from having any deleterious after-effect upon the trees. The two agents combine to form a soapy paste which acts as a valuable fertiliser.

THE OLDEST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD.

AN ENGINE BUILT BY GEORGE STEPHENSON IN 1822, AND STILL AT WORK IN 1902.

IT was in 1813, whilst following his employment at the Killingworth Colliery in Northumberland, that George Stephenson constructed his first locomotive, which he named 'My Lord,' evidently as an expression of his appreciation of the encouragement and financial support given to him by Lord Ravensworth, one of the principal partners in the Killingworth Colliery. The engine was placed on the Killingworth Railway on 25th July 1814, and, having succeeded in drawing eight carriages weighing thirty tons up a gradient of 1 in 459, was acknowledged to be the most successful working locomotive which had up to that time been constructed.

Despite the complete success attending the working of the Killingworth railroad, it was not until some five years later, in 1819, that we first see Stephenson in the rôle of a railway engineer, as up to this period he had been employed solely as an ordinary colliery mechanic. In 1819, however, the owners of the Hetton Colliery, Durham, decided to transform their wagon-way into a locomotive railroad; and recognising the abilities of the Killingworth engine-wright, they invited Stephenson to act as engineer of the undertaking, which, with the approval of the Killingworth Colliery Company, he agreed to do. The Hetton Railway was then the longest in that part of the north of England; it was eight miles in length, extending from Hetton Colliery, a few miles west of the city of Durham, to the shipping-staiths on the river Wear at Sunderland, and crossing in its course Warden Law, one of the highest hills in the district. The character of the country forbade the construction of a line with easy gradients, except by an expenditure much greater than the amount placed at Stephenson's disposal; and as heavy works could not be executed, it was necessary to make the line with but little deviation from the natural conformation of the ground, and also to adapt the mechanical methods employed for the working of the railway to the character of the gradients, which in some instances were unusually heavy. Stephenson carefully drew the line between the cases in which the locomotive could be usefully employed and those in which stationary engines were calculated to be the more economical. Consequently, on the Hetton line we find there were employed five self-acting inclines, the full wagons drawing the empty ones up, and two inclines worked by reciprocating engines of sixty horse-power each.

The Hetton line was opened on 18th November 1822, or nearly three years before the first public railway, the Stockton and Darlington, and on this date five of Stephenson's locomotives were at work. The speed of these locomotives was about four miles an hour, each engine drawing a train of seventeen wagons weighing about sixty-four tons.

It is of interest to observe that one of the stationary engines at Hetton, built by Stephenson in 1822 for hauling the wagons up one of the inclines, continued working until 1876, when it was withdrawn after nearly fifty-four years' service; also that one of the locomotives built by George Stephenson for the opening of the Hetton Railway in 1822 is, after nearly eighty years' continuous service, still at work at Hetton in hauling the coal-trucks. This is the oldest working locomotive in the world. It cannot be expected that much of Stephenson's original work remains in the engine; but its general design, excepting the cab, &c., remains as originally constructed. This is explained by the fact that at various times different parts have been renewed, the new pieces being made to correspond with those taken out, whilst some parts, notably the steam dome, are actually portions of the engine as constructed in 1822. The principal dimensions of this old-timer are: diameter of the cylinders, ten and three-quarter inches; piston stroke, twenty-four inches; diameter of the wheels, three feet. The weight of the engine is fifteen tons; and it has a haulage capacity of about one hundred and twenty tons, at an approximate speed of ten miles an hour on a fairly level track.

Now, after its long and faithful service, it is not surprising to learn that the engine is unequal to the ever-increasing demands made upon it, and the directors of the Hetton Colliery propose to withdraw it from work at Hetton. With peculiar and commendable appropriateness, the old relic will find a permanent resting-place in the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where it will be preserved for this and future generations as a worthy specimen of the earliest period of locomotive engineering. No. 1 Locomotive, now placed on a pedestal at Darlington Station, was built by George Stephenson for the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway in September 1825, and continued working on the first public railway until 1850. It then passed into the hands of Messrs Pease and Partners, by whom it was used for colliery purposes until 1857, when it was placed on exhibition at Darlington. Therefore, in point of date of construction, and also in the number of years of active service, the engine used at the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway must give place to the old engine at Hetton constructed by George Stephenson fourscore years ago.

OCTOBER.

How fickle now the changeful autumn seems,
That brings to-day the blue, unclouded skies,
With late return of summer's languid dreams,
While in her heart arise

Old loves and longings that shall move her soon
To drive cold storms amid her tender vales,
And, faithless, blast her trustful flowers at noon
With sudden wintry gales.

When your eyes shone into my soul they made
Fair Love to grow and blossom like a flower,
Which now yearns outward from the deathly shade,
But withers hour by hour.

J. L. Sinclair.

San Antonio, Texas.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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SIXTH SERIES.

MY AUSTRALIAN DUCHESS.

By GUY BOOTHBY,

Author of *Doctor Nikola; The Fascination of the King; The Red Rat's Daughter; Billy Binks—Hero*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

MY wife declares that there are two good and sufficient reasons why I should not tell this story. The first is—so I understand—because it all happened a long time ago; the second is because she affirms the only people it could possibly interest are ourselves and our children. Now, it is not often that I disagree with my wife, perhaps because—after a fashion women have—she generally manages to get the better of the argument. In this case, however, I distinctly give it as my opinion that she is mistaken. A good story—though, mind you, I do not in the least defend my way of telling it—must always interest intelligent folk. I will go even further than that, and say that when you record a woman's heroism it becomes almost a matter of criminal neglect if you refuse to give that record to the world.

Now, therefore, you can understand why I am sitting here in my study on this beautiful September morning, determined to spend a couple of hours or so in giving you the story of my one and only love affair, instead of driving ten weary miles to attend a political meeting in which I do not take the least possible interest. What matter if the sunshine, as it streams in through the open window, falls upon some very gray hairs, or that that long youth, on leave from his regiment, now smoking under the cedar on the lawn, should give me cause to reflect that I am too old for the spinning of love-tales? Not a jot care I! My heart is as young at sixty as it was when I wooed and won the beautiful girl whose portrait by Millais hangs over the chimneypiece, and whom I can now hear chatting with her daughter and the vicar on the terrace outside. It is the law of nature that dukes should grow old as quickly as other people; on the other hand, I have more to be thankful for than most men. So, all things considered, I must not complain. Now, with this long-winded preamble, let me get to my story.

It seems to me that nowadays every one travels. Royalty sails round the world with the eyes of the Empire upon it, peers and millionaires think nothing of visiting Alaska or Fiji, ladies of fashion plunge into unknown continents without a male relative to guard them; while little Smithson-Brown, late of Tottenham Court Road, tailor and outfitter, and Wilkins-Jones of Regent Street, both feel that it would be impossible for them to rest quietly in their gorgeous vaults in Kensal Green until they shall have estimated, by personal inspection, the value of the Big Bell at Kyōto, or have explored the wonders of the Yellowstone.

In my young days, when I quarrelled with my father in a moment of boyish passion, and went off to Australia in a huff, it was not so. The grand tour was a stately parade across Europe; Her Majesty's representatives in our Colonies were for the most part military men, and the soldier and the sailor were the only real travellers. Now look at the difference: my boy last year, when in India, went on a shooting excursion into Cashmere—a country which I am not sure I had heard of at his age—with as little concern as if he were walking to the home farm.

Beyond the fact that it took me out of England, my reason for quarrelling with my poor father does not in any way concern this story. One thing, however, I *do* know, and that is I have regretted that quarrel ever since. As most people are aware, I was the second son; Birkhardon being the eldest of the family and my father's favourite. Poor Birk! he was drowned whilst bathing, and that, of course, is how I come to figure as the head of the house to-day.

Having always had a desire for an adventurous life, and feeling that after what had happened

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to remain in England was practically out of the question, I went up to London, secured a berth in a sailing-ship on the point of leaving for Australia, and three months almost to a day after bidding Gravesend good-bye, found myself in Sydney, wondering what I was going to do next. Had I stated the fact that I was Lord William Durrington, son of the Duke of St Columb, and brother of the Marquis of Birkhardon, I have no doubt I should have had no difficulty in obtaining lucrative employment—unfortunately a large proportion of the population of this world of ours are snobs; but I wanted to win my way on my own merits and without any adventitious aid. Perhaps I might have made a fairly good clerk in a merchant's office, or have become an employé in a bank, with the chance of rising to manager later on; but I argued that it was not worth travelling so many thousand miles to shut one's self up day after day in an office with its dreary routine. Then there were the goldfields—plenty of excitement there, and as rough and adventurous a life as the heart of a young man could desire; but they did not appeal to me. The fact of the matter was, I wanted to be among cattle and horses, and to know the existence of the stockman on the Great Plains. That was the life I determined to adopt.

I had still upwards of a thousand pounds left: not a very large sum, it is true; but many a man has started on less and found himself at my age a multi-millionaire. Having settled what I was going to do, the next thing was to endeavour to find a property. I called upon the various stock and station agents, but could obtain no satisfaction from them; I advertised, but the result was even less satisfactory. Had I possessed five times the amount of my capital I might have been able to secure something like the description of estate I was in search of. As it was, I found myself to all intents and purposes wasting my time in Sydney, with every week making further inroads into my capital.

At last, driven nearly desperate by my inability to find what I wanted, I determined on a bold stroke. I accordingly purchased horses and camp equipment, placed the remainder of my money on deposit in the Occidental Bank, and left the city to seek my fortune. Fortunately, during my stay in town I had kept my ears open in order to gather as much useful information as possible. This stood me in excellent stead now, for the Back Blocks of New South Wales in the early sixties were far from being what they are to-day. Bushranging and cattle and horse stealing were crimes as common as I understand they are rare at this moment of writing. Also, as you travelled farther inland there were the blacks to be reckoned with; and, as you may suppose, they constituted a formidable item in the list of chances it was necessary for a traveller to take. All things considered, the settler who was willing to brave all dangers, and to venture out in the attempt to build up for himself a home in that new and dreary land, deserved whatever good fortune he received in return.

At length, after many wanderings, many queer experiences, and a few somewhat remarkable escapes, I found a resting-place. Yarradin, the station in question, was by no means a large one—that is, as such properties are reckoned nowadays. It was, however, well stocked, well watered, and fairly well manned. The owner looked after it himself, and from him I gained an insight into bush-life which was destined to be of inestimable value to me later on. By the time I had been on the place a year I had won a sufficient measure of his confidence to be appointed an overseer, and within three months of that important event my opportunity arrived. How well I can remember that time! It was late in autumn, and every day we expected the rains to break. Well, as our water had held out through the season, we were beginning to feel a little anxious concerning it. On another property some sixty miles farther down the river, we were informed that they were travelling their cattle in search of the precious fluid, and naturally we had no desire to be forced into following their example. Taking one thing with another, it seemed almost as if my luck were bound up with that of the owner, for on the very day that the first downpour came the man who was destined to prove my greatest friend in the world—a man's wife, it should be distinctly understood, is more than a friend—Frank Farquhar, put in an appearance at the station and decided my fate. As I learned later, he was travelling south, and from the moment I saw him I liked him. People may say what they please about taking a fancy to strangers at the moment one sees them. It has only happened to me twice, and on each occasion I can with truth aver that I looked into the eyes of a person I have loved and honoured ever since. It will not be difficult for you to guess to whom I allude.

My meeting with Farquhar was a somewhat peculiar one. Not knowing when the rain would come, I had ridden out to inspect a waterhole some fourteen or fifteen miles from the head station, and I was still upwards of five miles from home when the storm, which had been threatening all day, burst. To give you anything like an adequate description of it is beyond me. In all my experience of Australian rains I cannot remember such another storm. Almost before one had time to become aware that it was falling, the dry and dusty track was a quagmire, with the deep ruts cut by the bullock-drays running like sluices wherever there was the least declivity. In less time than it takes to tell I was wet to the skin; but you may be sure I did not mind that, for had I not the delightful certainty to console me that the drought had broken?

By the time I was within a mile of the homestead the track had become so muddy and slippery that I was obliged to dismount and lead my horse for the remainder of the distance, lifting pounds of dark-brown soil on each foot at every step. Presently I became aware of a figure approaching me from the north. From what I could see of him he was in a worse predicament than myself, for the reason that, in addition to his riding animal, he was leading a packhorse which had plainly had about as much as it wanted of the road. As he came closer I noticed that the man was young, probably not more than six or seven and twenty, tall, with an honest and kindly face, and the curliest chestnut hair I've ever seen on an Englishman. Later on I found him to be a first-rate boxer, a fair rider, and second to none with stock generally.

When we had greeted each other after the fashion of the bush, I inquired if he was making for our homestead. On his replying that that was his intention, we trudged along together; and this was the beginning of our acquaintance.

As it turned out, the weather did not moderate for more than a week, and even then it was impossible for our guest to proceed on his way until the tracks had had time to settle a little and the creeks to fall. Work on the run during that period being practically impossible, I was enabled to see a good deal of him, and the more I *did* see the better I liked him. It was not long before he told me, in a burst of confidence, the reason that was taking him south. He had been out to the Far West to visit a tract of country he had chanced to hear of, and he was now on his way to Melbourne to endeavour to negotiate the lease from Government. Inspection had proved to him beyond doubt that the property was all that it had been represented to be—more than equal, he declared, to anything he had hitherto seen, and capable of carrying a large amount of stock, even in a poor season. Over and over again we discussed the matter, and with each discussion I found myself wishing more and more that it were possible for me to go into it with him. My capital was still lying idle in the Sydney bank; I had saved my wages, and managed to bring off some effective deals in horseflesh; therefore I could now lay hands on a sum totalling a little over fifteen hundred pounds.

Three days before his departure we walked down together to the new wool-shed, which we had used for the first time that year. As we went we as usual discussed his venture; and at last, unable to keep silence any longer, I blurted out my wish that I could go in for something of the sort myself. He clapped his hand on my shoulder.

'My dear fellow,' he cried, 'I would not wish to be associated with a better man. Let's see how it can be done. Have you any capital?'

I told him the extent of my resources.

'That settles it,' he answered. 'If you're satisfied with what I've told you, put it in, and from this moment we'll consider ourselves partners. The lawyers can do the rest.'

Then we shook hands, and he went on to say some nice but rather absurd things about always having liked me, and about feeling sure that we should pull together. After that, in our enthusiasm, we shook hands again and vowed that before a year should pass over our heads Yarley Plains—for that was the name of the property—should be the finest station, not only in the old colony, but in any of the other colonies as well. We were as enthusiastic and as sanguine of success as children; and, as this dear old place can bear witness, our hopes did not prove to be unfounded.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE lapse of three-quarters of a century is sufficient to give interest to many trifling circumstances that at the moment of occurrence would be of little importance. The following extracts are from a notebook in which the writer jotted down the events of the day just as they happened, and as the names of several well-known persons are mentioned, a perusal of the extracts will no doubt prove interesting.

It was in November 1825 that a young gentleman, aged twenty-two, journeyed to the city of Edinburgh for the purpose of studying at the university. He had letters of introduction to several well-known citizens, in particular to Mr Constable the publisher, with whom, indeed, he made the journey northward. It is not necessary here to refer at length to the personality of the writer of the diary; but it may be mentioned that from all accounts he was a fine, handsome young fellow, full of spirit and intelligence. He had been a student in Trinity College, Dublin, and subsequently became a clergyman of the Church of England, holding an important living in one of the southern counties. The notes, written in a simple and natural manner, show that he was fond of society and appreciated pleasant company; and that he was very popular is indicated by the warmth of the invitations which were given to him.

So much for introduction of the writer; now for the circumstances of his times. He came to Edinburgh when a memorable crisis was about to

occur there; for it was in the early part of 1826 that the great publishing house of Constable failed, drawing into its ruin Sir Walter Scott, whose connection with the firm through the Ballantynes had not been generally known. The commercial speculation on the part of Sir Walter had been induced, it is said, by ambition to increase his fortune for the purpose of leaving his family a position and estate of importance. The large sums he had expended on Abbotsford and the comparative ease in which he lived were, his friends believed, provided for by the success his works had already obtained. The fall of the house of Constable was a severe shock to Scott; but no part of his life bears better telling than that which records the way in which he met the reverse, and how, from 1826 until his death in 1832, he laboured until from the product of his brain and pen he realised sufficient for the payment of all his debts, though in doing so he did not spare himself, and in the opinion of many shortened his days.

The little word-pictures we get in the pages of the diary are full of interesting gossip of the Constable family and other persons remarkable and famous in their day. The opening entry concerns Letitia Elizabeth Landon, who is so well known by her initials, L. E. L. This lady was regarded as one of the most eminent poetesses of her time, and was a writer of considerable repute. The sad story of the last days of the life of L. E. L. has ever invested her memory with a pathetic interest; and, seeing here the young girl full of the playfulness and vivacity of disposition for which she was remarkable, one turns with pain from the thought that years after, far away in Cape Coast Castle, she was found on the morning of 16th October 1838 lying dead on the floor of her room. Evidence at hand seemed to show she sought relief from the loneliness and uncongeniality of the position in which she found herself on her arrival there with her husband, to whom she had been married but a few months.

We open the diary at 4th November 1825:

'Before leaving home I had a great wish to meet L. E. L. in London, and made many inquiries as to the possibility; yet chances seemed against me. But the same Being who generally accomplishes my lawful wishes brought about this also; for I am now travelling with the said L. E. L. in a private carriage on her way to York, in charge of A. Constable, and eagerly caught every blossom of wit as it budded from her flowery imagination. She thinks that "Love is predestined," that it is the "scarlet-fever of the Heart," yet positively declares that she never felt the bitter arrows. L. E. L. believes there are such non-describables as "ghosts;" indeed, Constable told an anecdote which occurred to himself (evidently proving himself a true believer). This was that previous to his second marriage a figure appeared by the bedside, a fine handsome female very like his present wife. Good figure; but he is a Scotsman. L. E. L. expresses a regard for Dr Maginn, who, she says, has addressed some lines to her eyebrows.'

This was the Dr Maginn so well remembered in connection with *Fraser's Magazine*.

Miss Landon married Mr George Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and on her death a votive tablet to her memory was erected there by Dr R. R. Madden, at the request of Lady Blessington.

'*5th November.*—Set out this morning at six. Talked very freely with L. E. L., finding fault with her mode of life, guarding her against her literary friends' free opinions of Religion. She said she could not believe that I was so sincere as I professed to be; abuses the idea of platonic love, yet she professes the greatest friendship for Mr Jerdan (friendship is platonic love when between the sexes); her friendship is built upon gratitude. Mr J. it is who has always been her best friend. "Gratitude is the memory of the Heart." Thus we find it rise from a pure source, and so continue its course until it arrives at what is called Platonic love. Would not L. E. L. be much annoyed if I told her that her friendship was perhaps mixed with the passion? Will not marry a medical man; will wait for me five years (she may wait fifty); will not have a man who sings or plays. Dreads death, yet wishes to be dissected; had an uncle who was buried alive—fears the same. Is an orphan; never went to school; is supported by her grandmother; her connections very good; is going on a visit to her uncle, Rev. Mr Landon, Rector, Abbeyfield, near York. We exchanged cards; promised to send her Wolfe's *Remains;* repeated the first verse of my parody on his beautiful lines, at which she laughed heartily; her conversation very like her writings, airy and trifling, "Writings upon the lines of a Rainbow," &c. We left her at her uncle's this evening; had to walk through a churchyard; she felt quite agitated. She is not handsome—no sweetness of expression; has read very little; some French.'

Mr Jerdan here mentioned was William Jerdan, a native of Kelso, who founded the *Literary Gazette*, and printed L. E. L.'s first contribution in 1820. She afterwards became one of Jerdan's chief writers and his intimate friend. Jerdan published an interesting 'Autobiography' in four volumes in 1852.

'*7th November.*—We arrived safe at Polton House, Mr Constable's county seat, at seven o'clock this evening (this day's scenery was particularly fine, and so much history connected with it). Four little bairns gave their fond embraces to their Papa. Mrs C. an agreeable, affable, lady-like woman—no foolish pride; the daughters in town.

'*8th November.*—We go to breakfast at nine. In a short time in walked the two Misses C.: genteel-looking girls, not beauties; one (Maggy) particularly sweet expression, reddish hair. We went to town; saw Tommy Moore, a gay young

chap. Hills about Edinburgh quite white and very bold. Returned to dinner. Mr C.'s carriage, a large comfortable one.

'*9th November.*—Went to town again. On our way Mr C. said he would write to L. E. L., and wished I would give him a few lines.

IMPROMPTU.

I do much like thee, L. E. L.,
The reason why I must not tell;
But this indeed I know full well,
That I do like thee, L. E. L.

He repeated it to Tommy Moore, who was delighted with it, he says. We dined with Mr D. Constable, the son, a barrister, who has a very fine library. He is a delightful young man, of such general information. We had a *tête-à-tête* after dinner. He made a most admirable Whiggish speech, delivered with much warmth, supported by good arguments; but still I remain a Tory. Miss C. is in town, living with him; an affectionate, interesting girl; Mrs J. Hurst's character of her was faithful. We returned early. On our way called on H. Broster; was sitting with his companion *Mr Gout*. He is better, and was very glad to see me; said he would give a dinner on my account.'

It is hardly necessary to mention that the Tommy Moore alluded to was the son of the author of the *Irish Melodies*. His mother's sister, Miss Dyke, had been married to Mr William Murray, of Edinburgh, of whom we find mention later on.

'*10th November.*—A most happy day. Did *not* go to town; read, talked, and had delightful music in the drawing-room: "Isabella," "Bid me discourse," &c. &c. Captain Basil Hall dined with us; he is the author of the ——. His good opinion of himself will not allow him to be so agreeable as he would otherwise be—indeed, as I understand he *was;* but the Scotch have spoiled him, and he thinks that he is a man of decided genius. Talking of correcting manuscript, &c., he thinks you cannot pore over it too much; but genius would not require this—more, would not *bear* it; the spirit is lost. The manuscripts of Sir W. Scott's *Waverley*, *Monastery*, and *Guy Mannering were produced.* Wonderful manuscripts; will bring at any time an enormous price. They are in good condition. Few corrections, which Capt. H. regretted; but I think it proves the genius. A fine property for Mr C. to leave his family, all the manuscripts. [These were sold in 1831. See this *Journal*, 1898, p. 19.] Capt. H., speaking of the Religions throughout the world (he has been nearly over it all), says that the "Religion of the Church of England *is vastly superior.*" I had a pleasant walk with the Misses C. to Lasswade, a neighbouring village.'

'*11th November.*—Mr C. is attacked with gout in the foot. The Misses C. go to town.'

Captain Basil Hall, spoken of above, was the second son of Sir James Hall, President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He was in the Royal Navy, and had travelled over the island of Java with Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, and accompanied Lord Amherst on his China mission in command of the *Lyra*, of which he wrote an account. He was several times on a visit at Abbotsford, and showed in later days great sympathy and kindness towards his honoured host. He also suggested to the Government that a ship should be placed at the disposal of Sir Walter Scott during his last illness, a request that was granted, and gave great satisfaction to the recipient. Captain Hall was a man of decided ability, and wrote many scientific papers besides several books of travel.

Several entries follow recording the doings of each day, one of which states, 'Read in the Green-House for three hours, so comfortably;' and another mentions, 'Mr Cadell dines with us.'

It will be remembered that Mr Robert Cadell was a partner of Mr A. Constable's, and had married his daughter in 1817. She, however, only lived for a year after, and he married for the second time in 1821. In the diary of Sir Walter Scott, under date 25th January 1825, there is written: 'Constable without Cadell is like getting the clock without the pendulum; the one having the ingenuity, the other the caution of the business.' When circumstances arose that caused the partnership to be dissolved, Scott held to Cadell, and it is a matter of history that Mr Cadell bought the manuscripts of Sir Walter's works for eight thousand five hundred pounds, and reproduced the whole series with the most favourable results. He became very intimate with Scott, and according to Lockhart gave him 'delicate and watchful attention.' He died in 1849, and has been described as 'one of the most acute men of business in creation.'

'*19th November.*—Went to town on the Coach. Paid a visit to Mrs Siddons; promise to dine with her on Monday.'

This Mrs Siddons was the widow of Henry Siddons, eldest son of the great Mrs Sarah Siddons. He owned the Edinburgh theatre; but when he died in 1815 it was in anything but a prosperous condition. His wife, Mrs Harriet Siddons, who had acted with success in Drury Lane and elsewhere, then took over the management, and with the constant and able assistance of her brother, Mr William Murray, turned it into a success, and was able after her lease had expired to retire with comfortable means. She was highly esteemed, it is stated, in both public and private life, and 'surrounded herself with friends in the highest circles of society in the Scottish capital.' Her father, Charles Murray, was an actor of some note in his day, and her brother William made his last appearance at the Adelphi, Edinburgh, on the 22nd of October 1851. Sir W. Scott several times alludes to him; and his first wife, as mentioned before, was sister-in-law to Thomas Moore the poet.

'20*th November*.—Went to Lasswade Church alone; poor sermon. Professor Wallace paid a visit. Mr Hugh Murray, the author of —— (who came out yesterday to stop till Monday), and a Mr ——, together with myself, had some arguments on predestination. They three were opposed to me; but *of course* it was a fruitless one. Professor Wallace I like most; better than Leslie. Hugh Murray is a most unassuming man, just as Nature sent him.

'21*st November*.—Hugh Murray, the Misses C., and myself go to town. Dined with Mrs Siddons; saw her two sons, the younger a fine handsome lad of about thirteen, the other fifteen. Went to the theatre in the evening. *Paul Pry* first night. Mr Murray very good; a general favourite. The *Beggar's Opera*. Miss Noel a good actress indeed; the company very fair. Slept at Broster's.

'22*nd November*.—Breakfasted with Broster, and very pleasant. Dined with Mr D. Constable, where I met a Mr Mackenzie, a clergyman of the Scotch Church. Very Calvinistic after dinner. We had much argument.'

At this point the entries end for a time, and a lapse occurs, for the next bears date more than a month later.

'SCOTLAND, *January* 1*st*, 1826.—POLTON HOUSE.—This morning before one o'clock, while reading in my room, I was not a little surprised to see the Butler and housemaid walk in, the former with a jug of "*Hot Pint*," the latter with a tray having on it a glass and some biscuits. Rising from my chair, and according to instructions, I kissed the maid, shook hands with the Butler, drank my "Pint," and ate my biscuits. In other words, I did as Rome did.

'I went with Mr D. Constable to Roslin, a small village about 7 miles S. from Edinburgh. The Castle is nearly in ruins; stands on a peninsulated rock, and is only accessible by a bridge. There is an old R. C. Chapel, which was built for the family (St Clair), in very good preservation; numerous little figures ornament the roof, and it is Gothic architecture. It was a most delightful walk, and philosophic of course. Received letters from home; a New Year's gift. So much for New Year's Day.

'2*nd January*.—Left Polton to reside in Edinburgh, after spending eight weeks with Mr Constable. The time passed over quickly; every one there so kind to me. There was one in particular who won my affections. Found it very difficult to get a lodging, &c., to please me; at last fixed upon one, No 8 Buccleuch Place, with two ladies; 55 gs. per annum. Dined with Mr D. Constable, where I met the Rev. Mr Mackenzie, an honest, steady fellow, and Mr Lyme. We had some theology. Mr M. and Ego had a hard card, too, to play against these sceptical but clever men. Mr L. went cunningly to work by sowing seeds of discord between Mr M. and me—Kirk of Scotland and Church of England; but all this we evaded, and finally had the best of the battle.

'3*rd January*.—Entered into my lodgings; had a plain but comfortable dinner. Miss Panton told me she had lost her mother a few weeks since, her father being dead these twenty years. Miss Mt. Constable ill with a very bad cold; the Doctor called in.

'4*th January*.—We had a party this evening. Rev. Mr Henderson, Miss P.'s cousin, was here. He seems a very clever man, and is generally esteemed. We got together, and had a little controversy. In the course of the evening he read a chapter and gave us an extempore prayer: very good; he introduced the afflictions of the family. Cake, wine, &c. Home.

'5*th January*.—Commenced the classes regularly; Leslies's, Hope's, and Jamieson's. Heard Dr Gordon preach; liked him very much: *vid.* sermon-book.

'6*th January*.—Commenced the Hebrew this evening with Mr Noble. Saw Mrs Constable in town to-day; she seemed delighted to see me.

'7*th January*.—Paid Mr D. Constable a visit; promise to dine with him to-morrow; talks of going to London with his father in a few weeks.'

A VISIT TO THE ZIMBABWE RUINS.

By A. HOFMEYER, B.A., Author of *The Story of My Captivity during the Transvaal War*.

THIS is not an attempt to describe these marvellous ruins: abler pens than mine have done so. I am only going to tell the simple story of a visit which to me is an ever-memorable experience.

I was at Fort Charter at the time. The ruins being only some twelve or fourteen miles distant, a party of us planned an expedition thither. It was at sunrise on a beautiful morning that we started. Our party consisted of ten men armed with rifles, and two Mashona 'boys' driving our pack-oxen; we were equipped for a two days' outing. Off we went over hill and dale, enjoying the beautiful scenery around us. Every little hollow had its rivulet of clear water; there were flowers on tree and bush, for it was autumn. The air was so exhilarating, and it was such a real pleasure to tramp along the winding Kaffir-foot-path, that by eight o'clock it was no wonder every one had a fine appetite for breakfast. This was enjoyed under some grand *mapani* trees, the velvety grass affording comfortable seats and lounges. After a short rest the march

was resumed, and by one o'clock the famous Zimbabwe was reached. We had heard a great deal about this wonderful and mysterious spot weeks before, and great was the excitement as we neared it. Often I had interrogated old and intelligent-looking Kaffirs I came across regarding these ruins; but I never obtained any satisfactory answer. It was always, '*I kona*' ('I don't know'). Numerous stories and explications, learned and otherwise, were floating about; yet nothing definite was known. Therefore, the Chartered Company had secured the services of Mr Bent, a well-known archæologist, to visit the ruins and try to wrest from them their secret; and he was there with his party at the time of our visit, and had already begun investigations and excavations. We were all eager to hear his opinion.

I must confess that the nearer I came to the spot the more a sense of awe and mystery stole over me. Who knows, thought I, what peoples, in olden times, have walked here, and how long ago? Who knows what wars were waged, what tragedies enacted, on this very spot where we are standing? Who knows? Will any one ever know? Thus musing and dreaming, I walked on till we reached the longed-for goal.

As we approached, a fairly high and abruptly rising granite kopje or hillock lay on our left. We skirted the foot of this almost half-way round, and then found another kopje, not so high nor so rugged, about a mile and a half off. These hills were connected by rising ground gently sloping down on each side between the hills, and level on top. On this little tableland we saw, as we ascended, the Zimbabwe ruins, and on the hill to our left we could see the remains of old walls and what looked like battlements of a castle. At last we had reached the mysterious spot. We encamped under some trees, close to the only entrance to the main ruin.

What I felt then I cannot describe. As I stood there, before I had seen anything or explored any part, I was awe-struck. A cursory glance revealed traces of a past greatness, of civilisation, and power. To-day all was barbarism in the country. The Mashona was a poor, miserable specimen of the Kaffir race. The Monomotapas before him were a mighty people, and had attained to a comparatively high state of civilisation. But the ruins showed traces of a superior civilisation, and of a time of which no record existed now, nor any legend, not even in the time of the Monomotapas. Who, then, were the wonderful builders? What was the place built for? Will the secret ever be known?

We took a hurried lunch, and then the exploration commenced. First we had a guide, one of Mr Bent's men, to take us all over the place and explain what had been discovered; and then we wandered about singly or in pairs. I was alone till evening. Some of us then dined with Mr Bent, and listened eagerly to what he had to tell. He and his wife were both very enthusiastic, and eager to discover the secret; but up till then little had been discovered: only some arrow-heads, pieces of old china, &c. Months afterwards I saw all the wonderful things that were unearthed, articles of phallic worship mostly. The reader will find full descriptions of all this in Mr Bent's interesting book.

Let me continue my tale. The ruin on the platform is of oval shape—a tremendous oval, but I cannot remember the exact dimensions now. The outer wall is almost quite intact—some thirty feet high, and from ten to twelve feet thick, built of granite, the small stones cut to the size of a common brick. Neither mortar nor bricks have been used; but though the stones are only roughly hammer-dressed, the walls are so beautifully and symmetrically built up that they have successfully withstood the storms of centuries. The whole ruin reminded me somewhat of the Colosseum at Rome—its size, its solitude, and the scenes enacted within. There was originally only one entrance to the building. Within are remains of altars apparently, of a labyrinth, of a large tower, &c., all built in the same way as the outer wall. Round about are the remains of terraces, very likely cultivated as gardens. Then a roadway, now overgrown, led up to the kopje mentioned. This kopje had been a marvellously strong place naturally, and was so further strengthened by the construction of massive walls and ramparts that access could only be gained by one narrow pathway where a couple of men could keep hundreds at bay. Some of the walls are fifteen feet thick, with long and massive upright stones built into them at certain intervals, which looked at a distance like grim sentinels. Many of the stones were broken, but from the appearance of those still intact it seemed very likely that they were all shaped at the top in the figure of a bird. There was a spiral staircase entirely built of this stone, which led down into some secret hiding-place within the ramparts. The remains of large granaries or stores for provisions could also be seen. To crown all, there is a beautiful fountain of crystal water on the kopje. Our idea was that the hill had been a strong fort to protect the now ruined structure below, formerly a mighty temple. Who knows?

It was really wonderful, mysterious! I have seen the Colosseum, I have been through Pompeii, I have examined every corner of the Kentucky Mammoth Caves and the Oudshoorn Cango Caves in Cape Colony; but nowhere was I more impressed, more awe-struck, than when surveying these marvellous Zimbabwe ruins. I felt as if I stood among the Phœnicians or Egyptians of old; as if suddenly I had been transplanted to scenes and peoples of thousands of years ago. Many a time, as I stood there during that day and the next, though really I could neither hear a sound nor see a human being, the place seemed in imagi-

nation to be filled with the peoples of the past: I could see them and hear them, and I watched them with breathless interest; yet I could not find out who they were or what they were doing.

Let me tell you what happened as our little party was approaching the ruins during the forenoon. We were still some miles off when a terrible tragedy was on the point of being enacted. The kopje at that time was inhabited by a small tribe of Mashonas, under a rather important chief, who somewhat resented the visit of the white explorers. He had not exactly placed any hindrance in their way, but was keeping sullenly aloof. He especially disapproved of any investigation being carried on at the hill-fort, his residence. Early in the morning Mr Bent and his men began digging and examining the hill and its ramparts. The chief and a number of his men were around looking on, and showing their disapproval by their gestures. Whilst Mr Bent was at breakfast, the men accidentally, in digging for relics, struck an underground corn-store of this chief, and all at once there was a tremendous hubbub. The Kaffirs imagined they were going to be robbed, and surrounded the unarmed men with their assagais and axes. No explanation availed, and a fight seemed imminent. One of the men therefore ran off to call Mr Bent, who came up immediately, but also unarmed, as all felt sure they could pacify the Kaffirs. The chief, however, would hear of no explanation; he announced that he was going to take them all prisoners, and if they resisted he would kill them. The blood of both parties was now up, and the men, though they were but a handful, proposed fighting the hundreds of natives with their spades and pick-axes. They stood close together, expecting every moment to be attacked and killed, but every one determined to sell his life dearly. The Kaffirs had already raised their assagais ready for the onslaught, when a Kaffir, evidently a sentry on the hill, came running in, speaking and gesticulating fiercely. The chief and some of his men thereupon ran off and mounted some of the higher rocks. In a few moments they returned in great excitement, and after some palavering all disappeared as if the ground had swallowed them. There was reason for this, and very soon the little band of men who had been in such imminent danger discovered it. The sentry had seen an army advancing towards the *stad*, over the open plain beyond; he had seen the glint of the rifle-barrels in the sunlight, and there was a host of them! The chief ran up to see for himself, and also observed the dreadful sight. That is why they cleared in such a hurry.

The reader has already guessed, I am sure, that the mighty advancing army was our little company of ten men, two natives, and two bullocks! Of course our approach was hailed with delight—we were veritable saviours, as blood would otherwise certainly have been shed. The chief, who immediately humbled himself on our arrival, afterwards explained that when he saw our little band advancing he made sure it was the advance-guard of an army coming from Fort Victoria, and that it was advancing in consequence of a message sent through the air—a telegram to Fort Victoria—to tell them of the threatened attack. 'The white chief is a great witch-doctor. I am afraid of him now. I will not trouble him again.' Needless to say, Mr Bent did not disabuse the chief's mind, and never had any trouble with him again. When it was all over we could, of course, afford to laugh heartily at the whole episode. I have played many parts in my lifetime; but never before have I been the commander of a relief-force. It is a pleasant rôle to play.

Long we sat talking round the camp-fire that night, and most interesting was the conversation. It was one of the nights I love to revert to. Towards midnight we retired to our camp—some five hundred yards from Mr Bent's. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and very soon every one had sought rest. Heavy breathing and snoring proved that the others had very quickly found it too; but I could not rest, for not only the excitement of the day but the weird surroundings kept me awake. I could not resist the temptation to walk back to the big ruin behind me. Alone I entered through the gateway whereby the mysterious and unknown people had also entered perhaps a thousand years ago. The moon was shining brightly, sending her beams through the branches, casting fantastic shadows on the ground. The whole scene was weirdly mystic. Here there was a bright spot of light, there a dark shadow. As the winds soughed through the trees, the shadows of branch and leaf moved to and fro. It required but little imagination to fancy the place alive with moving beings. I walked about slowly, looking, pondering, marvelling. Gradually I drew near the tower I mentioned, and leaned against its rugged walls in the shadow. Again I fancied that I was in the dim past, and saw the thousands of figures moving about engaged in one of their wild and mysterious religious orgies. I fancied I heard without on the hill the trumpet of war, followed by the crash of armies meeting. I heard the victors' cries and the victims' moans. Then came the rush of many feet towards the temple, to the tower where I was standing. I heard them sing their pæans of victory, and saw them offer their sacrifices. I was the only stranger amongst them, and therefore cried out, 'Tell me who you are, and from whence you come. What does all this mean? Tell me!' I must have uttered these words aloud, as they woke me out of my reverie. There I stood again, alone in the mighty colosseum, in the moonlight and the shadow—in the night!

It was four o'clock when I retired to camp again and lay down to rest. It is now many

years since; but the impressions I experienced are still as fresh in my mind as they were then. When I close my eyes I can imagine I am again standing up beside that tower in the darkness, and still see the flitting figures, and cry out to them to tell me whence they came; and I seem to hear their answer, floating towards me from out the moonlight dim: 'No, stranger; never shalt thou know!'

Before leaving the ruins I, as usual, had a talk with the chief men of the Mashonas living on the hill. They told me many a tale of the fights they had had with the dreaded Matabele. Lobengula, the bloodthirsty chief of the Matabele, as every one knows, used periodically to swoop down upon the poor Mashonas, killing the old men, stealing their cattle, and carrying their sons and daughters into captivity. No wonder that the advent of the Chartered Company was hailed with delight by the poor oppressed Mashonas. Many a gruesome tale of cruelty and horror could these people tell the traveller, such as the one told to me that morning before we left.

'Moruti,' said one of the chief men, 'I can tell you of an awful thing that happened here many years ago, when the Matabele attacked our stronghold on the hill. Our chief, a young man himself, had a very beautiful young wife, a daughter of a neighbouring induna. She had come to our kraal a few years before, and, with her husband, was well beloved by us all. She was a tall and stately woman, with a voice as tender as her eyes were sweet. When she passed through our little village, carrying her first-born in her arms, every one looked on in adoration. Reports came in that the Matabele were devastating all the country round about us, and we began to fear that our doom too was sealed. We fortified the place as strongly as we could, and stored provisions for a long siege; then we sent out our scouts to watch the movements of the enemy. All too soon these appeared upon the scene. Before daybreak one morning our outposts rushed in to tell us that the dreaded Matabele were on us. When the sun rose we could hear the ominous thud of marching feet, and soon our fortress was surrounded by a bloodthirsty, yelling horde.

'The attack began very soon, and fierce was the fighting. As you see, however, Moruti, the place is very strong, and can be reached only by that one path yonder coming up from the temple ruins. We were consequently able to beat off the attack, and I am sure they would never have succeeded in taking our fort; but, alas! black treachery was at work. I told you before how we all loved our beautiful queen, and how faithfully every one followed our brave chief. But every one did not! There was one man, our chief's half-brother, who had a black heart. Ever since the chief had brought home his beautiful bride this man had desired her for himself. Carried away by his passion, he had one day told the queen of his love, making insulting overtures to her, when she had spurned him with words of scorn. Knowing that it would cost him his life if the chief heard of his conduct, he professed repentance and begged the queen not to report his dastardly behaviour to her husband. She promised this, because she had a kind, noble heart.

'The cowardly cur, however, was determined to be revenged on brother and wife and child. His time came during this attack on our fortress by the Matabele. No one had suspected him of any sinister design, so well had he succeeded in disguising his feelings. Thus it came that during the early hours of the next morning he relieved his brother, the chief, who had been guarding this pathway since the evening before. When our chief left him I well remember his words: "My brother, guard this pathway with your very blood. Remember your people's honour, your chief's victory, his wife's life, depend on you." The brother promised faithfully to execute the charge entrusted to him. Oh, the black-hearted villain! Shall I tell you how he kept that trust? Towards morning, on some pretext or other, he sent the two warriors who were with him back to us on the hill with some message. Then he crept down to the Matabele outposts, told them that he could lead them on to the fortress, and that the place would be theirs—on condition that they should spare his life and give him his brother's wife. The promise was given, and before the messengers sent by him to the fortress could return, the Matabele were swarming up the secret inaccessible pathway, and had reached the very place you and I now stand on, ready when daylight came to overwhelm our garrison with superior numbers.

'Woe is me that I have to tell the tale! When day broke a frightful yell rent the air, dusky forms rushed out from behind every rock, and we saw, to our utter dismay, that defence was useless. Our chief rushed in and out amongst us exhorting us not to surrender, which would mean cruel death at the hands of the Matabele, but rather to fight on to the bitter end and die the death of warriors. We did so, and even more desperately did we fight when we heard the Matabele shouting to us, "Why do you fight? Your own chief's brother has betrayed you. Surrender, and we will spare your lives!" On we fought till but a handful of us remained alive, though even these were all wounded already. Our chief was dead, and there was talk of surrender amongst the survivors, when our beloved young queen, with her baby-boy in her arms, rushed in amongst us crying out, "Fight on, brave men! I know why your chief's brother has betrayed you. The coward, because I spurned him, has to-day acted the traitor. He has killed your chief, my husband. He has dishonoured our people, our forefathers. Fight on, brave hearts; let no man surrender. Die like heroes!" No need to tell you, Moruti, that we

fought on with renewed vigour and strength, like very lions. On yonder parapet, between those two stone sentinels you see standing there, our noble queen took up her position, exhorting us with inspiriting words to continue the fight. But, alas! it was of no avail. One by one the warriors beside me dropped. I too was desperately wounded, and sank down bleeding on the ground when the Matabele rushed in upon us to finish their deadly work. Before I swooned away for very faintness I saw the traitor leap forward in amongst the dead and dying, jump on to the parapet, and rush towards the queen. "You are mine at last," he shouted; "mine at last, cruel beauty. Come to me; your life will be spared if you come. I only can save you; come to me, long-loved one!" He ran towards her; and, Moruti, I will never forget the expression on her noble face—scorn, hatred, contempt. There she stood erect in her queenly beauty, and every one could hear the burning words that hissed through her lips: "Come to you, monster, murderer, traitor, coward! Come to such as you! No, never, as long as there is breath in my body!" And then, as the wretch still attempted to approach her, followed by cruel Matabele warriors, she lifted her right arm, and, with all the power she could exert, she thrust an assagai into the heart of the miserable villain, and he sank to the ground like a log. With a yell the Matabele rushed upon the unfortunate woman; but before they could reach her, clutching her babe to her heart, she cried out, "My husband, your death is avenged: your queen is yours; your child and I are coming!" The words were still ringing in our ears when we saw the brave woman leap forward over the parapet wall down into the valley yonder. Yes, Moruti, she and her babe had gone to the Great Spirit-land, where there is no insult and no treachery. Come here, Moruti; look down. You see yonder, far down? Well, on that rock there the mangled bodies were found; but they were left by the cruel Matabele for tigers and wolves to devour.

'When I woke again it was dark night, and the Matabele had gone, taking with them whatever was valuable. A few women and children, some wounded men, and myself were all that were left behind. I was young then. I am old now; but in the silent watches of the night I can still see our beautiful queen stand there. I can still hear her farewell shout of victory as she leaped down the precipice and went home.'

Thus spoke the old man, and I could see that his spirit was deeply moved. Yes, reader, even in the land of barbarism you find hearts that beat true and strong, but also hearts foul and treacherous.

The Government of South Rhodesia has appointed Mr R. W. Hall, joint author with Mr Neal of *The Ancient Ruins of Rhodesia*, as temporary curator at Zimbabwe. Various architectural discoveries have been made in clearing away the rubbish; a gold bangle of wire-work has been found, and a beaten gold cup or ferrule, with pottery and iron tools. The place is three hours' journey in a Cape cart from Victoria, in the south of South Rhodesia.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S TUTOR.

By J. F. Hogan.

WHEN I was in the twenties I held the office of day sub-editor on a Melbourne morning paper. I came on duty at ten o'clock in the morning and left at six in the evening, when the night sub-editor arrived. I had to open all letters addressed to the editor and prepare a synopsis of their contents for his information, make provision for the reporting of any unforeseen important event during the day, read 'exchanges,' revise copy, and receive visitors. I was thus brought into contact with not a few remarkable characters. I had a chat with Lefroy, whom I thought a rather prepossessing, well-informed young fellow, never dreaming for a moment that I was destined to see his waxy duplicate at the other end of the earth in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. Lefroy did not look in the least like a possible murderer. His case was one of the sight of means to do an ill deed making that ill deed done. The responsibility largely rests with the stupidly conservative English system under which any one of us is liable to be boxed up in a narrow compartment with a homicidal lunatic or somebody in desperate need of money. Had Mr Gold and Lefroy been travelling between Brighton and London in an American corridor carriage there would have been no murder. Lefroy had just arrived in Australia when I met him, and was on the lookout for a journalistic situation. He showed me a book of English newspaper cuttings—specimens of his work—and at the other end were press criticisms of certain pantomimes and plays he had written. He did secure a brief engagement on a Melbourne evening journal, and he contributed to its columns some capital descriptive articles on the Chinese quarter of Melbourne: its opium-dens, its lottery-shops, its vices, its squalors, and its quaint Orientalism in the heart of the modern city. Another of my visitors was Kate Kelly, the sister of the redoubtable Ned, 'The Ironclad Bushranger of Australia,' to give him the title by which he is best known to the numerous London readers of the *Deadwood Dick* school of literature. At that time she was the most daring of horsewomen and the most expert of 'bush telegraphs,' as the conveyers of informa-

tion to outlaws concerning the movements of the police are called. A third notable visiting personage was Mr James Anthony Froude. He called to see my editor; but as that walking cyclopædia of colonial information was not accessible at the time, I had to deputise and answer questions from the famous historian for half-an-hour or so. I had some little difficulty afterwards in recognising my information in the pages of *Oceana*. Froude's method during his colonial tour was to examine all the prominent people whom he met at Government House dinners, in the clubs, and in the editorial rooms. He took no notes at the time, but towards midnight he would jot down all that he could remember of what he had heard during the day. In the case of a man endowed with a retentive memory this plan might work fairly well; but, judging by results, Froude's memory was the reverse of retentive. In the copy of *Oceana* I saw in an Australian parliamentary library, almost every page has marginal notes of correction. Froude's account of his tour of Greater Britain is eminently readable and sometimes eminently inaccurate, fact and fiction deftly interwoven.

One afternoon there was ushered into the sub-editorial room a tall, pale-faced, clean-shaven, clerical-looking old gentleman, dressed entirely in black, with a certain air of distinction and refinement, and a strong suggestion of the scholar and the student. Had his long black coat been supplemented with gaiters he would have looked the Church of England dignitary to the life. As a matter of fact he belonged to a profession that is still supposed to be held in abhorrence by the strictest sects of English Christianity. He was Mr William Hoskins, who in the far-away forties and fifties was a leading member of the famous Shakespearian company that Samuel Phelps gathered around him at Sadler's Wells, and who was the first influential actor to help, advise, and encourage a certain aspiring London youth whom we all now know and admire as Sir Henry Irving. At the time I refer to he had practically retired from the stage, and was conducting a dramatic academy in Melbourne. Several of his pupils are now well-known actresses in England and the colonies. One of them was about to make her first appearance in Melbourne, and he naturally desired a little preliminary paragraph. That was the object of his visit, and it was duly attained.

The foster-father of the leading actor of our time was the son of Abraham Hoskins of Newton Park, Derbyshire, and was educated at the University of Cambridge. He was not yet nineteen when in 1834 he joined a provincial touring company. On 25th July 1846 he made his first appearance at Sadler's Wells, as Poins in the First Part of *King Henry the Fourth*. On the following 4th of November he impersonated Lucio in *Measure for Measure*, the character—to quote the biographers of Phelps—'that made his reputation, in which and other eccentric parts he was without a rival in this theatre.' Other characters played by Hoskins under the Phelps régime, in which he won praise from the London critics, were Modus in the *Hunchback*, Gratiano in *The Merchant of Venice*, Guiderius in *Cymbeline*, Slender in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Roderigo in *Othello*.

It was on the eve of his departure for Australia at the beginning of 1856 that he performed the kindly action for which he deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by all lovers of the drama. He had known young Irving as a member of an elocution class connected in an informal way with Sadler's Wells; he had seen him in small parts at rehearsals for amateur performances; he had been favourably impressed with his assiduity, his intelligence, and his manifest determination to succeed; he had given the neophyte a number of hints and suggestions that were promptly acted upon; and, finally, Hoskins, before sailing for Sydney, handed young Irving a letter of introduction to his friend, Mr Davis, the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland. The letter was duly presented, and it led to an early engagement and to Irving's first appearance on the regular stage as the Duke of Orleans in *Richelieu*. The rest is history.

Curiously enough, the play in which his protégé started what was destined to be a brilliant career at Sunderland was also the piece in which Hoskins himself, enacting the title-rôle, made his first appearance in Australia at the Victoria Theatre, Sydney, on 14th July 1856. He was announced to the Antipodean playgoing public as the 'great London comedian.' He achieved an unqualified success at the start, so he decided to settle in Australia, and for nearly thirty years he was one of the most conspicuous figures on the colonial stage. He was particularly popular with the diggers, and as the actor-manager of the principal theatre on the Ballarat goldfield he cleared fifty thousand pounds, most of which he subsequently lost when he left the golden city to become lessee and manager of the Melbourne Theatre Royal. In New Zealand he had a second period of combined artistic success and financial prosperity. There he sojourned for some years, building two fine theatres and raising the standard of the drama to a very high level. He was so highly respected and esteemed in that colony that, on the occasion of his marriage to a popular actress, Miss Florence Colville, the ceremony was honoured by the presence of the Governor, Ministers of the Crown, Members of Parliament, and leading citizens. He thus had the unique distinction of being the only actor of the Victorian era who was married in the presence of the representative of the Queen and the Throne.

I was only a boy when Hoskins was at the height of his colonial popularity. My recollec-

tions of him are associated with spasmodic revivals of Shakespeare and the legitimate drama in Melbourne. I have a distinct remembrance of his Sir Peter Teazle and his Polonius, both thoroughly effective, well-studied, and highly finished performances. He excelled as a Shakespearian actor, and it was his proud boast that he could recite the Bard of Avon from beginning to end. His declamation of Shakespeare's lines was a model of stately elocution. He set an exceedingly high standard in this respect, and woe betide the erring or indifferent actor who failed to rise to it. Mr Brewer, in his *History of the Australian Stage*, narrates an amusing anecdote in this connection. Hoskins was playing Macbeth to a crowded house in Sydney. A super, to whom had been entrusted the small part of Lennox, corroborating the stormy character of the night on which Duncan was murdered, thus rendered the lines of Shakespeare:

> 'The night's bin unrooly; where we laid,
> Our chimbleys was blowed down.'

Hoskins was paralysed by this wholly unexpected Cockney reading, but he managed to struggle through the rest of the act. When the curtain came down sounds of commotion were heard from behind, and people in front fancied that somebody else would be murdered as well as Duncan. As a matter of fact, the infuriated Macbeth did commit a violent assault upon the provokingly careless or stupid Lennox.

Hoskins in his old age was naturally disposed to exaggerate the importance of the services he had rendered to young Irving, and to revel in an unreasonable amount of reflected glory when his former friend and pupil reached the pinnacle of his profession. At the Melbourne Garrick Club he was wont to pose as the creator or the discoverer of Irving, and to emphasise the prominent part he had played in the evolution of the greatest of contemporary actors. But these harmless little septuagenarian vanities did not detract in the least from the solid and abiding fact that Hoskins was the man who placed Irving's foot on the first rung of the ladder of success. That is his one claim upon our recognition and regard.

He passed away in Melbourne on 28th September 1886. Shortly afterwards the profession he had adorned and elevated met in the Princess' Theatre, Melbourne, to perpetuate his memory. The first communication read to the meeting was a most sympathetic message, accompanied by a subscription of one hundred guineas, from Sir Henry Irving, the 'youth of striking personality and eager, handsome face,' whom he had befriended in London thirty years before.

THE BETHEL STONE.

By JAMES PATEY, Author of *The Gurnard Rock*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

ONE Sunday morning Mr Julian Danvers stood in the bay-window of the parlour of the 'Plume of Feathers,' and looked down the steep, winding main street of Langissack. He was lodging at the inn—its solitary guest; for the place, though picturesquely situated, has few visitors. Sometimes a belated commercial traveller will spend a night there; and occasionally an artist, reluctant to leave, will stay a month.

On week-days the little town wakes early and noisily enough, with a clatter of feet on its rough cobble-paved ways, the rattle of jolting carts, the greeting of men in from the night's fishing, and the salutations hurled from open doors across the street by shrill-voiced women; but a befitting calm sits upon the place on Sunday, when Langissack hangs up its sea-boots and anoints its head with oil.

If the street were reasonably straight the inn would command a view of beach and bay; but Langissack is locally admitted to be as crooked as a corkscrew; nevertheless Danvers as he smoked his pipe was contented with the limited prospect, and resolved to make a sketch of it before he departed; for the houses are oddly picturesque, and the hill dips so suddenly that thresholds are on a level with neighbouring roofs.

A stickler for hygiene gazing on Langissack might cry aloud with the Psalmist, 'Down with it! down with it, even to the ground!' But artists love the place, and condone the redolence of its gutters for the sake of its quaint gables and weather-scarred walls and eaves of lichened thatch; even the terrible cobble-stones, that bruise the toes of the uninitiated pedestrian and provoke the anathema of the stranger, have found their apologist in an enthusiastic sojourner who insisted that they picturesquely broke the foreground and would be distinctly valuable in an etching.

Danvers strolled up the quiet street, odorous in places with the frying of fish and rhythmic with the potato-chopper. Everywhere there was filmy sunshine and the promise of a cloudless day. There was nobody astir but a few gaily-dressed children, prematurely despatched to the Sunday-school by emulative mothers.

Presently there clattered up the acclivity a troop of boys carrying chairs, and Danvers watched them pass with considerable curiosity. Soon a wagon came along, heaped with forms and benches. Then

came another contingent with chairs — wooden-seated chairs, cane-bottomed chairs, chairs of all sorts and conditions, some of the kitchen variety so delightfully antique that he was tempted there and then to make a bid for them. The queer procession reached its climax in a donkey-cart laden with a harmonium and a pile of books.

His interest keenly aroused, Danvers walked back to the inn and called to the landlord:

'Mr Bolitho, what 's up this morning?'

Bolitho came to the door, a voluble old man, jovial and rotund, with a face like a russet apple.

'Why, 'tis quarry-praichin' to-day, sir; they 'm whitewashin' the chapel, and the praichin' 's to be in the quarry. 'Twas a reg'lar institootion, backalong, quarry-praichin'; but, like other old things, 'tis grawin' out o' fashion. 'Tis said that Jan Wesley praiched wance in Langissack quarry, and they can shaw 'e the very granite stone he stood 'pon; an' when 'tis a quarry-meetin' the praicher always stands 'pon Jan Wesley's stone.'

Danvers seated himself in the porch and refilled his pipe, while Bolitho rattled on.

'Iss, I 've heard some famous quarry-praichers in my young days. There was Jerry Trebartha, a remarkable chap, sure 'nough; you could hear the voice of 'en in two parishes to wance. An' there was old Will Peniddick—"Whosoever Will" they called 'en, an' a delighted in the name—a quieter man, but mighty convincin'. When Peniddick praiched there wed'n be no sort of iniquity stirrin' in the place for more 'n a week. Nowadays, sir, seemin' to me, they 'm a tamer lot; there ed'n a man among 'em that can blaw the trumpet in Zion like the men that be passed away. They mane well, I b'lieve; but there ed'n the old heloquence.'

Half-an-hour later, finding Mr Danvers still smoking in the porch, Bolitho asked, 'Was 'e thinkin' o' walkin' up to the old church this mornin', sir? Because I warn 'e there weant be a sawl there, onless 'tis a few old women for the ninepenny doles. The folks be quarry-mazed. The Independents an' the Particulars might so well keep the doors locked for all the worshippers they 'll get; an' as for the Brethren an' the Seekers After, they 'm all gwain to the quarry in a company.'

'You seem to have a good many sects for so small a town,' said Danvers, with a smile.

'Iss, sir,' replied Bolitho sadly. 'I b'lieve there 's so many soorts o' religion in Langissack parish as there is soorts o' fish in Langissack Bay. Some folks like a choice; but for my awn part, sir, I 'm no runner after new things. I like to putt my feet where other men have putt their feet before me.'

Bolitho, in his local pride, was anxious that his guest should not miss the meeting, which is accounted a great event. The young fellow had come to Langissack avowedly for a week's sketching; but what were the rocks and cliffs and caverns compared with the supreme interest of the quarry-preaching?

A gray, eager-faced man passed along the street.

'There goes Doctor Trewarne,' cried the landlord. 'He 's organist o' Truro. I reckon he 's come to hear the singin'.'

'Singing?'

'Iss, fay! there 's brave singin' to a quarry-meetin'; an' there 's a hecho there—a double hecho—'tis reckoned the finest in Cornwall; an' when they hundreds o' folks do rise all to wance an' sing number nine-nine-wan, trumpet-metre, an' the hecho answereth, the power an' the glawry o' it wed stir the sawl o' a Devonshire horse-dailer. If you 'm minded to go, sir, an' you 'm partial to singin', 'twill do 'e good; for 'ted'n ordinary singin' that tickleth the ears, but 'tis singin' that shaketh the innards o' a man so 's 'tis no mortal odds to 'en how much a droppeth in the collection.'

These persuasions prevailed, and an hour later Danvers found himself in the wake of the Langissack folk, walking quarrywards. The way lay through Brimble Lane, a tunnel of foliage scooped deep by centuries of traffic, with high hedges that harboured an infinite variety of vegetation, from dank mosses to clambering dog-roses.

'Fine praichin' weather, sir,' said old Roskriggin the thatcher, hobbling slowly because of his rheumatism.

'It is indeed,' answered Danvers pleasantly.

'What I do call a 'eavenly mornin',' added the old fellow; and Danvers felt the appropriateness of the adjective. It was a delightful pilgrimage; the route was lined with battalions of foxgloves, and everywhere there was the scent of scattered hay. Gradually the road became steeper, till from the deep shade of the lane he emerged into the open sunshine, and felt in his face the fresher breath of the moorland; then, following the grass-grown wagon-track, he came to the quarry.

The old granite-quarry of Langissack has not been worked for many years. The grasses and mosses have crept over its abandoned terraces, and in the clefts grow bramble and whortle and heather.

When Danvers reached the place the service had already begun. The bed and slopes of the quarry were strewn with a great company, and detachments of the congregation lined the terraces. The stretch of moorland was dotted with the carts and tethered horses of those who had driven from distant villages and farms. Most of the people were seated, for a seat at a quarry-meeting is a *sine quâ non* of Langissack respectability. The eminences were occupied by such adventurous hobbledehoys as considered a precarious perch an aid to devotion, and rows of pendent legs made a restless fringe on the ledges of rock.

Danvers seated himself on a boulder at the skirts of the meeting, and watched the strange scene. Standing on the traditional stone of John Wesley, a tall black-bearded Boanerges was reading and

expounding; but the words of the man were lost in the reverberations. A hymn was given out, the inadequate harmonium droned the air, and with a great stir and flutter the multitude rose to its feet. Hitherto Danvers had looked on with somewhat languid interest, but his pulse quickened at the first burst of singing; by some wonder of acoustics the hundreds of voices sounded like tens of thousands. The tune was 'Ascalon,' a favourite at quarry-meetings, selected probably on account of the opportunity it gives to the famous echo. It was sung vehemently, as becomes the militant air, each verse culminating in a staccato climax that was almost a shout; then amid breathless listening the great hewn concave flung back the tumult, and a vaguer repetition came from the amphitheatre of hills beyond. There were old people there who could count such gatherings by the score; but even these listened for the echo with the eagerness of children, and smiled with the wonder of children at the unfailing miracle. It may be that to some it bore something of supernatural response.

As for Julian Danvers, he was strangely moved; there was a vigour in the voices of these Cornish folk that thrilled him; and as the great hymn thundered along its course the multitude swayed to the rhythm, and the singing became more and more charged with the fervour of the Celt.

An open hymn-book, passed by many hands, reached him where he stood; for the presence of the bookless stranger had been courteously noticed. But he had no eyes for words or notes; the scene and the music held him spell-bound.

Then a flash of inspiration fell upon Julian Danvers. Here was the great subject he had been waiting for, the theme of the great picture that was to make him famous: The Quarry-Preaching!

When he had done for the *Graphic* his full-page drawing of the fishing riot at Penzance, John Hillier of Newlyn had said, 'That fellow Danvers will be doing something great some day; he knows how to handle masses, and can tackle a crowd with the best man living. Mark me, Danvers will be doing big things in a big way.' Since that day he had dreamed of fulfilling the prophecy of Hillier; but his ambition had taken no definite shape, and he had continued the production of those charming little pictures of fishing life which he painted and sold with an equal facility.

Yes, here at last was his opportunity. His eyes drank eagerly in the details of the scene: the many-coloured multitude, the women gay with rural finery, the blue-smocked fishermen, the impressive background of gray granite, and beyond the varied greens and purples of the hillside. The picture was full of colour and life, the motive was novel and interesting, and it gave him ample scope for his rare gift of composition. Instinctively his fingers sought a pencil to roughly sketch the groupings of the people, and to make such brief notes as would afterwards aid his memory. Alas! he had not a scrap of paper about him, not even an envelope.

Then in his emergency he did a wicked thing: he filled the blank leaves at the end of the borrowed hymn-book with rapid pencillings, incoherent notes in pictorial shorthand.

Meanwhile there was a long exhortation, mainly inaudible, and more sonorous hymns, notably the famous 'trumpet-metre' of Bolitho's predilection, in which Dan Jago, first cornet of the Langissack town band, blew a series of astonishing blasts. Then, while the ubiquitous stewards gathered in the tribute of silver and copper, a tall, white-robed girl, standing on a ledge of rock by the harmonium, sang alone, and sang divinely, 'Oh for a thousand tongues to sing!'

Danvers thought he had never heard anything so glorious. The woman's clear voice went up in the great space like the voice of a lark; it seemed a thing of the sunshine. He listened entranced; the thunders of the hymns had not stirred him like this girl's singing.

When all was over, with a rush of remorse he realised the depth of his iniquity in sketching in a stranger's hymn-book: it was impertinent; it was indefensible. All he could do was to seek the owner and express his contrition.

'Can you tell me to whom this book belongs?' he asked one of the crowd as the congregation was surging out of the quarry.

'I b'lieve 'tis Miss Trethewey's book,' said the man; 'she's sittin' 'mong the choir.' Then, looking in the front of the book, Danvers read the inscription: 'Zillah Trethewey. 1893.—"*Unto Thee will I sing with my whole heart.*"'

He made his way to the centre of the throng, which was now rapidly dissolving, and inquiring for Miss Trethewey, was directed to a tall girl in a dress of white muslin—none other than the singer who had so enchanted him.

'I am very sorry,' began Danvers, standing hat in hand before the girl; 'I'm afraid I have taken an unpardonable liberty. I am something of an artist, and was so impressed with the strange scene of the gathering that I was seized with a desire to make a sketch of it; and in the impulse of the moment I used the blank-leaves at the end of the book you so kindly passed me. It was an abuse of your goodness, and I can only plead the temptation of an artist to carry away some impression of your beautiful service.'

The girl took the book and looked at the offending scribblings, expecting to find, perhaps, some intelligible sketch; but the rough pencillings conveyed nothing to her; so, with a smile, she said, 'You're welcome to the leaves, sir, if they're of any use to you;' and with her gloved hand she tore away the pages, and passed them to the artist.

She was beautiful. Danvers thought her the

handsomest girl he had ever seen. Tall she was, and finely built; there was steady frankness in her brown eyes, and splendid health in her face; and the wind had freed little waves of her brown hair from the bondage of coils, which gave her an air of exuberant loveliness.

'Thank you,' said he, pocketing the leaves; 'these little notes are of no value to anybody but the perpetrator; but I shall find them of great service.'

She smiled again—a smile of complete forgiveness; and there was, perhaps, a gleam of amusement in her brown eyes.

It was a morning of emotions for Julian Danvers; and when he returned through Brimble Lane there was a smile of 'Eureka!' upon his face, for he had struck the subject of the picture that would bring him fame; moreover, he had heard some marvellous singing, and looked upon the loveliest face in the world.

THE TABLE AND THE EMPIRE.

THE late Professor Seeley, in his work on *The Expansion of England*, has much to say in criticism of other historians who fail to take a philosophical view of their subject. Seeley showed in his delightful way how great events in widely separated spheres acted and interacted. The fortunes of Virginia, for instance, are probably only to be properly understood by reference to something that transpired at Versailles or Simancas. That was his philosophy of the Empire in its wider aspects. That there is a philosophy of the Empire in its more intimate and domestic sense is not generally recognised, though every potato one eats, every sprinkling of pepper over one's Australian mutton, and every cup of tea or coffee one takes is there to encourage reflection or jog one's memory. A belief exists that sooner or later vital Imperial issues will turn on the new corn-duty, and that the registration fee of threepence per hundredweight may be the first step towards preferential tariffs with the Colonies. Such a development is not impossible, whatever views as to its expediency may be held by alleged economic orthodoxy. A fiscal revolution, in other words, would result from an impost amounting to a fraction of a farthing per loaf consumed. In such a fiscal revolution four hundred millions of British subjects would be concerned. Yet the average man regards the impost as a question affecting the British breakfast-table mainly. Not for the first time have momentous Imperial issues depended on a matter apparently so entirely domestic. Raleigh, wandering in South America, discovered not El Dorado, but the potato, and introduced it into Ireland, where it became the staple of Paddy's food. Two hundred years later Adam Smith was busy attempting to educate an Imperial race in its duty to over-the-sea possessions on the one hand, and in the economic advantages of Free Trade on the other. Adam Smith's Imperial views did not prevail; but half a century of agitation, maintained by men like Villiers and Cobden and Bright, secured the partial adoption of Free Trade. Strenuous opponents of the demand that food should be imported free surrendered in a night. The volte-face was not due to a sudden realisation of Free Trade truths, but to the urgent need of saving Ireland from starvation. Raleigh's potato had failed at a critical moment in our economic history, and the legislation carried in consequence has influenced the whole subsequent course of our Imperial history. Sir Robert Peel's action was so palpably justified in the circumstances that the nation speedily swung round to the belief that free imports were indispensable for all time; and that belief, as Lord Beaconsfield recognised in his great Crystal Palace speech in 1872, was largely responsible for the unbusinesslike views taken of Colonial affairs throughout the middle years of the nineteenth century.

As the potato was the determining factor in an economic crisis, so to pepper we owe in no indirect degree our Indian Empire. The sixteenth century was the century of the adventurer *par excellence*, and foremost in any dare-devil scheme afloat was the Englishman. Drake and Hawkins, Raleigh, Gilbert, and Grenville, were merely a few of the best-known leaders of thousands of gallant spirits eager to seize a Spanish galleon or discover for themselves a land of gold or of hardly less precious spices. The rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by the Portuguese and the discovery of the West Indies by the Spaniards at the end of the fifteenth century induced Pope Alexander VI. to divide the known world between the two. The twin monopoly was challenged at the peril of his life by any daring interloper from other lands. Spain and Portugal secured the first right-of-way to the Eastern spice-lands, whose produce found a ready market in Europe. Venice hitherto had been the European depôt of Eastern goods. The opening up of the sea route delivered her trade into Iberian hands.

Not for long were Spain and Portugal to enjoy the advantage unopposed. The Dutch, emancipated from Spanish control, embarked on enterprises in the Far East, and defied Papal ordinances and Portuguese pretensions, with profit to themselves and service to others, including England. Only a fairly vivid imagination can conjure up an idea of the courage and resource

demanded of the Dutch, who undertook to dispute this right to exclusive trade with native lands ten thousand miles away. If they had been content with reasonable profits they might have developed their trade indefinitely; but they no sooner grasped the fact that they were capable of successfully challenging the monopoly rights of others than they sought to be monopolists themselves. English adventurers in Eastern waters, the exhibition of bull-dog devotion notwithstanding, secured little credit, and the majority of the ships which left English ports for the East either went to the bottom or failed in their quest. England therefore welcomed the spices and other Eastern commodities which they obtained through the Dutch. When, however, the traders of the Netherlands, deeming no doubt that they were masters of the position, decided to raise the price of pepper in London from three shillings to eight shillings per pound, they roused those feelings of resentment and irritation which English Chancellors of the Exchequer have always had to reckon with when new taxes have been necessary. The Lord Mayor of London instantly called a meeting of merchants to discuss the exactions of the Hollanders. 'On the 21st of September 1599,' says Mr R. W. Frazer, 'Sir Stephen Soames, the Lord Mayor, sundry aldermen, and others of less dignity, such as grocers, drapers, vintners, leather-sellers, skinners, and haberdashers, met together at Founder's Hall, Lothbury,' and there agreed with their 'owne handes' to embark on a 'voyage to the Easte Indies, the which it may please the Lord to prosper.' Rather more than a year later the charter of the first East India Company was signed by Queen Elizabeth, and in three months more the Company's first fleet of four vessels set out on the voyage which was to pave the way to Empire. The Dutch, by their attempt to make pepper a luxury in the London market, called into existence the most remarkable trading corporation in history, which was to last in one form or another for two hundred and fifty years, until the Indian Mutiny rendered it necessary for Queen Victoria to round off the work which Queen Elizabeth had begun.

If pepper brought us an Empire in the East, tea was made the instrument of our undoing in the West; but by way of compensation it saved another part of the Empire from bankruptcy. The cup that cheers has left an indelible mark on the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. When, a century and a third ago, British statesmen, in their wisdom, drove the American colonies to rebellion, the issue turned on tea. It was in the hope of maintaining the principle that the mother-country was within her right in imposing taxation on the Colonies that one article was retained out of the list at first drawn up. The result was that the contents of the tea-chests found their way not into the Colonial teapot but into the waters of Boston Harbour, or were left by the colonists to rot in damp cellars. When we remember how much tea meant to every home in either the old country or the Colonies, we seem to see in the decision of Lord North to adhere to an obnoxious principle a determination to bring an Imperial question to the very doors of the individual. That instance of blundering statesmanship is happily not the only Imperial event which is associated with tea. In other directions it has proved an Imperial blessing. It has been the means of rescuing parts of India from a state of nature that was neither attractive nor profitable; it has saved Ceylon, one of the most interesting and valuable of British possessions, from a worse fate even than that which foreign bounties have inflicted on the West Indies; it has provided the Imperial Exchequer with enough funds, if need be, to pay for the construction yearly of three or four ironclads; it has contributed materially to our manufacturing industry, thus bringing wages and profits to the pocket of the Briton at home; above all, it has afforded the Briton who turns his attention and his capital to the outlying portions of the Empire an excellent opportunity of showing the grit that is in him. The story of the rise and progress of the tea industry in Ceylon supplies one of the best instances on record of British refusal to be beaten. When coffee, the chief article of Cingalese produce, was attacked by a virulent disease, and when the blight was followed by a decline in the public taste for coffee, the future of Ceylon seemed dark indeed. The pluck of the planter, who raised new capital, tried tea, and won in the very teeth of disaster, is a proud memory to those who know what Ceylon was a quarter of a century ago. Ceylon tea has gone far to drive the Chinese article from the British market, and there is not a tea-drinker at home who cannot claim to have assisted this great Imperial triumph. That it is an Imperial triumph will not be disputed by any one who understands the importance of Ceylon to the British Empire.

THE HAMMER OF GOD.

Before my soul unrolled a pageant vast:
The mutable mysterious scroll of life;
Whose glorious images, with colours rife,
Emerged from out dim caverns of the past,
Then faded like a cloud, till there appeared
An anvil filling space, a mountain flame,
And One that stood beside, Whom none can name,
To wield the Hammer that all men have feared.

I saw the molten soul and body in fire
Prepared for that dire Hammer's fashioning,
Heard the eternal spaces echoing
Harmonious sound, and saw the sparks aspire.
My soul awoke and cried, 'Take all of mine,
And shape me to Thy purposes divine.'

Francis Annesley.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE 'COTTAGE-COUNTESS.'

By Arthur O. Cooke.

THE immortalisation of a story by a poet-laureate does not necessarily ensure perennial interest in the germ of fact round which the filigree web of fiction is spun; still less does it imply accurate statement by the singer, or minute and careful verification of each detail by his readers. The admired superstructure not unnaturally hides the substantial but insignificant-looking foundation upon which the building rises. When Tennyson wrote *The Lord of Burleigh* most people admired the verse, accepted the story as a pleasing tale more or less true to history, and pursued the matter no further. The poet did not descend to particulars as to the locality of the 'landscape-painter's' wooing; and, as a matter of fact, the scene is not on one of those great highways of note along which the average tourist makes his pilgrimage to the historical or the picturesque.

Of late years occasional magazine articles have been presented to notice purporting to give the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth of the matter; and a further statement of the case might not, under ordinary circumstances, seem loudly called for. But the recent marriage of a scion of the House of Cecil may have recalled to some that this is not the first time that Romance has presided at the family nuptials; and to the student of heredity it may also serve as an instance of the 'outcropping' at long and irregular intervals of curious 'faults' —I use the word, of course, in a purely Pickwickian (that is to say, geological) sense—in the strata of families of rank. As George Eliot's characters—so many of them—would say, such things 'run' in great families.

Not the first, nor yet the second, of such faults is the recent example. To find the first recorded romantic marriage in the Cecil family we go back three centuries and a half, and lay our finger on no less a person than Elizabeth's Burleigh himself: a man, surely, whose subsequent career hardly points him out as likely to have committed matrimony in an unexpected or irregular direction. Nevertheless such was the case. Entered at St John's College, Cambridge, in 1535, he became the close friend of that famous Fellow and Grecian, John Cheke. Cheke was a son of the people. His father had, during his lifetime, been the university beadle, and the widow now supported herself and her family by keeping a wine-shop in the town. There was a daughter, Mary, with whom young Cecil proceeded to fall in love; and although his indignant father packed him off to London, he returned within a couple of months of his entry at Gray's Inn, and married her when he was barely twenty.

Two hundred and fifty years later we come to Henry Cecil, afterwards Earl and finally Marquis of Exeter, and his 'Cottage-Countess;' Countess only, for she died four years before her husband's elevation to the marquisate. Readers will doubtless have noted and wondered at the inverted commas of my title-line. In sober fact, the so-called 'Cottage-Countess' was no cottager, as we now, or she then, understood the term. That title, so alluring in its alliteration, has been too much for the accuracy of more than one chronicler. Doubtless a more captivating and attention-arresting headline could not be desired; and if the story were not deliberately written 'round it,' the writer at least kept a sidelong look upon it as he wrote. Facts, or legends, which fitted in nicely were not called upon to undergo any very searching medical examination before being 'passed,' while others that seemed to threaten contumacy or contradiction were not pursued.

However, let me follow that wholesome precept of the immortal Jorrocks: 'Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses.' Henry Cecil, afterwards tenth Earl and still later first Marquis of Exeter, met, wooed, and married Sarah Hoggins at Bolas Magna, Shropshire. This out-of-the-way village is best reached from the little town of Newport, six miles away; though for the infor-

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mation of any future pilgrims it may be added that there is a nearer roadside station at Crudgington, on a branch of the Great Western Railway. But let not the visitor count unduly on the beauty of the romance's setting. All the wide county of Shropshire is fair—to the present writer perhaps the fairest and dearest of English counties; but Bolas Magna is not a strikingly picturesque or in any way attractive village. It lies in pleasant, open country, with a view southwards of the Wrekin—and also of the ironworks and coal-pits of Wellington. The Tern, a sluggish and insignificant stream, winds about and past it on its way to the Severn. It is all pleasant, commonplace country; certainly not ugly or squalid, yet making no fatiguing demands on our powers of admiration or exclamation. A quiet, peaceful village set in a countryside, heraldically speaking, 'of the same;' a land secluded and unexciting, where 'it is always afternoon.' A damaging blow to sentiment is also given when it is added that the church is externally a hideous little structure of brick, like not a few Shropshire and Staffordshire churches. Within, however, it retains the virtue of old-fashioned pews, some registers of the time of Elizabeth, and, more to our present purpose, those of the *first* Cecil-Hoggins marriage in 1790, which certain writers on the subject might ere now have consulted with much advantage in the matter of accuracy.

This *first* marriage—for, as will be seen, there was an ultimate and necessary repetition of the ceremony—took place at Bolas on the 13th of April 1790; and as he stood at the altar, Henry Cecil, *alias* 'John Jones,' knew full well of a fact that rendered the marriage illegal, for he had a wife still living and undivorced, though proceedings for the latter relief seem at the time to have been pending. Cecil's life could hardly be called commonplace matrimonially. Married in 1776, at the age of twenty-two, to Miss Vernon, a Worcestershire lady, it was fifteen years later (1791) that he obtained his freedom and married Sarah Hoggins—this time validly—at the City church of St Mildred's, Bread Street. Not fully six years later the 'Cottage-Countess' died; and after three years the widower espoused a divorcée—sometime wife of the eighth Duke of Hamilton.

Whatever may be said of Cecil's illegal marriage as 'John Jones,' that he had no dishonourable intentions towards the girl who became his second wife is clear from his prompt remarriage of her on the completion of the divorce. Nor, happily, did any questions as to the legitimacy of the children arise. Henry, the eldest, was not born till 1793. He died the same year; but his brother Brownlow, born two years later, lived to succeed his father in 1804, and enjoyed the newly acquired dignity of the marquisate for sixty-three years.

Now, to return to the lady and the circumstances of the wooing. The lonely seclusion of Bolas, and the fact that probably there was then, as now, no house of public entertainment in the village, brought Henry Cecil to the Hoggins's door, but not in the manner usually described and believed. Far from arriving in the waning light of a summer evening, drawn thither by the peace and calm of the scene, he came upon their little world in a November snowstorm; and instead of strolling, staff in hand, he came in a travelling-chaise, with horses foundered by heavy byroads and a postillion who had hopelessly lost his way.

Nor was the Countess that was to be engaged in any such plebeian if picturesque work as the feeding of chickens or milking of kine when she first met her lover's eyes; rather at a pastime which would certainly be a useful accomplishment in her future rank. She was, in fact, dancing. But here let me give the whole story as told by the lady's niece, not many years dead. There are gaps; but the gist of the plain, unvarnished tale is here, and may be relied on as authentic.

'I will now,' she says, after giving some particulars of the Countess's one sister and four brothers, the second of whom, John Hoggins, was the narrator's father—'I will now say something of the mysterious stranger's first appearance in Bolas, which was late in November 1788, about 8 P.M., in a heavy, driving snowstorm. A loud knock was heard at the door of Manor House Farm, which my grandfather opened; when he saw a tall, striking figure, wrapped in travelling-costume, who begged to be sheltered for the night. A chaise, he added, was at the door; the driver had lost his way, and they could go no farther. At first my grandfather refused him admittance; but after much solicitation, and assurance that he was making a tour of the country for the change, he was taken in. On that remarkable night the young people of the parish, as was then the custom, were assembled in the large parlour, taking dancing-lessons, preparatory to Christmas, from a master who was also the musician. The stranger said that he took a great interest in young people, and asked to be permitted to go in and see them. My grandmother had her best bedroom prepared for him, of course concluding that he would leave next morning. However, morning came, and many days passed, but he still lingered, taking an interest in the farm and the pursuits of the family. His prolonged stay caused much rumour in the neighbourhood as to who he was; he had plenty of money, and was a gentleman in manners, appearance, and conversation. After some weeks he left, returning again unexpectedly, and with more money. On this his second visit he purchased ten acres of land from Mr Taylor, and commenced building Bolas—now Burleigh—

Villa. The marriage took place, as the register shows, on the 13th of April 1790. It was then, or very shortly after, that Mr Jones, as he had called himself, revealed his true name to my aunt and her parents, when they were married again, but where I never heard. Soon after the second marriage they went to reside at Bolas Villa, where Henry, the first child, was born and died. He was interred near the pulpit in Bolas Church, a small tablet being placed over the spot.'

It needs surely no great stretch of credulity to believe, what is well known locally, that the Hogginses were no rough labourers or cottage-farmers. Is it likely that in 1788 such a man with a family of six children would have had a best bedroom in which to accommodate 'Mr Jones'? Cecil, as the above narrative shows, came to the Hoggins rooftree entirely by chance, and in ignorance of what attractions it sheltered. There was no sweet face at the window, no girlish figure in the poultry-yard, to arrest him. Other substantial farmers lived in the village, as one historian has gone out of his way to show. That being the case, is it likely, again, that the postillion or driver would have selected a little cottage as the most likely place at which to obtain shelter for his employer, his cattle, and himself; or that, had he done so, the occupant would not have directed him to more substantial hospitality?

Thomas Hoggins was, in fact, a well-to-do farmer or yeoman, and probably quite as proud of his family and pedigree as was the future Earl of his. Looking down—especially in 1788—an Earl might fail to see much difference, matrimonially considered, between farmers and labourers. Looking up, farmer and labourer alike would regard a coronet with reverence. But Sarah Hoggins did not come to Henry Cecil as a labourer's daughter would have come. She wrote a better hand, as the register shows, than could well have been acquired in eighteen months; and as the eldest girl, and consequently the drudge, of a labourer's family, it is improbable that she would have been able to write at all in November 1788. She had certainly not been 'finished' at Paris; but to the present writer's knowledge even that would not have been quite out of the question for the child of the remote Shropshire farmer.

In November 1788 Sarah Hoggins was fifteen and a half years of age, having been born on the 28th of June 1773. She was thus almost seventeen at the time of the Bolas marriage. The ages also of her brothers and sister are not without interest, as I hope to show. When Sarah's lover first saw her and them, they were as follows: William, nearly fourteen; John, eleven and a half; Ann, nine and a half; Thomas, seven; James, four. Of the two younger boys, Thomas became a captain in the 89th Regiment, while James died in 1845, rector of Eltham, Kent. Both were so young at the time of their sister's change of circumstances that their education and cultivation with a view to advancement in life would be a comparatively easy matter; but what about William, aged fourteen? As a clod-hopping ploughboy, which the labourer's son was likely to be, he would surely take a great deal of polishing before he was at all fit to become, as he did, a captain in the 92nd Regiment. Doubtless, indeed, he owed his profession to his brother-in-law's influence; and if such were the case, the poor lad had little ultimate cause to be thankful for the family's brilliant alliance. He went down with the ill-fated transport *Aurora* when she was lost on the Goodwins in 1805 while conveying troops to Holland.

Those who take the trouble to peruse the Bolas marriage register will find it signed by a witness, John Picken. This gentleman, who gave the bride away, had married her mother's sister. Sarah's mother and aunt were the daughters of a clergyman named Bayley. Now, Macaulay's brilliant account of the social condition of the country clergy of a century before 1788 has come to be regarded as more showy and amusing than strictly accurate; and we may be pretty sure that in 1770 or thereabouts it was not a usual thing for a parson's daughter to marry a labourer.

There is a legendary story current that Sarah's father insisted on the suitor carrying a pig to Aqualate Hall, six miles away, as the price of his daughter's hand. I am not concerned to offer either denial or confirmation of this tale, having, like Andy, only 'heer'd tell' of it; but as a proof of the lowly station and vulgar breeding of Thomas Hoggins it is hardly a success. Such a wager or exhibition of muscular prowess would have been after the very heart of another Salopian of unquestionable pedigree, if eccentric manners and customs—one Mr John Mytton. Readers of the *Memoirs* of his meteoric and hardly edifying career can well imagine his accepting or proposing such a challenge with delight.

Finally, it will be seen that, however sudden was the impression made by Sarah's face on the future Lord of Burleigh—and it seems quite as likely that his love grew out of more mature acquaintance—Henry Cecil was at any rate not guilty of the indiscretion of marrying in haste. Doubtless he waited in hope of getting the wished-for divorce. Moreover, his bride, as we have seen, was still young—too young, indeed, when, after eighteen months of probation, he married her. He had ample time to look before he leapt; and it seems only fair to deduce from the facts that, supposing it to have been an instance of love at first sight, the farmer's daughter only developed in the year and a half traits which the more endeared her to her future husband.

'Thou shalt find there is nothing so irksome in life as a female fool.' These rather ominous

words from the husband of Mary Cheke are apt to suggest the fear that the future statesman did not find the beadle's daughter all his youthful fancy had painted her. But Burleigh was but twenty when he 'stooped to conquer,' while Henry Cecil was thirty-seven, had already experienced fifteen years of matrimonial life, and had probably more fully developed powers of selection. At any rate he paid his dead Countess what is, according to Dr Johnson, the highest possible compliment: he took a successor.

Letters of the Marquis written after his third marriage point to the fact that he was a careful and enthusiastic farmer, and also that he was on terms of friendly correspondence with at least one of his late wife's brothers. In a letter of 1802 to John Hoggins, the only brother who followed in his father's footsteps as a Shropshire yeoman, the Marquis enters into minute detail on the growing of chicory as a farm-crop (a subject dealt with in this *Journal* at page 652) and on the value of cattle as substitutes for horses in team-work. Lovers of animals may like to know that his teams for the plough consisted of five oxen 'of the large Holderness breed,' that one of the five was thus always enjoying an off-day, and that 'all rest on Sunday!' A nobleman conscious of a fatally false step matrimonially would, one thinks, incline to drop the lady's family five years after her own death.

MY AUSTRALIAN DUCHESS.

CHAPTER II.

THE matter of the lease once settled and the partnership-deed drawn up in our respective names, nothing remained but to purchase the necessary stock and to set off to the place itself. After that would come the real work, and work indeed it proved. My son, fine soldier and fine fellow though he is, will never have a similar experience. Sometimes now, when my vanity runs away with me and leads me to believe that I have something to say that may be of interest to my brethren in the Lords, and I rise and propound my views, I find myself wondering if it can be possible that I am the same man who helped to build the homestead at Yarley, who proved himself a very fair top-sawyer, and whose cooking was so bad that Farquhar was compelled at last, in sheer self-defence, to take the office over. However, that is neither here nor there. Let me come to what I consider the most important portion of my story.

I should here explain that, while to the east we had a neighbour, we had none on the other sides. The country thence—north, south, and west—had not then been taken up, and was all primeval bush. Our neighbour on the east was an Englishman; but it was not until we had been settled in our homestead some three months that we made his acquaintance. What rumour had told us of him we did not altogether care about; but as the information had filtered through several hands before it reached us, we were not disposed to attach too much importance to it. I was the first to satisfy myself on the subject, and this was how it came about.

For some few months we had had a considerable amount of trouble with the blacks on our western frontier, and we were resolved to put a stop to it at any cost. Our available force amounted to only eight men; and two of these, we had satisfied ourselves, were worse than useless.

'What about Bencliff?' inquired Farquhar when we talked the matter over. 'They've been harrying his southern boundary, so I understand. Perhaps he'd join us in punishing them. Why not ride over to-morrow and find out what he thinks about it? You could put up there for the night and be back here the night after. If he's agreeable, we'll teach the beggars a lesson they won't forget for years to come.'

This I willingly agreed to do; and, as soon as it was daylight and I had breakfasted, I set off on my errand. Little did I dream that I was undertaking the most important ride of my life.

I camped for a couple of hours at midday, and rode up to the station just as dusk was falling. Whatever Bencliff's faults may have been, it struck me that he had an eye for the picturesque. The homestead was charmingly situated on a slight eminence overlooking a lagoon. To the right was the stockyard, beyond it the men's hut, and behind all the scrub.

I rode up, and in the usual bush fashion was greeted by a pack of dogs, who made as if they would eat me and my horse as well. However, I dismounted and was about to enter the veranda, when I became aware that some one was coming towards me. I looked up and found myself confronted by a young girl, possibly eighteen years of age. So taken by surprise was I that I am afraid I stood and stared at her longer than was quite compatible with good breeding. I had not expected to find so beautiful a creature in such a place. She came forward to receive me without a trace of embarrassment. I introduced myself, and inquired for Mr Bencliff.

'He is out on the run,' she answered; 'but I expect him home this evening. Won't you unsaddle and come in? It is not often we see a visitor.'

Before I could stop her she was unstrapping my valise from the saddle. I begged her not to trouble; but she assured me, with a laugh, that she was used to such work. Then, when we had turned the horse loose, I followed her into the house. It was a strange dwelling, and unlike any other I had met with in the bush. What Bencliff's history may have been I did not then know, but the possessions he had brought with him into the wilds afforded me opportunity for reflection. On the walls of the broad, wainscoted hall were two or three pictures of undoubted merit. There was a moth-eaten fox's mask over one of the doors, and an antlered head above another. There were books of all sorts and descriptions in the dining-room; and, what struck me as having a certain significance, a cavalry sabre suspended above the chimneypiece.

'You have a charming homestead,' I said, turning to my hostess. 'When I compare ours with it, I must confess to a feeling of envy. Your father must be proud of it.'

'Mr Bencliff is not my father,' she answered, I thought almost sharply. 'He is my guardian. My father and mother died here when I was a little girl. This station is my property—not Mr Bencliff's.'

This came as a surprise to me; and yet, for some reason, I was conscious of a feeling of satisfaction at the news that she was not the man's daughter. However, before I could say anything in reply she had offered to show me my room; so, picking up my valise, I followed her down the passage to a room looking out over the back veranda. It was small, nicely though plainly furnished, and scrupulously neat. I wished now that it were possible for me to make a better toilet, but that couldn't be helped; so I washed off the stains of travel, and then went in search of my hostess.

I found her in the veranda, feeding with sugar a horse that had come up to the rails. I ventured to suggest that she was fond of horses.

'It would be strange if I were not,' she replied, 'seeing that I have been brought up among them. I understand them, and I think they understand me. But see, here comes Mr Bencliff. He is earlier than I expected. Whom can he have brought with him?'

I looked in the direction she indicated, and saw three men riding swiftly towards the house. As they approached I glanced at my companion's face, and discovered an expression of annoyance upon it.

When they reached the veranda-steps they dismounted, and two of them saluted my hostess. I argued, therefore, that the smallest of the trio must be the man whom I had come over to see. I am prepared to admit that I did not care much for his appearance. As I have already said, he was not a big man; his face was clean-shaven, and his complexion sallow; his eyes were his worst feature: they were small, set too close together, and had a shifty expression that I did not at all like. He seemed surprised to find a stranger waiting to greet him; and, if I could judge by his face, he was not at all pleased to see me. His manner, however, was cordiality itself.

'I am delighted to make your acquaintance,' he said. 'I was wondering when we should meet. Permit me to introduce you to my friends, Mr Grimshaw and Mr Evans.'

Though I shook hands with these two gentlemen, it must not be supposed that I was in any way glad to make their acquaintance, for two more unscrupulous-looking individuals I had never set eyes on. However, they were good enough to profess themselves delighted to see me. Meanwhile my hostess had taken no notice of them, save to give them a curt nod as they came up the steps into the veranda.

'Just an appetiser before dinner, Mr Farebrother,' said Bencliff, taking my arm as if we were old friends; 'it will wash the dust down and conduce, I hope, to our better acquaintance.'

For a moment I felt like declining his invitation; but as my hostess had retreated into the house, and I should have had to remain alone, I saw nothing for it but to accept. It appeared, however, that the decanter needed replenishing; and, asking us to excuse him, Bencliff left the room. An awkward pause followed his departure, which was not rendered any the more comfortable when we distinctly heard the girl ask Bencliff why he had brought those men home with him, when he knew that she had strictly forbidden it.

From the way she spoke I gathered that the young lady not only possessed a will of her own, but also that she could assert it to some effect when occasion demanded. What answer Bencliff made her I did not hear; but, from the way in which the two men nudged each other, I could see that they had overheard what had passed.

It was not until the evening meal was over and we were seated in the veranda that I broached the subject of my visit. Bencliff immediately professed himself as ready to assist, while Messrs Grimshaw and Evans were also good enough to offer me their services.

'I've been wanting to have a go at the brutes for a long time,' said Bencliff, 'and we ought to be able to teach them a lesson that will keep them quiet for several years to come.'

The expression upon his face as he said this was by no means a pleasant one. Badly as we had suffered, I pitied the wretched aboriginal who should have to rely upon such mercy as he might show him.

Later in the evening our hostess, who had been missing since dinner, made her appearance. She did not join our party, but strolled out into

the open space before the house. When, therefore, Bencliff left us to go indoors in search of spirits and glasses, I took advantage of the opportunity and joined her.

It was a beautiful night; not a sound could be heard save the voices of the men in the veranda and at the hut, and the cry of a night-bird in the scrub behind the house. A certain person has confessed to me since that she liked me from the first moment she saw me; so far as I am concerned, however, I will go further, and admit that I loved her from the same moment. Her name I had discovered earlier in the evening was Christine, and her father, Colonel Urquhart, had once commanded a well-known cavalry regiment. Being unable to go the pace, as it is called, he was compelled to sell out; whereupon he set sail with his wife and daughter for Australia, resolved to seek his fortune in that new land. The fortune, however, did not come quite as quickly as he had expected, and eventually they took up the station on which I was now a visitor. How Bencliff came upon the scene I have never been able to discover, and still less can I understand the reason that induced Urquhart to appoint him guardian to his only child.

The walk that evening was one of the most delightful I have ever known; but when we returned to the house, I could see from his manner that Bencliff did not altogether appreciate my sudden intimacy with his ward. However, he was wise enough to give me no hint of this.

Next morning I was easily persuaded to stay on and take a look at the run, possibly because Miss Urquhart offered to accompany us on our tour of inspection. Messrs Grimshaw and Evans had taken their departure before daylight, on some mysterious errand to the east, the details of which were not disclosed to me. After breakfast we set off, and in the course of our perambulations examined a wool-shed and some hundreds of very fine sheep, and later rode off across the plain to take a look at a certain deep water-hole which Bencliff declared he had never, even in the worst season, known to give out. It was at this point that a curious incident occurred, which was eventually to have disastrous consequences.

When we reached the hole in question some eight or ten horses were drinking at it. They were a nice-looking lot, and I was expressing my admiration when it struck me that one of them seemed strangely familiar to me. We had lost a beast very like it a month or two before, and had been unable to discover a trace of it. Yet how could it be? I looked again and again until I became convinced that it *was* the same animal. Bencliff, who had been watching me, now began to edge his horse away, with the evident intention of inducing me to follow him.

'You've seen enough of this—haven't you?' he asked; and then, consulting his watch, 'I see it's time to be getting back to lunch.'

But I was by no means satisfied.

'I was looking at that chestnut with the white stockings,' I said, pointing to the animal in question. 'He's a fine brute.'

'Not bad,' Bencliff replied, with a carelessness that I felt was assumed. 'I got him in a swop with a man some months back.'

While he had been speaking Miss Urquhart had rounded the mob up and had driven it towards us. As it happened, the horse in question trotted slowly past me. It was then that I was able to convince myself that the brand on his shoulder was our own.

'I thought so,' I said in a low voice, so that the girl should not hear. 'That's our brand, Mr Bencliff. The animal has been missing for a couple of months, and we couldn't trace him.'

'By Jove! you're right,' he cried, as if the fact had only just struck him. 'It *is* your brand. I never noticed that before. As a matter of fact, I haven't set eyes on the brute since I took him in exchange; otherwise I should certainly have sent him back to you.'

Unfortunately for him, Miss Urquhart had overheard what he said, and now came towards us.

'What is the matter?' she asked. 'What did you say about that horse, Mr Bencliff?'

I left my companion to explain. The situation was a decidedly awkward one.

'I was just telling Mr Farebrother,' he began after a moment's hesitation, 'how sorry I am that I did not notice before that this horse carries his brand. He tells me they lost it some months ago. Had I seen the horse lately'——

She looked at him in a peculiar way, and I saw her lip curl.

'You rode the horse nearly every day last week,' she said. Her face was as white as a sheet of note-paper.

What reply he would have made I cannot say; but I solved the difficulty by suggesting that we should hasten back to the homestead for lunch. I had no desire that this generous, high-spirited girl should share even in the imputation of having had a hand in the horse-stealing. If, as I expected he would do, Bencliff returned the animal, I was quite prepared to let the matter drop; but, as it happened, we had not done with the wretched affair. After lunch the man was called away for upwards of an hour, and Miss Urquhart and I found ourselves alone together in the veranda. For a time we talked on all sorts of subjects: England, which she could not remember; her life in the bush; and many others. As may be supposed, there was one topic that I desired to avoid. I was soon, however, to discover that she was determined not to shirk an explanation.

'Mr Farebrother,' she said, speaking slowly, 'I

want to tell you how ashamed I am that you should have discovered your horse on this station, and that it has been used by my trustee.'

'Please do not say anything about it, Miss Urquhart,' I hastened to say.

'But I must,' she replied. 'Had I known it before, the animal would have been returned to you at once. I hope you will believe that. I cannot think what Mr Bencliff was doing to have kept it here.'

I thought I could hazard a very good guess; but I was not going to put into words what I had in my mind; so I hastened to assure her that I was quite satisfied with Bencliff's explanation. Whether she believed me or not I cannot say; but it had the effect of putting an end to a discussion that could only have been painful for both of us.

Next morning I bade them good-bye, and returned to Yarley as thoroughly in love as any man could be. At supper that evening I described the success which had attended my visit, and I suppose, from my way of telling my story, must have permitted Farquhar to see that I was by no means anxious to avail myself of Bencliff's assistance.

'It's very evident you don't like the man,' he said. 'Are you inclined now to believe the rumours we have heard about him?'

'I am prepared to believe anything,' I stated. 'If you want my candid opinion, the man is a scoundrel of the first water.'

'That's rather strong, isn't it?' was the answer. 'But, as I know you wouldn't bring such a charge against a man unless you had some very good reason, may I ask what is the reason in this case?'

This was the question I had been dreading; but so far as I could see, there was nothing for it but to tell him everything. I thereupon set to work and got the business over as best I could. He drummed with his fingers on the table for nearly a minute before he replied.

'It's a bad business,' he said at length, 'and it's made all the worse by the fact that the man is our neighbour and Miss Urquhart's trustee. If he hadn't told the lie about not having seen the horse since he got him, one might have believed his story concerning the exchange. As it is, I think we'll omit him from our force when we go for the niggers.'

As it turned out, however, the arrangement we were thus planning was destined to fall through, for two days later the man in question put in an appearance. We were just about to sit down to our evening meal when I saw him riding up to the homestead, accompanied by his two precious friends, Messrs Grimshaw and Evans, and a black 'boy.' The last-named was leading the horse that had caused all the trouble. Bencliff and the other two men greeted me effusively, and were evidently determined not to be offended by the coolness of my welcome. According to custom, they turned their horses loose and placed their saddles in the veranda. From the fact that they had brought rifles with them, I gathered that they had come with the intention of carrying out the promise they had given me a few days before. Then Farquhar made his appearance, and I performed the ceremony of introduction.

'I told our friend Farebrother, here,' said Bencliff, 'that if we could be of any assistance we were quite ready to give you a hand in teaching the niggers a lesson. As there is not very much doing, we thought we would ride over to-day and find out whether you were ready to commence. The sooner they learn that spearing cattle and firing shepherds' huts is not an amusement to be indulged in with impunity the better it will be for all parties concerned.—What do you say, Grimshaw?'

Mr Grimshaw quite agreed with his friend, and capped his assertion with an oath; while Mr Evans inclined to the belief that if all the aboriginals on the continent were to suffer instant death he would not be grievously concerned at their departure.

As they had come to help us in response to our own request, it was impossible for us to refuse their assistance. Accordingly we arranged that on the morrow we would pay a visit to a portion of the station where the blacks had made themselves particularly obnoxious during the last few weeks. As soon as it was light, therefore, we set off, hoping by nightfall to reach a stockmen's hut on the left bank of the river, some forty miles from the homestead. The two men who occupied it had been in our employ since we had taken up the country, and were both fine, fearless fellows. Times out of number we had warned them to keep a sharp eye on the natives, and to run no undue risk. Our horror may be imagined, therefore, at the discovery we made on reaching the hut. The place had been fired, and only the bare slab walls were standing. Wilson, the elder of the men, had been speared, and lay dead upon the threshold; the other was still living, but so badly wounded that he had scarcely time or strength left to tell us how it had happened. It appeared that the blacks had come down on them about ten o'clock on the previous night, in number something approaching a couple of hundred. After several ineffectual attempts, they had at last succeeded in lodging a fire-stick on the dry wooden roof. The end came very soon then. Wilson opened the door, and was speared immediately; the other had remained inside until the heat drove him out, when he was speared and clubbed before he had gone many yards.

'The brutes shall pay dearly for this,' said Farquhar savagely as he knelt beside the dying man.—'My poor fellow, is there nothing we can do for you to make you easier?'

'I am afraid not, sir,' the man replied. 'It's all over with me. Well, thank God! I'm alone in the world; but I'd like to have had a go at them rascals, if it was only for what they did to poor old Bill there.'

In something less than an hour he was dead, and we buried the two men together a short distance away from the hut where they had lost their lives. Then we went on, and camped a mile or so farther up the river. Neither Farquhar nor myself talked very much on the way; we did not feel in the humour for it; but Bencliff and his two companions made up for our silence with threats of what they would do on the morrow. Once I thought my partner was going to bid them hold their tongues; but he checked himself in time.

As you may suppose, we were careful to keep a good lookout that night; but we saw nothing of the miscreants. Next morning, however, the smoke of their warning-fires could be plainly seen on the hills across the river. From this it was evident that they were aware of our arrival, and were watching our movements. At midday we camped again for a meal and also to rest our horses. We were now drawing closer to the Ranges, as wild and desolate a stretch of country as the mind of man could imagine.

LIFE IN A HAMMOCK.

WHEN the discoverers of America first landed in the West Indies they found that the natives used a kind of bed hung from the trees, and manufactured of a fibre which was hardly known to the adventurers. It is to the Indians of the Western Hemisphere, therefore, that we are indebted solely or mainly for these two articles now so common in all parts of the world, but especially in the tropics: cotton fibre and hammocks. For, though cotton was imported from India and from Spain and manufactured in various parts of Europe for centuries before the discovery of America, the trade was of small importance till import from America began.

The word hammock comes from the Spanish *hamaca*, derived from the language of the aboriginal West Indians, and is not related, as might be supposed, to the German *Hangematte* (literally, 'hanging mat'), which is of independent origin, probably suggested by similarity of sound.

Although hammocks as we know them may be said to be an invention of the Indians of tropical America, hanging beds of various kinds have been in use from the remotest ages, their simplicity and convenience doubtless suggesting them independently to people in all countries. In no part of the world, however, is the science of life in a hammock better understood than among the natives of the West Indies and the Spanish Main, especially in Venezuela. To the native the hammock is probably his most valued possession. It is his chair and lounge by day and his bed by night; it can be extemporised into a kind of covering for his nakedness, though in his opinion this is the least important of all its uses; it is his cradle at birth, and the sofa in which at a later age he conducts his courtship, for a hammock is both luxurious and convenient for a *tête-à-tête* interview. It is easy to understand how much time is spent in the hammock in tropical countries, so productive of languor and inimical to physical exertion. Then at death the native is enveloped in the folds of the hammock in which he had so often rested during his lifetime, and consigned to mother-earth. Some Indians, however, are said to bury their dead in the water; and among ourselves this custom is not unknown, as the bodies of sailors who die at sea are sewn up in a hammock or piece of canvas, and so consigned to the deep.

Some of the Indian tribes inhabiting the regions of the Orinoco have a curious mode of disposing of their dead chieftains. The body is placed in a hammock of netting and lowered into the water, where it is at once attacked by a number of flesh-eating fish, which in a short time completely consume the more perishable parts, leaving only the clean-picked skeleton, which is then taken out of the water and preserved. These fish, known as 'caribs,' are so fierce that they will even attack bathers; and on this account bathing in some parts is dangerous. The designation 'carib' seems to be not unconnected with the Indian race so called, who were known to be man-eaters; indeed, our own word 'cannibal' is said to be a corruption of their name.

In warm climates hammocks may be considered a necessity rather than a luxury. On hot nights, when not a breath of air is stirring, lying in bed becomes a torture and sleep an impossibility. In these circumstances a hammock becomes indispensable. It is at all times cooler than a bed; and as it is swung to and fro it creates a gentle and refreshing current of air, which also tends to banish inquisitive mosquitoes. Where these insects are very numerous, a mosquito-curtain, which can be easily attached to a hammock, will be found necessary; and mosquitoes are not the only insects that may be banished by the use of a hammock.

Though a very simple matter, comparatively few people understand the art of lying in a hammock; it must be learnt from the experienced. The hammock should be suspended from strong hooks about eight or ten feet above the ground and from fifteen to twenty feet apart,

the length of the ropes by which it is hung being so adjusted that when one is sitting in the hammock the feet may rest on the ground; but allowance should be made for sagging, as it will sink slightly under the weight of the occupant. When one is reclining in a hammock the proper position is not lengthwise, as is generally assumed by a novice, nor crosswise, but in a diagonal position. In that position the body is perfectly straight and horizontal, thus affording greater comfort and freedom of movement. This position, however, is only practicable in a properly constructed hammock of sufficient width; and most of the hammocks sold in the shops in England do not come under this category, some of them being mere instruments of torture in which sleep is impossible. Many seem to consider it necessary to stretch out the hammock transversely by means of wooden spreaders fixed near the ends; but in tropical countries these spreaders are never used, nor is it easy to see how they are consistent with comfort or the maintenance of a correct position.

The occupant of the hammock may rock himself to sleep by a very simple device. A rope is fastened at a point a few feet off, at the same height as the sleeper and at a right angle to the hammock, when a continual oscillation may be kept up by pulling on this rope from time to time; and if the hammock is well and freely hung, one or two pulls on the rope will keep it swinging a long time like a pendulum, thus rendering it possible for the occupant to rock himself to sleep. A sick patient finds a hammock invaluable, as it enables him to lie in reclining positions which would be impossible in a bed. It is also cooler, and its gentle rocking motion is very soothing to the sufferer. The hammock is much more portable than a bed or litter; and when slung on a pole borne on the shoulders of two men, it forms an admirable means of transport for the sick and wounded, as it ensures a minimum of motion, all jolting being avoided and a perfect equilibrium maintained. This method of transport is still in common use among the American Indians and the natives of the West Coast of Africa, and also in other parts of the world, for the conveyance of the healthy as well as the sick. We can well imagine it to be a luxurious mode of travelling in a tropical climate; and for the conveyance of sick and wounded it is commended to the attention of our military authorities. A friend of the writer who travelled thus on the West Coast of Africa stated that so little motion was felt that he could sleep placidly in his hammock even while traversing long stretches of rough and broken country.

The Japanese, certainly a cultured people, have shown us how it is possible to live comfortably without beds, tables, or chairs. At night they sleep on the scrupulously clean matting-covered floor, enveloped in suitable coverings, which are rolled up and laid aside during the day. A people who sit cross-legged require neither chairs nor tables. Thus the frugal Jap needs very little household furniture, and with the rural native of South America it is much the same. It has been the writer's lot to travel day after day in the remote interior of South America, in parts where beds were almost unknown. On alighting at night at a humble wayside hostelry, exhausted after a long day's ride, he would be shown to his sleeping-quarters, the only furniture in the room probably being a washstand and basin; but two strong hooks were fastened in the walls for suspending the hammock, which, like every other traveller in these regions, he carried with him. Sometimes the room contains a chair and table; but such articles are looked on as quite unnecessary, and are furnished only in deference to the tastes of the fastidious foreigner. Travellers in the forest frequently swing their hammocks from the trees, and so pass the night *al fresco*. A fire is kindled to keep off mosquitoes and wild animals; but this is not always effectual, as in one case known to the writer, notwithstanding this precaution a traveller was seized while asleep in his hammock and carried off by a jaguar, or South American tiger.

In tropical America many kinds of hammocks are used. There is the Brazilian grass hammock, hammocks of cloth of various kinds, of canvas, and of netting; and no little ingenuity is spent in the decoration of some of them, especially in costly ornamental fringes, sometimes made of feathers of variegated colours. These hammocks are of all sizes, ranging from those intended for new-born infants to large ones in which a whole family may take their siesta. In Yucatan netting hammocks made of sisal-hemp may be bought of the Indians for a trifle. The Venezuelan Indians make hammocks of cotton fibre, not netted together, but interlaced in a peculiar fashion, and giving way like a spring mattress to every motion of the body. Europeans who buy them complain that the buttons of their clothing get entangled in the loose strands; but then Indians are not much troubled with buttons, nor indeed with clothing of any kind. There is another very luxurious kind of Venezuelan hammock called the Margarita hammocks, from the island of that name, where they seem to be manufactured. They are made in all sizes, of a peculiar cloth resembling silk, soft but very strong and durable, and are sold by weight. The writer has only seen them in Venezuela; but it would appear that they can also be obtained in the neighbouring British colony of Trinidad.

Hammocks are sometimes recommended as a preventive or palliative of sea-sickness; but their efficacy in this respect has not been proved, though it is true they always maintain a vertical position. This, however, is not sufficient, for the following reason: a vessel at sea is subject

to three different motions—namely, rolling, or swinging from side to side; pitching, or a see-saw motion from stem to stern; and ''scending,' the up-and-down, lifting and sinking motion as she alternately rises on the crest of a billow and sinks again in the trough of the sea. It is the latter motion which is the most distressing and most productive of sea-sickness, and the ''scending' motion is increased rather than diminished by the use of a hammock.

THE BETHEL STONE.

CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning, Danvers, carrying his sketching equipment, climbed the flight of eighty-seven granite steps, known as Jacob's Ladder, that leads from the High Street of Langissack abruptly to the cliffs.

He had said to his landlord, 'I must make good use of this glorious weather.' And Bolitho replied, 'Iss, fay; for we do get more'n our share o' wet in these parts. When the windows o' heaven be a bit open other places, in Langissack they'm clean out o' their sashes.'

At the top of Jacob's Ladder are the allotment gardens, and beyond is a wind-swept, grassy table-land much used for the spreading of nets and drying of linen. Danvers rested a minute at the top of the Ladder, and looked down on the curious little Cornish town—strangely huddled in some parts, strangely straggling in others—over which the blue smoke hung languorously in the sunshine. On the heights there was a fresh breeze, and the festoons of linen flapped and bellied in the wind.

The morning fitted his mood, for he was in an ecstasy of inspiration. Already he had settled in his mind the main features of his picture. His fancy ran away with him, and he saw in imagination the painting finished, framed, and honourably hung in the Academy, bringing him fame and fortune.

A white thing, like a huge butterfly, fluttered past him in the breeze, and he heard behind him the screams and laughter of women; and, looking back, he saw a girl running in pursuit of the fugitive linen. She had almost captured it when the malicious wind lifted it to a farther flight, and it seemed likely that the garment would be swept out to sea. Dropping his easel, Danvers joined the chase, and arrested the truant at the very edge of the cliff. When the panting girl approached and gasped her thanks, taking the garment from his hand with a modest air of embarrassment, he saw to his joy that it was his acquaintance of yesterday, Zillah Trethewey, the girl of the hymn-book who had so gloriously aspired for a thousand tongues. She was flushed and breathless, and looked lovelier than ever in her dress of workaday print.

When Danvers regained his easel he asked politely, 'Can you tell me by what path I can reach the quarry by the cliffs?'

'I will show 'e the path, sir,' answered the girl, addressing the stranger with the frankness of the peasant. Then, as they drew nearer the women and the lines of linen, she called, 'Agatha! I'll be back soon. I'm showing the gentleman the quarry-path over Braddock.'

Agatha smiled; she held four clothes-pegs between her teeth, and the smile was consequently expansive. 'Seemin' to me,' said the woman to herself, 'what wi' Sunday praichin' an' week-day goings-on, the old quarry's gettin' 'most so busy as 'twas when they digged the stone there.'

As Danvers and the girl walked together over the cliffs there came on the wind the shrill reproach of Agatha: ''Tes a merracle thee hasn't lawst thy best broidered'—— But the tail of the sentence was blown away to sea.

The artist stole many appreciative glances at his companion, though the prospect might well have claimed his undivided admiration. Northward there were upland farms and tracts of heathery moor; and to the south a glorious stretch of sea graduated in colour from an immediate green to a distant ultramarine; there were brown-sailed fishing-boats in the bay, and the heavy smoke of a far steamer smirched a league of the horizon.

'Are you going to sketch the quarry, sir?' asked the girl.

'Yes; in fact, I've a larger project in my mind. I was so impressed with the scene of your quarry-service yesterday that I hope to make a big picture of it. I may have to claim the kindness of the good folks of Langissack, for I would like to introduce into the painting some of the real people of the place, and shall want many models.'

'I'm sure everybody will be delighted,' cried the girl. 'My father is chapel-steward—Mr John Trethewey, up to the tannery; and if you will come to see him, he will be delighted to hear about the picture.'

'And yourself, Miss Trethewey? May I hope to include you in my picture?'

She flushed with evident pleasure, and said demurely, 'Yes, I reckon I would like to be there—with the rest.'

The path led over Braddock Moor, and they left the shining sea behind them. Zillah Trethewey was conscious of a tall figure following them at a distance; and a smile played about her mouth, and there was a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

They passed the old British encampment—

the site, perhaps, of grim fights in prehistoric times: the scene, certainly, of the less sanguinary battles of differing antiquaries; then the path grew very steep, and the quarry lay at their feet like a broken cup. They stood for a minute at the rim of the cup, and Danvers, pointing to a rude stone structure half-way down the slope, asked, 'What is that building?'

''Tis the old quarry-house,' said the girl, 'where they kept the tools and the blasting-powder.'

'And that curious stone?' he continued, indicating a strange, egg-shaped mass of granite that stood nearer.

''Tis the Bethel Stone,' answered she; 'it first stood here where we stand; but once when they were blasting the rock it fell over into the quarry. 'Tis balanced like a logan-stone, and a strong man can budge it. Folks say the Druids first set 'en up; but 'twas named the Bethel Stone in the old preaching days, for many sawls were brought to conviction at the quarry-meetings.'

They scrambled down, and Danvers curiously examined the ancient stone, patched with yellow lichen and seamed and scarred with the storms of ages. He set his shoulder against it to test its movability; but he could not disturb the gravity of the great mass. Zillah Trethewey watched the attempt with a smile, and said with something of derision, 'It takes a strong man to shift it; 'tis beyond 'e.'

Looking up, she saw against the sky at the rim of the quarry a tall man pacing to and fro, and occasionally looking down at them. She fluttered her handkerchief, and the man stopped; she beckoned him, and he stood hesitating at the brink; then she made a trumpet of her hands, and screamed, 'Da—vid!'

''Tis David Pentreath,' she explained as the man approached; and Danvers perceived that he was a veritable giant in stature and finely formed. The artist's eye was quick to note the singular beauty of the man's face, clean-shaven, dark, with passionate eyes. His dress indicated the fisherman; yet there was a certain air of distinction about him, and he looked like a gentleman masquerading in coarse garments.

'David,' said the girl, 'this gentleman would like to see you move the Bethel Stone.'

The great fellow placed his two hands against the rock, seemingly without much effort, and the mass of granite distinctly oscillated.

'You must be enormously strong, my friend!' cried Danvers. The girl cast a proprietary glance at David, and smiled proudly as though she herself had moved the stone.

They descended to the bed of the quarry, and Danvers pitched his easel near the spot where he had witnessed the service.

'Be 'e coming home-along, Zillah?' asked David; but the girl lingered while the painter unpacked his sketch-box.

'Be 'e coming home-along, Zillah?' he repeated impatiently. She did not answer; she seemed fascinated by the display of tubes and brushes.

A flush crept over the olive face of David Pentreath; and, turning on his heel, he strode angrily away. Once he looked back, and saw the painter already busy with his sketch, and Zillah Trethewey watching the work over the man's shoulder.

Then Pentreath remembered that he had some business with Bolitho at the 'Plume of Feathers,' and walked rapidly into Langissack.

. . . . . .

When the steamer *Magellan* was lost on the Mullet Ridge off Langissack in the memorable storm of November 1873, among other wreckage flung ashore was an immense section of Californian timber—intended, it was thought, for some botanical museum, so large was its girth of bark—which lay upon the beach above high-water-mark for several weeks, till Bolitho conceived the idea of hauling it home and making a big outdoor bench of it. He fixed it at the back of the inn by the skittle-alley; and on fine days the men would use this great table for their mugs and glasses. Its expanse of surface irresistibly invited the pocket-knives of the diligent, and the table was soon scored with names and initials till in time it was covered; and a newer generation, for lack of space, impiously cut deep through the letters and emblems of their elders, and the table was a carven palimpsest.

David Pentreath was seated at this bench, discussing with Bolitho the freightage of some barrels to Porthillian, when he abruptly paused in his bargaining, and striking the wood fiercely with his fist, asked, 'What fool hath been carving thy table?'

The landlord looked up in amazement, and said, ''Tis purty late in the day to putt that question, considerin' that every man-jack in the town hath scored 'en these eighteen years. What fool hath abeen carvin'! He! he! he! What fool hathn't?'

But the gaze of Pentreath was angrily riveted on some newly-cut letters, littered with fresh chips; and the letters spelt 'Zillah.'

'Dicky Pascoe was in this mornin',' said Bolitho. 'I reckon that's his handiwork.'

Oblivious of the half-settled question of the freight, Pentreath abruptly left the astonished landlord, and scoured the town in search of Pascoe. He found the culprit upon the beach, busy with a can of white paint on the stern of an old boat.

Dicky Pascoe was a little fat man of thirty or thereabout; his red face was round as an infant's, and his trousers and guernsey fitted him with a skin-like tightness; the curves of him were cherubic. It was as though Cupid had grown up and become fisherman.

'Dick Pascoe, I want a word with 'e!' cried Pentreath savagely.

'Wan minute!' answered the little man. 'I'm a-titivatin' the old girl; I got a bit ashamed o' her.' The name *Susanna* gleamed in wet paint upon the stern, and Pascoe was retouching the half-obliterated flourishes that flanked the letters. 'When I've finished this twiddle I'll attend to 'e.'

Pentreath gave the boat a mighty kick that moved her two points upon the sand. 'I'll teach 'e to carve letters on tavern-benches!'

'Carve letters! Bless my sawl! who made 'e lord an' maister o' the alphabet?'

'What business hadst 'e to score the name o' Zillah at the "Feathers"?'

'Business? No business; 'twas a pleasure; 'tes the purty name o' a purty maid, an' 'tes a brave, purty bit o' carvin'. Did 'e notice the hangles o' the Z?'

'I'll knock the bones out o' 'e for that job!' cried David, advancing.

The little man rolled up the sleeves of his guernsey over his plump arms; and, assuming an attitude of defence, he confronted the aggressor.

The absurdity of the situation was too much for Pentreath; he relaxed his clenched fist, and said, 'Darn 'e, Pascoe! you'm too small to smite!'

Pascoe beamed. 'For the matter o' that, Dave Pentreath, there's two sorts o' smallness: there's littleness o' body an' littleness o' mind; an' for all the length an' width o' 'e, you'm a bit narra-minded. As for the carvin', there's no harm in it—'twas just a passin' fancy. If you reckon the maid's yours I'll apologise; if she ed'n, I wont.'

Pentreath turned away, and was walking across the beach when Dicky ran up beside him. 'We won't quarrel, Dave; you an' me ha' knawed wan another too long for that.'

David did not answer, but walked on with vast strides, so that the other had to break into a little trot to keep pace with him.

'Tell 'e what, Dave,' said the little fellow; 'you'm a bit too sober-minded for the women. 'Tes no good to go courtin' with a frown so black's a tar-brush. You must tickle the fancy o' 'em; you must coax 'em, Dave, an' you must flatter 'em; for they all do dearly love a l'il sawft word, even if 'tes a bit o' a lie. I do knaw what I'm tellin' 'e, for I've courted scores o' maidens in my day: I was always a worshipper o' the women. Bless thy sawl! I make rhymes to 'em; not book rhymes, but fitty rhymes out o' my awn head—all hextempor', like a super's sermon. There's Jago's maid, up to Penidden. 'Twas only yesterday I said to her, "Dinah, my beauty, I be terrible fond o' 'e!" "Since when?" asked the maid, knawin' I'm a bit o' a wanderer. "Since the mornin'," says I; "for love's like fish, my dear: the fresher the better." "An' how long will it last?" saith the maid. An' what do 'e think I answered? The words flashed into my mind so quick's lightnin':

> "Till the hills be flat,
> An' the moon falls scat."

There's a rhyme for 'e, Dave; there's inspiration for 'e. Aw, iss! I was always a terrible worshipper o' the women. So long, Dave!' And the chubby Lothario went back to his boat and his paint-pot.

. . . . . .

That night, as was his solitary habit, Pentreath paced the deserted quay of Langissack, smoking his last pipe. It was notably clear, and the sky was aglitter with stars; but David had no regard for the firmament; his gaze was towards the constellation of lights that sprinkled the upper region of the town, and focussed on one faint, luminous square—a white window-blind, dimly irradiated by a candle; and when the square was suddenly blotted out, indicating that Zillah Trethewey had gone to bed, David knocked out the ashes of his pipe and heaved a mighty sigh. There ran through his brain the absurd jingle of Pascoe:

> Till the hills be flat,
> An' the moon falls scat!

The big fellow half-wished that he was nimble of thought and speech, and a master of such trivialities of wooing.

But cannons are not loaded with rabbit-shot.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDS.

PART II.

THE Professor Leslie alluded to in our last part was the great mathematician who was later Sir John Leslie. He was the friend of Adam Smith, and travelled with Wedgwood and Robert Gordon. He succeeded Playfair at Edinburgh in the Mathematical chair in 1805, and in the chair of Physics in 1819; he discovered the process of artificial freezing, and was the author of many learned papers. He died in 1832. Dr Thomas Charles Hope was Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University, and held several high scientific appointments. He died in 1844. Robert Jamieson, mineralogist, was Professor of Natural History in the university from 1804, and was very

instrumental in improving the museum there, and contributed many papers on his own subject to the Natural History Society. One of the most remarkable men in the clerical world of that day in Edinburgh was the Rev. Robert Gordon, D.D. He was appointed minister to several of the principal churches in succession, and in 1825 was at the New North Church. He was a saintly man, an acute and original thinker, and an eloquent preacher. He seceded with most of his congregation of the High Church at the Disruption, May 1843, and became known as one of the 'Disruption Worthies.' The Mr Alison whose chapel is alluded to in the next paragraph was the celebrated writer on *Taste*, and was regarded with much esteem by the learned society of the time. The father of Sir Archibald Alison, he wrote many sermons and essays, and was minister of the Episcopal Chapel, Cowgate, which congregation moved afterwards to St Paul's, York Place.

'*Sunday, 8th January.*—Went to Mr Alison's chapel; heard Mr Williams preach on the Divinity of our Saviour. Dined with Mr D. Constable. Miss C. received a letter from Laint saying she would be in town to-morrow. We had Mr W—— at dinner, and a son of Professor Wallace came in the evening; he is preparing for the Scotch Church (Kirk); his deafness would prevent his succeeding in any other profession. He is more attached to the Church of England.

'*9th January.*—Paid a visit to Miss Constable. Walked to the Hills. Coming from College on my way home, when I had just passed Professor Wallace's house I heard some rapping at the window, and on looking round saw L., who beckoned to me. I of course returned, when she asked me would I wish to be introduced to Miss Wallace? So I went in; was introduced to Miss W., a nice little girl about nineteen, with two beautiful dimples. L. asked me had I not often seen Miss W. before? Miss W. said she was sure I never had; but I said I had. Miss W. then said she never saw me before. I told her that was very possible, but that he would be a stupid fellow who could pass *her* by without seeing her; told her that I had seen her in the early part of the day. She asked me had she music in her hand? Told her it was not at that I was looking. She gave me some cake, and introduced me to the Professor (Mrs W. is dead). L. asked her would she go on Friday to see the skating? We were to go, but I prophesied it would be a bad day (and so it was for me).'

The next two days are recorded as being excessively cold, and the entries only mention his having 'got a bad cough and cold;' but, feeling better on the 12th, 'walked to Princes Street; but while talking to Mr Constable grew very faintish; was obliged to go back in a carriage;' and the next evening 'felt better, yet rather weak; went down to the drawing-room; had on my surtout, but nothing on my head;' while the following morning, 'a fresh cold in my head. The Misses P. very kind; wanted to send for their doctor, but I would not; afraid he would order bleeding, which I intend to put off as long as possible.

'*16th January.*—Up at ten; much better. Surprised that Mr C. had not sent to inquire after me.

'*17th January.*—Went to Princes Street, and, to my great astonishment, was told that Mr C. went to London last Friday. Went to St Vincent Street, but was informed that Mr D. C. was gone to London and Miss C. to Polton. Felt sorry for this, as my friends were scarce, but are now fewer in town. Called into Maclachlan and Stewart's. Heard a person say there that Constable had failed. L. asked me did I hear of it? But I told him that it was nonsense, and the report originated in consequence of his going to London. Would not believe it; but having heard it at home in the evening, I began to think it must have some good foundation.

'*18th January.*—On my way to College met Mr L., who asked me had I heard anything since about Constable? Told me it was quite true. When I went to Princes St. one of the clerks told me of it. Paid a visit to the Siddons; they were aware of the fact. Got a great scolding from Miss Siddons for not coming oftener: told me her mamma would not ask me again; for having often asked me and also given me a general invitation—which very few ever got—yet I only dined with them once though ten weeks in Scotland. Went to the theatre in the evening: *Twelfth Night:* feel a growing taste for Shakespeare. Wrote to my father to acquaint him about Constable, who also wrote to him a fortnight ago.

'*19th January.*—Walked out to Polton. Rev. Mr Mackenzie came half the way; indeed he is a delightful fellow, a man quite after my own heart. When I came up to the house, perceived the drawing-room window-shutters closed. It made me hesitate, for I thought all within must be very sad. First saw Miss C., who did not allude to the calamity, though we had a *tête-à-tête;* nor did Mrs C. until after dinner; but Miss Anne C. did, and it was like her. She spoke very feelingly: said she did not care provided her father could pay all; but if he did not she would be unhappy. Asked me what she should do with her pony. Told her to send it to grass. "But who will pay for it?" she immediately said. Told her to send it to Miss Wilkie. Said she was thinking of that, but of course would make it a present to her. I said there was no occasion for that, as Miss Wilkie would have the use of it, without any expense or trouble. Said in either case she would consider herself indebted to Miss W. Mrs C. told me that Mr C. had failed partly in consequence of Hurst & Co., and also of Ballantyne and Sir W.; but this only proved how ignorant she was of the business,

for this last house . . . quite in consequence of Constable. Dined with them; returned by the coach. Called on Mr Mackenzie according to promise.

'20*th January*.—Heard from one of Constable's head-clerks that his affairs were very bad. He talked of the stock being sold. It is reported to-day that Ballantyne & Co. will continue, as the Royal Bank and Sir Walter's friends will assist.

'21*st January*.—Called on Mr Mackenzie. We took a walk to Leith; talked a great deal of the Constables and then the "Predestination." Called on the Siddons, and invited myself for Sunday.

'22*nd January*.—Called on the Misses Siddons to go with them to church, but was late, for they were gone. However, I was in quite time enough, and got a good seat in their church. Heard Mr Shannon preach; it was on the good effects produced by affliction. Went again in the afternoon (two o'clock), and heard Mr Ramsay; it was on the three Creeds; he is going regularly through the Articles. Dined with the Siddons; met a Mr Noel, a near relative of Lord Byron: he was brought up for an independent gent., but now must study medicine.

23*rd January*.—'Mr Constable returned to-day, but was not visible; did not go to his own house, but to Mr Cadell's. The weather is quite soft and mild.

'24*th January*.—Mr C. did not go to Princes St. to-day. Great rumours of large failures. A meeting to be held on Saturday of Mr C.'s creditors.

'25*th January*.—Mr C. in Princes St. I felt somewhat awkward on seeing him, and stayed reading in the shop until he called me; he seemed very low-spirited and quite unconscious how things are to go on.

'26*th January*.—Went to Princes St. Saw Sir Walter with Mr C. Asked Mr C. was he in good spirits? Said he was, all things considered; but Sir W. really looked miserable. Spent the evening with a Mr Ramsay. The next day commenced translating the Hebrew Bible; think it rather easy.

'28*th January*.—Paid a visit to Mrs Siddons; heard some delightful music. There were two Misses Wilson there, who sang the melodies beautifully, particularly "Rich and Rare." A Mr Gregory, very young, played the guitar and sang. It was all delightful. Mrs Siddons asked me to dinner. Went to the theatre in the evening. *Elizabeth; or, The Exiles*. Mrs S. was Elizabeth; it was very well acted.

'29*th January*. — Went to hear my friend M'Kenzie preach at the Canongate Church; text, "Be thou reconciled to God." It was good, but there was too much logic. Diction good; prayers good; but why not introduce the Lord's Prayer? Good to pray for Great Britain, but why omit Ireland? Went with the Misses Siddons to church; heard Mr Ramsay (see Ser.-bk.). Dined at home.'

The Mr Ramsay here referred to was doubtless the well-known and popular Dean Ramsay, so highly regarded for his zeal and tolerant disposition. He came to Edinburgh in 1823, and was incumbent of St George's and St Paul's in succession, and was later assistant minister at St John's. In 1846 he was made Dean of the diocese, and refused the bishoprics of New Brunswick, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. He wrote a biography of Dr Chalmers, but is best remembered by his delightful *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, first published in 1857, which has gone through many editions. Dean Ramsay died in 1876, aged eighty-three.

'30*th January*.—A holiday in College. King Charles went to a party at Mrs Ramsay's; saw the Scottish reels danced for the first time; don't much admire them.

'31*st January*.—Saw Mr Constable. He was very dull. Said he was much obliged to me for my visits; that he wished to know who his friends are. Said he was disappointed that many of his friends had not called. Told him he should make allowances; that people seemed to think he was too much occupied to see a visitor. Told him Professor Leslie had been inquiring of me for him. Desired me to tell the Professor he would take it as a great favour if he would call. Asked me did I call at St Vincent St. often? Said they were very dull there. Went there immediately; saw Miss Anne: not looking well. Went into dining-room; the table was covered with books preparing, as I understood, to be sold. Mr D. C. seemed in tolerable spirits. Asked me to dinner, but could not; gave me a general invitation for every or any day in the week. Miss A. gave me a hint that Miss Wallace was to be there Thursday; to bring her to dinner, it being her brother's birthday.

'1*st February* 1826.—Saw Mr C. again to-day; he told me of Kay's great failure, but seemed to have expected it. Went to St Vincent Street. Met Mackenzie; we dined there; had more "predestination," or rather fatalism. We were at it from five to ten o'clock; then we walked home together. Heb. doing well.

'2*nd February*.—Mr C. not able to come to town; went to St Vincent Street. Saw Miss Wallace. Walked with them to Argyle Square, where Miss W. lives. Poor Miss C. feels awkward meeting her friends, though they are, of course, very kind to her.

'3*rd February*.—Saw Mr C. He again expressed much gratification at my visits; gave me a warm squeeze; told me Miss Margt. C. was in town, but that Miss C. is very poorly. This I was very sorry to hear; she is a delicate plant, and has but a short time to live. Went to St Vincent Street to see Maggy, and was delighted; it was mutual, for she came forward a second time and shook hands. In the evening went to Mrs Drybrough's to tea. No letters from home, nor the gown yet come. Read every morning till one; get up soon after eight.

'4*th February*.—Had a ride for two hours

after Dr Hope's class, which is the only one on Saturday. Met Miss Wallace; she talked of Dr Brinkley, Dr MacDonnell, and Dr Lardner; knows them all; is rather musical, but cannot have a refined taste, for she prefers, after the Italian, Scottish. She is English. Went to the theatre in the evening, gratis; saw *Paul Pry* and the *Irish Tutor*, but did not wait for the Farce. Saw Combe's collection of busts, heads, &c. to-day; the system seems gaining ground here.'

On 6th February mention is made of another visit paid to Mr Constable, who asked, 'Did I not think he was keeping up his spirits wonderfully well? Told him I was glad to see it; it was true philosophy.'

A walk round the Calton Hill on a very blowy day fills another entry, and on the 8th is written, 'Saw Mr C., who gave me a message for Mr D. C. Met Miss Wilkie there; a nice-looking girl; good complexion. Miss Wallace soon came in; she is a quiet lamb. Then Miss Hill tumbled in. I left them soon; the Hebrew not to be neglected for young ladies. Coming along met Mr Rees in St Andrew Square; turned back with me. "Just dropped in" to be introduced to Mr Black, B/S. Then the Hebrew.

'*9th February.*—Breakfasted with Mr Rees at nine this morning in his lodgings, MacPherson's, Princes St. Asked him to breakfast with me on Saturday, but business prevented him. Told me Mrs Siddons asked me to dine with her on Sunday next. I asked a few young friends to breakfast with me on Saturday.

'*10th February.*—Dined with Mr Noel, a cousin of Lady Byron. Met a Mr Grant, who is to be an advocate; a nice young man.'

Mr Grant is probably he who became later Sir Francis Grant and President of the Royal Academy. He was born in 1803, and was educated for the Bar, which he abandoned for painting, and among his large portraits are those of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. He died in 1878.

'*11th February.*—Had Mr Noel, Mr Grant, Thomson, the two Siddons, Mr Martin, and Rev. Mr Mackenzie. The Misses Panton prepared a very elegant breakfast; every one admired it and seemed to enjoy it. The fish was in great demand. After breakfast went with Mr Noel to Arthur's Seat; it was quite delightful; amused ourselves by rolling big stones down, then went to the well (St Anthony's), where Mr N. had a drink and we washed hands. Paid a visit to Mr D. C.; he was anxious for me to accompany him to Polton, as he was going out. Said I would go if I thought Mr C. would like it. Saw Mr C., and determined not to go. Went to the theatre. Saw the *Wheel of Fortune;* admired the fool's philosophy; he was the wisest man amongst them. Better to be a witty fool than a foolish wit.

'*12th February.*—Went to church with the Misses Siddons; afterwards paid a visit to Miss C. in St Vincent Street. Dined at the Siddons'; met Mr and Mrs Vandenhoff; Mr, Mrs, and Master Murray; and Mr Rees. Liked Mr V. very much; he seems to study his manner of speaking too rigidly; quite the stage; it may be that it is natural.'

The next day, 'Did not wake till the servant called me at nine o'clock, so was too late to breakfast with Mr Rees as promised. Dined with Mr D. C.; assisted him with arranging his books, &c.

'*15th February.*—Delivered a letter from Councillor Ellis to Dr Thomas; he was out, but I saw Mrs Thomas and Miss Thomas. Mrs T. was delighted to see an Irishman; she was born in Ireland, but has not been there these many years; has resided in the Ionian Islands for some years back; told me Mr T. was an intimate friend of Lord Byron. They were very near him.

'*16th February.*—Went to Polton. All dull. I had lunch at two, but could not wait for dinner, as I had an invitation for the evening to attend a Baptism, where I was to meet Dr Gordon. Being anxious to get back early, and not liking so long a walk, I had the pony with Miss A. C.'s leave; but unfortunately coming along the Dalkeith Road I lost my gold watch-chain, seal, and key; the ring on which the links of the chain fastened was bad, and they got out of it. I made a search; knew where I had it out last, a quarter of a mile from where I missed it.'

Thus ends the pencilled records of seventy-five years ago, and four decades have well-nigh passed since the hand that wrote them was stilled.

The connecting links in these realistic glimpses of a great publisher's life will be found in his son Thomas Constable's book, *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, published in three volumes in 1873. Alexander Blackwood wrote at this time to William Blackwood from London: 'This business will make you the first bookseller in Scotland, and I think the Whigs will feel this most dreadfully.' After Constable's failure Sir Walter Scott gave his patronage to Cadell, who made a large fortune from the sale of the various editions of the Waverley Novels. Although there was a breach with Scott from the date of the failure, yet he bore testimony of Constable's house that 'never did there exist so intelligent and liberal an establishment.' Archibald Constable after his failure carried out a scheme in 1827 about which he had previously been very sanguine, *Constable's Miscellany of Original and Selected Works in Literature, Art, and Science.* But his spirit had been broken by his downfall, dropsical symptoms supervened, and he passed away on 21st July 1827 in his fifty-fourth year, having, as Lockhart says, crowded vastly more than the usual average of zeal and energy, of hilarity and triumph, and 'perhaps of anxiety and misery' into his career.

EGG-PRESERVATION.

By Mrs Sanders.

THE successful preservation of eggs is of paramount importance to the British householder; and in no department of domestic economy is there greater scope for thrift and good management. When it is considered that eggs can be bought at from sixpence to eightpence per dozen from March to May, and that they rise in price to one shilling, two shillings, and even more from October to December, it will at once be conceded that some method by which a more uniform price may be obtained becomes almost a matter of national importance, placing the producer and consumer on more equal terms, encouraging home-production, killing foreign competition, and thereby helping agricultural prosperity.

Many systems, both chemical and mechanical, for the preservation of eggs have been in use; some tolerably successful, others miserable failures. It is unnecessary to enumerate these; but for the last fifty years lime, either in a creamy state or as lime-water, has been most largely adopted, and found to answer well, so far as kitchen and cooking purposes were concerned, but not for the egg-cup, as the shells become injuriously affected and the eggs are apt to acquire a slight taint of the lime.

In quite recent years a silicate of soda, known under the commercial name of water-glass, has been proved to be by far the best and simplest of all preservatives; and because of its cheapness, its easiness of application, and its efficacy, it well deserves all the praise that is given to it. It is an opaque fluid, tasteless, colourless, and of the consistency of treacle, but readily dissolves in warm water. It can be obtained in tins of any good chemist, with full directions as to the proportions of glass and water.

The following quotation from the *Lancet* will at once show how it affects the egg, and at the same time gives most valuable testimony as to its merits: 'Water-glass owes its preservative effects to the formation of a hard, glassy silicate of lime within the substance of the shell, forming, so to speak, a perfect envelope of glass. It is well known, further, that water-glass possesses a powerful antiseptic action. Eggs treated in this way are said to preserve their fresh milky taste for six months, and to be indistinguishable from an egg taken straight from the nest.'

An expert of some years' standing also writes thus of water-glass: 'It is not possible for us, in our variable and cold climate, to provide any but a very limited number of fresh-laid winter eggs; but if our summer eggs, or some of them, can be preserved so that they shall, for all practical purposes, be as nearly as possible equal to new-laid, the difficulty is overcome, and we need not suffer either from scarcity, quality, or increased price. Many progressive private families have already adopted the water-glass system, and all declare it to be highly successful.'

Some difference of opinion exists as to the best kind of vessel in which to store the eggs; wood, zinc, and stoneware all being recommended. The latter, however, is the best. Wood is apt to leak, and leave the eggs stranded high and dry; zinc is affected chemically by the silicate; but for private use, at any rate, a stoneware crock answers every purpose, and if evaporation takes place nothing is easier than to fill up the vessel anew, as the liquid should be kept at about two inches above the eggs. When taken out for use they should be washed in cold water and dried, after which it would be impossible for any one to say from their appearance they were not new-laid eggs; and, as stated in a paragraph on 'Egg-Preservation' in this *Journal* (vol. v. p. 478), an unchanged condition of the eggs is ensured for about twelve months. What more can be desired?

One evil seems to loom in the future regarding this wholesale and effective preservation of eggs. The British public are mainly dependent on the shops for their supply, and the superiority of the new system might lead to unfair dealing by the grocer and also by the producer. No one would like to pay for a preserved egg the price of a new-laid one, however good the former might be; but the consumer must protect himself by dealing with honest people or by preserving his eggs at home instead of buying them in the shops.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

You turned the glory of your eyes
  And woke a world of light!
I saw the regal morn arise
On dim, far heights of Paradise,
And take from flaming seas and skies
  Their sacramental rite.

You turned the glory of your eyes
  And left—a world of night;
For now, though other mornings rise,
Dusk-haunted are my daily skies,
And lonely is the path that lies
  Before my lonely sight.

But when night's legions hold the skies
  In rapt, attentive light,
Then, in the land of dreams grown wise,
I see through your remembered eyes
God's morning sweet and stainless rise
  On life's forgotten night.

Edgar Dewey.

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NATURAL WISDOM.

LORD BACON gave it as his opinion that the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are to be discovered in its saws; and William Penn affirmed that its wisdom is discernible in the same. Neither of these high authorities, it will be noticed, defines them as either a measure of civilisation or a standard of education, well knowing that neither of these ingredients is concerned in their production, since some of the wisest sayings ever uttered have emanated from rude and untutored minds.

Many may not have heard the aphorism that was uttered before a parliamentary committee some years ago by a shrewd member of the labouring class, that 'Charity creates much of the misery it relieves, but does not relieve all the misery it creates.' Wholesale philanthropists may regard this in the light of a sophism rather than an aphorism; but it is nevertheless only too true.

The Hindu proverb that 'The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the greatest palace in the universe,' is a salutary reproof to narrow-minded men who have not a thought beyond the sphere of their own vision.

'Sof'ly, sof'ly, catch monkey,' is a good example of negro proverbial philosophy, a flowery rendering of the Latin *Festina lente* ('Hasten gently').

The wild, illiterate Zulu has produced several aphorisms, of which a couple of specimens will suffice: *Kaliko isele elingalunguziyo emgodini walo* ('There is no toad which does not peep out of its hole'), by which the native means that each one looks after his own interest. *Imbila yaswela umsila ngokuyalezela* ('The rock-rabbit is without a tail on account of having ordered one'), arose out of the supposed treatment of the rock-rabbit by the rabbit. The anecdote is that in days of yore the two quadrupeds held a conference to arrange how to supply themselves with tails, and they agreed that the rabbit should sally forth to procure them. The rabbit consequently journeyed out on the sea of life, and supplied itself with a tail; but, having got into its own business and interests, completely forgot those of the rock-rabbit. It subsequently was so ashamed of its behaviour that it dared not return to the rock-rabbit, which, in consequence, has remained without a tail. By this proverb the Zulu means that we must attend to our own business if we wish it to be worthily done.

Those who, like Sir Hurricane Bustleton, appear always to be in a hurry, who invariably conclude their communications 'In haste,' and who are for ever complaining that they have no time, cannot do better than lay to heart the wise reply of a poor Indian chief to a New Yorker who excused himself on the plea of 'No time' from the performance of an uncongenial task. 'Well,' said Red Jacket, 'I suppose you have all there is.' Readers who have digested their *Marcus Aurelius* may recall the passage, penned some eighteen and a half centuries ago, in which he tells us that he learnt 'from Alexander the platonic not frequently nor without necessity to say to any one, or to write in a letter, that I have no leisure; nor continually to excuse the neglect of duties required by our relation to those with whom we live, by alleging urgent occupations.' The procrastinating proclivities are well illustrated in this little rhyme:

'When I get time—
I know what I will do:
I'll cut the leaves of all my books,
And read them through and through.

When I get time—
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time—
I'll pay those calls I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.

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When I get time—
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
Oh, glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now—
But I can't finish this—
I have no time.'

The Marquis of Lorne, when Governor-General of Canada, was present at some sports held on the ice of the St Lawrence. Though wrapped in furs he felt the cold acutely, and was astonished to see an ancient Indian meandering around barefooted, enveloped only in a blanket. The Marquis asked the Indian how he managed to bear such a temperature while so scantily clad. 'Why you no cover face?' inquired the Indian. The Marquis replied that no one ever did so, and that he was accustomed from birth to have his face naked. 'Good,' replied the Prairie King; 'me all face,' and walked away. This was not quite so elegant, perhaps, as our maxim, 'Use is second nature;' but to the same effect, and produced without expense of thought or labour of invention.

A converted negro slave was taken to church by his master, when the clergyman preached from the text, 'No man can serve two masters,' &c. On the master asking Sambo what he thought of the sermon, the negro replied, 'Pa'son man, he no speak de truth. Him say, "No man can serve two massas." Dat's not true, for Sambo serve you and young massa. And him say again, "For he will hate de one and lub de oder;" and dat's not true, for I hate you bofe.' No sally of a genius this, but a simple outspoken truth: too outspoken probably for poor Sambo's welfare.

A shepherd while tending his flock in the wilds of Queensland was accosted by a traveller (not a bushman), who noticed that the animals were running over the wiry grass without taking a bite. 'Good-day, shepherd! Your sheep don't seem to like the grass. Now, if I were a sheep, I would set to work and take a good feed of it.' The shepherd, looking him up and down with supreme contempt, replied, 'If you were a sheep you wouldn't be such a —— fool.'

Dr Radcliff, who many years ago resided in Bloomsbury Square, had found it necessary to employ a paviour for some repairs. When the man presented his bill the Doctor made a wry face, and seemed to take the prescription with great reluctance. At length, when he had thoroughly examined it, he said, 'What an enormous charge is here! You expect to be paid, do you? And for what? Never was a job worse done. You have spoilt my pavement, and then covered it with earth, merely to hide your bungling work. 'Ah, Doctor, Doctor!' replied the man, 'there have been many worse jobs done than this; but if it were as bad as you say, you well know that mine is not the *only* bungling work that is covered with earth. 'Oh, you dog!' returned Radcliff; 'you are a wit, I see, and consequently poor. Come into the house, and I'll pay your money.'

Here is a good specimen of an Irish mendicant's ready wit. When General X. was quartered in Dublin, he and his wife were regularly besieged whenever they got into their carriage by an old beggar-woman who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last the lady's charity and the General's patience were nearly exhausted; but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began: 'Ah, my Lady! success to your Ladyship and success to your Honour's honour this morning, of all days in the year; for sure didn't I drame last night that her Ladyship gave me a pound of tay, and that your Honour gave me a pound of tobacco?' 'But, my good woman,' said the General, 'do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary.' 'Do they so, plase your Honour?' rejoined the old woman. 'Then it must be your Honour that will give me the tay, and her Ladyship that will give me the tobacco.' The General, being of Sterne's opinion that a *bon mot* is always worth something, even more than a pinch of snuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

Of all the tributes paid to the blessed memory of Victoria the Good none was prettier or more eloquent than that of the Pondoland chief, who, on hearing the sad tidings of his Great White Queen having passed away, remarked in true poetic vein: 'When I look up into the sky to-night I shall see another star.'

These few specimens of unaided wisdom are arranged in no particular order or method, but have been jotted down from time to time as met with. Rough and uncut diamonds many of them are no doubt; but better so than stones fabricated by art and polished with wit. Uncouth, awkward, clumsy—call them what we will; they are also, it must be confessed, genuine, unaffected, natural.

MY AUSTRALIAN DUCHESS.

CHAPTER III.

OVER our pipes we held a council of war to decide the important point as to whether we should push on and endeavour to settle matters that afternoon or leave it until the morning. For my part, I was desirous to go on and have it over. I don't think I am a coward; yet, while I was naturally anxious to avenge our poor men, I loathed the work that we should be compelled to carry out. After all was said and done, the poor wretches were only savages, and, with the exception of the Patagonians, I should say the lowest race in the world. I was disappointed to find that Farquhar sided with Bencliff and his two companions, while the rest of the men whom we had brought with us, being only station hands, had, of course, no vote in the matter. My partner's argument was, that as the days were drawing in we might not come upon the enemy until it was nearly dark, when it would be too late to make sure of meting out to them the punishment we intended. Finding myself outnumbered, I withdrew my proposition; whereupon we settled down to spend the remainder of the day and the coming night where we were. The horses having been taken down to water at a fine hole some couple of hundred yards from the camp, they were short-hobbled close at hand in case of need, and the black 'boy' told off to keep an eye upon them. One of our own hands was stationed as a sentry behind a rock a hundred yards or so away, with instructions not to fire should he see any sign of the blacks, but to make his way back to the camp as quickly as possible. After that we settled ourselves down to pass the time as best we could. We were of unanimous opinion that it would be the height of folly to light a fire, the smoke of which would be certain to attract the attention of the enemy and thus reveal our whereabouts, thereby doubling the risk of an attack. However, we had taken the precaution of bringing some grog with us, which with some damper and jerked beef constituted our evening meal. At eight o'clock Farquhar went on watch, and at ten I relieved him.

'No signs of them?' I whispered when I reached him.

'Not a sign,' he answered. 'All has been quiet.'

He left me and returned to the camp, whereupon I seated myself on the rock and entered upon my vigil. Half my watch was at an end when the moon rose and flooded the plain with her silvery light. I have already said what a desolate place it was; but under her magic influence it had a weird picturesqueness impossible to describe. The dreary wail of a curlew came up to me from the water-hole, and of all the noises of the bush, with the exception of that of the dingo, I think the curlew's cry is the most unearthly. I was asking myself what words it suggested, and had just arrived at the conclusion that they were *we-weep—we-weep—a-weary*, when something caught my eye, and, as the sailors say, 'brought me up all standing.' Some twenty or thirty yards from the water-hole was what looked like a small tree-stump; farther to the right was another, and yet another. Now, I was prepared to swear that I had not noticed any stumps thereabouts; and, being fairly familiar by this time with a number of the diabolical devices that blacks will put into practice in order to approach a camp at night, I was prepared to be suspicious of anything. For this reason I kept my eyes wide open; but though I watched intently for some minutes I could not convince myself as to whether the stumps were trees or men. Apparently they had not moved; but that fact did not satisfy me that they were immovable. Then, turning to my left, I examined the country on that side, and in another moment was running back to the camp as fast as my legs could carry me.

'Wake up! wake up!' I cried. 'They're on us! There's not a second to lose!'

Fortunately we had taken the precaution of loading all the rifles, and of placing them where they could be easily got at in case of necessity, so that almost before the last words had left my lips our party was up and prepared for action. It had been arranged earlier that in the event of an attack we should leave the camp and ensconce ourselves in couples behind certain large rocks to the left, thus preventing the blacks from obtaining possession of the horses on the side where they would be most likely to make the attempt. What happened during the next five minutes I don't think I could tell you if I tried; but I know that it seemed like an hour before I heard Farquhar say, 'Thank goodness, we've driven them off! They'll not trouble us again to-night.'

Strange to relate, not one of our party had received a wound of any sort, though several had had narrow escapes. One spear knocked Grimshaw's hat from his head, while another had struck the rock and glanced off it, hitting the butt of Farquhar's rifle and ricochetting thence over his shoulder. Needless to say there was no more sleep for us that night, though as it turned out we might have lain down in perfect security. In the morning we discovered twelve dead bodies out in the open, one of them within a few yards of the rock behind which I had been standing.

As soon as we had eaten our breakfast we

saddled up and proceeded on our way, crossed the river, and, guided by the black 'boy,' who had all his race's instinct for tracking, hurried after the enemy. Of all that happened when we came up with them I am not going to tell you, because I don't like to think of it even to-day; but there is something that occurred in connection with it which *must* be told, for the simple reason that it is the pivot on which all my story turns.

We had poured two volleys into them, and had mounted and ridden at them with the intention of cutting them down. Farquhar was leading; and, even at that moment of intense excitement, I can remember thinking what a fine soldier he would have made; then a pistol-shot rang out, and almost before I could realise what had happened, his horse had fallen forward with him, and he was lying defenceless among the enemy, his sword and pistol having fallen from his hands. At the same moment a bullet sent my hat flying into the air. I did not stop even to look round to see who had fired the shot, but dashed into the thick of the mob to Farquhar's assistance. I think for the next few minutes I must have been mad; a fit of Baresark rage had taken possession of me that made me insensible to everything in the way of caution or fear. If there were any vengeance required for the two poor fellows who had perished at the hut, we certainly took it then. When the remnants of our enemy had fled for their lives up the hill-side, I helped Farquhar to his feet and inquired whether he was much hurt. He gave himself a shake in order to see.

'No, there's nothing wrong,' he reported, with a laugh. 'But, by Jove! I thought it was all up with me. I should like to know the name of the idiot who fired the shot. I owe my life to you, old fellow.'

'Nonsense,' I replied. As I said so I remembered my own narrow escape, and went back to pick up my hat. Sure enough there was a hole quite through the crown.

Never shall I forget the appearance of that small gully. It resembled a shambles more than anything else. Two of our own men had been speared, but not seriously, one in the shoulder and one in the side. Evans had had a narrow escape, as the long flesh-wound on his face testified. Otherwise, considering the close-quarters at which we had fought, we had come off practically scathless. Not so the other side. But there: that is enough of horrors. Let it suffice that we saw no more of them, and from that day forward we had but little trouble with what remained of the tribe. Bencliff and his two companions remained a day at the station on our return, and then went on their way, offering to help us again should we require their assistance. And this brings me to the part of my story that I don't like telling, but which must be told.

One evening, a week to a day after the encounter I have just described, Anderson, the man who had been wounded in the arm, came up to the homestead, and asked if he might have an interview with either of us. The cook brought him out to us in the veranda, where we sat over our pipes after dinner.

'Good-evening, Anderson,' said my partner. 'What is it you want to see us about? Anything wrong?'

'Well, sir, that's how you may please to take it,' the man replied. 'I have been turning it over in my mind for a week before I settled to come up and tell you.'

I filled him a glass of grog.

'Wet your whistle, man,' I said, 'and then let's have your yarn.'

He tossed off the liquor, wiped his lips on his coat-sleeve, and then, with an apologetic cough, told us the following remarkable story.

'Now, gentlemen,' he began, 'you know that I have been out in this part of the country for a good many years, and some while back I was working over at Maraba, Mr Bencliff's place, or Colonel Urquhart's perhaps I should say. It doesn't matter why I left; maybe it was because I knew too much about the manager. Begging your pardon for saying anything agin' him, if he's your friend; but he's a bad lot, is Mr Bencliff. I don't fancy there's much he'd stick at—or his two friends either. But I never thought they were as bad as I know them to be now.'

'I don't think I should say anything unless I were quite certain,' put in Farquhar cautiously.

'Certain, sir?' the man replied. 'I am as certain as I am certain that I am standing before you now. I think you will be too when I have done. You may remember that, on the night when the blacks rushed us, Bencliff and Grimshaw had a few words about some tobacco which Bencliff said he had seen the other put in his pack-saddle.'

We both remembered the circumstance distinctly.

'Well, gentlemen, Bencliff wanted to bet about it, and they walked across to the rock where the pack-saddle was lying, to have a look and settle it. They didn't know that I was on the other side of the rock hobbling old Chester. The tobacco was all a blind to get away to have a talk together. Now this, sir, is what I heard. It was Grimshaw who spoke first, and this is what he said: "If there's a scrimmage to-night, shall we do it then? It will be dark, and it will look like an accident." "Don't be a fool," said Bencliff angrily. "Leave it until we get into the thick of the real scrimmage to-morrow; then nothing will be thought of it." After that they began pretending about the tobacco, and went quarrelling back to the camp. By this time you may be sure I was all attention, for I was beginning to understand what the man was driving at.

Well, next day, after we'd got those niggers cornered up, and we were riding into them, I was a bit behind, for the reason that old Chester wouldn't stand to let me get up; but I was not too late to see Bencliff take aim at you, Mr Farquhar, and fire. He missed you, but he hit the horse, and down you both went. A moment later Grimshaw took a pot-shot at Mr Farebrother, and the bullet went through his hat. It's my belief, sir, that if his horse had not given a bit of a stumble at that moment you'd have been a dead man to-day. Now, gentlemen, you've heard me out and it's off my mind. I can tell you it has worried me more than a bit.'

Neither Farquhar nor I said anything for a few moments. Then he spoke.

'Look here, Anderson,' he said—and there was a note in his voice I had never heard there before—'you must see for yourself how serious this charge is.'

'I know it, sir; but I'm not afraid.'

'If your suspicions are correct, you can trust us to look after ourselves. But can I rely on you to keep a silent tongue in your head about it?'

'Yes, sir, you can trust me,' he replied. 'It isn't the sort of thing I should be likely to talk about.'

'That's right. Both Mr Farebrother and I are much obliged to you for having told us. Now, help yourself to another glass of grog, and get back to your quarters. We shall have to think this out.'

The man did as we told him, and was passing down the veranda towards the steps when I called him back.

'By the way, Anderson,' I said, 'what reason do you suppose they have for making such an attempt to murder us?'

He paused for a moment before he replied.

'Well, you see, sir, as the saying goes, "there are wheels within wheels." Before you took this country up they used to run certain cattle on it, and, for reasons that you will understand as well as I can tell you, it came in very handy. Now, Maraba, Colonel Urquhart's station, isn't big enough, and, what's more, the young lady wouldn't stand any cross-dealings there. I'll leave you to guess the rest.'

We bade him good-night, and he left us.

'This is a pretty kettle of fish, Farebrother,' said my friend when we were alone together—'a very pretty kettle of fish. What's to be done?'

'Keep your eyes open,' I replied, 'and take care we give Messrs Bencliff & Co. no more chances.'

'You think, then, that there really is truth in Anderson's story?'

For answer I got up and went into the house, to return a few minutes later with my hat.

'Poor old Benbow is dead, shot through the head; there is the second proof. What do you make of it?'

'A bad business. I'm sorry for that poor girl. Surely she must have found Bencliff out in all these years!'

To this speech I made no answer. I felt sure in my heart, from what I had heard and seen, that if she did not know all about him, she at least knew too much for her own peace of mind.

After the episode I have just described some considerable time passed before I again set eyes on Mr Bencliff or his two precious associates. So far we had had a wonderfully successful season; grass was abundant, and in consequence our cattle were in the pink of condition. Prices were high in the south; and, after consultation, it was decided that a mob should be sent off to Sydney, and that I should go in charge of them, taking Anderson, two other men, and a black 'boy' with me.

We set off, and in due course landed them safely at their destination, receiving the congratulations of the agents on their prime condition. As I strolled down George Street a day later I could not help reflecting on the changed condition of my affairs since I had last stood in that busy thoroughfare. Now I was part-owner of a fine station, and, if things continued as they were doing, in a very fair way to become a rich man. Eventually I found myself in the Domain, on a seat looking out over the harbour. If the truth must be told, I was thinking of Christine Urquhart, and wondering what excuse I could make, when I got back, to see her again. At last, thinking it was about time for me to return to my hotel for lunch, I rose and was about to retrace my steps when I became aware of a tall, elderly man who was earnestly regarding me. In a flash I realised what a fatal mistake I had made in venturing near Government House. The man before me was none other than His Excellency Sir George Belford, Governor of New South Wales, and an old friend of our family.

'Lord William, you are discovered at last,' he said, advancing towards me. 'I felt sure it was you, in spite of the change in your appearance. This is a most fortunate and happy meeting. Do you know that your family have been searching high and low for you for more than a year past?'

All I could say was 'Indeed?' Absurd though it may seem, I could think of nothing else.

'You must come and lunch with us,' he said, taking my arm. 'My wife will be delighted to see you. Afterwards you can tell me all your adventures. I shall write by the next mail to your father, and tell him that you are found.'

'No, no, Sir George,' I replied hastily. 'I cannot let you do that. He said he would never forgive me, and he and Birk get on much better without me.'

I saw a strange expression come into his face.

'You have not heard the news?' he said, stopping in his walk to look at me.

'I have heard nothing,' I replied. 'I have

not communicated with my family since I left England.'

'Then you do not know that poor Birk is dead?'

'Dead?' I cried, aghast at the news. 'How long since?'

'Six months ago. He was drowned whilst bathing. Your father has aged terribly since.'

The news came as an awful shock to me. Poor Birk! I did not know how fond I was of him until I heard that I should never see him again. Once more His Excellency endeavoured to lead me along the path; but I held back.

'Not to-day, Sir George,' I pleaded. 'This news has upset me terribly. Let it be to-morrow if you wish. In the meantime may I ask you to give me your promise that you will say nothing about having seen me?'

'Certainly, if you wish it,' he answered; 'though I think you are foolish, for it cannot remain a secret long. In any case, we will meet to-morrow at half-past one.'

I bade him good-bye and hastened back to my hotel, remembrances of the past and of my old home thronging my brain. Then another thought occurred to me. Since poor Birk was gone, I was heir to everything, with all the duties and responsibilities appertaining thereto.

THE CROWN ESTATES IN LONDON.

TO distinguish is the first duty in treating this subject. Crown Estates are divisible into four classes: (1) That large estate formerly in the hands of the Sovereign which is now administered by the Woods and Forests Department, and the revenues paid into the public Treasury, a Civil List of £470,000, being voted to Edward VII.; (2) the Duchy of Lancaster Estate, also a quasi-public departmental one, the revenues of which are paid directly into the privy-purse of the Sovereign; (3) the Duchy of Cornwall Estate, another appanage of the Crown managed by a quasi-public board, the income of which is payable to the eldest son of the reigning Sovereign, who is born Duke of Cornwall, but must be created Prince of Wales; and (4) the private property of the Sovereign.

Before proceeding with the narrower topic proposed for this article, it may be useful to state that the net income from the Crown lands, &c., managed by the Woods and Forests Department, for the year ending March 1900, was £460,000; that of the Duchy of Lancaster, to December 1900, was £61,000; and that of the Duchy of Cornwall, to the same date, was £70,456. Of course, the income from the King's private property is not published, as it is not a legitimate matter of public interest, save in the sense that all other property is subject to scrutiny.

In the present article attention will be concentrated on the Crown Estate in London, managed by the Woods and Forests Department. No attempt is here made to deal with the property in London belonging to the Duchy of Lancaster Estate (the key of which is in the vicinity of Lancaster Place, on the northern end of Waterloo Bridge), nor with the London property of the Duchy of Cornwall Estate (which lies chiefly in the south of London). The property managed by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests is a property of a representative character, of great value, and can be made to cast light on the values of other estates, such as those briefly described in a former article on the ground-landlords of London. The fiction is maintained in the office, and carefully preserved in the phraseology of the reports presented to Parliament, that the Woods and Forests Estate is a sort of private affair. More to our purpose is the fact that the estate is maintained and managed much as other private estates, and, indeed, large portions of it are managed by land agents whose ideas are all of the landlord's agent type. In London especially there is a close understanding between the managers of the estates belonging to the various chief ground-landlords and the surveyors and other officials in the office of Woods and Forests. The result is that the management of the public estate by the Commissioners becomes a mirror of other estates in the management and value of which the London public—nay, the whole country—is taking a keener interest. It will be unnecessary to remind the reader that questions of tenure, of unearned increment, of housing, of sanitation, &c., emerge from a study of and a close acquaintance with such typical estates.

To describe the Crown property in London with minuteness and accuracy here is impracticable, as it is somewhat scattered about in various parts of the Metropolis, though it has its centre in Trafalgar Square; but we can follow the description given a few years ago by the late Mr Cates to a committee of Parliament, which will give the reader, as it gave that committee, an idea of the immense importance of this estate.

Following the plans in his hand, Mr Cates pointed out that Kensington Palace Gardens are the first on the list; and this is that grand property reaching from the Bayswater end of the

High Street in Notting Hill to the High Street in Kensington. In this last High Street there is also a property on the south side which belongs to the Crown; and the two immense mansions at the entrance to Hyde Park by Albert Gate, and the houses in St George's Place, by St George's Hospital, are also portions of the same property. Again, there are houses on the north side of Piccadilly, including Hamilton Place, and in Park Lane. Then in Milbank (sacred no more to correction but to art) is the Milbank Estate, extending from Grosvenor Road and the Thames northwards to the Vauxhall Bridge Road and Bessborough Street. Then there is the Regent's Park Estate, which extends from the Albert Road on the north to Park Crescent and Portland Place on the south, and from Park Road on the west to Park Village East, Augustus Street, and Osnaburgh Street on the east. Then at the south end of Portland Place the Regent Street property commences with certain houses north of All Souls' Church, at the south end of Portland Place, and extends down Langham Place, and it includes a small piece of the bow window of the Langham Hotel, the rest of the Langham Hotel being a freehold. The halls on the opposite side, the Queen's Hall and St George's Hall, are on the Crown Estate. For the rest, Regent Street extends southward all the way across Piccadilly Circus to Waterloo Place, where it joins Pall Mall, and the whole is a part of the London Crown Estate. In Piccadilly there is considerable property on the north side of Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and two houses west of Swallow Street, including St James's Hall and all the buildings adjacent to it. On the south side of Piccadilly the Crown property extends from the Haymarket, including the Criterion Theatre and Restaurant and the Museum of Geology, to Church Place, and also from Duke Street nearly to St James's Street, including the Egyptian Hall, and going through both blocks to Jermyn Street. South of that block, and east of St James's Street, there are the blocks which include Boodle's Club and Herries's Bank in St James's Street; also the blocks at the rear between Bury Street and Duke Street, which include the Turkish Baths and Christie & Manson's auction-rooms. On the west side of St James's Street, from Arthur's Club (inclusive) to Cleveland Row, and back to Little St James's Street, is the freehold of the Crown. There is also a strip of land laid out in gardens on the east side of the Green Park, extending from Piccadilly down to Cleveland Row. The west side of the Haymarket, between it and Waterloo Place, including Jermyn Street and Her Majesty's Theatre, with the Carlton Hotel, is also the property of the Crown. Then in Pall Mall, on the north side, west of Waterloo Place, there are a few houses, and the whole of the south side of Pall Mall, except one house, from Cockspur Street to Marlborough House. Then come Carlton House Terrace and the properties connected therewith, including the offices of the London County Council in Spring Gardens. On the east side of the Haymarket, south of St James's Street, the blocks, including the Haymarket Theatre, the United Universities Club, round Suffolk Street and Suffolk Place, and Pall Mall East from the Haymarket to the National Gallery (not inclusive). Also the block opposite, between Pall Mall East and Cockspur Street, including the Union Clubs and what was at one time Waterloo House, is the Crown's; and on the opposite side of Trafalgar Square the triangular block including Morley's Hotel. Farther east, the triangular blocks between King William Street, Adelaide Street, and the Strand, including the Lowther Arcade and Gatti's Restaurant. There is also a little property to the north of King William Street, which has not been alienated, to Charing Cross Hospital and the Ophthalmic Hospital. North of St Martin's Church there is the property called St Martin's Mews. In Whitehall Place, on both the north and south side (though the south side must now be regarded as transferred to the War Office for its new buildings), and this includes Great and Little Scotland Yard. Then there is, on what was known as Whitehall Land, the National Liberal Club and the magnificent Whitehall Court Mansions. On the opposite side of Whitehall, Dover House belongs to the Crown property. In Westminster, too, there is the Stationery Office and the small strip of land by the side of St James's Park. South of Buckingham Palace is the Palace Hotel and the houses immediately east and west of it up to the Duchy of Cornwall offices, and some portion of Wellington Barracks. In the Strand, east of the portions already mentioned, we come to Exeter Hall and houses adjoining. In Holborn much property on both sides of Newton Street, including the London and Westminster Bank and the Holborn Restaurant. On the west side of Fetter Lane a portion of the Rolls Estate, the Birkbeck Institution, Burt's Printing-Office, and Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co.'s publishing house. In Victoria Street, Westminster, the Crown has property on both sides, and practically the whole of the Holborn Viaduct from Hatton Garden to St Sepulchre's Church. There are some other small properties on Tower Hill, in Church Street, and in Southwark Street; and there is Victoria Park in the north-east, extending from the Old Ford Road to the park entrance, and again following round the park, in Old Ford Road, Gore Road, and Gore Crescent, and others around the park.

During recent years additional property has been acquired in pursuance of the policy of investing in ground-rents and curtailing the agricultural property. As a sample of recent acquisitions, during the year ending March 1900, we give the following: Eastcheap House in Eastcheap, and St Mary-at-Hill in the City;

No. 8 Buckingham Gate, Pimlico; two houses, Nos. 21 and 23 Delahay Street, Westminster, in which Sir James Wolfe Barry had an interest; and Albany Buildings, Nos. 31 to 47, in Victoria Street, Westminster: the sum of £96,000 being paid for this last lot, which is let on lease for eighty years from June 1893. It may be added that in 1889 there were in London, belonging to the Woods and Forests Estate, some four thousand two hundred and fifty-two houses let on lease, and the ground-rents received amounted to £250,388 a year.

This summary of the localities in London where various portions of the Crown Estates are situated will be sufficient to give the reader having some acquaintance with the Metropolis an idea of the value of such an estate situated in some of the most fashionable and some of the busiest districts. The value of the estate, or rather the income derived in 1889, has just been given; but no figures found in the ordinary accounts will afford anything approaching a good estimate of its annual value. Of course, the whole of the London estate, with scarcely an exception, is let on the leasehold system, which is the ordinary tenure in London, a system which could not be improved upon from the point of view of the owner or agent, however much an ordinary tenant might differ from such a view. The involutions of this leasehold system disguise the value of such estates in a way that will be referred to later on. In 1889, when the late Mr Cates was requested to estimate the value as distinguished from the income of the London estate, he said he should hope to receive a rack-rent of considerably more than £1,000,000 for that which then brought in only £250,000. What the capital value of such an estate might be cannot be given readily, seeing the values in localities vary; but it may be remarked that much of it consists of ground-rents acquired within quite recent times, as Mr Cates said that between 1873 and 1889 he had made such purchases amounting to the sum of £1,396,000, the ground-rents yielding £53,820, or about 4 per cent.

In April 1890 Mr Cates was requested to illustrate his management of the London property of the Crown by reference to the principles on which other London estates were managed, such principles being the same confessedly as those on which he acted. The Bedford Estate—which, for the Bloomsbury portion, is bounded on the west by Tottenham Court Road, on the north by Woburn Buildings, on the east by Southampton Street, and on the south by Oxford Street and Holborn; and for the rest consists of Covent Garden Market, Drury Lane Theatre, Her Majesty's Opera, and buildings in the vicinity—is managed as stated in the following excerpt from a letter to Mr Cates: 'The practice on this estate on the points raised is as follows: (1) As to reletting on the expiration of a lease: negotiations are (as a general rule) entered upon with the occupying tenant, disregarding the holder of the original lease. Sometimes the occupier is the holder of the original lease or its equivalent. There are exceptions to this practice in cases where the occupier is perhaps carrying on objectionable business or may not be in a position to take a lease, or in the case of tenement-houses. In the case of a reletting or the falling-in of a building lease, the terms usually involve an expenditure by the new lessee in substantial repairs and modern improvements—in other words, an investment of capital. The occupier very rarely will make this investment, and then negotiations have to be opened with others. This brings in the so-called "middle-man," or, as he more strictly should be called, the "investing lessee." (2) Building sites are, as a rule, let by public competition; but, of course, there are exceptions to this rule in special cases. Now and then an occupying lessee will take a building lease and rebuild his premises; or a site is required for local purposes, as school, dispensary, or model dwellings. Such sites would go by private treaty.'

The late Mr Boodle answered as follows: 'The practice on the Duke of Westminster's London Estate is as follows: (1) As to reletting at the expiration of leases where the houses are not required to be pulled down for rebuilding: negotiations for a new lease are entered upon with the actual occupier (if he is suitable to be treated with), disregarding the holder of the original lease. (2) Sites for rebuilding have hitherto been let by private treaty and not by public competition. In several cases the occupier, particularly a tradesman, has been allowed to rebuild as part of a comprehensive scheme, and associated with other occupiers in the same block of buildings; one architect being employed for several houses together, so as to secure harmony in the work. This has been found to be very satisfactory to the rebuilding tenants. Regarding the Marquis of Northampton's London Estate, the same principles apply as far as circumstances permit; but the only rebuilding that has taken place for several years has been for working-class dwellings; and, as to these, one or other of the large companies who undertake such buildings have been the rebuilding lessees.'

It will be observed that it is Mr Boodle, the agent for an absent landlord, who speaks of the satisfaction with which tenants have rebuilt under the conditions described; some of these tenants, however, speaking for themselves, do not pitch their tune in the same key, and the mode is frequently a minor rather than a major. These official letters respecting three well-known large private estates in London enable us to see the principles on which that remarkable system of renewal of leaseholds is carried on from year to year.

As the Portman Estate was referred to in a former article, we here add portions of a letter in which Mr Hunt, Lord Portman's agent, shows how the principles laid down above are applied on that estate: (1) Applications for the renewal of leases are not entertained if the lease has more than ten years to run, except under special circumstances. (2) The terms of renewal vary according to the class of property and the means of the tenant. The custom is to commute from one-third to one-half the estimated rent, on the 6 per cent. table, as may suit the lessee, to be paid by him as a fine; and the remainder of the rent not commuted is reserved to be paid under the lease. In some cases, however, renewals are granted at the estimated rent, without the payment of any fine. In some other cases they are granted on the lessee expending money in making improvements, as being the equivalent of a fine; and the estimated rent is reduced after taking the cost and value of these improvements into consideration.' For the application of that table and these calculations readers should consult Mr Banfield's little work on the *Ground-Landlords of London*, which is still full of instruction, as the system of leaseholding which obtains in London has not been changed since that date.

Some illustrations of the working of such a system (and Mr Cates was careful to remind his committee in 1889–90 that he was constantly in touch with the managers of the private London estates), drawn from the records of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests and their transactions in quite recent years, are given in the table on pp. 794, 795.

Those who are conversant with the management of property, especially house-letting, and tradesmen and others who do business in leasehold premises, will find much that is peculiar and instructive in the table, which has been made long and full for the purpose. The facts related are from official sources; the income indicated, with its growth so silent and sure and magnificent, goes in this case to the amelioration of public burdens, for the net rents are paid into the public Treasury. The facts disclosed are quite representative, the values indicated are normally secured and created, and they are all the result of the aggregation of an incomparably busy and large population in the world's chief city. Just as the opening of the 'tube railway' from the City to Shepherd's Bush immediately caused a rise in rents at the latter suburban district of from 15 to 25 per cent., so are the values of the various private properties all over London—the Crown, the Portman, the Westminster, the Bedford, and the Southampton Estates — alike enhanced by everything that directly and indirectly benefits the people and their business or pleasure. As the Central Railway Company ('The Tube') did not get the enhanced rents of Shepherd's Bush due to their enterprise, so is it all over London: those who toil and spin are frequently different parties from those who reap the golden harvest. In every case, with scarcely an exception, the ground-owner is heir to all the fruit of the toil and trouble.

Regarding the figures adduced below, one important fact must be pointed out—namely, the ever-increasing burdens which shop property of every kind has to bear in comparison with the growth of values for house property. It is all the more necessary to observe this, lest any repeat the vulgar cry of favour to the noble and rich who dwell in palatial houses of the West End; for everywhere it is becoming a more open secret that the site-value for business purposes is worth manifold more in the market than for housing purposes. The London County Council, in order to house working people disturbed by their great Strand to Holborn improvement, had to buy the site of Reid's Brewery, west of the Holborn Town Hall, and in doing so paid a sum four times the value of the site for housing purposes. This accounts for the almost insuperable difficulty of building houses for the working-classes within the central districts of the Metropolis. That difficulty arises almost wholly from the land question—the working of which we observe in the table below. However, the difficulty is not presented in the housing of working-classes only. The trading-classes, the lower middle, and the professional classes are all subject to burdens which cannot be borne save by a shortened period of life, and it is acknowledged by men of every school that the legislature must shortly be called upon to deal with a subject which touches the welfare of the State at many vital points. For this purpose an acquaintance with the great Crown Estate will be of the greatest service. In every detail it represents what is going on in the development and management of private estates. The property in such estates is the best and choicest security of the day; better than Consols or any gilt-edged securities of the Stock Exchange are the ever-fertile ground-rents of London and similar centres of prosperous communities. Should any one desire a measure of, say, the Westminster Estate in London, he will not find any help from inquiry at Davies Street, nor will he find it easy to search the details of parochial assessments; but he can turn to the Crown Estate, which in many respects resembles that estate, save, probably, that it is not so valuable and compact, and he will get a good idea of what such an estate must bring to its lucklessly rich owner; nor will he fail to notice how the figures here given show that such an owner may sleep in an arm-chair for life and the estate's value will grow in the night, as Thorold Rogers said, with a rapidity that is, in the twentieth century, the rival of Jonah's gourd.

LEASES GRANTED ON THE WOODS AND FORESTS ESTATES IN LONDON.

STREET.	TO WHOM.	DATE.	RENT.	FINE.	RENT IN OLD LEASE.	FINE.	NOTES.
			£	£	£	£	
Leadenhall House	Sir J. G. T. Sinclair, Bart.	80 years 6/1/86	6600	...	...	...	Not before in lease.
Hotel Metropole	The Gordon Hotels Co., Ltd.	78 years 29/9/84	6750	...	...	...	Property bought in part.
25 Bury Street, St James's	Ladies' Dress Association	12½ years 10/10/86	180	200	51	313	...
National Liberal Club	Club Buildings Co., Ltd.	95 years 5/7/83	1350	...	...	...	Not before in lease. Land reclaimed in part from Thames shore.
Whitehall Court Mansions	House and Land Investment Trust, Ltd.	90¾ years 10/10/87	9000	...	...	...	Do. in part.
St Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane	Sampson, Low, & Co.	80 years 5/7/86	266	...	173	...	...
156, 158 Wardour Street	Emil Loible	20¼ years 5/1/84	200	411	72	590	...
175 Piccadilly	John Victor Marsh	19 years 10/10/88	315	985	140	982	...
211 High Holborn	John Fredk. Bullock	21 years 10/10/87	230	280	50	...	...
105, 107, 109 Oxford St., and 16, 17, 18 Hollen Street	George Heath	80 years 5/7/86	658	...	483	1577	..
32 St James's Street	Sarah & Hy. Lumley	21 years 5/4/88	300	420	87	816	...
2, 4 Brick Street, Park Lane	Alfred de Rothschild	21 years 5/4/86	350	1400	83	1140	...
139 Piccadilly	Lord Borthwick	44 years 10/10/83	812	3600	1200	...	...
5, 7, 9 Regent Street, and 10 Charles Street	Howell & James, Ltd.	31 years 10/10/89	750	...	595	1860	...
71 St James's Street	Beaumont Hankey	17¾ years 10/10/90	350	650	55	...	...
Avenue Mansions, Shaftesbury Avenue	Harry Smith	80 years 5/4/90	1750	...	...	...	Not before in lease.
Carlton Mansions, 13, 13A, 14, 15, 15A Pall Mall	Geo. Joseph Woodman	80 years 5/7/91	1525	...	710	1921	...
82, 84 Wardour Street	Thomas Callow	12 years 10/10/93	130	...	57	...	...
86 Do.	Philippe Ganosse	Do.	95				
166 Do.	Carlo Ferrario	21 years 5/1/93	85	...	20	...	...
Glasshouse Street—The 'Cambrian Stores' Public-House	Porter & Stevens	60 years 10/10/91	300	2000	125	...	...
23 St James's Place	The Rt. Hon. Francis, Earl of Wemyss and March	21 years 10/10/93	410	3083	240	1764	...
Wardour Street—The 'Hop-Pole' Public-House	Camden Brewery Co., Ltd.	21 years 5/1/93	90	560	21	...	...
22 Arlington Street, garden to	The Rt. Hon. Baron Wimborne	80 years 5/4/95	60	...	13	...	..
Langham Place—Queen's Hall	F. W. M. Ravenscroft	71 years 5/1/96	630	...	460	...	...
Cleveland Row—Stornoway House	F. A. Lucas	30 years 5/1/91	1100	1750	359	...	Part of this land was bought, and not before in lease.
20 Arlington Street, garden to	The Most Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.	80 years 5/4/95	44	...	10	...	...
Spencer House, garden to	The Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer, K.G.	80 years 5/4/96	260	...	90	...	...
Bridgewater House, garden to	Trustees of the Duke of Bridgewater	Do.	182	...	94	...	...
'The Unicorn' Public-House, Jermyn Street	W. H. G. Rudderforth	21 years 5/4/96	160	1120	160	760	...
'The Crown' Public-House, Shaftesbury Avenue and Oxford Street	Meux's Brewery Co., Ltd.	31 years 25/12/95	140	...	120	350	...
12 Pall Mall	The Cronk Family	18¾ years 10/10/95	300	...	57	...	...
1 Stable Yard, St James's	The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Warwick	25¾ years 5/4/95	650	1070	98	...	...
30 Charles Street, St James's	N. N. G. Campbell and A. J. Wood	17 years 29/9/97	1100	...	...	...	Not before in lease.
202, 203, 204 High Holborn	Ed. Gledowe Marshall	80 years 10/10/95	413	...	290	...	The old rent included other premises.
18, 19, 20 Jermyn Street	Ed. Keynes Purchase	80 years 5/4/96	570	...	132	...	...

LEASES GRANTED ON THE WOODS AND FORESTS ESTATES IN LONDON—*continued.*

STREET.	TO WHOM.	DATE.	RENT.	FINE.	RENT IN OLD LEASE.	FINE.	NOTES.
			£	£	£	£	
22 Regent Street, and premises in Jermyn Street	Elkington & Co., Ltd.	60 years 5/4/97	640	...	448	...	...
8 Buckingham Gate	Ed. Jarvis Cave	75 years 5/7/99	2000	...	360	...	The new rent includes a ground-rent of £800 purchased by the Crown.
Bury Street, Marlboro' Hotel	James Ramsay	78 years 5/1/99	780	...	470	1020	...
21, 23 Delahay Street	The Commissioners of Works	21 years 29/9/99	1265	...	...	...	Acquired by purchase.
The Holborn Restaurant	Holborn & Frascati, Ltd.	78 years 10/10/97	2156	...	1869	...	The last lease would not have expired till 1975.
The Carlton Hotel, Her Majesty's Theatre, and The Royal Opera Arcade	The Carlton Hotel, Ltd.	72 years 10/10/98	4200	...	763	...	...
55 Parliament Street	The Commissioners of Works	22½ years 5/4/99	1650	...	...	...	Purchased from A. W. W. King and others.
138 Piccadilly	Hy. James King	50 years 5/7/98	1050	8509	1000	9900	...
84, 85 Tower Hill	Wm. Sheen	21 years 5/7/99	135	...	21	...	...
Vine Street Police Station	The Receiver of the Metropol. Police	99 years 5/4/97	515	...	370	...	Part of old lease would not expire till 1948.

THE BETHEL STONE.

CHAPTER III.

JOHN TRETHEWEY'S tannery was at the top of the High Street, and there he lived in a bow-windowed, creeper-covered house, with his spinster sister and his only child Zillah.

Langissack smelt naturally of fish; but at Trethewey's corner the odour of the tanyard mingled with the stench of the fish, and the blend was unique. Sometimes sudden whiffs from the tannery would hit the sense in far corners of Langissack, indicating a shift of wind, and the weather-wise would prophesy.

Trethewey was a widower, a quiet, gray man, nocturnally addicted to the clarionet; and Aunt Deborah Trethewey was a placid, good-tempered, bulky woman, and an incessant knitter.

The position of David Pentreath to Zillah Trethewey was vague. The girl's dead mother had openly desired that the young people should one day be married, and John Trethewey, believing this consummation to be inevitable, did not concern himself further; but there was no actual engagement or formal pledge; and the girl, assured of the allegiance of David, was not impervious to the attentions of other men, and at times the soul of Pentreath was much troubled.

One evening Mr Julian Danvers, remembering the invitation of Zillah, called on Trethewey, and unfolded the project of his picture. The old chapel-steward was proud to think that the quarry-preaching would be perpetuated in paint, and hoped that some of the familiar faces and figures of the community would find a place in the picture. Indeed, Danvers found the old man's suggestions of some practical value.

'There's old Benjy Meneer,' said the tanner, 'with a beard like a prophet; on Sundays he always wears his smock-frock, an' 'tis gathered and corded to a miracle. An' for a brave bit o' colour there's Maria Polsue; her son sent home silks from the China Say, an' when 'tis fine weather the old sowl's so grand as the Queen o' Sheba. "Maria," I said to her wance, "you 'm like a bird o' Paradise." "Which is fitty enough," said Maria, "for Paradise, plaise God, is where I'm gwain to."'

Aunt Deborah made a junket in honour of the 'company,' and David Pentreath was there to supper. The two young men sat opposite each other at the table, and the artist was so fascinated by the romantic face of Pentreath that at times he caught himself in the rudeness of a frank stare. He afterwards wrote to an artistic crony, 'There's a fellow here, a fisherman, who might have stepped straight out of Tennyson's *Idylls*.'

Zillah was happy, for the painter's gay talk bristled with compliments. He had declared that the central feature of his picture should be her own white-robed figure standing upon a ledge of rock. She promised him any number of sittings, and Danvers's studies were to begin on the morrow.

'Tis a rare gift to paint a picture,' said the girl.

'Nay,' said the artist, smiling; 'it is more a matter of long study and hard work. It's a rarer gift to sing as you sing, Miss Trethewey. They tell me that it's sheer jealousy that keeps the nightingale out of Cornwall; and since Sunday I have thought the nightingale a wise bird and reasonably careful of its reputation.'

David sat glum and silent at the table, till Danvers said civilly, 'I hope to put our friend Pentreath here into my picture; it would give me great pleasure.'

'I was not to the quarry-praichin',' answered David simply. 'Richard Borlase to Trebartha Farm broke his leg that morning, an' we carried 'en six miles on a hurdle.'

'Nevertheless, I might with a little license include you in the group.'

'I was not to the quarry-praichin',' repeated David sternly; 'an' to picture me there wed be a lie; an' I reckon a lie that's pictured's so bad's a lie that's told.'

Danvers smiled at this rebuff, and inwardly vowed that when he left Langissack he would take with him the face of Pentreath, by fair sitting or surreptitious sketch. The head of the man was surely meant for a casque; there was a strange old-world beauty in the sombre oval countenance; it suggested a host of pictorial possibilities. In out-of-the-way corners of Cornwall one sometimes meets with dark, handsome men of this southern type—men of an ancient race. Some say there is Spanish blood beneath their olive skins, the blood of mariners or soldiers wrecked in Armada days; but this theory is nonsense. The comeliness of David Pentreath was older than Spain.

After supper Trethewey produced his beloved clarionet, and there was music; and Danvers, rummaging the portfolio, found a duet, 'O that we two were maying,' in which he joined his own voice, an average tenor, to the clear soprano of Zillah.

David sat gloomily watching the brisk play of Aunt Deborah's knitting-needles; he could neither play nor sing himself, and the voice of Danvers was hateful in his ears. Then he remembered that it was a flood-tide with a rising wind; and, with a word about seeing that the boats were safe, he made his escape.

Pentreath was something better than a fisherman. He had shares in several small maritime enterprises, and was concerned in a little coasting traffic; moreover, agriculture, in the portly form of his Aunt Becky of Trebartha, was continually beckoning him to the farm. Altogether, for a man of his class, he was reckoned well-to-do.

Next day, as David was passing Trethewey's garden, he was saluted with a cabbage-rose flung at his hat; and, looking over the hedge high enough to exclude the gaze of other men, he saw the laughing face of Zillah.

'Why, what's up to-day, Zil? You'm dressed for a feast. 'Tis surely your Sunday frock.'

The girl flushed. 'Mr Danvers has been painting me for his picture; of course 'tis my Sunday frock.'

David's face clouded, and without another word he walked on; but the girl ran eagerly along the garden path, and, opening the little white gate, cried, 'David, I want you. Come in!' He entered by the gate, and she dragged him to the seat.

'I want 'e to do me a little favour, Dave—just wan li'l bit o' kindness.' The gloom instantly cleared from his face; her little errands and tasks made the gladness of his life; her whims were his mandates. He had sailed to Falmouth in rough weather to get her a new song, and when he came back the music, carefully wrapped in his oilskins, was the only dry thing in the boat.

'I want e' to have your picture painted, Dave. Mr Danvers would give anything for your head—not on a charger, Dave, but on a canvas. What he can see in your dear old black jib I can't imagine; but he says it's a rare type.'

'Iss, I reckon 'tis the type of a fool,' said David bitterly—'a fool that loves a maid out of all reason. No, Zillah, I've no time nor mind for such nonsense; an' I don't like the chap, with his dandy London ways. As for this great picture that you'm mazed about: what is 'a that you should all dance to his piping? When 'tis finished, an' he's putt the lot of 'e into the darned thing, folks up-along that don't understand the ways of 'e will ask, "Whatever's that?" an' when 'tis said 'tis a Cornish praichin', they'll stare at 'e through their eye-glasses like as if you was South Say Islanders in a missionary tract, an' say, "Curious creatures they Cornish, with curious religious notions." Darn the fellow an' his picture!'

'You are wrong, David!' cried the girl indignantly; 'you are wrong, and hard, and unreasonable. I'm ashamed of 'e.'

'Well, he saith I'm a type, so I reckon there's more like me,' answered David as he walked away.

Happily David Pentreath was alone in his bigotry, for the painting of that picture was a great event in Langissack, and a matter of universal interest. There was a general desire to be included in the group that filled the foreground; and Danvers had to exercise all his diplomacy in declining unsuitable material. Callers at the 'Feathers' would ask, 'How's the pictur' gwain' on?' as naturally as they would inquire about the fishing or the crops. Bolitho took an absurd pride in the work; occasionally, in the absence of the painter, he would display the half-finished picture to some favoured customer, or surreptitiously exhibit the stack of sketches and studies.

One day old Joe Tresco came to the inn, a

shabby, evil-looking man, with a pinched face and shifty eyes.

'Maister Bolitho, I want to spake to 'e,' said Joe wistfully. 'Do 'e think 'e could get the gentleman to putt me in the pictur'?'

'Joe Tresco,' said the landlord sternly, 'where was you on the mornin' o' quarry-praichin'?'

The old fellow shuffled his feet and twirled his cap of greasy moleskin.

Bolitho grew solemn as a judge as he pronounced the rejection of Joe Tresco: 'Rabbitin'—iss, Sunday rabbitin'—I seed 'e pass wi' ferrets; an' now, here you be wantin' to be putt into that blessed pictur', an' beseechin' to be numbered wi' the saints!'

Then Joe limped pathetically away, feeling that he was indeed outside the fold.

Mrs Mudge's two girls were luckier, for the woman took a child by each hand and confronted Danvers in the narrow part of Brimble Lane. 'Curtsy, my dears!' cried Mrs Mudge; and the artist was arrested by the triple salute.

''Twas maisles, sir!' said the woman to the perplexed painter—'maisles, an' no fault o' theirs they wad'n to the praichin'; an' why should they be left out o' the pictur'?' And the good-natured fellow, seeing possibilities in frocks of washed lilac, could not refuse the children a space.

Danvers was immensely popular in Langissack. He had always a merry word for the women, and for the men an open heart and an ever-open tobacco-pouch; as for the boys, they fought for the privilege of carrying his easel. He scattered largess with both hands; for one pocket of his jacket was stocked with sweets and the other bulged with bird's-eye.

Zillah Trethewey was his frequent companion during the progress of the picture; it was she who draped the women to his artistic notions, and coaxed the children to patience. Danvers called often at the tannery, and soon there was much wagging of tongues and shaking of heads in Langissack.

One evening David Pentreath called at the 'Plume of Feathers.' He was no frequenter of the inn, for he was an abstemious man, and had no liking for the gossipy comradeship that made the tavern-parlour an attraction to his fellows. He sat with Bolitho in a little inner room, working out a few figures to show the economy of bringing by water to Langissack barrels that had hitherto come by road; and through the open door came gusts of conversation from the parlour, crowded with men and obscure with tobacco-smoke.

The talk was of the picture, for the Porthillian carrier was there—a man who made it his business to pick up news as he picked up parcels.

'They tell me, Mr Roskriggen,' said the carrier, 'that they 'm puttin' 'e into the paintin'.'

'Iss,' piped Zacky Roskriggen the thatcher, a lean-bodied old man, thin of face and thin of voice; 'I 'm there, sure 'nough, an' purty near the middle. 'Tes a marv'lous pictur', carrier; what wi' the old stone quarry an' the great company o' folks—putts me in mind o' "Moses striking the Rock."'

''Tes a brave talent to paint sich pictur's,' observed the carrier.

'Iss, fay; 'tes a gift, that's what 'tes; 'tes a talent, same as thatchin'. Old George Landivvy's there, the very image o' 'en; an' Cardennick standin' on the praichin'-stone, an' the maidens singin', an' the children in a purty row with the praises o' God in their mouths. Iss, 'tes a marv'lous pictur', carrier, an' there I be purty near the middle.'

'They tell me,' remarked Roper Landeck, 'that when 'tes finished 'twill be putt into a gold frame an' exhibited tu the 'Cademy up to London; an' thousands o' folks 'll come an' look at 'en, iss; an' multitudes o' gentry.'

Then Uncle Benjy Meneer made an astonishing suggestion: 'Should'n' wonder if the Prince o' Wales hisself was to behold 'en!'

The audacity of the idea staggered the company; and after a long silence Roskriggen, with a flush of excitement on his wrinkled face, cried, 'If 'a should, my dears, an' 'a should ask, "Who 's that brave-lookin' old buck in the stripey westcoat purty near the middle?" I do hope some wan will have the good sense to tell 'n that 'tes Zaccheus Roskriggen o' Langissack, thatcher by trade, who carteth say-weed odd times, an' doth jobs raisonable by the day.'

'The pictur' 's well enough in its way,' said Ned Perran, a loutish, coarse-looking fellow who worked in Trethewey's tanyard; 'but I've a-seed wan that 's more to my fancy, an' by the same painter-chap. Iss, 'tes a brave, purty little thing that I've a-seed.' And the man chuckled audibly as the company turned interrogatively towards him.

'Mr Meneer, you 'm a scholar,' continued Perran. 'What signifieth *Cornoobia?*'

'Why, Cornwall, to be sure,' answered Uncle Benjy; ''tis ancient for Cornwall.'

'Then I reckon,' said Perran mysteriously, 'that what I've a-seed is symbolical'—it was a long word for Ned Perran, and his eye swept the audience to note the effect of it—'in a way o' spakin', 'tes a hemblem.'

'Ned Perran!' cried Uncle Benjy impatiently, 'thee 'rt talking parables. Out wi' it!'

''Tes the pictur' o' a purty maid sittin' on a granite rock, with the green say behind her; an' her face is the face o' Zil Trethewey; an' there 's say-weed hangin' about her, an' sand an' say-shells at her bare toes'——

'My dear days!' interrupted old Roskriggen, 'hath 'a pictured Zil Trethewey in her bare toes?'

'Iss!' answered Perran, with a guttural laugh; 'bare toes, an' her'——

David Pentreath entered and crossed the room at a stride; he reached over the table with his long arm and caught Perran by the throat.

'Open the door, wan of 'e!' roared David; and in the general consternation some one set the door open. Then the giant lifted the fellow from his seat and flung him clean out into the roadway, where he lay half-throttled, half-stunned.

Pentreath turned to the company, and in a quiet voice, that somehow seemed more terrible than his shout of rage, said, 'I'll thank 'e all to keep the name of Miss Trethewey out of yer conversation.'

Then he strode out of the inn, stepping over the bruised form of Ned Perran in the gutter.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ROSARY.

THE possession of a rosary, or chaplet, as it is called in France, is indispensable to all good Roman Catholics—at least to the female portion. Though I have not found that the sterner sex bother their heads much about them, it may be easily understood what large quantities are required, and what a thriving industry is their manufacture. True, they do not wear out; but they are easily lost. At least I suppose so, because during a ten years' residence in France, off and on, I have picked up a great number. Children, I fancy, are the chief offenders, because, after having witnessed a religious procession where children predominated, I have often found one or more chaplets on the ground as I followed the footsteps of the train on my homeward way.

Rosaries are made of different materials; wood, bone, glass, and dried seeds being the chief. The former takes first place; and it is only of wooden chaplets that I write.

The Pyrenees, those beautiful mountains that divide France and Spain, are noted for the box-trees that clothe the lower slopes in a mantle of picturesque green. There are also numerous very rapid streams, or *gaves*, as they are called, which, fed by the glaciers in the higher ranges, fling their brawling torrents down every ravine and valley. Man has hastened to take advantage of the combination, and here, there, and everywhere, often in most unfrequented and unexpected places, you come across the homely mill-dam and roughly built sawmill which, worked by water-power, converts the neighbouring box-trees into chaplets.

Every little Pyrenean village, however small, is sure to be the centre of a commune or parish owning extensive forest and pasturage rights on the wild mountain slopes around it. Once yearly, on a Sunday, its Mayor and councillors solemnly assemble in the little Mairie and put up for sale these rights; the bidders being, of course, only the inhabitants of the commune. The box-trees fit for cutting are an important item. After a spirited competition, much helped by good wine, the sale is over, and he who has bought the box-trees is alternately congratulated and chaffed by his friends, and he wonders what on earth made him do it, and whether or no he will make anything out of his purchase.

In due course he cuts a load, and proceeds to sell it to the chaplet-makers; so let us now follow this load of the ugly, whity-brown, crooked sticks—none thicker than a lady's wrist—to the sawmill, and watch them being converted into rosaries. It will interest us.

The building is very much of the ramshackle order, and is thickly coated with a fine white or pale-yellow dust that gives it at first sight the appearance of a flour-mill. There is a hum and whir of machinery in the air; but it does not come from downstairs. Here are only the big saws, idle now, that are used for cutting up trees when box is wanting and does not come in quickly enough. But it is different above. Up the dusty, rickety stairs we go, through an ill-fitting door at the top, and we stand on the threshold of a long, low room filled with rapidly revolving wheels, flying leather belts, whirling drills, and screaming, vicious little circular saws, not fenced or guarded in any way. You hardly like to move for fear of coming into contact with some twisting devilment or other, grown-up person as you are; and your heart stands still, or ought to—I know mine did—to see wandering around, in, out, and everywhere, children of four years old and upwards.

I ask the foreman anxiously, 'What are the babies doing here? Surely it's dreadfully dangerous for them amid all this unfenced machinery?'

But the cheerful peasant only laughs. 'It's the tea-hour,' he explains, 'and the children have brought their mothers and sisters up some bread from the village. The babies come with the bigger children; but they will all be off soon, back again home.'

'But don't they get hurt?' I ask.

'Of course they do sometimes, and badly very often; but they soon learn their danger up here; and *que voulez-vous?*'—with a shug of his shoulders—'the women must eat, and they can't go home, as it's all piecework here, so the children must come to them and risk it.'

I shuddered as a girl, gazing open-mouthed at us, walked backwards nearly on to a huge wheel; and I wondered what some of our factory inspectors would say to it. There are some

things—indeed, a great many—that they don't do better in France.

However, time presses, so we turn our attention at first to a small circular saw. It is going at great speed, and beside it sits a woman with a branch of boxwood in her hands. She presses this against the saw quickly and quite unconcernedly, although her fingers are perilously near its edge, I think; and each time the sharp teeth take off a slice of about a quarter of an inch thick, or less. It is cut obliquely, not straight across, and reminds me exactly of a slice of Bologna sausage, except that it is of a pale-primrose colour, and not red-and-lard spotted. These slices fall with great rapidity into a receptacle under the saw.

Then we go to the other end of the room, picking our way amongst wheels and children. Here is a long bench or table, something like a turning-lathe; only, instead of one, it has sixteen lathes in a row, all working together. Opposite each lathe, if I may so term it, sits a woman with her head tied up in a cloth and only her eyes and nose showing. Everything is thickly covered with the fine dust, and I notice that I am already taking on a yellow tinge. Boxwood is remarkably hard and close-grained, and the sawdust is as fine as flour. Each woman has her lap full of slices of the boxwood, and a girl goes round with a big shovel filling the laps of the women from the receptacles under the saws.

In a turning-lathe, as most people know, the wood is fixed on a rapidly revolving spindle and turns with it, the operator applying his tool to it as it revolves. In this case it is the wood that is held in the hand, and the tool—a keen steel drill, its end shaped like a half-moon—revolves. From the centre of this half-moon a thin spike projects exactly beyond the two points of the horns the same distance as from its base to these points. In other words, if you stretched a string from point to point of the crescent it would exactly divide the spike into equal distances. If you press a slice of wood gently against this rapidly revolving drill-point the spike penetrates until the tips of the horns touch the wood and begin to cut a circle, and as you press the whole crescent eventually buries itself in the wood; and this is the moment to stop. You will then see that the spike has gone right through, its point just showing on the other side, while the horns of the crescent will have cut but half-way. Then turn the wood and apply the other side to the drill, taking care that the point of the spike is placed exactly on the little hole or mark made by it in the previous operation. Press again, and once more the crescent will cut in and meet the previous cut half-way; and, hey, presto! a neat little ball with a hole through it will drop or rather be pushed out into the palm of your hand. This is the *perle*, as the bead is called, in the rough.

Although I have been slow and minute in describing this first and important operation, it must not be supposed that the workwomen are slow like me. On the contrary, their rapidity and precision is wonderful. A woman takes a slice in her hand, and with hardly any perceptible pauses, presses it against the drill many times in succession until the whole surface is covered with the little circles that are so closely packed as to nearly touch each other: the smallest *perle* made has a diameter of three millimetres! Then, like lightning, she turns the wood and begins again, only this time she must place the spike unerringly on the almost pin-points of holes that stud the surface of the slice; but she does it as rapidly almost as the first side, and so she works for hours at a time, a continuous shower of *perles* dropping from her adroit hand into a box below. So expert do these women become that a first-class hand can cut as many as four gross, or a little over, of the smallest *perles* per day. A gross is a large tin measure, and I took one and filled it from a sack of small *perles* which stood beside me.

'Now, how many chaplets will this gross of *perles* make?' I asked.

'Twelve dozen, sir,' was the reply.

'How many *perles* go to make one chaplet?' was the next question.

'Fifty-nine, sir,' answered the foreman.

The calculation did not take long. Fifty-nine multiplied by one hundred and forty-four gives eight thousand four hundred and ninety-six *perles* to a gross. And a good worker can cut, say, four gross a day, or thirty-three thousand nine hundred and eighty-four *perles*. To me it appears stupendous.

'And how much do you pay per gross?' was the final question.

'Sixty-five centimes, sir' (sixpence halfpenny of our money).

For this small sum these women work ten hours a day amid unfenced machinery, their persons smothered and their lungs choked with the fine dust. An ordinary worker will only do from two to three gross a day, so that some only earn one shilling and a penny for ten hours' work. There is another danger, too, besides the unguarded machinery. The slice of wood is held in the hollow of the hand; and should too much pressure be applied, or the elbow get a jog, the keen drill will slip through the wood and into the palm of the hand like a cheese-taster into new cheese. Yet, poor as the pay is, it satisfies these simple mountain people; and I was told there is never any lack of hands.

On examining the *perle*, a minute ridge of wood will be found encircling it—that is to say, nearly every *perle* has this defect, though not all. The cause of this is that the points of the crescent-shaped drill on the second occasion of using it rarely meet the first cut exactly. Sometimes,

however, the junction of the cuts is perfect, and then naturally there is no ridge. These perfect *perles* are so rare, however, that they are not sought for, and so the whole lot, perfect or not, undergo the next operation which is designed to get rid of the ridge. For this purpose an ingenious machine is used, which I will try to describe as simply and clearly as is possible without the aid of diagrams. The contrivance consists of a barrel-shaped wooden drum, having very narrow slits cut in its sides all round, a few inches apart. Inside this drum is a solid stone core, exactly the same shape as the drum, but smaller, so that one layer of *perles* exactly fit the space between the drum and the stone core. This stone core is fixed, but the wooden drum revolves slowly round it, and the appliance is half-immersed, horizontally of course, in a tank of running water. When the space is nearly filled up with *perles*, the drum revolves and the *perles* are rubbed and rolled against each other, the stone, and the wood, until all traces of any ridge or inequality disappear. The running water passing through the fine slits in the drum carries away all the débris; and when the *perles* are taken out of the rolling-machine and laid out to dry they are as smooth and round as possible; and thus ends another stage in their history.

Chaplets are of many hues—red, black, blue, pink, yellow; indeed, they are dyed all colours. The operation is very simple. A tub of the required dye having been prepared, and another one alongside it containing a solution of boiling water and lime, the *perles* are first dipped for a few moments into the latter and then into the dye, and next they are dried. Without the first hot dip the dye would not adhere; but the lime renders the wood highly susceptible to the colouring matters used. I must not forget to state that a certain proportion of beeswax is added to the dye-tub, which makes the *perles* ready for the next operation of polishing. To effect this the *perles* are placed in a long canvas bag, which is then sewn up and tightly fixed by its four corners down to the wooden floor. Over the bag is placed a wooden frame on wheels containing three or four wooden rollers which press lightly on the *perles*. The frame is then connected up with a long wooden arm, worked by water-power, which draws the frame backward and forward over the bag, causing the *perles* to roll from one end of the sack to the other. This gives them a fine polish and makes them shine brilliantly.

A chaplet is composed of five sets of ten *perles*, each *perle* in a set being divided from its neighbour by either one or two links of the wire chain on which they are strung; but between each set of ten the space is much greater, and in the middle of this space is fixed a single *perle* that has been ornamented with a number of little circles cut by a tiny circular drill. This *perle* is called a *pater*, and is easily distinguished from the others by its isolated position and carved surface. I do not know anything about the telling of beads, and I did not ask; but I imagine that when the wearer arrives at one of these single beads a paternoster is said. There are usually only four *paters* in a chaplet, the fifth being replaced by a small metal heart-shaped medallion, from which depends a short length of chain. On this piece is strung a *pater*, three ordinary *perles*, and then another *pater*, the whole finishing off with a small metal cross.

Thus in its majestic Pyrenean home is the humble box-tree converted into the many-coloured chaplet, and sent broadcast over the land. It finds its way into far corners of the earth, and brings comfort to many anxious souls. In fever-stricken hospitals under tropical skies the pale and gentle Sister of Mercy tells these Pyrenean beads, while far away at home the water-wheels ever turn, and the speckled trout leap in the ice-fed streams, and heed not.

A RIVER OF DREAMS.

See! the rising mists below
All the fields with vapours cover,
While above their drifted snow
Pallid moonbeams lightly hover.

Softly curving through the woods,
Silver Tweed comes gently streaming;
Thought nor sound of winter's floods
Haunts the peace that lulls his dreaming.

High upon its grassy height
Stands old Neidpath, gray and hoary,
And the wistful evening light
Clothes it with an old-world glory.

Not a sound the silence stirs,
Save the ripple of the river;
Not a breath to lift the firs,
And the brown bents hardly quiver.

Down beside the stream below
Winds the path o'er rock and meadow,
Faithful to the river's flow
Through all turns of sun and shadow.

There where lightly, day by day,
Pass the living all undaunted;
Now, beneath night's mystic sway,
By what phantoms it is haunted!

What strange shades go wandering by!—
Ghosts of fishers long departed,
Flitting forms of fantasy,
Lovers leal or broken-hearted.

But the trailing mists arise;
One by one the trees are hidden,
Till the vale before my eyes
Fades, by some mute magic bidden.

MURIEL R. GRAHAM.

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Chambers's Journal
SIXTH SERIES.

FAMOUS DISTRICT LIBRARIES.

AMONGST the great benefits enjoyed by dwellers in our large towns is that of easy access to circulating libraries and Free Libraries, which, thanks to Mr Carnegie, have started up like mushrooms all over the kingdom. Although books never were cheaper or more plentiful in the history of the world, not every one forms the delightful and useful habit of possessing a library of his or her very own. The public library and the circulating library are appealed to for expensive books, for current literature, and maybe oftenest for the works of fiction just in vogue. The dwellers in outlying country districts, where life moves more slowly and monotonously, have not always the privilege of easy access to good libraries. All honour, therefore, to those persons who, seeking neither fame nor applause, have supplied this want where the need was greatest. In the annals of self-development, the books read in early life in unknown country libraries have destinated the lives of many whom the world has afterwards heard of for good. It is quite impossible to estimate the value of good and great books read during the formative period. The copy of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* which Scott read at thirteen, still existing in Kelso Library, had a powerful influence on the future poet. He bought a copy of the same book afterwards when he could scrape a few shillings together, and he says: 'Nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm.' It was natural, therefore, that the first-fruits of his genius should have been the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, of which this is the centenary year. Thoughts and impulses are stored which shall afterwards bear fruit, the fancy and imagination are stirred, while the reader feels that he has indeed become 'The heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.'

Andrew Carnegie has given away over two millions sterling during the past ten years in founding Free Libraries in Great Britain and America. He might not have done so but for the benefit he received as a youth from a library of four hundred books for boys which Colonel Anderson of Alleghany threw open every Saturday afternoon to him and others. It is possible that William and Robert Chambers might not have become authors and publishers save for the intellectual culture and stimulus received from Alexander Elder's circulating library in Peebles and from an old *Encyclopædia* in a garret. Books read in the impressionable, formative period, ere business worries so invade the mind and time, are by far the most influential. Books, of course, only go a certain way in the formation of character, and to spend too much time in 'studies' or discursive and amusing reading may be only another form of laziness and sloth. There is a sense in which the man who is always preaching or reading and writing may become very ignorant. Thackeray was a reading and writing man, and yet he said that 'in a pretty large experience I have not found the men who write books superior in wit or learning to those who don't write at all. In regard of mere information, non-writers must often be superior to writers.' Still, to most of us, the deprivation of good literature would come as the removal of the sun from the mental and moral firmament of the world.

What we adventure now is to glance at some of the forgotten benefactions and benefactors who founded famous district libraries which have been, and still remain, living centres of usefulness in Scotland. Amongst the most notable of these is that of Innerpeffray, four miles south-east from Crieff, contained in a long, vault-like chamber in a white house on a knoll close to the river Earn. At a distance the building might be mistaken for a Presbyterian church. There is a school close by, and Innerpeffray Church is near. This library owes its existence to David Drummond, Lord Maderty, some time previous to 1680. By his will, dated 1691, he left the half of six thousand merks for the maintenance of the library, church, and schoolhouse there. The bequest was rendered void

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through some legal slip; but a nephew made good the intentions of the donor by setting aside five thousand merks for the encouragement of learning, 'and as a constant and perpetual stock for the preserving of the said library and maintaining a keeper and schoolmaster, and for augmenting the library and building a house.' The collection of books is of high literary, typographical, and bibliographical importance, although it is to be regretted that no catalogue has yet been prepared. Very wisely, the more precious books of antiquarian interest have not been lent out for forty years at least. The library received additions from Robert Hay Drummond, a relative of the founder, who was Archbishop of York. Colonel the Hon. C. Hay Drummond is the present proprietor. The number of volumes is between three thousand and four thousand, and over a thousand visitors entered their names in the visitors' book last year, many of whom gave donations of books. Canon Liddon, Sheriff Mark Napier, Professor Blackie, and others have all been enthusiastic about this collection. Upwards of a thousand books are borrowed during the year. Professor Blackie bestowed his Homer, with this inscription: 'Presented to the Innerpeffray Library, in pleasant memory of a visit to the beneficent foundation of the Drummonds of Madderty.—J. S. Blackie.' Mark Napier's *Montrose* has come from another grateful reader, while the late Queen Victoria bestowed her *Journal of Life in the Highlands*, with her autograph. A most interesting relic is the pocket Bible of the great Montrose, printed in French at Sedan in 1633, with the owner's autograph in several places. A pen-and-ink sketch, inside the upper board, of a hillock and roses encloses the monogram 'J. M. E.' (James Earl of Montrose). There are quotations entered here and there, such as 'Roses grow not upon thorns;' 'Honour to me is better than life;' 'Though the shattered universe o'erwhelm him, the ruins should find him untrembling.' Barclay's *Shyp of Folys of the Worlde* (1508) is the oldest dated book; but there is a copy of Lydgate's translation of the *Fall of Princes and Princesses* of an earlier date; a Bible in French printed at Antwerp in 1530, with curious illustrations; a copy of the second edition of the 'Great Bible' (1540), with frontispiece by Holbein; a 1602 copy of the black-letter English Bible, in which the Canticles are given as 'The Ballet of Ballets of Solomon;' a copy of Luther's Bible (1577); some Missals; Latin Breviaries, one of which belonged to Cardinal Quignan; Prayer-books; a Confession of Faith; and a French Psalter by Marot and Beza, with the musical setting printed in staff notation, and sol-fa letters beside it, supposed to be the only copy in this country. Books on history and superstitions are also well represented: we noted original editions of Reginald Scot's *Witchcraft*, Burton's *Melancholy*, Camden's *Britannia*, the prose works of King James (1616), Dee's *Treatise on Spirits*, Sander's *Chiromancy*, Milton's *Eikon Basilike*, Drummond of Hawthornden's poems, Wither's *Emblems* (with little vignettes on each page), Drayton's *Polyolbion*, a first edition of Bacon's Essays, and Holinshed's Histories. The works of Donne, Brownrigg, Bishop Andrewes, and Beza's Tracts may very well have come from the Drummond who was Archbishop of York. These, with Boece's and Major's Histories, Raleigh's *History of the World*, and Elzevirs and Aldine editions, show the rare nature of the literary treasures in Innerpeffray Library. To the visitor, Mrs Birnie, the lady librarian, takes both pride and pleasure in showing these treasures, which are probably unique in the United Kingdom.

Leadhills and Wanlockhead are two mining villages in Lanarkshire: the first is at the head of the valley through which the Gonar flows to the Clyde; the second is on the Wanlock, a mile and a quarter distant, and is the highest inhabited village in Scotland. Corn does not ripen here, and there are no hens, as the poisonous galena ore prevents them from being kept. Wanlockhead is on the lands of the Duke of Buccleuch; Leadhills belongs to the Earl of Hopetoun's estates. Up till lately few of the folks emigrated; they did not understand how any one could be happy elsewhere. Pennant in 1772 and many a visitor since have commented on the barren and gloomy appearance of the neighbourhood; yet no one can doubt its salubrity. Miss Martineau in 1852 noted the absence of a meat-diet amongst the miners, yet could not deny that these folks, living on a poor soil, one thousand two hundred and eighty feet above sea-level, had a remarkably healthy appearance, notwithstanding the fumes of lead-smelting. Allan Ramsay the poet, who was born at Leadhills in 1686, established the first circulating library in Edinburgh. William Symington, who has a monument here, is styled the 'inventor of steam navigation' (see this *Journal*, 1902, p. 180). James Taylor was also a native. A tombstone in the churchyard bears record that John Taylor, miner here, died at the advanced age of one hundred and thirty-seven years. A light railway, seven miles in length, connects Leadhills with Abington, on the Caledonian system. Lead has been sought for in the bowels of the Lowther Hills for five hundred years, and gold and silver are also found in small quantities. In this connection the place has been called 'God's Treasure-house in Scotland.' When the Princess May was married a keeper-ring of Leadhills gold was sent as a marriage present. 'Never go to Leadhills without a hap' is local advice; and in this high-lying, treeless region sharp, sudden showers are common. About a hundred years ago, when William and Dora Wordsworth and Coleridge passed a night at Leadhills Inn, the latter likened the pumping-engine at Wanlockhead to a giant with one idea. Wordsworth and his

sister had a talk with a miner, who said they had just added a book to their library at a cost of thirty pounds, and that they had all sorts of books. 'What! have you *Shakespeare?*' they queried, and were answered in the affirmative. The poet and his sister, to their regret, left without seeing this famous library, founded about 1741 by a mining overseer named Stirling. Much of the decency, industry, and sobriety of the people, their pride of spirit, independence, and desire to give a good education to their children, has been traced as the fruit of this library. A library at Wanlockhead has been equally beneficial. Dr John Brown in 1865 gave a capital account of Leadhills Library in his 'Enterkin,' a paper dealing with the pass which comes out at Wanlockhead, and which he found most noticeable and impressive, and unlike any other glen he had seen in Scotland. He was likewise greatly struck with the range of subjects in the library and of authors in the homely catalogue, and added that it was impossible 'to think with anything but respect of the stout-hearted, strong-brained men who, after being in the bowels of the earth all day, sit down to wrestle with John Owen and Richard Baxter, or dream of heaven and holiness with Scougall and Leighton, or refresh themselves with *Don Quixote*, the *Antiquary*, or the *Fool of Quality*.' This is one of the oldest and best village libraries in the kingdom. There are about one hundred members of the library, which contains four thousand volumes; a sum of three shillings is paid for entry-money, and two shillings annually after that. A book is accounted new until it has been two years in the library. Every member not residing in Leadhills may be provided with a bag sufficient to keep out rain when carrying home books.

Mr D. Russell, clerk to the library, informs us that Leadhills Library is still flourishing and doing much good. There is a small annual grant from a Ferguson bequest, while Lady Hopetoun supplies all the leading daily and evening papers, which are much appreciated. On the back of the card whereon are printed the rules is a picture of the valley, a Corinthian pillar in the centre, a pick and shovel and pail at the foot, and the motto above, 'Leave the Rest to Heaven.' The catalogue shows that the library is strong in history, biography, and sermons. Novels, too, are well represented, with many old favourites, as becomes an ancient library; but we cannot imagine that the stories *George Harrington* and *Ralph Gemmell*, by R. Pollok, deserve to be classed as biographies. 'Philosophy' and 'Letters' are grouped. *Chambers's Journal*, we note, has a most honourable place and a large amount of space.

Thomas Telford the great engineer was one of those who thought very little about money but a great deal about roads and bridges, and when he came to make his will, believed he had only some sixteen thousand pounds to dispose of; the actual sum turned out to be nearer thirty thousand pounds, so that all his bequests were nearly doubled. About one-fourth of the whole was set apart for educational purposes. Two thousand pounds went to the Civil Engineers' Institute, and one thousand pounds to the minister of Langholm and his native parish of Westerkirk, close by, in trust for parish libraries. There is a slab to his father in Westerkirk churchyard which Telford carved with his own hands: 'In memory of John Telford, who, after living thirty-three years an unblamable shepherd, died at Glendinning, November 1757.' Telford cherished the memory of his native Eskdale, and wrote a poem on the district. Burnfoot, the native place of the Malcolms, who were such great Empire builders, lies below Westerkirk. The Duke of Buccleuch has a fine shooting-lodge at Langholm, a place which is noted, amongst other things, for its lovely scenery and its rainfall. Westerkirk Library was in existence before Telford's bequest, having been founded at Jamestown in 1792 for the use of the men working the antimony-mine (now discontinued); but it is now housed in a suitable building in the shrubbery near the schoolhouse at Bentpath. At the time Dr Smiles wrote his *Life of Telford*, in 1867, there were four thousand volumes; when we called lately on Mr Irving the schoolmaster the number had increased to eight thousand, mostly bound in half-calf. The Langholm Telford Library is also well patronised, and is under the care of an intelligent local bookseller. A few years ago some of the more dilapidated books in the Westerkirk Library were distributed amongst the members. Every month the books are inspected. Bentpath Inn here is the only one between Langholm and Tushielaw in Ettrick, a distance of thirty miles by the Eskdalemuir Road!

For Westerkirk Library there is a charge of ten-and-sixpence as entry-money, and a small annual charge afterwards. The day of the full-moon, or the day following, is appointed for the exchange of books; consequently, as Dr Smiles remarks, 'there is scarcely a cottage in the valley in which good books are not to be found under perusal; and we are told that it is a common thing for the Eskdale shepherd to take a book in his plaid to the hillside—a volume of Shakespeare, Prescott, or Macaulay—and read it there under the blue sky, with his sheep and the green hills around him. And thus, so long as the bequest lasts, the good, great engineer will not cease to be remembered with gratitude in his beloved Eskdale.' Telford the herd-boy, who rests in Westminster Abbey, could have wished for no better monument.

William Chambers, mindful of the benefits which he and his brother Robert received from Alexander Elder's circulating library in Peebles, long extinct, gave in 1859 a suite of buildings having a library of ten thousand volumes, now

increased to fifteen thousand, with reading-room, museum, art-gallery, and lecture-hall, for the mental improvement and recreation of the inhabitants. One regrets to read in his extremely interesting autobiography that the donor had misgivings, after an experience of twelve years, as to whether it had been appreciated. In the museum attached may be seen the small green box which contained the belongings of William Chambers when he started as an apprentice in Edinburgh; also a fine full-length portrait of the publisher by Watson Gordon. A print of Bunbury's has an interesting story attached. It represents a soldier lying dead in the snow, his dog sitting in misery on the one side, on the other his widow with a child in her arms. Burns saw this picture in the house of Sir Adam Ferguson at the Sciennes, Edinburgh. This was on the one memorable occasion that Burns and Scott ever met. Burns inquired as to the authorship of the motto of the picture. The boy Walter Scott whispered the information that the author was Langhorne, which drew forth a word of civility from Burns and a look which the author of *Waverley* never forgot. The lines are:

> Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
> Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;
> Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
> The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
> Gave her sad presage of his future years,
> The child of misery, baptised in tears.

The picture, which is not otherwise interesting as a work of art, was presented to the museum by the late Robert Chambers. The Institute, which cost William Chambers over twenty thousand pounds, is not a Free Library in the ordinary sense; the benefit is secured by paying a small fee. The old building in front was at one time a town residence of the Queensberry family, and the fourth duke was born here. The library contains a copy of William Chambers's very scarce booklet on David Ritchie the Black Dwarf, published at Edinburgh in 1820.

We might multiply examples, but these may suffice, of cases wherein a local celebrity has erected his own monument as well as provided a great public boon by the founding of a library or reading-room in a country district. Archbishop Leighton's bequest of books to his diocese has formed the nucleus of a library at Dunblane. Another example is that of the Proudfoot Institute, Moffat, founded from the residue of the estate of William Proudfoot, an early Scottish settler in Natal. About twenty thousand pounds was left to be expended on this working-men's institute, with library and recreation rooms and lecture and concert hall. Evening classes are also held here, which are of great benefit to young men. There are over three thousand books in the library, and additions are made from time to time. The large hall is used for recreation, and carpet bowls is a popular game. The trustees also assist aged and infirm people or persons out of employment from their funds. The Norman Stewart Institute, Rothesay, owes its foundation to Norman Stewart, of Richmond, Virginia, and his nephews, and has a library of four thousand volumes, with reading and recreation rooms. Selkirk Public Library owes its origin to Mr T. Craig-Brown, author of a *History of Selkirkshire*. He purchased the buildings formerly used as the county jail; the Free Library Act was adopted, and now over six thousand excellent volumes are housed there. Mr Andrew Lang, a native of Selkirk, has been a liberal donor of books. Amongst the curiosities here are a Flodden flag and a uniform which was worn by the Ettrick Shepherd as a Bowman of the Border.

Samuel Brown of Haddington (1817-1856), fourth son of Dr John Brown, author of the *Self-Interpreting Bible*, was the founder of itinerating libraries. In these days, when the great classics of literature can be purchased for a few pence, it is not easy to imagine how difficult it was for the common people to see a new and high-priced volume or to possess good editions of old books. Amongst the thoughtful peasant-class the bulk of the books on their shelves might be volumes of divinity, many of them fifty or a hundred years old. Mr Brown was a genuine benefactor to a wide rural district. When he struck out this plan he formed a collection of books at his own expense, and put them in divisions: the newest were retained for the county town of Haddington, and a division was sent to each of the principal villages of the county. When a division had remained in one place about twelve months it was removed to another village, and a fresh one took its place. The charge for reading was small, and only sufficient to keep the books in repair, while the village librarians did their work gratuitously.

In 1847 Mary Russell Mitford, in conference with Mr Lovejoy of Reading and William Chambers, drew up a scheme for district libraries. Her idea was for five or six parishes to agree and to interchange their books as soon as one set, say, of two hundred volumes, had been finished by one parish, so that five libraries of two hundred books each should serve for five parishes to read. These were to be the very best books: no trash to be allowed!

George Miller, bookseller, Dunbar, who wrote his autobiography, and was publisher of the *Cheap Magazine*, issued his first circulating library catalogue in 1791; by 1811 it contained two thousand five hundred volumes, and a reading-room was started which he says was 'one of the most complete establishments to be met with in any town of equal size in the United Kingdom.'

MY AUSTRALIAN DUCHESS.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT day, according to my promise, I presented myself at Government House. Sir George had kept his promise, and you may imagine, therefore, his wife's surprise when he conducted me into her presence. For upwards of a quarter of an hour we chatted together, and then the drawing-room door opened and a lady entered the room. On seeing her I sprang from my chair with an exclamation of astonishment. You will understand this when I say that she was none other than Christine, whom I had imagined to be many hundreds of miles away. She, on her side, was as much surprised as I was.

Lady Belford was the first to break the silence. Turning to Christine, she said, 'I was not aware, my dear, that you were acquainted with Lord Birkhardon.'

'Lord Birkhardon?' cried the other. 'I know Mr Farebrother. We are neighbours.'

Mutual explanations followed, during which I learnt that Colonel Urquhart had been an old brother-officer of Sir George's, and that Christine had been spending three months with them in Sydney. She was to return home in a fortnight, and I gathered from her manner that the thought of it did not altogether please her.

During the fortnight that followed I was permitted to see a great deal of her, for nothing would suit His Excellency but that I must take up my abode at Government House, and under the circumstances you may be very sure I raised no objection. Every day I fell more and more in love; and who could have wondered at it? Surely a girl so sweet and yet so self-reliant as Christine had never before graced this earth. Times out of number I was tempted to test my fate; but on each occasion I managed at the last moment to keep the words back. To have risked refusal would have been to spoil what remained of her visit, and that I had no desire to do.

Her return journey was to be made in company with a squatter and his wife, whose property lay upwards of a hundred miles to the east of Maraba. After a week's stay there, Bencliff was to meet her and drive her home. When she was gone Sydney seemed a different place; and, in spite of all my kind friends' wishes that I should remain, I determined to set off on my long journey back to Yarley with as little delay as possible. Fate, however, was destined to prove too strong for me, for on the afternoon prior to my departure I was driving with one of the aides-de-camp, when the horse bolted and we were both thrown out. He fortunately was uninjured; my leg, however, was broken a little below the knee. In consequence many weeks elapsed before it was possible for me to move about, and still longer before I was in a position to run the risk of undertaking long rides in the saddle. During my convalescence I received several letters from Farquhar, in one of which he mentioned the fact that he had had occasion to go over to Maraba on business. The postscript contained his assertion that he considered Miss Urquhart a very beautiful girl. In a later letter he mentioned her again, and the reference was followed with something that caused me no little alarm. He had come to the conclusion, he stated, that a bachelor's life was a miserable one, and that the man who said otherwise was a fool.

'God help me!' I said to myself; 'is it possible that I am destined to have the man I love best in the world for a rival?'

When I reached the station once more it was no longer the same old Farquhar who greeted me. He seemed more reserved—to have lost his sunny, buoyant temperament, and to be more inclined to take offence at small things than I had ever known him to do. At first I thought he was scarcely pleased to see me; but he assured me emphatically that he was. Stranger still, he declared later, in answer to a question of mine, that he had come to the conclusion that Bencliff was, after all, not a bad sort of fellow.

'And Miss Urquhart?' I tried to ask the question unconcernedly, but I am afraid I failed in the attempt.

He rose from his chair and began to pace the room.

'Farebrother,' he said—'for I must still call you by the old name—I love that girl as I shall never love a woman again.'

'Have you told her so?'

'No,' he muttered, 'for I am sure she does not care for me.'

'Poor old fellow!' I said, and I put my hand upon his shoulder; but he threw it off and hurriedly left the room.

It was nearly midnight when he returned, and I had long since gone to bed, but not to sleep. He came to my room and sat down beside me, putting one arm round my neck.

'Old boy,' he said, 'come what may, please God, we'll not quarrel.'

'Never!' I answered. 'I don't think I could quarrel with you.'

And I never did. I like to think of that in these days: you will soon know why.

Now for the conclusion.

Almost before we knew it spring was over, and summer—scorching summer—was upon us; herbage was soon burnt up, and the earth cracked

in the terrible heat. Bush-fires were of constant occurrence; and, worse than all, with every day our supply of water was growing less. Only those who have had experience of it can understand the horrors of an Australian drought. Dead and dying animals—each one representing good, honest money to their owner—are to be seen on every side. Without water they cannot live, and yet the cruel clouds will not break. What grass there is is swept away by fire, and always present is the knowledge that it is impossible to foretell how long this reign of terror will continue. It may be weeks; it may be months; it may even last a year. And the result? In most cases ruin, or something very near akin to it. As for us, we did all that mortal man could do; which, alas! was little enough. The anxiety was overwhelming. Day by day the home we had built up for ourselves was being swept away, and we were powerless to save anything. Every night black clouds covered the heavens, until we momentarily expected to hear the rattle of the rain upon the roof; but no rain came, and in the morning every cloud had vanished.

One afternoon I stated my intention of riding out to see some cattle which we had brought in from the back country and had camped in the vicinity of one of the few holes in which there was anything like a fair supply left.

'I shall go with you,' said Farquhar. 'If I stay here I believe I shall go mad.'

'Come along, then,' I answered; and, catching the only two horses we now kept at the homestead, we saddled up and set off.

In the thick scrub the heat was stifling. Farquhar was in very low spirits, and, try as I might, I could not rouse him. We had perhaps proceeded another five miles when a *coo-ee* attracted my attention, and a moment later, to our astonishment, Bencliff and Grimshaw came into view.

'What on earth are they doing here?' I asked.

Farquhar did not reply; but I heard him catch his breath as if he were in pain.

'This is indeed fortunate,' said Bencliff as he dismounted, and we followed his example to rest our horses. 'We were on our way to see you. Our water has just about given out, and we wanted to know whether you could help us by running a few hundred head for us.'

I noticed a look pass between himself and Grimshaw. The latter nodded as if in corroboration of his friend's assertion.

'I'm afraid it's impossible,' Farquhar answered. 'We're almost dry ourselves.'

'Are you? Then take that!' and almost before I had time to realise what he was doing he had swung his heavy riding-whip and hit the other a crashing blow upon the head. Farquhar fell like a log. Then my senses returned to me, and I sprang upon Bencliff, and began to struggle with him. At the same moment Grimshaw, with an oath, threw himself upon me from behind. Heavens! how I fought! But I was powerless to cope with them. At last, choked by Grimshaw's hand upon my throat, I found myself losing consciousness, and a moment later fell beside my poor friend. Yet even then, strangely enough, I was conscious of what they said.

'Now what are you going to do?' asked Grimshaw, who was still panting from his exertions. 'Put a knife into him, or what?'

'Hold your tongue,' the other replied. 'I know what I am going to do. We couldn't have a better chance. Just give me that rope off my saddle, and I'll make him safe before he gets his wits again.'

Though I felt nothing, I knew that I was being bound. I seemed to have lost all desire to struggle now.

'Now then, pick him up and bring him along here.'

Presently I opened my eyes and looked about me. My hands were pinioned behind me, and I could feel that I was lying upon an old log.

'Look! he has come to his senses again,' said Grimshaw. 'You'd far better have knocked him on the head as you did the other.'

'Do you think so? Well, I don't,' Bencliff replied. 'I want my Lord Marquis to be in a position to appreciate his fate.—Do you understand, my lord? In case it should interest you at all, I will give you a rough outline of what is about to happen. You and your partner came up here, where we didn't want you, and stopped my little game. You did your best to make it nasty for me about that horse. You have been making love to my ward. I wonder if she will recognise you when she sees you next—if she ever does. Now, what's going to happen to you is this: when I say good-bye to you, I'm going to ride up against the wind and set fire to the scrub. I'm afraid you will find it warm; but perhaps you won't mind that.'

Though only half-conscious, I was able to realise the awful nature of his revenge. Could anything more fiendish be imagined?

'Do what you like with me,' I muttered, 'but not with him.'

Bencliff walked across to where poor Farquhar's body lay, and after a short interval returned.

'You needn't trouble yourself about him,' he said brutally. 'He has got his quietus. When we get hold of that fellow Anderson we shall have the whole lot of you—that is to say, those who are worth troubling about. I've owed him a grudge for a long time, and he'll find that I will pay it.—Now then, Grimshaw, it's time for us to be moving on.'

He raised his hat to me with ironical politeness, and moved towards his horse. But a sudden fit of fury must have seized him, for he strode back to me and struck me savagely with his fist in the face; then, mounting his horse, he rode off,

leaving me to my fate. And what a fate! That he would carry out his threat I had not the least doubt; but how long would it be before the end came? They would not ride fast on such a day, so that, allowing that they would not set fire to the scrub until they were five miles off, it could scarcely be less than three-quarters of an hour before I might expect to hear the roar of the flames. For the reason that my arms were tied in an unnatural position under me, they soon began to cause me excruciating pain. Add to that the ants and flies that settled and crawled upon my face, and you will have some faint idea of what I suffered.

At last I suppose my senses must have deserted me again, for I imagined myself back in England once more, bathing in the cool river that ran its winding course through the park. Then I was walking with Christine in Sydney Gardens, looking down upon the blue waters of the harbour. Later I opened my eyes once more. Hark! what was that? A dull roar like distant thunder that was every moment drawing closer. The fire was sweeping down upon me, and my end was only a matter of minutes now. I tried to form my thoughts into some sort of prayer, and to resign myself to my fate; but it was impossible. The desire for life was too strong, and I struggled madly with the cords that bound me. They, however, were too securely tied; I could not loose them. Presently I could hear the falling of great trees, and see the smoke in the sky above me. Frightened cattle, horses, and kangaroos dashed by, and once a horse jumped the log to which I was bound, his hoofs almost touching my face. Then there happened a thing that, even in such a desperate crisis of my life, gave me cause for wonder. Two mounted men, on maddened horses, raced by me, and I noticed that they were Bencliff and Grimshaw. God's vengeance had overtaken them, and they had been caught in their own trap. Scarcely had they passed before my straining ears heard the beat of other hoofs, but on this occasion they were coming towards me. I turned my head to look, and as I did so a cry escaped me. I saw a woman on a foam-flecked, worn-out horse—and that woman was Christine!

Without losing a moment, she dropped from her saddle and ran towards me. With feverish haste she unlashed my cords, crying:

'Can you run? My horse is worn out.'

'God knows,' I answered as I sat up, and then her eyes fell on poor Farquhar lying a few feet away. She ran to him, looked down, and returned.

'Come,' she cried, seizing me by the wrist. 'He is dead.'

And with that we started to run, never looking back.

'The river should be over there,' she panted, pointing to the right. 'We must reach it at all hazards.'

Still we ran on, though how I managed it I shall never know, for my legs had been numbed by the cords. Christine's excitement kept her up, and gave her the strength of half-a-dozen men. Still holding me by the arm, she half-dragged, half-supported me. The fire was less than a mile behind us now, and travelling at the speed of an express train. The dry river-bed was only a hundred yards or so ahead of us. Could we reach it in time?

But why prolong the story of the agony of that dreadful day? We did reach the river, though how we managed it I do not know. Once there, we tottered down the sloping bank and out on to the broad sands beyond, where there was nothing to burn, and, unless we were suffocated by the smoke, we were safe. Christine told me later that when I reached the middle I fell down in a dead faint. I suppose I must have done so, for I remember no more until I woke to find her kneeling beside me, bathing my face with some water which she had obtained from a small pool near by.

Now you have heard my story, and you can judge for yourself whether it is worth the telling. It was not until afterwards that I learnt full particulars of what had happened. Christine, it appeared, had chanced to overhear a conversation between the two men. The original plot they had arranged was to inveigle us out on to the run, and to do then what they had done. Their opportunity, however, came sooner than they expected. Knowing that it was useless for her to attempt to deal with them, the brave girl had allowed them to start upon their murderous errand, and had then ridden for her life to warn us.

Poor Farquhar's body we found next day charred to a cinder. Retribution speedily overtook the arch-scoundrel of the plot, for we discovered Bencliff in a dry nulla, some sixteen feet deep, into which his horse had fallen headlong, crushing him beneath it. What became of Grimshaw we could not ascertain. At any rate, he never appeared in the district again.

When Farquhar's will was read it was found that he had made me his sole heir. Feeling, therefore, that my duty lay in England, and that after what had happened it would be too painful to remain on the place, I disposed of the property for a very handsome sum, and then went down to join Christine in Sydney. Our marriage took place a month later.

Now, if you will accompany me on to the terrace, I fancy you will find seated there an elderly but very beautiful lady, beloved by everybody. Knowing what you know now, you will be able to understand why I am proud to call her

'My Australian Duchess.'

THE MALAY LANGUAGE.

THE raconteur of the Eastern Tropics always finds room in his répertoire for the anecdote of the two Singapore merchants who met, during a visit home, in a first-class carriage on the London Underground Railway. Among their fellow-passengers was a lady whose charms caught their artistic eyes. They felt perfectly safe in discussing her comeliness in Malay; but, to their embarrassment, when one of them rose to open the door of the compartment to allow the lady to alight, she, with a guileless smile, thanked them thus: '*Trima kasih, tuan; tabek!*' ('Thank you, sir; good-day'). Truly, London is a dangerous place, when one cannot give vent to the secret thoughts of the heart—even in Malay.

This story is my apology. Day by day our possessions in these sunlit waters are becoming of more importance; Singapore, the hub of the whole, is rapidly growing, and no one can afford to live in Singapore without a knowledge of Malay, inasmuch as it is the means of communication between the European and the bewildering variety of Asiatic races who rub shoulders together in this cosmopolitan port. Added to this, Malay is spoken not only in the peninsula, but also in Sumatra, Sunda, Java, Flores, Timor, Timor-Laut, Borneo, the Moluccas, and the Philippines; while it is also the tongue in which natives of the Eastern Archipelago, who do not know one another's language, converse. To the scientific student its interest lies in the fact that in it is to be found the key to the puzzle of the origin of the peoples inhabiting these islands, seeing that we have no records of them previous to the coming of the Arabic tribes. The English language reveals the historical facts of the peopling of the British Isles by Celts, Saxons, Danes, and Normans; of the intermixture of these races and tribes; of the introduction of the New Learning; of the world-wide empire acquired by the hardy breed of this mongrel race. So the Malay language tells us of an early migration of some probably Africo-Indian race; of possibly two invasions of some purely Indian people (bringing with them great store of knowledge, and introducing many words of Sanskrit origin); then of a sweeping flood of Arabic-speaking tribes (who forced upon a naturally superstitious and idolatrous people the pure monotheism of the Prophet); and, lastly, it whispers to us of the coming of Portuguese, Dutch, English, and even of the bland Celestial.

What is called the 'native' element of the language—that is, those words which cannot be traced to any known origin—comprises simple terms descriptive of a life passed in the jungle by men of primitive habits, such as the names of the physical features of the country, of simple food, dwellings, hunting, the earliest form of tillage, fishing, and domestic affairs.

The Sanskrit element introduces us to a high form of civilisation: it gives us the word for plough, indicating an advance in agriculture—an advance which has not yet penetrated far into the interior, where the natives still cause a scene of desolation by burning down the jungle, and plant among the blackened stumps and fallen trunks of giant trees their seeds of rice, maize, and tobacco, or churn up the plain by driving buffaloes over the sodden ground in order to make a wet rice-field. Terms, too, descriptive of the elephant and its ménage are of Sanskrit origin; from this source, also, we get terms relative to merchandise, precious stones, dominion, the life of an Eastern court; and the names of some of the more deadly slaughter-weapons, such as *kris*, and of some simple scientific, moral, and religious objects and ideas. The Malay word *mana*, meaning 'where?' 'what?'—derived from a Sanskrit word signifying 'measure'—takes us back in thought to the exodus of the Israelites, who, as the Psalmist so quaintly puts it, 'did eat angels' food' and named it 'manna,' as the margin of our reference Bibles obligingly tells us, from their wondering inquiries, 'What is it?'

The Arabic-speaking tribes brought with them the religion of Mohammed, and consequently from this source springs the bulk of religious and moral terms. Many, also, of the terms of politeness and compliment (to be seen in the wearisome and fulsome address and introductory part of a Malay letter) are almost pure Arabic. In fact, it is difficult to define the Arabic element, as new Arabic words are being continually introduced, and a Malay writer shows his learning by the use of Arabic words and phrases, much as an Englishman proud of his erudition interlards his literary effusions with words borrowed from ancient and modern European languages. It must be added that Malays use the Arabic character, though many now, especially those who have to do with Europeans, prefer to use Roman.

There are but a few words of Portuguese, Dutch, English, and Chinese origin, enough to show that the Malays have come into contact with these races. Chinese, of course, gives the Malay the word for opium, while English gives them 'gas,' 'telegrap' (for telegraph), *musti* (a bazaar-word for must), and such words as *pas-pan* (for saucepan) and 'matches' are gradually coming into use. To compensate for this, they have supplied us with the word *orang-utan* (which we misspell and mispronounce) and the now common English word 'amuck' (*amok*, mad).

The Malay language is soft and melodious, rejoicing in vowels and liquids, and avoiding

all harsh consonants. They drop the *k* at the end of a word after a vowel, preferring the open sound; they generally change the Arabic *f* into *p*, while the deep gutturals of Arabic are very rarely heard. The Malay likes life made as easy as possible, and his life is reflected in his language.

Writers on this language have differentiated or tried to differentiate between High and Low Malay. The terms are unfortunate, because misleading. We might with just as much fitness call Ciceronian Latin High, and Plautine Latin Low. As in every language, there is a literary and a spoken form; and the more educated a man is the more copious his vocabulary, the more grammatical his speech, and so the nearer his spoken language approaches the literary form. This is true of Malay, though the literature of the language is scanty, for the speech of the more leisured and better-educated classes of Malays approaches in proportion to their education that of their literature. There is a language of the bazaar which is so 'Low' as to be almost unworthy of being called Malay, as the stream of the tongue of Billingsgate has wandered far from the 'pure well of undefiled English.'

We might boldly say that the Malay language has no inflections were it not for the compound nouns and verbs formed by prefixes and suffixes. These affixes give an active, passive, or intensive force to verbs and change concrete into abstract nouns.

It has been said that all Malay nouns are naturally plural. It is better to regard them as having in themselves neither number nor gender. To indicate number either some word of numerical value is added, such as 'one,' 'two,' 'some,' 'many,' or the plural is formed by doubling the word—thus *anak* is child, *anak-anak* is children. This principle of reduplication, found commonly in Greek for the purpose of forming the perfect tense, and with less frequency in Latin and English—for example, 'did' represents 'do-do'—is also used in Malay for intensifying purposes; thus *se-bulih-bulih*, as can-can—that is, as hard as one can: to the best of one's ability. Gender, like number, is indicated by the addition of a term signifying male or female.

A grammatical curiosity shared by the Malay, Chinese, Burmese, and Siamese languages is the addition to substantive nouns of what grammarians are pleased to call numeral affixes or numeral coefficients. Such English phrases as 'five *head* of cattle' and 'seven *sail* of ships' illustrate the meaning of these pundits. Thus in Malay we have 'five *tail* of cats,' 'seven *fruit* of ships,' 'four *seed* of eggs,' 'two *stair* [or three *door*] of houses,' 'thirty *slab* of planks,' &c.

With regard to personal pronouns, it may be noticed that every word used to designate the first person singular literally means either slave or companion. This is Oriental politeness, and many examples, such as, 'Is *thy servant* a dog that he should do this thing?' are to be found in the Old Testament. The same cause impels the Malay to avoid the use of the second person singular, and to replace it by the name or title of the person addressed. To address a Malay by the second person singular pronoun is to treat him *de haut en bas*. There are two words to express the first person plural, and a very useful distinction is drawn between them. One of them (*kita*) includes the person addressed; thus it would be used in the sentence, 'We will go a-hunting to-day,' when all the persons present are included. But in translating '*Our* Father,' as addressed to God, the other word (*kami*) would be used (the possessive being indicated by position or by the addition of a word), as the person addressed is manifestly excluded. Oh that some good Samaritan would invent an extra third person singular pronoun in English to help us along in indirect speech!

'Bow-wow words'—or, to use the expression of one's Latin Grammar days, onomatopœia—are fairly common in the native element of the language. This is what might be expected, as—we are all evolutionists nowadays—the primitive man, having emerged from the weird state of missing-linkdom, would naturally try to express his thoughts by imitation, and consequently the earliest elements of speech would be the imitation of the cries of beasts and birds. Thus we have *siol*, to whistle; *pipit*, a small bird; *nganga*, to yawn; *chichak*, a house-lizard, &c.

It has been said that a man may carry on a conversation in German with the single word 'so,' if he only knows how to give it the right intonation at the right moment. One might almost say the same of the Malay word *sudah;* but you must be careful to use it with a sharply imperatival tone, its meaning then closely approximating the vulgar English sentence 'Shut up!' But if *sudah* is useful, *barang-kali* (perhaps) is maddening to the Englishman. A Malay hates the trouble of making up his mind—in fact, he never does any such thing. His mind is made up for him by his environment, and consequently *barang-kali* is a very favourite word with him. Again, he is too polite and too timid to use a blunt 'No,' so he generally temporises with *barang-kali*. Therefore, do not ask a Malay a direct question, expecting an explicit answer; talk to him of things in general (he loves a talk); and, as 'in a multitude of words there lacketh not folly,' says the wise man, if you are skilful you will probably find out what you wish to know.

The Malays are not without imagination. This is manifest from their language, their *pantum* (verses), and their proverbs. Thus the Malay word for child (*anak*) enters into such expressions as 'the clapper [child] of a bell,' 'the toes' (children of the foot), 'a key' (child of the lock), 'uvula' (child of the tongue), 'arrow' (child of the bow),

'spokes' (children of the wheel), 'tributary' (child of the river). Again, *mata* (the eye) enters into such combinations as 'the eye of the day' (the sun), 'the eye of a tree' (a knot in wood), 'the eye of a barrel' (a bunghole), 'the eye of the balance' (*Anglicè*, the tongue of the balance), 'the eye of the march' (the vanguard), while *mata-mata* (*Anglicè*, all eyes) is the word for a policeman. This last expression is ideally admirable, but would in practice be more accurately expressed as 'an eye for the main chance.'

The *pantum* (verses) of the Malays are mostly of four lines, of which the first two are generally a metaphor, the last two its application. These people, too, are fond of proverbs; for instance, the vulgar but expressive English saying, 'Teach your grannie how to suck eggs,' has its equivalent, 'Is it necessary to sharpen the thorn?' and 'A man born to be hanged will never be drowned' is expressed by the fatalist man, 'Bark swims, stones sink.'

To sum up, the Malay language is easy to learn, sweet to the ear, somewhat imperfect as a means of communication of thought; but when spoken with understanding, expressive, forcible, imaginative.

THE BETHEL STONE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE beauty of Zillah Trethewey had worked its spell on Danvers, and the painter was honestly in love. He was a frequent visitor at the tannery; the odour of the place, once insufferable, became tolerable with familiarity, and he grew almost reconciled to the bundles of hides and the hideous little heaps of horns and hoofs.

Beneath the homely ways of these people there was a degree of education that he had not expected to find. The girl had been decently brought up at a boarding-school in Penzance, and her skill in music was remarkable. It seemed to Danvers that her face and voice would carry her anywhere. Yet he was painfully conscious of a disparity in their social conditions. He wondered at times how this unsophisticated girl would be received by his cultured sisters living in struggling gentility in that Kensington flat. He thought of his aunt Matilda, from whom he had expectations —a proud, precise woman to whom a lapse into dialect would be a thing of horror. How would he reconcile these fastidious relatives of his to the tanner's daughter? Then he remembered with gratitude a certain Uncle Joseph, the 'black sheep' of the family, who had sunk to the abyss of an obscure tobacconist's shop in Islington. He would meet all feminine protests and strictures by throwing Uncle Joseph at their heads. He had never hitherto appreciated this disreputable connection; but all things have their uses, and Uncle Joseph would make an admirable missile.

There was discretion in Danvers; the very practice of his art made him discriminating; and if his affection for Zillah Trethewey should seem an incongruous element in his life, he was prepared to eliminate it with a pang, as at times he had sacrificed in a picture some admirable figure or fond effect of colour that spoilt the ensemble.

As for Zillah, she found herself in a new, strange atmosphere of flattery and compliment. The attentions of the painter touched her vanity, a point at which all women are vulnerable. Danvers was never weary of making sketches of her in every delightful aspect. She was proud to think that her beauty inspired a man to such industry; and she was exceedingly happy.

In those days David Pentreath seldom came to the tannery; the stranger seemed to pervade the place with his pictures and singing and gay talk. Once or twice, in his desire to be near Zillah, David had called in the evening; but the music and laughter jarred upon him, and he sat all the time in mute malignity.

There was a fierce conflict in the heart of David. At times he was moved to a generous renunciation: he would trouble Zillah no longer; he would go abroad in the next company of emigrant Cornishmen. At other times the intensity of love and jealousy within him drove him half-mad, and a tragedy seemed the only fit finish to his trouble.

Already the names of Mr Danvers and Zillah Trethewey were linked in the common gossip of Langissack. There were significant meetings and rambles which were quickly noted and commented upon by people keen of eye and long of tongue.

One morning Mrs Poljay met David Pentreath at Trethewey's corner. The woman was driving a wheelbarrow-load of tan—the spent tan made a slumbering fuel for a hearth-fire, and could be had at the tanyard for the fetching. The look on David's face arrested the woman, and she said kindly enough, 'I be cruel sorry for 'e Dave; 'tes a bad job when a man's sweetheart thraws 'en awver for a gentleman, an' sometimes 'tes bad for the maid.' And the words of pity fell on David like drops of vitriol.

Mrs Poljay, a sinewy, lean woman, resumed her load, and half-way down the street met Zillah herself.

'Isn't there a man about that would give 'e a hand, Mrs Poljay?' asked the girl gently.

'Drat the men!' answered the woman. 'I reckon I can fetch my awn firin'. Where there's men there's trouble.' She set down her load, and thrusting her hand into her pocket beneath her ample apron, produced a colour-tube, empty and flattened. 'Look 'e, Zillah, what I've a-found.'

'Why, 'tis only an old tube,' said the girl, smiling; 'something that Mr Danvers has used and thrown away.'

'Iss, used an' thrawn away,' echoed the woman; ''tes battered an' twisted, 'tes no good, an' he's a-finished wi' it.' With a little dramatic gesture she threw the tube into the gutter, and cried appealingly, 'Aw, my dear maid, don't 'e make a fule o' thyself.'

'Martha Poljay, how dare you?' cried the girl, as the significance of the woman's parable dawned upon her.

'Dare!' answered Mrs Poljay. 'I'm a darin' old sawl. I nursed your mother when other folks were afeared to go nigh the house. Zillah Trethewey, I beg 'e don't 'e make a fule o' thyself.'

Martha Poljay continued her way down the street, which was now so steep that the difficulty was not in propelling the jolting wheelbarrow but in holding it back. The tears were running freely down her hard, brown face, and she could not dry them while her hands held the barrow. At the turn of the hill by the 'Plume of Feathers' she encountered that chubby philosopher, Dicky Pascoe. Relinquishing her load, she hastily wiped her streaming eyes with her apron.

'Waarm work,' said Dicky sympathetically, mistaking her tears for perspiration; 'you'm most home, or I'd lend 'e a hand.'

'Dick Pascoe,' said Mrs Poljay, resting herself at the edge of the wheelbarrow, 'I be cruel vexed 'bout Dave Pentreath; 'tes shameful o' Zillah to thraw 'en awver.'

'For the matter o' that,' answered the wise little man, 'sometimes a maid thraws a man awver same as us drop awverboard an undersized crab, knowing that the salt water's good for 'en, an' by-'n-by we shall be mighty glad again o' Meister Crab.'

'Iss, fay, if 'a doesn't get catched by another body.'

'True enough in a general way,' answered Dicky; 'but Dave Pentreath is wan o' they narra-minded fules that hath eyes awnly for wan maid, forgettin' that the Lord in His goodness hath made a multitude o' women. I reckon Dave Pentreath wed always crawl back to the same old crab-pot.'

The compassion of Martha Poljay rankled all day in the mind of David. It galled him that he should be the object of commiseration. The man was as proud as Lucifer, and on such a nature pity is corrosive. He would bide no longer in the town to evoke the sympathy of old women. Yet before he departed he would see Zillah once more; there were a few words he would like to say to her—a very few words.

It was late in the afternoon when he called at Trethewey's and asked Aunt Deborah, 'Is Zillah home about?'

'I b'lieve she's gone out quarry-way wi' Mr Danvers,' answered she. David winced at the words, and Aunt Deborah felt sorry for him. For weeks past his grief had been plainly written in his face, and the kindly old soul, who had always loved him, felt a motherly concern for the suffering giant.

Climbing the steep of Jacob's Ladder, David took the cliff-path to the quarry. There was not a breath of wind, and the stagnant air was oppressive. In the south-east the threatening sky was the colour of dull copper, and the flat sea had caught the lurid tinge. All day the storm had been brewing, and a climax was imminent. There came a spasm of wind that agitated the bushes and heather, and suddenly died; then a few big precursory raindrops smote the earth like bullets.

Eager to escape a drenching, David hurried on towards the quarry, for the stretch of moor was shelterless. As he turned his back on the sea at the slope of the path, the opacity of brown cloud was split with lightning, and a rumble of thunder followed. He was hastening down to the old quarry-house when he perceived two figures clambering to the same refuge—evidently Danvers and Zillah. He could hear their voices as they scampered and stumbled over the boulders, the artist carrying his easel in one hand and a wet sketch in the other. David stood irresolute by the Bethel Stone, and the others reached the shelter of the quarry-house without seeing him. Then the rain came—a deluge of rain that swept down the hillside with a sudden fury of wind; in a few minutes the rocky declivity was trickling and gurgling with a hundred rivulets.

David crouched by the lee-side of the Bethel Stone; he could not suffer himself to share the shelter with the others. A great hatred of Danvers possessed him, and there was murder in his heart.

'What a storm! We were just in time!' cried Zillah; and Pentreath could distinctly hear the words.

'I'm afraid this is a poor shelter, for the roof is nothing but open rafters,' answered Danvers; 'you must allow me to throw my coat over your shoulders.'

Then they laughed together—laughed David Pentreath into madness. He felt the great stone vibrate as he strained his shoulder against it. A word from Danvers fell upon his ear—a word of endearment; and the devil within the man grew stronger than human. He set his back against the boulder, and drove his feet into the ground;

all his hatred and love and jealousy found vent in one supreme effort—the ponderous mass was tilted beyond its balance, and toppled down upon the quarry-house; and with an awful crash the crazy building fell in!

Pentreath himself was flung forward, and rolled down the slope, partially stunned; and when he struggled to his feet, bleeding and bruised, the quarry-house was a hummock of ruin, a shapeless cairn beneath which his love and his rival lay fitly buried. The thunder was now immediately overhead, and there was a terrific tearing and crashing. A great quantity of detached stone and rubble, the detritus of years, had slid down the hill—perhaps loosened by the shock of the falling house, or by strange coincidence brought down simultaneously by the storm; and this avalanche of débris added to the tumulus of the collapsed building.

David gazed on the wreck in a strange elation of anger and vengeance, and with a certain fierce sense of achievement. It did not seem in any way wonderful to him that the frenzy of one man could work such titanic mischief. In his egoism of passion this overwhelming catastrophe seemed but an adequate expression of his wrath, and the elemental riot a fit accompaniment.

He did not doubt that the two were crushed to death beneath the ruin. They would need no other burial, for there was a great heap of stones above them, like the mounds on the graves of the old kings upon the moor; and in time the grass would cover the stones, and bramble and heather and fern would grow there.

Then in the heavy rain he walked away; not as a man fleeing from the scene of crime, but deliberately and steadily, like one who has completed a task. For the time he was wholly pagan, without compunction; he felt himself a tool of fate, impelled to this deed of judgment by forces outside him.

An hour later David Pentreath entered the office of Mr John Coad, auctioneer and valuer, and agent for the Unity Line of South African mail steamers. The walls of the dingy little office were covered with announcements of sales, past and to come, mainly of cattle and agricultural effects; and a huge framed picture of the Unity liner *Syrian* lent a patch of incongruous splendour to the room.

'I want a through ticket to Geltesburg,' said David.

Mr Coad looked up in surprise. 'This is very sudden, Pentreath.'

'Iss, things happen sudden,' answered David curtly.

'You astonish me, Pentreath: a thriving fellow like you with a dozen interests in the town. Why should you emigrate?'

David ignored the question, and asked, 'When does the next boat sail?'

'To-morrow,' answered the agent, opening his book; 'you ought to reach Plymouth by the last train to-night.'

David began to count the sovereigns out upon the table; and the agent caught sight of a bruise and abrasion on the man's forehead.

'Been fighting, David?' he asked, not unkindly; but Pentreath continued the audible counting of the money.

'Excuse the inquiry,' said Mr Coad, putting down his pen and looking the other in the face; 'but are you perfectly sober?'

'Sober's a judge,' answered David grimly.

'You must pardon the question,' continued the agent. 'Robert Lowry was here last week in a similar hurry for Africa, and came next morning saying he must have been drunk, and Cornwall was good enough for any sober man; and he gave me a brave lot of trouble altering my books and cancelling the ticket.'

'I have a few matters in the town that I may ask 'e to settle for me, Mr Coad,' said David. 'I shall be writing you.'

'Always at your service,' answered the shipping agent.

When Pentreath had folded the voucher and placed it in his pocket-book, Mr Coad said heartily, 'Good-bye, David; I wish 'e well!' But David, ignoring the proffered hand and deaf to the valediction, walked out of the office.

'Love-smitten, I suppose,' said the agent to himself with a shrug.

Meanwhile strange rumours were flying around Langissack, wild talk of thunderbolts and earthquakes; and later on the little town was thrilled by the definite tidings: 'There's been a terrible landslip in the old quarry, and the Bethel Stone's falled awver.'

SOME SOUTH AFRICAN PREJUDICES.

By Douglas Blackburn.

IT is an almost universal characteristic of Colonial and other guide-books that, while they deal pretty fully with the country, they say little or nothing of its people; with the result that the new-comer has to feel his way through the shoals of local prejudices and customs, guided only by a long and often expensive experience.

This is particularly true of South Africa, where many an immigrant has seriously prejudiced his future by the commission of some solecism which has taken a long time to live down. There is hardly a Colonial governor or exalted functionary of whom some story of a blunder is not told; and it is, perhaps, as natural as it is unfortunate that a mild outrage against local prejudices makes a more lasting impression on the Colonial than the most brilliant efforts of statesmanship. One of the most successful English commanders of the early Kafir wars, whose splendid services probably saved Cape Colony, is only remembered now as 'the colonel who publicly shook hands with a nigger.' Bishop Colenso's transcendental ability and services to his Church are overshadowed by the fact that he admitted Kafirs to terms of equality. The late Lord Randolph Churchill is never mentioned without reviving ludicrous stories of his numerous 'tenderfoot' blunders in the veldt; while two famous artist-correspondents have consigned themselves to unenviable disrepute in the eyes of Colonials—one for picturing a British officer walking arm-in-arm with a Kafir girl, the other for representing a trek-wagon with double shafts, and collars on the oxen. Both these men may become titled Presidents of the Royal Academy; but no self-respecting Colonial would ever regard the honour as properly bestowed in the face of these unpardonable vagaries. It may be that South Africans are more sensitive on such points than other Colonials; but the fact must be confessed that, childish and trivial though these local prejudices may appear to outsiders, they are sufficiently pronounced to be worth knowing and guarding against. The few hints that follow may help very considerably in smoothing the path of many of those now joining in the 'new rush,' as Colonials describe the forthcoming exodus of Britons and others to the newly opened South African territories.

One of the first things the new-comer, who has any regard for the goodwill of his fellow-Colonials, will do is to learn to differentiate between 'Afrikander' and 'Colonial.' It would be wiser did he decide to abolish the former word from his vocabulary if he has already learnt it, for although etymologically correct as describing a person born in South Africa of European parents, there is an ineradicable impression in the mind of the average Colonial that the word implies a suggestion of black blood. Quite recently several influential educational authorities, backed by the leading South African papers, have endeavoured to rehabilitate the word and assert its claim as the proper designation of Colonial-born Europeans; but the people will have none of it, and leave it to the Cape Dutch. 'Colonials' is the only racial substantive admitted by the mass of British-descended inhabitants, and the new-comer will be wise to make a careful note of this fact. It is also worth remarking that most Colonials have a lurking weakness for being mistaken for comparatively recent arrivals; and no harm is ever done by taking a Colonial who has never seen a town larger than Durban for an ex-denizen of any British city. Yet, by an odd contradiction, it is not usually pleasing to them to hear the wonders of the older civilisations dilated upon, as many a new-comer has found when holding forth on the latest developments of Britain. It is practically certain that he will be abruptly pulled up by a reminder that quite as good—in its way—is to be seen at Capetown or Durban. The parochial spirit is very largely present in the average Colonial, as was exemplified in the case of the millionaire owner of one of the most valuable portions of Johannesburg. Some one hinted that wealth such as his might be profitably expended in visiting the cities of Europe. 'What's the matter with Capetown?' was the unanswerable retort. The wise man will always in the presence of a Colonial manifest the most absolute satisfaction with and appreciation of the colony in which he happens to be, for both Natalians and Cape Colonists are very proud of their respective countries, and resent anything like depreciatory criticism, actual or implied. The present Governor of Natal recently gave mortal offence by publicly declaring that he had seen nothing to justify the title of 'the Garden Colony,' and a mild complaint by a General of Division against the quality of the forage obtainable in Natal has placed that indiscreet warrior on the list of the enemies of the colony.

It is only just to admit that the Colonial has often to put up with a great deal from the 'Johnnie-come-lately,' as the new-comer is colloquially labelled. This young gentleman has a provoking habit of sneering at local customs and institutions, and drawing preposterous comparisons between them and those of the country he may have left. It is, therefore, not surprising that when he commits himself by some egregious piece of ignorance or folly it is brought home to him with full force. One of the most fruitful sources of amusing blunders on the part of the new-

comer is his inability to grasp the enormous extent of the South African continent. To him, for some time at least, Cape Colony, Natal, Rhodesia, and the Transvaal are merely names, conveying little that is definite as to their geographical ramifications. He asks in sublime innocence if his host knows Jones of Bloemfontein or Smith of Port Elizabeth, as he might when at home inquire about a resident in the next street. The same man would smile contemptuously if a Colonial took it for granted that Jones of London knew Smith of Edinburgh, though the Colonial would have more reason for the assumption, for Jones and Smith are much nearer one another than they would be if residing in Durban and Port Elizabeth respectively. One of the many stock South African stories told at the expense of the Briton is certain to be retailed to the new-comer before he has been many days in the country. It is the perfectly true case of the War Office having instructed an army chaplain to conduct religious service at Maritzburg in the morning and at Port Elizabeth in the afternoon, the distance being only four days' journey! Britons are not quite so ignorant of South Africa as they were before the war; but even to-day it is no uncommon thing to receive a letter from a friend in England announcing the presence of a relative 'somewhere' in South Africa, and expressing a hope that 'you will call on him.' A recent mail brought a letter to the writer from a distinguished English novelist giving the address of a mutual friend a fortnight's journey distant, and suggesting that no doubt we saw one another occasionally.

The new-comer is generally puzzled at first by the South African custom of measuring distances by time. A place is so many hours off, not miles. In a country where one can shout to one's neighbour but cannot reach him without a couple of hours' hard riding, skirting mountains, marshes, and gullies, it is much more reasonable to measure by time than by distance. An hour's riding is reckoned to be six miles; but one rarely hears miles mentioned except by new-comers.

Most Britons on arriving in South Africa are struck by the utter absence of the class distinctions he has known at home; and the Colonial in turn finds it almost impossible to grasp the ideas of 'class' and social strata. He cannot understand how a man who has resided in an English town is not personally acquainted with the most exalted inhabitants thereof; and many a new-comer has been under suspicion as an impostor or as having a past to conceal because he has had to confess to never having met certain distinguished fellow-countrymen. Every Colonial is personally acquainted with his public representatives, from the Governor and Prime-Minister downwards, and he cannot conceive how an Englishman could live in London without being on friendly terms with Lord Salisbury or the Colonial Secretary. The Colonial is essentially a democrat — until he makes money and visits England. Class distinctions are utterly beyond him, and this fact is especially brought home to the new-comer should he be curious enough to ask particulars as to the individual members of a company at, say, a social gathering. Just before the war the writer was a guest at a wedding in the Transvaal, where the company represented the following incongruous elements: the bride was the daughter of the village midwife, her husband was the son of an immensely wealthy farmer, and he himself held military rank equivalent to a General of Division. The bride's elder brother was a member of the late Orange Free State Executive — practically a Cabinet Minister — the second brother a ticket-collector on the railway, a third a blacksmith, a fourth chief magistrate. Other relatives present were a wealthy Natal merchant, a Natal magistrate, and a village road-inspector. This comprehensive intermixture of every class of the community has the natural effect of widening interests and knowledge of persons. Hence it comes that your host will not hesitate to discuss at the dinner-table the comings and goings of private persons of whom you have never heard. He takes it for granted that you know them and are interested, for the Colonial is essentially local, and the fact that Mrs Jones has bought Mr Smith's best horse is an event of much wider interest than the defeat of the British Government or a revolution in Russia. Another interesting feature of the Colonial is his inability to appreciate heroes or hero-worship. He handles with appalling familiarity names that the average Briton has been used to regard with something like awe. The writer well remembers the impression produced upon him some years ago by a Transvaaler, still living, who was never tired of inveighing against 'old Livingstone.' He had been a storekeeper when the great explorer was sojourning on the borders of the Limpopo, and got the worst of a deal with the Doctor, who was a smart man of business, as the Boers often found. I remember endeavouring to impress the storekeeper with some idea of the exalted position Dr Livingstone occupied in the popular mind at home. 'Yes,' replied the storekeeper, 'somebody told me they made a great fuss of the old chap.' It is much the same with every other 'Somebody;' he is only 'old So-and-so,' or Tom, Dick, and Harry, to the Colonial. 'She doesn't seem a bad sort of body; but she has no notion of how to treat Kafirs,' was the remark made in all seriousness, and with no intention of disrespect, by a farmer who had recently travelled with the titled wife of an exalted British official. This characteristic freedom is equally extended to a guest, who is often at first embarrassed by the blunt questioning to which he is subjected. One's private affairs are looked upon as fit subject for discussion at the dinner-table, for in a country where everybody's financial position is known, there is no attempt

at 'keeping up appearances' such as is deemed policy at home. But it must not be inferred from this that the average Colonial is rude or boorish. On the contrary, he is invariably most solicitous for the comfort of his guest; and if, as the country host generally does, he sits on your bed and watches you disrobe, it is only an evidence that he enjoys your company and is anxious to see that you want for nothing while awake. Besides, a bedroom in a Colonial house is not regarded as a sanctum: it is only a sleeping-place, and so is the dining-room when visitors are numerous.

It is fortunate that in South Africa there are no party politics as we understand them at home, and no vexing religious differences. A man's politics are his views of the moment on some subject of purely local interest. He follows no leader, and you may safely abuse the politician your host voted for at the last election, for the chances are that he will oppose him next time. Of British politics the Colonial is woefully ignorant, or he is indifferent. He knows that there are such things as Liberals and Conservatives, but is somewhat hazy as to their differentiation. There is, however, one subject on which the new-comer should be wisely circumspect, and that is the native and his relation to the white. Nowhere, not even in the most anti-negrophilist states of America, is the 'colour line' drawn more carefully than in Natal, and only a degree less strictly in the other colonies. The new-comer must never manifest any interest in the natives, except to abuse them; and he will not need a second warning against bringing up the subject of missionaries. Should he do it at a reputable town-house, he will find his remarks received in chilling silence, and the host adroitly changing the conversation. At a farm he would most likely be treated to a wearisome discourse on native missions that will surprise him. Let the new-comer keep his eyes open and his tongue silent on native matters until he has been in South Africa a year or so, and he will be thankful for the advice here tendered.

Another matter that often irritates the new-comer and prompts him to hasty generalisation is the indifference to the sufferings of animals that is unfortunately too pronounced a trait of South Africans. It can hardly be called cruelty, for it is rather that evil which is wrought through want of thought much more than want of heart. It is not unusual in new countries whose inhabitants have had to undergo hardships, and who consequently look upon a certain amount of pain and suffering as the due of man and beast alike. Still, the average Briton often finds his temper and patience sorely taxed by exhibitions of cruelty to horses, oxen, and dogs that in England would excite the indignant protest and interference of the spectators.

Colonial women are generally keenly alive to the humour that lies in the attempts of a new-comer to pronounce Dutch or native names. As practically every geographical term throughout South Africa is in one of these languages, the new-comer should make an effort to master the rules for pronunciation, which are surprisingly simple and regular, and by no means so formidable as they appear when expressed in print. The newspaper correspondents have during the war been responsible for many geographical atrocities on both Dutch and Kafir names, their rule apparently being to string them together and make one word of them. 'Crystalpalacenearlondon' is no more an absurdity than some of the long-drawn-out burlesques in the English papers on South African names that amuse and puzzle South Africans. The Taal, the language of the Boers, is extremely easy of acquirement, especially to Scotsmen, who are rarely long in contact with Boers before they are able to communicate with their neighbours without the least difficulty. Very little Dutch is spoken in Natal, but every Natalian speaks Kafir more or less fluently and correctly, and is severely critical of the mispronunciations of the new-comer; but so long as he remembers that *v* is always *f*, and final *d* always *t*, and does not say '*on* the veld' for '*in* the felt,' he will have learned the shibboleth that will pass him through until he is more at home geographically and philologically.

BOURNVILLE: A MODEL MANUFACTURING VILLAGE.

MR GEORGE CADBURY, of the well-known cocoa firm, has taken a very practical method of solving the problem of overcrowding and insanitary conditions by setting apart a portion of his estate of Bournville, five miles out of Birmingham, for the erection of a model village. In this and other successful philanthropic schemes he has probably earned the title of 'the greatest municipal statesman of the age.' Bournville is a perfect village paradise, and awakens the admiration of all who have visited the place.

The gift, which is vested in and managed by trustees, is valued at between one hundred and seventy thousand and one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, and the trust deed is dated 14th December 1900. The motives which prompted Mr Cadbury towards the formation of the Bournville Village Trust were a desire for the alleviation of the evils of insanitary and insufficient accommodation amongst the working-classes, and of securing

to workers in factories some of the advantages of outdoor life, with opportunities for the natural and healthful cultivation of the soil. These benefits are not limited to the workpeople of Messrs Cadbury. Mr George Cadbury, from over forty years' experience in teaching a men's Bible-class, and going into Birmingham every Sabbath morning for that purpose, is well able to judge of the requirements of working-men, and he knows exactly where the shoe pinches. Nothing but good, he felt, would be the result of bringing people away from the squalor of the town to the more wholesome atmosphere and surroundings of the country.

With this in view, he decided that every house at Bournville should have a fair-sized garden; that no building should occupy more than about one-fourth part of the site on which it was erected, and should not be more than two stories high; and that about one-tenth of the land, in addition to roads and cottage-gardens, should be reserved for parks and recreation-grounds. The first one hundred and forty houses were sold at cost price, and the land upon which they were built leased for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The original purchasers have in some cases sold their houses at a profit of from fifty pounds to one hundred and twenty pounds per house, and it was considered that this increased value ought to belong to the Trust, as it arose from the certainty of pleasant surroundings for the future. The cottages since built have therefore been let to weekly tenants. At the present time thirty-one new cottages have either been built or are in course of erection, and plans for eighteen more are being prepared, so that by the end of next year there will probably be at least five hundred cottages on the estate, with a population of some two thousand five hundred persons. The rents range from six shillings and sixpence a week (rates included) to nine shillings (rates not included). The cottages are semi-detached or in blocks of four; and Mr Barlow says that monotony has been avoided by the introduction of a great variety of design. The smallest houses have on the ground floor a living-room or kitchen, parlour, scullery, lobby, and larder; and on the first floor three bedrooms and a linen-closet. There is also a bath in the kitchen, and the usual outhouses. The larger cottages have similar accommodation, with an extra bedroom. There is no licensed house for the sale of intoxicating liquor upon the estate at present; but should one be established, it would be under the control of the trustees, and any profit gained would be spent on recreation and counter-attractions. It is not to be wondered at that there is keen competition for such houses, and that they never stand empty. It need only be further mentioned that when the estate is built over, the Trust may have an income from ground rents and house rents of about fifteen thousand pounds a year, which will be applied to the development of estates on similar lines. A Ruskin Memorial Institute is being built here which will take the form of a village library, art gallery, and museum. The site was given by the trustees of the Bournville estate, and the foundation-stone was laid by Lord Avebury.

A brother of Mr Cadbury has built almshouses. On Mr George Cadbury's estate at Northfield he has a wind-machine that generates the electrical power which lights the manor house, does the thrashing, and churns the butter. He evidently agrees with the author of 'Wasted Wind' (*Chambers's Journal*, 1898) that we have many powers of nature unused.

When Mr Cadbury came to the business about forty years ago twelve hands only were employed, and it was a losing concern. For many years he worked from seven in the morning till nine or ten at night until the business took a turn. At one time he thought of going as a tea-planter to India. One of his first acts on becoming an employer was to raise the wages of the women workers all round. At present he rises at 6.30, and rides on horseback with his son for half-an-hour before breakfast; then he cycles to business at 8.30, where he remains till 5.30. Bournville and eleven acres of works testify to the well-deserved success of Messrs Cadbury Brothers, in which thousands more are having a share. In 1879, the year of the removal of the factory from Birmingham to Bournville, two hundred and fifty hands were employed; now the number is about three thousand six hundred, of whom two thousand three hundred are women.

THE ALIEN'S FAREWELL.

If I should die, Love! here, to-night,
An alien, under unknown skies,
It would not be the heathen's cries
That press the anguish on my sight,

Or any doubt in Him who gave
The faith that made the human soul;
But somehow, ere the deeps unroll,
I want your hand to make me brave.

One parting more! Not all the past
Farewells and greetings were as sweet
As the near music of your feet,
That came to see me at the last.

One kiss! But I would not awake,
But bear the seal to Paradise:
The imprint of your lips and eyes,
That I would treasure for your sake.

Your hand! that I, across the dark,
May know the path you chose of eld,
When some affinity had held
Us kindled by a kindred spark.

It cannot be you will forget!
And so I will not say farewell;
I loved you more than I can tell,
And waited till the last star set.

J. Stuart Thomson.

Hong-Kong, China.

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IN DR JOHNSON'S CIRCLE.

By SARAH WILSON.

ON the Alne, between Alnwick and Alnmouth, nestles the ancient village of Lesbury, with shade-giving trees here and there, bright gardens everywhere; with a pearl-gray church founded in Saxon times, an old stone bridge spanning the narrow river, a steam-power mill, a few substantial houses, and several clusters of cottages, the sandstone masonry of which varies from pale-buff to dove-colour according to the date of their erection. At the beginning of last century the vicar of this parish was Percival Stockdale, who has left two volumes of autobiography (Memoirs of his Life and Writings, 1809) that give us incidentally various particulars of a circle that has an enduring interest for most of us. He included among his intimate acquaintance Dr Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, David Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the Burneys, Sandby, and other celebrities of his time. The Duchess of Northumberland (Horace Walpole's duchess), he tells us, called in her coach at his publisher's door, in Bond Street, to buy some of his printed sermons; and it was the Duke of Northumberland who presented him to the additional living of Long Houghton: he was indebted to Lord Thurlow for Lesbury. Dr Johnson familiarly called him Stockey; Garrick wrote verses in his honour; Mrs Garrick acceded to his request to allow him to carve her initials on a tree in conjunction with his own; he wrote an ode on the death of Dr Johnson's cat Hodge; he drank tea with the famous lexicographer and his household, and in many ways identified himself with the famous set of wits of that day. Miss Jane Porter, the author of *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *The Scottish Chiefs*, resided with him in Lesbury Vicarage, a fact he gratefully acknowledges in the dedication of his autobiography.

Stockdale's father was vicar of Branxton and perpetual curate of Cornhill. At that time, he declares, Cornhill was in great repute as a chalybeate 'spaw,' and many visitors came from Edinburgh and Newcastle to drink the waters. They formed the society of the place. He was educated first at Alnwick (where he assisted with much zeal at a barring-out), afterwards at Berwick-on-Tweed, and subsequently at St Andrews University. It was the day of Wilkes, who contested Berwick in 1752, and left behind him a wonderful impression of charm. Dining with Stockdale twenty years afterwards, Mr Wilkes explained that he had gone to Berwick on the strength of a promise that the expenses of canvassing, amounting to two thousand pounds, would be defrayed, which had not been kept. It was also the day of Richardson, whose *Pamela* had taken the reading world by storm. His *Clarissa* was published whilst Stockdale was at his Alnwick school, and he writes concerning it that it was 'universally read with the avidity which it must ever give to sensible and susceptible minds.' In after-years he had a tilt with Dr Johnson for his want of appreciation of this author.

The great excitement concerning the probability of war with France whilst he was at St Andrews, combined with the death of his father, which occurred at this time, made him relinquish his first intention of being a clergyman and solicit a commission in the army. He obtained a second lieutenancy in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and with Admiral Byng's fleet proceeded to Gibraltar; but he took London on his way to Portsmouth to embark. Here the interest of his reminiscences begins. He saw Mrs Woffington in Congreve's *Love for Love*, read some of his verses to Foote (he was always writing verses), and eventually saw Barry as Othello, Mrs Cibber as Juliet when Garrick was Romeo, and Sheridan as Cato.

The pretty girls of those days were called 'toasts,' and it was the fashion to write verses in their honour. There were some very handsome Spanish 'toasts' at Gibraltar, and they had their fair share of verses. After an engagement, without

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casualties, his regiment was ordered back to Southampton, and thence to Leicester, which destination involved a march on foot of a hundred and forty miles. In the course of the winter he was sent to Biggleswade with a recruiting party. Here the reigning 'toast' was a miller's daughter, and some rudeness from admirers had caused her father to forbid her to see strangers. Stockdale made a bet of a dozen of port that he would overcome this difficulty; and he talked the father into giving him permission to have a short conversation with the beautiful rustic, who allowed him, he says, to salute her respectfully. The wine was promptly disposed of at the 'Swan' in the village, and a long poem written in the lady's honour. However, even such a consolation as this did not reconcile him to the army as a profession, and in November 1757 he left it.

After a time he was ordained, and became Mr Sharpe's substitute in the curacy and lectureship of Duke's Place, near Aldgate, for an annual pay of forty pounds; and later he was appointed reader in Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street. He now made the acquaintance of several of the London publishers, who were called booksellers in those days. Sometimes several of them would club together and commission an author to undertake a task for them. In the course of years he translated various important works in this way. He also wrote a Life of Waller, which gave so much satisfaction that, according to his own story, he was approached with a proposal to write the Lives of all the poets. He declares that he had interviews with more than one bookseller concerning this undertaking, and that he was badly used when they passed him over and placed the scheme in the hands of Dr Johnson.

Before he met with this disappointment he had spent five years as curate at Berwick and two years in Italy. As time went on he filled various appointments in different parts of the country, such as a curacy in 'a boorish and vulgar village' on the skirts of Herefordshire, a tutorship he gave up because he was asked to be the prompter in a play that was being got up in the house, the editorship of the *Critical Review*, and he made many translations, such as Tasso's *Aminta*. Not to dwell upon details of no particular interest, we will come at once to the good day when Mr Davies the bookseller invited him to dinner to meet Dr Johnson, Dr Goldsmith, and Mr Meyer the miniature-painter. He was then a near neighbour of the great lexicographer, as he lodged in Bolt Court, and after this introduction he seems to have consulted him upon many points of conduct in his affairs. He mentions that the Doctor did him the honour to come to his lodgings, and he had the pleasure of occasionally visiting him and the blind poetess who enjoyed the shelter of his roof. Among other efforts in his behalf, the Doctor wrote a letter to Burke to solicit his interest; and when Stockdale delivered it he found that eminent personage engaged in reading a pamphlet by a grandson of Ticknell. Dr Johnson gave him the best of advice on many occasions also; he recommended him to write a history of Spain, and told him he might use his name in mentioning such a project to Cadell.

Stockdale sent a copy of three of his sermons to Garrick (the same that the Duchess of Northumberland had called for in her coach), who did him the service soon afterwards of praising in verse, over the signature of D. L. for Drury Lane, another of his works, a poem entitled *The Poet*. He invited Stockdale to visit him; and Stockdale describes a calm, serene, and beautiful evening when he took tea with Mr and Mrs Garrick in the temple they had built in their grounds and dedicated to Shakespeare. He spent many happy days with them, and the trio arranged to accept an invitation to The Loax, the seat of the Earl of Shelburne. It was on this occasion that the initials of Mrs Garrick were cut in the bark of a tree near Wycombe, with his own beneath them. This incident he described in thirty-nine stanzas.

At last, after foreign travel, two matrimonial ventures that were not of the best, many short engagements, and various publications, he applied to Lord Thurlow for the vacant living of Lesbury, and obtained it. The Duke of Northumberland presented him to the adjoining benefice of Long Houghton. No doubt he owed this good fortune to the recommendation of his acquaintances. Dr Johnson, referring to Stockdale's essay on Pope to a knot of friends drinking tea with him on a Sunday afternoon, declared, 'Stockey has defended the cause of Pope with uncontrovertible eloquence, and he must be supported in his defence of that great poet.'

But Lesbury was as naught after London. The pearl-gray church, the winding river, the one-arched bridge, and the old dove-coloured cottages palled. The new vicar interested himself in collecting materials for an account of a predecessor who had lived there till he attained the great age of a hundred and ten years; but no occupation was of avail. The desire of foreign travel came upon him again, and under the form of an authorisation to perform the duties of a clergyman to such of His Majesty's subjects as resided in the dominions of the Emperor of Morocco, he shook the village dust off his feet and betook himself to his old haunts in the Metropolis, on his road to Africa. He went on as far as Gibraltar, where he obtained a chaplaincy under Admiral Peyton on board the *Leander*. Here the conversation of the officers with whom he messed was so little to his taste that he made haste to leave them, and went on to Algiers with a new acquaintance. He soon quarrelled with this gentleman, and turned his face homewards in company with a German surgeon. At Marseilles they were confined to the lazaretto for a month before they got leave to take the diligence through France. On reaching London, Stockdale applied himself to the study of Syriac

for a year. He hired a cottage near Windsor, in the neighbourhood of his friend Sandby the painter, intending to lead a life of retirement; but a letter from a Durham acquaintance made him alter his mind and take up residence in that city. In this way he consumed his restlessness. In the end, after an absence of twelve years, he returned to Lesbury. He was by no means under a cloud. Mr Catnach, of the firm of dying-speeches fame, then a printer at Alnwick, became another of his publishers; Earl Grey permitted him the use of his fine library at Howick; and, to his great gratification, one of his pamphlets censuring bull-baiting was quoted from an Alnwick pulpit. Besides, he enjoyed the companionship of the accomplished Miss Porter. As he went about the fine old village, however, we may be sure his thoughts were often with the 'toasts' of former days and the verses written in their honour, but still more frequently with Dr Johnson's circle.

THE BETHEL STONE.

CHAPTER V.

PLYMOUTH on a wet night is at its worst; and Plymouth, among other and nobler attributes, can boast more wet nights than any other town in the west. It was raining heavily when David Pentreath reached the docks and inquired for the *Syrian*. He was told that the steamer would not be in till the early morning, and that he had better get a lodging for the night.

'Going abroad?' asked a man at the quay-side. David nodded. 'Then I reckon you'll have to sleep on deck,' said the fellow, with a grin, 'for there isn't a berth long enough for 'e.'

Covered with a long mackintosh and carrying a heavy portmanteau, his only luggage, David walked the wet streets. The people hurried past him in the rain, townsfolk of all classes, sailors, and marines, all eager for shelter. Many stared at the big fellow; for his stature, familiar enough in Langissack, provoked interest whenever he stirred abroad.

He had no thought of putting up at an hotel; bed and sleep were things that he had not reckoned on. He had no plans but a vague notion of spending the rest of his days in strenuous labour. He had closed one chapter of his life, and the future held no happiness, no hope for him, but only work—fierce, unremitting work. The pagan mood was still upon him, and he was unrepentant; the deed he had done was inevitable, and he was but an instrument. Another man would gladly have rid himself of the burden of the portmanteau; but the load taxed his energy, and the effort was congenial.

Alas for the pagan! At the corner of a street in the Millbay road, outside a glaring public-house, stood a pitiable old beggar-man playing a fiddle. Suddenly David stood still, arrested by the music like a man struck by a bullet. The crazy instrument was ill-played; the passers probably thought that the night was evil enough without its screeching; but the tune was 'Beulah Land'—'Beulah Land' of all tunes—'Beulah Land' that Zillah sang on Sunday evenings in the old happy times; and instead of the miserable squealing of the fiddle, David heard a girl's clear voice, and familiar words sounded in his ears: 'I've reached the land of corn and wine,' and the reiterated refrain, 'O Beulah Land! dear Beulah Land.'

When the tune was finished the fiddler held out his drenched hat beseechingly, and Pentreath gave him the first coin his fingers closed upon—a half-crown; then with a sob of agony he walked on—a bereft, doomed, heart-broken man, with two murders upon his soul.

He walked swiftly, turning his steps towards the North Road Station. All thought of South Africa had left him; he had now only one object, expiation, and one goal—the gallows.

He passed the open door of a police station, and in the corridor saw a constable standing in the gaslight. On an impulse, he entered the station and cried wildly, 'I give myself up for the killing of Mr Danvers an' Zillah Trethewey!'

The astonished officer called a superior from an inner room, and David repeated his confession: 'I surrender myself for the murder of Julian Danvers and Zillah Trethewey. I heaved the Bethel Stone 'pon 'em!'

It was a mad story that he told, an incredible story, and at the finish of his incoherent narration he set down his portmanteau, and holding out his wrists with a gesture of surrender, as if inviting the handcuffs, cried vehemently, ''Tis a hangin' job, and here I be—guilty!'

The inspector exchanged a meaning glance with the constable, and a smile played upon his face. 'Take down the information, Jackson,' said he in an unconcerned voice as he left the room, 'and detain the man till the morning.'

It was evident to Pentreath that the police did not believe him; they thought him drunk or deranged. Constable Jackson very deliberately took a sheet and prepared to write.

'Name?' said he curtly.

Then it occurred to David that it would be fitter to make his confession in Langissack, where folks knew him and believed him. They doubted his word, these Plymouth police, and this suspicion annoyed him even in his perturbation of soul.

'I reckon 'twill save questions if I tell my tale in Langissack, where my name's known,' said he; and, taking up his portmanteau, he moved towards the door. The policeman intercepted him, but was brushed aside; and David ran along the corridor into the street, followed by two constables, who blew their whistles mightily, but were feeble in pursuit.

'What place did he say he came from?' inquired the inspector afterwards.

'Glissack or Glassick,' answered Jackson; and the officer, after looking up the gazetteer, said conclusively, 'There's no such place.' So the episode closed.

David made his way to North Road, and inquired the next train to Langissack. 'Five-thirty in the morning,' said the booking-clerk.

All night David walked the wet streets in an agony of remorse. He was eager to reach Langissack, impatient to pay the penalty of his crime. He heard the slow hours strike from the church clocks, and the night seemed interminable. The tune of 'Beulah Land' haunted him, and he could not drive it away. He thought it would make him mad; his pulses beat and his blood surged to the beat of the melody; and his very footsteps, strangely loud in the deserted streets, fell to the persistent rhythm. Once in the stormy wind there came to him the sound of many voices —women's voices—singing, 'Beulah Land! dear Beulah Land.'

He was at the station a good half-hour too soon, and feverishly paced the empty platform. It was still pouring, and an amazed porter, seeing with what indifference the tall passenger walked into the wet beyond the shelter of the station-roof, said, 'Hadn't you better keep under cover till the train comes in?'

David turned upon the man and asked, 'Can 'e tell me the date of the Bodmin Assizes?'

At last the train came in; a deliberate train it was, that stopped at every little Cornish station, and all the way the engine throbbed, 'O Beulah Land! dear Beulah Land.'

David got out at Tregurra Junction; and, too impatient to wait for Poljerry's bus, he walked the six miles to Langissack. When he saw the familiar roofs and chimneys and the pinnacles of the church he felt like an alien with no part or lot in the old place. The south-west wind blew up the combe in fierce gusts, and when he drew nearer the town a smell of the tanyard greeted him like an accusation.

Exertion and emotion began to tell upon him, and he staggered a little as he walked. He stopped a minute at the top of the town to think. Should he make his confession to old Parson Carlyon or to Colonel Boase? They were both magistrates; but the Colonel was a stern, grim man; he would not spare himself: to the Colonel he would go.

'Hullo! Dave Pentreath! Wherever did 'e spring from?' The voice was Pascoe's, and the little man, clad in shining oilskins, stood in the middle of the road staring at David as at an apparition. 'I'm mortal glad you'm still in the land o' the livin'. I scoured the town for 'e last night—thought you were dead an' buried, till Mr Coad told me you were smitten sudden with the foreign fayver an' had gone off with the miners in a huff to Afric's sunny fountains. There's been rare doin's, I can tell 'e. Half the folks niver went to bed for tellin' about it; an' here you be trapesin' home along with a portmantle! You've missed the great doin's, Dave; you'm a day after the fair.'

'What has happened?' gasped David.

'Happened? Wonders! Thunderbolts an' earthquakes, an' two folks buried alive, an' the dandiest bit o' diggin' you ever seed, an' amazin' rescue! Why, what's the matter with 'e, Dave? What be laughin' at? Bless the fella, 'tes no laughin' matter. If you'd a see'd Zillah dragged out half-dead an' all awver dirt'——

The portmanteau had dropped from the hand of Pentreath, and he broke into hysterical laughter—laughter that had no mirth in it; then covering his face with his hands, he cried in a way that was utterly childish.

'I reckon you'd better sit down in the hedge a minute, Dave,' said Pascoe, attempting to support the reeling giant; 'you'm a bit awvercome. I knaw you'm a bit sawft on that maid; but I should niver go into 'stericks myself for the sake o' a sweetheart, though I be a deep lover o' the women.'

'Tell me all 'bout it, Dick,' said Pentreath when the giddiness had passed.

'Well, 'twas about tay-time, an' a terrible storm, thunder that shaked the houses, an' lightnin' fit to blind 'e; an' when it cleared off, Sam Hoskin rinned in shoutin' there was a great fall o' rock at the quarry, an' the quarry-house was buried. Out we went to see the wonder, an', sure 'nough, the old quarry-house was all scat abroad, an' the elements had played skittles with the Bethel Stone; an' while we stood wonderin' there was a tap-tap-tappin' in the heap o' ruin. Sam was 'most scared out o' his senses. "Do 'e hear that noise?" says I. "Iss, fay," says he; "an' this is no fitty place to bide." "Man alive!" says I, "what be 'fraid o'?" "Nawthen' on the face o' the earth," says Sam; "but I can't abide no underground devilries." Then the tappin' came again, an' I thought I heard a far-away voice, like a cry from the bowels o' the earth. "'Tes a signal," says I; "there's a live sawl under that heap. Run for your life, Sam, an' bring men!" Then while I waited for the help, I took a great stone an' answered the knockin', tap for tap, an' I could tell they heard me an' understood.

'Then the folks came runnin' in twos an' threes, runnin' in scores, till all Langissack,

male an' female, was there in the wet. We had begun to clear away the rubble, when up came Tregurra the minin' cap'n, an' ordered us back while he inspected the job. "If they'm to be brought out alive," says he, "'twill take more science than you fools be applyin' to the job." For the big granite jambs an' posts in the house had falled inwards, an' made a cubby-hole in the ruin with a mass o' rubbish on the top, an' it all hung together so touchy as a gun-trigger. So we tackled the job in a scientific way, an' fetched timber, an' digged a sort o' adit; an' when the darkness fell they made a great fire, an' we worked by the flare; an' Susanna Chegoweth fetched her 'cordeon, an' the women singed while we digged. They singed "Moab," double-sevens—an' "Moab," Dave, is a beggar o' a tune to dig to—an' "Wrastlin' Jacob," an' "Beulah"——

'Iss, I heard 'e,' said David solemnly. 'I heard 'e to Plymouth.'

'You'm wanderin', Dave; you'm a bit light-headed. You'd better go home an' get to bed.'

'An' you digged 'em out alive?'

'Iss, fay, us shovelled 'em out—bruised a bit, an' scratched, an' exhausted, an' half-stifled, an' terrible dirty, but not much injured—Mr Danvers an' Zil Trethewey. We knawed all along 'twas they, for Trethewey had missed his maid, an' Bolitho was lookin' for the gentleman; so it didn't want no conjurer to putt wan an' wan together.'

The two men were now walking down the High Street, Pascoe carrying the portmanteau, for David's strength had left him.

'When the rubble was most cleared away,' continued Dicky, 'I spied a little chinky between the granite stones, an' what did I do, bein' a man o' genius, with more sense than the rest? I got a long clay baccy-pipe, an' poked the stem through the chinky, an' filled the bowl wi' brandy; an' I says to Tregurra, "How's that for science, cap'n?" An' soon I heard the voice o' Zillah, fainty an' muffled, call, "Is David there?" 'Twas good o' the maid to remember 'e, Dave; buried alive with the latest, she had a sawft thought for the last but wan. "'Tis Dick Pascoe," said I through the chinky. "Dicky," she answered, "I'm dyin'; I want to speak a last word to Dave Pentreath." Bear up, Dave! You were nearly down in the gutter that time. "Don't 'e spake o' dyin', my dear," says I; "for we've nearly shovelled 'e out. I'll fetch David." But I couldn't find 'e, Dave, an' nobody had see'd 'e. I thought sure you must be buried too somewhere in the quarry.'

They had now come to Pentreath's door; and, carrying the portmanteau into the house, Pascoe said heartily, 'Get some breakfast, Dave, my man, an' get to bed.'

But David did not go to rest. He washed the grime of travel from his hands and face, and without changing his wet garments walked up to the tannery. The gallows being no longer the goal of his desire, his thoughts reverted to South Africa; but he would clear his soul of the confession that was bursting within him. It was no longer a matter for the magistrates; it was to Zillah Trethewey that he would make his avowal.

The rain, which had not ceased for seventeen hours, still fell heavily; the steep street gurgled with running water, and fish offal and vegetable refuse floated in the puddles or were swept down by the little cascades. Jupiter Pluvius is sole scavenger in Langissack.

'I want to see Zillah,' said David to the woman Agatha at Trethewey's door.

'You can't; she's upstairs,' answered Agatha.

'I want to see her particular,' persisted David.

'I tell 'e ye can't. Bless the man, the maid's abed!'

Pentreath did not enter the house, but waited an hour outside in the street, like a sentinel; the passers wondered to see the man standing there like a stone image in the rain.

Then Agatha came out with the message, 'Missus says will 'e come indoors?'

David entered the kitchen, but would not sit down; he stood by the wall, his head on a level with the top of the great eight-day clock.

Presently Aunt Deborah Trethewey came in; she was not knitting for once, the occasion being too emotional.

''Tis a merciful escape, David,' said she; 'the Lord hath brought our dear maid out o' the valley o' the shadda.'

'I want to see Zillah particular, Aunt Deborah,' said David.

Aunt Deborah hesitated. The good soul had lately worried a good deal over her knitting. The threads of young life around her were not making the pattern she hoped for; they were getting sadly tangled.

'Zillah's awake. I reckon you can see her, David; she's a bit battered, an' looks weak.'

She led the way up the narrow stair, and David, following with heavy tread, had to duck low to escape the beams.

''Tis David come to see 'e,' said Aunt Deborah, opening the door; then the good soul beat an instant retreat.

It was a long, low chamber, and the roof sloped at one end, so that David had perforce to stand with the bowed head of penitence. At the farther end of the room, propped with pillows, lay Zillah, her head bandaged, and a cross of plaster on her temple, yet looking lovely in spite of these disfigurements. She smiled as he entered; but the smile was wasted upon him, for a blur was over his sight, and he saw nothing but the vague white bed.

''Tis good of 'e to come, Dave,' said the girl gently; and presently the mist cleared, and he saw the pallid, plastered face of Zillah in its

scarred loveliness looking wistfully towards him. He noted the linen fillet that swathed her head, and the bandage at her wrist; and he sobbed aloud.

'I'm afraid I'm a poor object to look at, Dave,' said she, half-laughing. ''Tis the Lord's work.'

'No!' cried he hoarsely; ''tis the devil's doings, an' David Pentreath's!' And straightway he plunged into his confession. Zillah buried her face in her shaking hands as she listened, and gave a gasp when the tale reached its climax. Dave spoke no word of regret or contrition, but told his naked story as if it concerned not himself but another; but at the close he cried vehemently, 'That'll show 'e what love'll bring a man to; for I have loved 'e, Zillah—loved 'e in my wrong-headed way—loved 'e with a love that's so deep's the pit! I came back to surrender myself for killing 'e—'tis the mercy o' God I didn't; an' I believe I stand within the law as 'tis. If so, here I be!'

The girl removed her hands from her eyes, and looked up at him. In the fitness of things there should have been some horror or aversion in her face, or at least indignation and reproach; the look in her eyes may have been pity; if so, pity had taken to itself a strange gleam.

'I am going to South Africa, Zillah!'

'Oh, David, David!' At last the terror of his tale had struck home, and in a troubled voice she asked, 'Why should 'e go? The law can't touch 'e now.'

Passionately, almost fiercely, David answered, 'I couldn't bide in the same land with you an' he. I couldn't live in the same air.'

'He!' She echoed the misused pronoun with an inflection of scorn. 'When we were buried in that awful place he kept striking wax matches, though I begged him not to burn the little air that was left us, and it seemed to me that his hand shook more than a man's should, and every match showed me the face of a coward, terribly afraid of death. And when the place became hot and stifling, with one little breathing-hole between the stones, it seemed to me—God forgive me if I'm wrong!—that he was too eager for the air, and kept me back from a fair chance of life. Poor fellow! And the Lord made things clear to me there in the dark, Dave—things that I'd been doubtful about in the daylight. And now—now you'm going foreign!'

'Iss, Zillah, I'm going to South Africa.'

'What will a passionate, fierce-tempered man like you do, Dave, wandering about the face of the earth? You want a woman's hand upon 'e, and a woman's voice to calm 'e.'

'Iss, I believe I do,' said David stupidly.

'The Lord hath saved 'e from a terrible crime, Dave; but the intention was there, and you have the heart of a murderer.'

'Iss, a murderer,' admitted David, hearing the accusing words, but blind to the appealing eyes.

''Tis a dreadful thing to love a murderer, and a terrible—responsibility; and 'tis a bad job for me, for I do love 'e, David—fool that I be, I'm afraid I love 'e dearly!'

David stood like a man dreaming. Too abased in his contrition to catch the significance of the wistful voice, the yearning look, he was suddenly conscious of the outstretching of two white-sleeved arms; and later, when Aunt Deborah came upstairs with a loaded tray, making a portentous rattle of china at the threshold, the big fellow was kneeling at the bedside, with the girl's bandaged hand upon his head.

THE END.

MILLAIS AND MUSIC.

SOME MORE MEMORIES.

By W. W. Fenn.

'When Music, heavenly maid, was young' must have been somewhere about the date from which I can summon up vivid visions of Millais and Music. It is a very long while ago at any rate; and so I slip into retrospect once more. Indeed, it is unavoidable, for to such a well-worn link with the past as myself, the outlook on the future—or what is left of it—has so little attraction that there is nothing for it but to look back; and, looking back, I bethought me that I had omitted many little matters which might still be full of interest to those who found my 'Memories of Millais' in this *Journal* for 1901 not devoid of attraction.

In that article I alluded to the remarkable gifts with which his family were endowed; but, as a matter of fact, John Everett Millais was at heart a musician as much as he was a painter. His ear was highly sensitive and accurate, as you felt when he was melodiously and softly whistling airs that fascinated him, and which he quickly picked up. All his hilarious, rattling talk, which I have hinted at, was freely interspersed with melody, so to speak: a commonplace habit with every youngster perhaps, but it did not sound commonplace from his lips, for his notes were true and his voice delightfully harmonious and pleasant. His early theatrical experiences at the Princess's Theatre gave him many opportunities of getting hold of the leading points and melodies of the drama and

the orchestra. I wholly neglected, however, to refer to the marked effects produced on him by his acquaintance with the Italian Opera-House, into which Covent Garden Theatre had been transformed just about the time my intimacy with the lad had grown into a close friendship with the young man.

It so happened that my father, 'Varmer Venn,' as Millais called him, had undertaken the treasurership of the said Opera-House on behalf of his friend Mr Delafield, one of the capitalists who were mainly instrumental in starting the undertaking. This position, of course, gave my father the privilege of occasionally favouring some of his acquaintances with boxes or stalls, and naturally the Millais family came in for a good share of these treats. 'I like giving Johnny Millais a seat,' said my father, 'if it's only to watch the intense, eager interest and delight which is shown in his handsome, keen, intellectual young face. It is an immense pleasure to me to observe what a pleasure it is to him.'

We may be sure that the enthusiasm Millais displayed in all things that attracted him found a very wide field for its outbursts at the opera. He paid no regard as to whether it was right or wrong, fashionable or otherwise, to applaud vehemently. Applaud he would, what he liked, when he liked, and as loud as he liked. I can see him now, throwing himself back in his seat, raising his arms, and clapping his hands with the utmost vigour as Grisi, Mario, or any of the great singers of that day brought their passages of song to some telling point or the whole phrase came to a glorious climax. The overwhelming applause nightly elicited from the whole house had no more wildly enthusiastic contributor than John Everett Millais. Nor had his delight much subsided the next day. While at his easel he would be for ever giving tongue not only to the joy the performance had afforded him, but interspersing all his talk with reference to the individual melodies by practical illustrations of them. Nor was it to be expected that his constant visits to the opera did not mightily increase his technical acquaintance with and appreciation of the rendering and quality of the music. He would in a way begin to criticise. 'Grisi was lazy to-night,' or 'Mario was not in such good voice as usual. Did you see how he avoided that top C? Ah! quite right; he was not going to split his voice when he could not get up there easily. No, no, my boy, it's an awfully high note for a tenor to screw out of his chest, and his voice is too valuable an article to be trifled with.'

In this fashion would he comment as he was leaving the theatre, alternating his bursts of admiration with a multitude of suggestions or remarks on the scenery, dresses, appointments, and general 'go' of the performance.

The period was a period of revolution in the world operatic. I do not think I ever exactly heard the cause of the overwhelming upheaval, the great revolt of the company at Her Majesty's Theatre, as the opera-house in the Haymarket was always called after the accession of our late beloved Queen, although prior to that I can remember it when it was known as the King's Theatre. But certain it is that about the year 1847 the whole company struck, from Costa the prince of conductors down to the humblest musical auxiliary. I suppose Mr Lumley, the *entrepreneur* at Her Majesty's, in some way offended or failed to get on with the great guns who really swayed the destinies of the opera; for not only did the singers revolt, but also the majority of the subscribers, the *élite* of our aristocracy of those days. They all went over to the new house when architects, builders, and decorators had converted the interior of Covent Garden Theatre, as I have said, into a close imitation of the structure in the Haymarket. Each tier was parcelled off into private boxes all round, the two topmost alone being allowed to remain open as amphitheatre and gallery. Thus no part of the pit ran beneath what used to be called the dress circle, but the space there was occupied by other and smaller private boxes, thenceforth to be known as the pit tier. On this level, where it touched the stage, we had an 'omnibus box,' exactly after the pattern of the proverbial one at Her Majesty's, and occupied usually by the same distinguished noblemen: conspicuously Lord Chesterfield, Sir George Wombwell (father of the next inheritor of the title—one of the heroes of the Balaklava charge), Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence (son of William IV. and Mrs Jordan), and many other well-known leaders of fashion in those days. Then, again, the pit itself, admission to which was half-a-guinea, had its 'fops' alley' down the centre—yet well below the level of the pit seats—as far as the stall-partition. The stalls, too, of course, were mostly subscribed for by members of the music-loving world, equally with the more capacious boxes on the pit tier, grand tier, first tier, and so on upwards.

These private boxes had, as usual, the names of those subscribers who took them for the season affixed on the doors; and as one strolled round the carpeted lobbies of the various tiers it was amazing to read the multitude of titles which met the eye; for, once admitted to the pit or stalls, commoners were free to go all over the house, and if they knew the occupants—a significant point—to enter any of the boxes. Consequently one might actually rub shoulders with the *élite* as they paid visits to their lady friends in the seclusion of what was an equivalent to their private boudoirs. Dukes and duchesses, marchionesses and countesses, clustered like bees—queen-bees one might say—on every hand; and I can recall the amusement it afforded my young painter-friend to find himself in such close

proximity to what he would afterwards, for a joke, call the 'hupper circles.'

I have often wondered since—and perhaps I wondered then—whether Millais had any prescience of the time to come when he might by right of genius become one of that exclusive circle; whether he felt any aspirations after that sort of distinction. It may be that he did, for that he was ambitious—healthily ambitious—and equally vain—healthily vain—of his ability there can be no doubt.

He often used to say as he grew to man's estate that he did not see any reason why a man, because he was an artist, should necessarily make himself look like one. 'Why should a painter not dress himself and have his hair cut to the fashion of ordinary gentlemen? I can see no reason that because a man happens to get his living by using palette and brushes he need make himself look like a Guy Fawkes.' Thus he came gradually to take care of his personal appearance, and to trim, 'groom,' and dress himself in a becoming manner, a proceeding in which he was not a little aided by his tall, manly figure and handsome, noble head. I can't help thinking that his constant contact with what I may call Opera-House society—although as an outsider then—largely influenced him. His quick observation told him how gentlemen dressed and behaved, and he loved to linger in the crush-room at Covent Garden and take in the general aspect of good society. He keenly noticed and soon came to know by name the leading members of it. He contrasted it with the careless, slovenly, unkempt appearance of the artistic world, in which it was then the fashion for many of his distinguished brethren to make themselves up as what he called Guy Fawkeses, with their long hair, untrimmed beards, slouch-hats, and dusty velvet jackets. Happily this is all reformed now, and it is not easy in most cases to distinguish artists from physicians, barristers, or any class in ordinary life. I really believe Millais almost set the fashion in this direction; and if I am right it adds a small additional social obligation to the many far loftier ones which we owe to his brilliant genius.

However, be this as it may—and, after all, it is a matter of small importance—certain it is that it was his growing familiarity with the *spectacle* on the stage that led him eventually to paint the first of his really beautiful as well as remarkable pictures, 'The Eve of St Bartholomew,' which was the outcome of his habitual attendance at the performances of Meyerbeer's grand opera *The Huguenots*. He never tired of going to see it whenever my father could manage an admission for him.

Apropos of *The Huguenots*, let it never be forgotten that with the transference to Covent Garden of the operatic strength of the Italian company there came about a development in the rendering, at any rate as far as the *mise en scène* was concerned, of Grand Opera. Grand Opera had never been seen or sung so splendidly in London before. Notable singers we had had—many of them; but they had never been seen or heard to such advantage as were those who flourished in the late forties and early fifties. Once more take, for instance, *The Huguenots*. It was put upon Covent Garden stage with a completeness and magnificence in all respects unequalled and never before dreamt of anywhere. Indeed, the opera itself had been scarcely known in England. It was an entirely new sensation to the British public; and the first night of a fresh reproduction at Covent Garden was an event that attracted all London. Even such old friends as *William Tell*, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, and many more, when played at Covent Garden, were as *editions de luxe*, and attracted audiences accordingly; but when we had *Robert le Diable*, *La Favorita*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Masaniello*, they stood pretty nearly in the light of veritably new productions to that generation of opera-goers. Remember, too, that the vocal and dramatic rendering of them had never been equalled before. Think of Mario, when he had been drilled into almost as great an actor as he was a great singer, playing the part of the fisherman. Think, I say, what that implied in addition to the splendid background made by Beverley's beautiful scenery and Augustus Harris's (the stage-manager and father of the Augustus Harris whom the moderns knew as lessee and manager of Drury Lane) perfectly managed crowds of men and women choristers.

Unfortunately I cannot recall the names of all the great singers who were pressed into the service of Covent Garden opera when Mario and Grisi were at the height of their fame, for these musical memories are jotted down by 'a man with no ear,' remember; so at least it is said by my intimates, who, apparently not content with knowing that in later life I have had no eyes, declare that my ears have always been musically deficient. I do not think so myself, I need hardly add; but what I certainly am deficient in just now is the memory of names, a common trouble, I am told, of many 'links with the past.' One of these names, however, starts up whilst I am dictating at this very moment, and that is the name of Viardot Garcia; and no one who has ever seen or heard her can forget her. She was certainly the very grandest actress and singer combined, I should think, who ever trod the stage; and it was she, may I be permitted to say, who, in my opinion, made Mario the great actor he became. She was what is now called the 'understudy' of Grisi during the first great run of *The Huguenots;* and one night when Madame Grisi was not well, or was lazy and not inclined to sing, Viardot stepped into the part of Valentine. I recollect Millais was with me that very night, and witnessed the grandest rendering of the rejection of the white badge by

Raoul as Valentine strives to tie it round his arm just before he springs out of the window. She absolutely eclipsed all her predecessor's finest efforts. Millais was perfectly frantic with admiration and delight, as were indeed all true lovers of great art; and that Viardot was one of the greatest lyric artists of her day was never disputed.

Needless, perhaps, is it to add that after that one night's triumph Grisi immediately found her voice again, and did not give Viardot another chance of supplanting her for a considerable period. It came again, however, now and then; and when, in the spring of 1849, Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was produced at Covent Garden for the first time on any stage, with all the resources then at the command of that establishment, she created another 'part all her own,' rivalling probably that already long secured by her in *Fidelio*. Nor perhaps was Mario's singing and acting of John of Leyden less conspicuous.

It would fill pages were I to go on with my recollections of the details of the various scenes of the musical, dramatic, and perfect stage triumphs throughout all these Grand Operas. Michael Costa's band was alone an everlasting joy to listen to; whilst, combined with the great choruses, the absolute completeness of the productions was so striking that, whether one had an ear or no ear, the impression made on the mind became literally indelible. It has lasted me, at any rate, nearly sixty years; and it would, I am convinced, remain equally vivid were I spared to double that stretch of time.

These facts intrude themselves on my pages here whether I will or no; but I must revert to matters which may interest other people besides myself. Chief among these is still, I think, Millais and *The Huguenots*. I have said that it is due to his familiarity with this opera, impressing him as it did with its essentially dramatic character, that we had, and happily still have, the privilege now and then of seeing his beautiful and world-famed picture known as 'The Huguenot.' But it was the performance of Valentine by Viardot Garcia, above alluded to, which determined him, I believe, to paint the subject. In effect, he said to me as we left the theatre together, 'I should love to paint that scene; it would be fine—the white badge business, I mean; only I should have to get some model with a far handsomer face and head than Viardot has.' I suggested, I remember, that I thought I knew a lady who would suit him. 'She is a cousin of your friend Lemon Hart Michael. Have a look at her, Johnny. "Pip," as you call him, would introduce you, and fancy himself an inch taller if you painted her.' My proposal was adopted, and the lady in question, who was a lovely girl, did sit several times to Millais. That lovely face, however, so full of deep and touching expression, which all the world admires so infinitely and deservedly, was finished from a Miss Ryan, a well-known popular model in those long-ago days.

The influence of Viardot Garcia was enormous, and manifested itself, as I have mentioned, on Mario particularly; and when I am told that the tame, awkward, though handsome young man in modern costume whom I saw playing and singing in *Don Pasquale* was Signor Mario, and then recall the easy, fiery, soldierly, and at the same time pathetically tender lover who refuses to sail under false colours on the eve of St Bartholomew, I can hardly believe them to be one and the same person.

A few seasons sufficed to bring about the change which resulted in the supreme triumphs of the two artistes, Viardot and Mario, and—may I add?—of Millais himself in his Huguenot picture.

REMINISCENCES OF AN INDIAN MILITARY POLICE OFFICER.

By 'JUNGUL WALLAH.'

V.—A TREASURE-ESCORT—A PLAGUE OF BEES—CAPTURE OF AZEEM KHAN, A NOTED REBEL CHIEF—PROMOTION, REWARDS, AND PENSIONS—THE BATTALION DISBANDED.

MY former narratives have brought my reminiscences down to near the end of 1860; and as the corps was broken up at the end of that year, this will be the last one.

As has been stated, our duty consisted of guarding the treasury at Chuckmuckpur; but every three months we had also to escort large consignments of specie to Agra and Cawnpore, both large military stations, for payment of the troops. These treasure-escorts were never allowed to leave headquarters without a European officer; as, though our native officers were staunch to the backbone, they were wanting in discretion and a bit inclined to take matters too easy—in fact, like most Asiatics, they were not sufficiently cautious when left to work on their own responsibility.

As a rule these treasure-escorts were not molested, being too strong to be interfered with by less than a couple of hundred bandits; and as we had been scouring the country for over two years, the guerillas had broken up into very small parties, which when beaten scattered by twos and threes to collect again somewhere else. However, the experiences of an escort under my command was an exception.

In the month of July 1860—a scorching time

of the year to be under canvas—I started for Agra with thirty lacs of rupees. The escort consisted of one troop of cavalry, fifty mounted infantry on twenty-five camels, and a company of infantry. The treasure was put into large tumbrels, two being placed on each two-wheeled cart, called a hackery, the conveyance of the country. We had fifty of these carts, and as each cart was drawn by four oxen, our convoy was very long when all were assembled; and the line became much longer when it was once started. Treasure-escorts in those days were never allowed to march at night; and though we hardly ever covered more than ten miles a day, it was very seldom that the rear-guard got into camp before three o'clock in the afternoon—which, it must be allowed, was pretty severe, considering that generally we had seven or eight days' marching before us.

The first day's march went off all right; but on the second day, after we had been in the camping-ground for about half-an-hour, we were visited by a swarm of bees which 'gave us fits.' Luckily no guerillas were anywhere near; for the convoy would have been at their mercy for about a quarter of an hour. I may state that in India bees generally build their hives in large clusters of trees, selecting a stoutish branch for each hive. Our encampment on this occasion was amongst some two hundred trees; and the men not on duty had settled down in threes and fours under the trees and lit their fires to get dinner ready. They make these fires by digging small holes in the ground, then pile on a lot of wood and set fire to it; the wood supplied by the commissariat, being very green, throws out an immense amount of smoke. On this occasion the smoke was too much for the bees, and down they came in millions. Within five minutes over a hundred animals were scampering across country, horses having got free from their heel-ropes and head-gear, no end of oxen had managed to break away, and groups of men with blankets thrown over their heads were flying about as if mad; horses neighing, bullocks bellowing, men shouting, and pet dogs howling—in fact, it was the confusion of Babel over again. The only animals that were not affected were the camels, as their skins were too thick. In the midst of all this clamour I heard the cry '*Burha! burha!*' ('Bees! bees!') pass through the camp. This was enough for me. I rushed into my tent at once and seized my blankets. One of them I carefully fastened round my body, letting the tail-end drag on the ground; the other I threw over my head and shoulders, after having made two holes in it just large enough to see through; and, to crown all, I placed a large *teria* hat on my head. I was shown this mode of encasement by a *shikaree*, or tracker, when out tiger-shooting in Central India. Thus enveloped, I sallied out of the tent to have a look round, and to see if anything could be done to quell the panic. No sooner did I get my nose out of the tent than down came the bees; but they found my canopy too thick for their little stings to penetrate, so I made bold and strolled all over the camp. Most of the sentries over the treasure were lying under the carts, rolled up in tarpaulins which they managed to snatch off the tumbrels. None of the men spoke or moved; if they had done so swarms of bees would have pounced down on them. Then I ventured to where the horses and oxen were supposed to be; but I found very few of them, as a general stampede had taken place, and a few men were lying about wrapped up in horse-clothing, all perfectly silent. Just as I was thinking of making tracks back to my tent, I thought I heard some one speaking in a very low tone, and became all attention. Then I heard the words, 'Get your gun, sahib, and fire off two shots, and the bees will all disappear.' A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, as the saying is, so off I went, got the gun, and stood at the door of the tent. There I fired both barrels; but I dared not venture farther out, as I had to remove my upper blanket to enable me to handle the gun. Before the smoke caused by the shots had cleared away the bees were on the move, and within ten minutes not one was to be seen. If ever man was grateful to Providence, I was; as, though there was no fear of any one attacking the camp and getting hold of the treasure while the bees were in possession, my heart was in my mouth until they had departed.

I had now to set to work to collect my scattered men and animals. This took some time; in fact, until 'the assembly' and 'double' had been sounded on the bugles three times I could see no signs of any one returning, and then only very cautiously. I allowed an hour to elapse before setting to work to see what havoc had been committed. Three men had been stung to death; and fifty men, twenty-five horses, and fifteen oxen were stung so severely that they would be unfit for work for two or three days. Our temporary losses in horse-blankets, heel-ropes, &c. were very heavy; but as we knew that nearly all would be found strewed over the country, fatigue-parties were sent out, and within an hour we had recovered everything. After a short time my valet appeared with over a hundred bees, in a jam-bottle, which he said he had killed, he having found them entangled in the blankets that had formed such a splendid protection to my body. Thus ended our bee-day.

This little rampage on the camp made me decide on halting for two days, so as to enable the effects of the stings to go down. Some of the men were sights to behold, with swollen faces, legs, &c., and most of the animals were in the same condition. During the second day's halt I had a deputation from some of the native

officers of the escort, their object being to get me to go out on a shooting excursion, as the country abounded with antelopes and game of all sorts. One of the officers remarked, 'The very thing for your greyhounds.' I was sorry to have to refuse these well-meaning fellows, but I had to do so, and to explain to them that I considered that an officer in charge of treasure who left his post for the sake of a bit of sport was unfit for his position in the service. I made the most of these ideas of mine, and gave a long lecture to the would-be sportsmen, all of whom left the tent grinning from ear to ear at what I dare say they thought in their jocular hearts to be 'tommy rot;' to me it proved that the Government was right in laying down a hard-and-fast rule that a European officer should always be sent with treasure-escorts.

On the fifth day after leaving Chuckmuckpur we resumed our march, and got over twelve miles in very good time; but about two o'clock, just after we had had our dinner, one of our men who was on furlough, and lived in a small village about seven miles off, came in and informed us that he had seen the noted rebel Azeem Khan, a Mohammedan chief who had fought against us at Delhi in 1857, and for whom a reward of six thousand rupees had been offered by the Government. The informer added that Azeem Khan, with four armed followers, was in a small hamlet of only two houses, which were surrounded by walls of mud, and that they had loopholed these and were defying the residents of the adjacent villages to come near them. By all accounts, he said, they had a large party of Dacoits some distance off, whose arrival they were awaiting.

On receiving this intelligence I determined to capture the rebel chief at all costs. This decision placed me in an awkward position, as only the day before I had laid down the law that no officer in charge of a treasure-escort should leave it on any account. However, I believed there was not much risk, if any, in leaving the treasure in the camp well protected by a large body of native officers, with a full complement of cavalry and infantry. Then, again, there would be some justification for reproach if I neglected to take advantage of an opportunity that the regiment had been awaiting for months; in fact, they had had several wild-goose chases after this man, only to return to headquarters utterly disappointed, as either the information brought in was false or the birds had flown. Having made up my mind, I called up all the officers and told them of my decision. I at once placed the senior in supreme command. He was a dear old Sikh whose father had fought against us at Chillianwalla, and had been taken prisoner, but was released on parole until the war was over. Since that time he had remained loyal to us, and had given three of his sons to fight on our side at Delhi. Before I started I gave distinct orders to dig an entrenchment all round the treasure-carts, and to place the infantry inside it. The cavalry were to be posted in a circle round the baggage-carts and camp-followers, at about a quarter of a mile from the entrenchment. Our infantry having been taught to handle shovels and picks, there was no difficulty in carrying out my orders as to entrenching.

Within an hour of receiving the information as to the whereabouts of Azeem Khan I was off with fifty cavalry and twenty-five trotting camels carrying two infantry-men each. We moved along at a fairish pace until within a quarter of a mile of the hamlet in which the rebel chief and his four followers had taken up their quarters. When the place was well surrounded by cavalry, a frontal attack was made by the infantry, which was successful, and the walls of the hamlet were scaled. Then a hand-to-hand combat took place, in which the rebel chief was cut down by an officer named Bulwunt Sing, and the four followers killed. The chief was bound hand and foot, and carried off to the camp. The war-cry of all these rebels was 'No surrender,' as they knew very well that if they did surrender it only meant a couple of yards of rope and the nearest tree for all *bonâ-fide* rebels.

This little affair cost us the lives of three of our best men, and nine were wounded; but, strange to say, not a man in the frontal attack was touched. Those killed, being Sikhs, had to be cremated, which could not be done before our departure; so four of their intimate friends were left behind to do the needful the next day, with orders to overtake the escort with as little delay as possible, which they could easily do on their camels. Then we returned to camp in great glee, as may well be imagined, with our captive. As his wounds were severe, we got a *palkee* and put him into it; and on our arrival in camp he was attended by the native doctor of the escort.

I found everything in perfect order in the camp, and was able to send off a glowing account of our success to headquarters; adding that, as Agra was within thirty miles, I should take the rebel chief to that station, it being nearer than Chuckmuckpur. After giving orders for the next day's march, I had my lonely dinner, drank Her Most Gracious Majesty's health, and smoked my pipe in peace; and when I tumbled into bed I slept the sleep of the tired-out one, and dreamt of happy lands far, far away.

Early the next morning we were on the march again, as the men and also the animals stung by the bees had picked up wonderfully with the two days' rest; and I was most anxious to get the captive to Agra. No further incident occurred during this march; but about noon the next day the native soldier who had brought in the information as to the whereabouts of Azeem Khan again put in an appearance, and, like most natives, he was in a most excited state. His story was that within two hours of our departure

from the hamlet a body of over two hundred mounted freebooters had turned up, led by a well-known rebel named Isseeree Sing, who, on hearing that his allies had been killed and the chief captured, had made his followers take an oath on Ganges water—the most sacred Hindu oath—that they would rescue him or die in the attempt. The informer added that just before he left, the whole party had started for a village about four miles from where we were halting. He had been amongst them, carrying grass for their horses, and had overheard a conversation between the leader and three or four men who seemed to be of some importance. The plan they had settled on was to rush our camp shortly after midnight. This was doubtless the gang for which the rebel chief had waited, and which, very fortunately for us, did not arrive whilst our small force was attacking the occupants of the hamlet. If they had come up then we must have been annihilated.

I had no doubt of the reliability of the information; therefore I set to work very quietly to prepare for the attack, if it came off. Knowing well that natives—especially those in subordinate positions — resembled magpies as to chattering and feeble gossip, I had to use the utmost discretion in making any special arrangements. However, one man could not do everything; in fact, an officer who will not trust some of his subordinates, and show that he places implicit confidence in them, is sure to come to grief. Bearing this in mind, I called up the officer I had placed in command on the day that I arrested the rebel chief, and told him all that I had heard, and what arrangements I proposed to make so as to give the rebels a warm reception. For a few seconds he seemed to be in deep thought; then he suddenly exclaimed, 'I have an idea. May I state what it is?' 'Most decidedly,' was the reply. 'Give me fifty cavalry and mount the prisoner on a camel, with a man to drive it, and I will lay down my life, and so will the men, if we fail to land him safe and sound in the Agra fort within six hours.' 'You brave fellow!' I replied, 'there are two very good reasons why your proposal cannot be carried out: firstly, the prisoner's wounds are too severe for him to undergo the rough ride on a camel; secondly, I dare not reduce the strength of the escort by a single man. It would be the cause of my forfeiting my commission if the escort were overpowered and the treasure touched.' 'I see—I see,' he said; 'it is true we Sikhs are too hot-headed and have no forethought; but I will show you once more that we can fight. Let them come.' The fine fellow had proved how he could fight at Delhi, and also on several occasions since he had been in the military police.

Our interview ended in all the officers being called into my presence; and they were bound to the utmost secrecy with reference to the threatened attack. Each infantry officer was told off to a certain portion of the camp, with orders to double all the sentries. The cavalry, oxen, and camels were all sent to a large *tope*, or cluster of trees, about a mile off, so as to reduce the size of the encampment, by which arrangement we were enabled to form a regular laager with the treasure-carts, and place our infantry in the centre. Luckily, a case of glanders had broken out amongst the horses, so this was made the excuse to the cavalry for their isolation. The reason given out to the infantry for placing them in laager was that the strength of the escort had been so greatly reduced. The rebel chief was placed in the middle of the enclosure, and the guard over him doubled. The cavalry in the *tope* of trees were warned not to sound their hourly gong, as by doing so they might put the enemy on the alert.

Ten o'clock struck on the village gong—all large native villages in India have gongs—then we heard twelve; and five minutes afterwards there was a sudden rush of over five hundred men from all sides. It was found out afterwards that a number of supposed loyalists had joined with the enemy, thus making the attacking party larger than it was reported to be. Well, on they came, but not a single shot was fired on either side; in fact, we allowed them to get within fifty yards of our laager, our men all lying low under the carts and trees; then the front rank got up and fired a volley as steadily as if they had been firing blank ammunition on parade. The freebooters hesitated for a few seconds, great havoc having been made amongst them; then they made one more rush; upon which the rear rank delivered another volley with deadly effect. This was enough, and the enemy bolted for their very lives under cover of the darkness. Our loss was very slight. We dared not venture to follow up the fugitives at the time; but at dawn the next morning the cavalry scoured the surrounding country, and came upon about thirty of the rabble, who promptly laid down their arms, which consisted only of swords. One of these prisoners stated that very few of the gang had guns, which they were ordered not to fire, but to have a hand-to-hand sword-combat.

The next morning the dead and wounded were collected: the former we made over to the headman of the village to cremate or bury according to caste; the wounded we took into Agra. The leader, Isseeree Sing, was amongst the slain, and Azeem Khan was afterwards tried and hung at Agra.

This night-attack, of course, prevented us from marching on the following day, as our men wanted rest; and I took the opportunity to report what had happened. In a couple of days we arrived at Agra and made over our prisoner to the military and the treasure to the civil authorities. I found no end of telegrams awaiting me, one of which contained the

good news that the Lieutenant-Governor of the province was so pleased with our success in capturing the chief and resisting the night-attack on our camp that he had ordered five thousand rupees, in addition to the same amount for the capture of Azeem Khan, to be made over to me at once for distribution amongst the officers and men, and that my name had been brought to the notice of the Viceroy. The officer in charge of the party at the hamlet, Bulwunt Sing, was to be promoted to the rank of captain and recommended for the Order of Merit First-Class for his bravery on that occasion. The commanding officer had also been directed to submit with as little delay as possible the name, caste, parentage, and residence of the man on furlough who had given such splendid information to us, as the Lieutenant-Governor intended to bestow a *jagheer* (grant of land) on him. The names of the widows and children, if any, were to be submitted at once so that life-pensions might be granted to them. The amount sanctioned for rewards was drawn from the treasury the next day, and distributed amongst the native officers and men. European officers never receive, nor would they accept, a share of rewards in money; they look for rapid promotion and honours, which I must acknowledge were always freely given.

After resting a couple of days, we marched out of Agra *en route* to Chuckmuckpur. The third day of our march homewards landed us into the midst of good shooting—black buck and smaller game—and also coursing. I therefore decided to make a halt and go in for nothing but sport, and of this I had my heart's content.

Two days afterwards we were back at headquarters, having covered the distance of seven marches in five days—not bad work!

At headquarters we heard, to our disgust, that the Government considered that the chances of the rebels or guerillas doing much harm had been destroyed by the capture of the rebel chief, and that it was now time to establish a civil police force similar to the Irish Constabulary; therefore the military police battalions were to be disbanded. This news caused great excitement, and it was noticed that many of the men looked very much disappointed, some of them even going about in a sullen manner, evidently brooding over the grievance. All that we European officers could do was to impress on them that there was no doubt many would be transferred to the regular native army, others would be offered appointments in the new civil police, and those who might not wish to continue in Government employ would receive *jagheers* of land or good bonuses in cash.

The expected orders arrived in a short time to the effect that the disbandment would take place on the 31st of December 1860. The Government were very liberal to the native officers and men, giving them the option of selecting almost whatever they liked. The European officers had the option of returning to military employment under the Commander-in-Chief in India or entering the new civil police. Thus ended my career in the military police.

In my old age I often wish myself back again amongst the brave and honourable men I had the privilege of serving with for over two years, most of whom I looked upon as brothers. In conclusion, I may state that I have only mentioned a few of our exploits, and that there were many other military police battalions in India which saw as much service and rendered as good an account of themselves as the Chuckmuckpur battalion.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORIES.

WE are glad to learn that the observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis is not to be closed, but will continue—at any rate for the present—to perform its useful work. It had been decided to close the establishment in October, owing to want of funds, and the staff had received notice that their services would no longer be required; but the threatened closure raised such a vigorous protest, and so many of the objections took a practical form in the way of money help, that the station will continue its work, and stores have now been taken in for the long winter session. M. Janssen, the famous astronomer, proposes to take similar observations from the top of Mont Blanc; but there is no intention of establishing human settlements there. He has suggested that the necessary instruments for meteorological observations should be placed on the summit of the mountain, and that these, instead of being of the usual size, should be gigantic, so that with the help of a telescope, say at Chamouni, they could be read with ease. Thus there would be a spirit thermometer holding some gallons of alcohol, instead of the teaspoonful usually associated with that instrument; the barometer would have a dial some feet in diameter; the force and direction of the wind being indicated by a big metal ball suspended from a high post. Should this plan succeed in practice, it is sure to meet with imitation, if only because of its economy as compared with the expenses attached to an ordinary observatory.

FLYING-MACHINES.

This year will be a memorable one in the history of aeronautics, for the reason that so much attention has been devoted to so-called flying machines, which are in reality balloons over which, by certain mechanical appliances, the occupant has a limited amount of steering power in the absence of wind. Two of these frail machines have come to grief in France, and their drivers have been killed. The machine in which M. Santos Dumont sailed round the Eiffel Tower at Paris was mysteriously injured before a projected ascent at the Crystal Palace, London, and no more has been heard of it. The English balloonist, Mr Stanley Spencer, built a dirigible balloon to take its place, and he made some thirty preliminary trips round the Palace grounds before attempting a bolder flight over London. This at last he has succeeded in doing, his machine starting from Sydenham and reaching the ground at Harrow, after a run of about twenty miles. This experimental trip is the most successful of its kind yet made; but it brings us no nearer to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation.

THE FIREPROOF HOUSES OF THE ARGENTINE.

The annual fire-bill of the United Kingdom may be taken at twenty millions sterling, that of the United States being twenty-eight millions sterling. There is besides the fire insurance annual bill, and the bill for the fire-stations, with their costly sites and buildings, the fire-engines, the other machinery, and the horses. All this outlay keeps us poorer. But the loss of life is worse; and it is so easy to build fireproof—or, better, incombustible—houses, such as in the River Plate countries and probably in Bethlehem and Nazareth. The manner is as follows: In these countries they neither use the arch nor iron, but hardwood, which, having mostly to come a thousand miles down the river, is dear. So all the floors and the roof, which is flat, are supported by joists shaped as in this country, and across them are laid rails of the same hardwood, about a foot apart, upon which rest the ends of thin bricks, on which another layer of bricks, or sometimes two, is laid in mortar; and on this tiles. Then there is no skirting or panelling. In Britain cement should be used for that purpose, and there should be no boxing of doors and windows, the frames being built in securely. The doors are also of hardwood. In that fine climate no lath-and-plaster is ever used. In this country the laths should be of iron, and if moulding is wanted round the doors it could be of cement instead of dangerous, inflammable wood. In such houses a bonfire made by piling a lot of sticks and shavings on the best bed in the best bedroom and setting fire to it would not set the house on fire. The writer has for sixty-four years lived in or been connected with the great city of Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic and the largest city in the southern hemisphere, with eight hundred and fifty-two thousand inhabitants, and never heard of a life being lost by fire; but there are fires in grocers' shops and such-like places. Latterly, as pine from the United States is now abundant, some builders have used it partially in buildings in the capital, and such are not quite fireproof; but it is a bad practice. In Britain, as roofs must slope because of the snow, and flat roofs would not do, the slates should be fixed in some way to iron strips. This might be a little troublesome at first, but our slaters and smiths would soon find out a way.

MOTOR-CAR TROUBLES.

There is much antagonism unfortunately between those who own motor-cars and those who do not, each faction considering that it has far more right to the highway than has the other. It need hardly be pointed out that this feeling has been engendered by the selfish few, who have driven vehicles at an excessive speed without any regard to the safety of others. It is a most difficult matter to define the speed to which motor-cars should be limited, as so much depends upon local circumstances. Some months ago the secretary of the Automobile Club suggested that the difficulty might be met by adopting a plan which would tend to secure the safety of both motorists and pedestrians. He proposed that the club should, with the concurrence of the local authorities, place on a certain high-road, by way of experiment, diamond-shaped boards which should serve as 'control' signals for drivers. On reaching such a sign the driver of a motor-car would slow down and continue to go at a moderate speed until the end of the control was reached, which would be indicated by another board of a different colour. In this way towns and villages would be protected from the dangers of excessive speeds. An offer of one hundred pounds has been made by a member of the club towards the cost of the experiment, and part of the Portsmouth road has been suggested as the best highway upon which to try the system.

A FLOOR SCRUBBER AND WASHER.

A most useful domestic help has been recently introduced under the name of the arca-twist floor scrubber and washer; and as we have seen it in action we are able to speak to its merits. It is a combination of a scrubbing-brush and a flannel at the end of a long handle, so that the housemaid who uses it has no need to stoop. She can scrub the floor with the brush, after which the flannel is applied; and then, by a clever arrangement, the latter is drawn out and twisted over a pail, so that all moisture is at once wrung from it. The machine appears to be a real labour and time saver, and is moderate in price.

MALLEABLE GLASS.

Of all substances in common use, glass is the most brittle, a fact which has been crystallised in

the old proverb about stone-throwing; but unless the report is altogether erroneous concerning a new description of glass invented by Mr Louis Kauffeld, of Matthews, Ind., U.S.A., there will come a time in the near future when dwellers in glass houses can indulge their stone-throwing propensities to their hearts' content without any damage to their homes. The new glass will not break or crack even when submitted to the roughest treatment. For example, a lamp-chimney of the new material, after being chilled in ice-cold water, was put on a blazing lamp without injury. The same chimney was placed on a gas-stove until it softened, but it would not break; cold water was placed in it, and brought to the boil, but no harm came to it. Next it was used as a hammer to drive nails into a box, and even this did not break it. Finally it was treated as a mould, a hot glass chimney being blown within it, both mould and new chimney coming out of the ordeal uncracked and unscarred! These various experiments are described and illustrated in a recent number of the *Scientific American*, and there is no reason to doubt their truth. Malleable glass has long been the dream of enthusiastic inventors, and if it can be produced at moderate cost it will have many useful applications.

HEATING BY ALCOHOL.

A recent exhibition held in Paris under the auspices of the ex-Minister of Agriculture had for its object the more extended use of alcohol for heating and other purposes, and was organised with the hope that demonstrations of its usefulness would result in its successful competition with imported petroleum; for alcohol can be easily produced by farmers from a vast number of vegetable substances, and its extended use would be a great benefit to the country. It need hardly be said that alcohol for manufacturing purposes would be rendered unpalatable, as it is in this country, so that the revenue interests might be safeguarded. Alcohol-stoves, having no bricks and being quite without smell or risk of explosion, were exhibited, and it was shown that their use was economical. These stoves were also highly efficient for both heating and cooking purposes, some of them bringing water to the boiling-point in less time and at smaller expense than is possible with gas. These stoves are quite portable and free from danger; indeed, one exhibitor offered a prize of four hundred pounds to any one who could cause one to explode. In another class were exhibited brazing-lamps, blowpipes, soldering-irons, flat-iron heaters, and other minor applications of the alcohol flame. The use of alcohol as a motive-power was also shown. The spirit is already largely in use in France for motor-cars.

PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE.

Railway travellers, especially during the holiday season, have plenty of evidence that the want of punctuality which is such a lamentable feature of some of our lines is largely due to the way in which passengers' luggage is handled. A novel plan has lately been introduced by the London and South-Western Railway at their Woking station by which large quantities of luggage can be rapidly transferred from one platform to another. Upon the up and down platforms respectively are erected towers thirty-two feet in height, between which are stretched cables capable of bearing a heavy strain. Upon these travels a cage holding half a ton of luggage at one time, the journey from one platform to another occupying only thirty seconds. This aerial cable-way is worked by hydraulic power, and will not only save much time, but will obviate all necessity for luggage being carried to and fro by hand.

LIQUID FUEL FOR RAILWAYS.

The coal bill is one of the most serious items in a railway company's balance-sheet; and, seeing that the amount is liable at any time to be increased by the occurrence of a strike in the collieries, the possibility of finding an alternative method of firing the locomotives is a most important matter. The coal bill presses most heavily upon those companies whose lines do not touch the neighbourhood of the collieries, and it is for this reason that we find some of the south-country railways experimenting with liquid fuel. This has been done with marked success in the case of the Great Eastern line, and now the Brighton Company is following suit. Weight for weight, oil will raise more steam than will solid fuel, and in the case of railways remote from the coalfields it is cheaper. More than this, there is with oil no stoking required. The supply of oil, now that fresh sources of supply have been discovered, seems to be practically inexhaustible, our Free-Trade policy of admitting it free of duty thus bearing good fruit. Coal-burning engines can, without much alteration, be converted into oil-burners, and readily reconverted into coal-burners if need be. The change from solid to liquid fuel has other advantages which need not be enumerated.

SALT IN SHEEP-FEEDING.

From some recent experiments in France it would seem that salt is of great value in the dietary of sheep. A certain flock was divided into three portions, the first of which was fed without salt, the second had half an ounce per day added to the food of each animal, and the third three-quarters of an ounce each. In the result it was found that the salt-eaters made an average of one and three-quarter pounds more wool than those kept without the condiment, and that the sheep that had the half-ounce allowance gained four and a half pounds in weight, while those that had the larger allowance gained one and a quarter pounds less. Half-an-ounce of salt added to the daily ration of each animal seems, therefore, to be the amount best suited to sheep; but possibly locality would have something to do with the matter. It might naturally be assumed that on pastures near the sea

the quantity of salt added artificially to the food should not be as great as in inland places.

LEAD POISONING.

Much discussion has taken place in the public press with regard to lead poisoning and the advantages of using a leadless glaze in our potteries. There have also been, from time to time, accounts published of new methods of making whitelead, by which the health of the workers is not endangered; but we do not hear much of the risks run by those who mostly use lead in the form of a pigment. House-painters are subject to a painful malady known as 'painter's colic,' which in reality is a form of lead poisoning, and the Minister of Commerce and Industry in France has lately issued regulations which are framed to meet the evil. These rules, copies of which are to be posted in workshops, decree that whitelead must only be used in the state of paste—that is, it must not be in such a form that its particles can be taken in with the breath. The dry scraping and rubbing with pumice-stone of old painted surfaces is forbidden. Such work must be done wet, and the masters must provide their men with 'overalls' for exclusive use in this employment. The direct use by hand-work of products of which whitelead forms the base is forbidden unless some liquid vehicle be included.

WIRELESS WONDERS.

Remarkable achievements continue to be recorded of Marconi's wireless telegraphic system, and the distance over which talking is possible is continually on the increase. It has now been proved to demonstration that this method of communication is most valuable for use on shipboard, vessels more than a hundred miles apart being able to exchange messages with ease provided that they are fitted with the necessary apparatus. According to the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, the German Government has invited the chief European countries and the United States to arrange for an international conference, with the idea of preventing the wireless system of telegraphy from becoming a monopoly, which would be objectionable both for commercial and political reasons. We do not think that there is much fear of any monopoly in this case, for the reason that there are other systems of wireless telegraphy besides Marconi's, and so much attention is now being devoted to the matter that invention is being further stimulated.

A VISITOR FROM SPACE.

A 'shooting star' is by no means an uncommon apparition; but it very rarely happens that one of these bodies finds its way to the earth. They are mostly dissipated as fine dust when their contact with our atmosphere heats them and renders them luminous. On 20th September one of these meteoric stones fell at Crumlin, County Antrim, within a few miles of Belfast, while the British Association was holding its meeting there. It was seen to fall, about ten o'clock in the morning, by a labourer who was gathering apples within twenty yards of the spot. The stone had buried itself eighteen inches in the soil, and when dug up was found to measure seven and a half inches in length, and to weigh nearly nine and a half pounds. The stone, which was quite hot when found, is the largest meteorite that has been seen to fall in the British Isles for eighty-nine years. On hearing of the occurrence, the chief of the Mineralogical Department of the British Museum visited Crumlin, examined the stone, and purchased it for the national collection.

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EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

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CHRISTMAS 1902.

THE BAN OF WODELOK.

By J. R. OLIVER.

CHAPTER I.

'AH, that's good!' exclaimed Mr Thornton, looking up from a letter he was reading.

'What is it, Tom?' asked his wife.

'Bramwell says he can come after all. I am uncommonly glad. He will just make our party complete.—He is a crack shot,' he added, looking towards the men, 'and a rare good fellow all round.'

Mr and Mrs Thornton and their guests were seated at luncheon in the pleasant dining-room of Finavon Lodge, whose open windows commanded a magnificent view of Highland loch and mountain.

'When may we expect him?' Mrs Thornton inquired.

'To-morrow. No. Stay'—consulting the letter again—'why, I believe he will arrive to-day. I ought to have had this letter yesterday.'

'It is a blessing he did not arrive before it,' said Cissy Westwood, Mr Thornton's niece, as she turned, laughing, to the young fellow who sat next her. 'That was what happened to Jim Cowan last year. The boat was late. There was nobody to meet him, and no conveyance except a fish-cart, and it was pouring wet, so he stayed all night in a fisherman's cottage, and walked over the hill next day, arriving an hour before his letter.'

'Well, Bramwell would have better luck than that, for Miss Wodelok arrives this afternoon, and we are sending to Rhumohr to meet her in any case,' observed her uncle.

'By the way, Thornton,' said Major Ashdell, 'is the man you expect one of the Bramwells of Bishopton?'

'Oh no. He is Bramwell of Wodelok, a place down in Hampshire.'

'I don't seem to have heard of him.'

'Probably not. Old Bramwell made his money in business—steel rivets or something—and he bought the estate some twenty years ago. Hubert, the son, and I were great friends both at school and college; but I have hardly seen him since he came into the property, for after his father's death he went to India, and has been knocking about all over the world for some years. It was quite by accident I ran up against him in London immediately after his return home.'

'I shall be very glad to see him,' said Mrs Thornton; 'but, all the same, I wish he had been coming a few weeks later. I don't think Edith will like meeting him.'

'Oh, nonsense! They'll get on all right, you'll see. But I had better go over and see Duncan before he starts with the wagonette.—Are you coming, Ashdell?'

'Why do you think it will be unpleasant for Miss Wodelok to meet Mr Bramwell?' asked Mrs Ashdell when the others had gone.

'Well, you know Wodelok, Mr Bramwell's place, was her father's family property.'

'Oh, indeed! So she does not like the man in possession. That is rather a pity. Have they had any quarrel or anything?'

'Oh dear, no! Edith has never even met him, and knows nothing about him personally; but she is very proud of the old name—one of the oldest in England, I have heard her say. The Wodeloks owned large estates at one time, though the property had dwindled down sadly before Sir Thomas Wodelok sold it. He was so much cut up about having to part with it that he died before the Bramwells took possession.'

'Very sad for his daughter. She is an only child, isn't she?'

'Yes; and the last of the name. She used to be quite tragic about it when we were schoolgirls. She knew nothing about the Bramwells; but she hated them because they owned Wodelok, and seemed to think they were responsible for her father's death.'

'Good gracious! Is she so bad as all that?'

'Oh, well, that was when we were still in our teens, and I gave her my warmest sympathy. She rarely mentions the subject now, and I dare say her feelings have toned down a little; but still I would rather not have been obliged to introduce her to "the usurper," as we used to call him.'

Mrs Ashdell laughed. 'So Miss Edith Wodelok has a fair share of family pride, I see. Do you think the steel rivets would be too much for the descendant of a thousand knights?'

'Why, whatever do you mean?'

'Don't you think it would be a very delightful arrangement if the ancestral halls and the ancient name were reunited?'

'What nonsense you talk!'

'It is not nonsense at all. If such a thing should happen it would be perfectly lovely. It is a piece of rare good luck that they should happen to be travelling together. Seems almost as if Providence were taking the thing in hand.'

'Oh Meg! you are incorrigible,' said Mrs Thornton, laughing.

CHAPTER II.

THE steamer *Queen of Thule* was fuming and roaring at the pier at Oban as if impatient to be gone, while a crowd of passengers were pouring across the gangway to her decks. A tall, elegant-looking young lady and an elderly woman, evidently her attendant, were standing a little aside to make way for the jostling, pushing throng. At length, when nearly all were on board, the young lady stepped forward and crossed to the deck; but just as her attendant was about to follow, the vessel gave a lurch, displacing the gangway as she set her foot on it, and she stumbled and would have fallen over the edge of the pier if a gentleman who was behind had not caught her by the arm and pulled her back. A terrified scream from her young mistress was succeeded by an ejaculation of thankfulness as the gentleman, taking the dressing-case the woman carried from her trembling hand, guided her on board.

'Thank you so much,' said the young lady, looking up at him with swimming eyes. 'You have saved my dear old nurse from what might have been a serious accident.'

'Oh, don't mention it,' he said. 'It was an awkward lurch, certainly; but fortunately I was close behind;' and, raising his hat, he moved aside.

'Oh Dolly, what a fright I got!' said Miss Wodelok, for it was she. 'I thought you were over between the pier and the vessel.'

'Indeed, Miss Edith, it has given me quite a turn; I am all shaking yet. That was a very nice gentleman who helped me. Took the case there out of my hand and carried it for me. There 's not many men so polite to a servant.'

The *Queen of Thule* was now ploughing her way past the wooded height where Dunollie Castle crowns the northern entrance to the bay. The deck was somewhat crowded, for it was the middle of August and the height of the tourist season; not to mention the sportsmen and their belongings, who were seeking the moorlands and lochs, where the grouse and the salmon abound.

Miss Wodelok was looking about her for a seat, an apparently hopeless quest, when Dolly's preserver came up and said, 'There are two chairs over here, well sheltered from the wind. Won't you take possession before some one else appropriates them?'

'Oh, thank you,' said Miss Wodelok, moving in the direction he indicated, where one of the crew was vigilantly guarding a couple of deck-chairs.

'Chairs are evidently at a premium,' she said smilingly as she seated herself. 'It was very kind of you to secure them, and this is a delightful corner.' Her natural hauteur and reserve in accepting service from a perfect stranger giving way to her sense of gratitude, she spoke quite cordially as she saw that he made way for her maid to take the other chair, and had evidently no intention of inflicting his society upon her.

She looked after him, wondering who or what he might be. His tall, well-set-up figure and bronzed face suggested that he might be a soldier home from foreign service.

'I am sure he is a gentleman, Miss Edith,' said Dolly, whose thoughts had taken the same direction as her mistress's.

[*Christmas Number.*

'Oh yes, a gentleman certainly, whatever be his station in life;' and, as an intimation that she did not care to discuss him further, she opened the novel she carried.

The day wore on. The *Queen of Thule* plunged ahead; and, stopping at various ports, she had landed the greater number of the passengers. A pretty high wind had sprung up, and the vessel no longer glided over smooth seas, but was heaving and pitching in a way that most people appeared to find disagreeable and conducive to an immediate desire to go below. Miss Wodelok, however, was one of those who remained on deck and seemed to enjoy the fresh breeze and the view of the rugged and picturesque outline of the islands to the west. The gentleman who had excited her interest in the morning was leisurely pacing the deck; and when Dolly came up some time after with an armful of rugs and other things, she was surprised to see her mistress, who was usually so unapproachable to strangers, sitting chatting and laughing with him in the most friendly manner possible.

'I am just getting your things together, Miss Edith, for we are near Rhumohr,' she said.

'Is this Rhumohr?' said the gentleman. 'That is where I get off too.'

As the steamer slowed down, a boat with a couple of rowers put off from the shore, and was soon alongside. The luggage was quickly transferred; but it was no easy matter for the passengers to get into the boat, for the waves alternately lifted it up to the level of the lower deck, and then plunged it down six or seven feet below. It was necessary to be ready to spring in when the boat was on the top of the wave, and trust to the man in the blue jersey to save you from falling. Miss Wodelok accomplished this feat in safety, but poor Dorothy hung back in terror, and missed half-a-dozen chances, to the disgust of the man in blue; but again her friend of the morning reassured and helped her, and the boat at last cast off and made for the shore.

Here an open wagonette and a cart for the luggage awaited them.

'Well, Duncan, how are you, and how are all the folks at Finavon?' said Miss Wodelok to the driver, who touched his hat and answered, with a smile, 'All very well, ma'am, and glad to see you back again.'

'Is this the trap from Finavon?' asked the gentleman.

'Yes, sir. Mr Bramwell?' he added inquiringly; for, though there was no other gentleman there, Duncan liked to be certain.

'Yes; that is all right.'

The name awoke no recollections, nor had it any significance for Miss Wodelok, who smiled and said, 'So you are going to Finavon?'

'Yes. My old friend Tom Thornton has asked me to give him a hand with the grouse.'

He helped her into the carriage, and they soon left the little fishing village, with its scattered cottages, behind, and were slowly climbing a steep and very rough road.

'Hadn't we better get out and walk a bit?' Miss Wodelok suggested. 'This jolting is by no means agreeable; but we will be past the worst when we get to the turn of the road there.'

Duncan pulled up. They got down and walked on to the point indicated, where a sharp turn in the road brought into view a splendid prospect of mountain and loch.

'There is Finavon,' said Miss Wodelok, pointing to a large gray stone mansion standing against a background of dark fir-trees on the opposite shore of the loch.

They again took their seats in the wagonette, Duncan touched up his horses, and they went rattling down towards the loch at a good pace.

As they drew nearer some people could be seen on the green slope in front of the house.

'Oh! there is Gladys—I mean Mrs Thornton—waving her handkerchief,' cried Miss Wodelok eagerly, as she answered the signal of welcome.

'I see you are quite at home here,' remarked Mr Bramwell.

'Oh yes. I have known Mrs Thornton nearly all my life. We are just like sisters.'

They soon reached the loch, and stopped at a little landing-stage, where a boat awaited them.

'Is there no road to the house?' asked Mr Bramwell in surprise.

'No, sir; not unless you go twelve miles round by the foot of the loch,' Duncan replied.

'Another voyage yet?' Mr Bramwell said, turning to Dorothy with a smile. 'I hope you will be able to embark this time without adventure.'

'Thank you, sir. There is nothing to be afraid of here,' she replied as he helped her into the boat, where her mistress was already seated.

Mr and Mrs Thornton, Cissy, and one or two others were on the landing-stage when the boat reached the farther shore.

The greetings and introductions, though warm, were a trifle confusing. Mr Bramwell understood that the name of his fair travelling companion was Miss Wood, while his territorial designation had not been mentioned, and she never thought of associating him with Wodelok.

Mrs Ashdell was amused to observe that at the dinner-table the new arrivals appeared to be on the most cordial terms with each other, and laughed as she drew her hostess's attention to that subject afterwards.

'You see the steel rivets don't count, and noble birth is rather out of fashion,' she said. 'I bet the event comes off.'

CHAPTER III.

IT is true that Edith Wodelok was proud of her ancient name, and her love for the old home of her race was an almost sacred feeling, too deep for words. Her father, Sir Thomas Wodelok, was the descendant of a very ancient family holding estates in Hampshire before William of Normandy tumbled on the sands at Hastings. For centuries the Wodeloks had flourished there, increasing in wealth and honours. Then about the beginning of the seventeenth century the tide of their prosperity turned. Losses and misfortunes fell upon the house. The elder branch of the family became extinct, and the title and the estates fell to a distant cousin, a spendthrift, who squandered his means and alienated a large portion of the family acres. The tide of disaster flowed on till Sir Thomas—the last of his line, save Edith, his only child—was forced to sell the Hall and what remained of the old acres. When the time came for the new lord of Wodelok to take possession, Sir Thomas, broken in health and spirit, laid himself down in the great oaken bed, and, giving up the struggle with all the troubles and worries of life, he quietly breathed his last, and was laid to rest in the family vault, the only part of all the Wodelok heritage to which no one would dispute his title.

Twenty years had passed since Sir Thomas Wodelok was gathered to his fathers, and the last descendant of the ancient name had left her old home. She had never seen it since, rarely even heard it spoken of; for her aunt with whom she lived had no great love for the place where her young sister had spent the brief years of her married life, and where she had met an early death. Miss Wodelok's faithful attendant Dorothy, who had been born and brought up on the estate, and left it along with her mistress, was singularly reticent in speaking of Wodelok.

Miss Wodelok had been but a child when she left the place, too young to observe the signs of neglect and dilapidation. The Wodelok Hall which her memory pictured was an idealised and glorified vision of the picturesque old mansion, on which the mildew of poverty had been only too apparent to others. Her mind dwelt on this fair vision with poignant sorrow, and regret that this goodly heritage had gone from the old line for ever, and that the ancient name, once honoured and illustrious, would perish with herself; and with this feeling was one of intense bitterness against the malignant fate which had conspired to bring all this about—a bitterness not unmixed with enmity against the man who now enjoyed the heritage of the Wodeloks. She rarely spoke of these things, however, for she was quite aware that her feelings, in all their depth and intensity, would meet with little sympathy; and she was also aware—scornfully aware—that her ancient lineage, without wealth to give it dignity, was not an asset of great value in the fashionable world. So she quietly accepted the position society assigned her, maintaining a proud reserve as to her claims to higher rank.

Miss Wodelok never dreamed of connecting her pleasant and attentive fellow-traveller with the 'despoiler' of her house. The object of her enmity and scorn was but a nebulous personality at the best, and when she did clothe him in definite shape it was always as an elderly gentleman as unlike as possible to this handsome, interesting young man, whose society she had already learned to like.

Mrs Thornton was delighted that the guests about whom she had felt some anxiety were on such cordial terms with each other. She mentioned this to Miss Wodelok a few days after her arrival, and asked her what she thought of Mr Bramwell.

'Oh, I think him delightful, and Dorothy is quite in love with him,' she replied. 'Did I tell you how he saved her from falling from the pier at Oban?'

'No. How was that?'

'You know that gangway thing they put across from the pier when you go on board the steamer? Well, it slipped just as she stepped on it, and she would have been over if Mr Bramwell, who was just behind, had not caught her. Oh, I did get such a fright!'

'And no wonder. It would have been dreadful if anything had happened to dear old Dorothy. So that was how you came to be so friendly with him. I thought you must have met before.'

'Oh no. I did not know him at all; but surely, dear, you would not have had me sit up like a wax-figure during our drive over the hill. When we were to be staying at the same house, it was only civil to anticipate the introduction.'

'Yes, of course. It would have been absurd to have done anything else, though it must have been a little awkward for you. I would have let you know if there had been time; but we were not sure that he was coming till an hour or two before he arrived.'

'It did not matter in the least.'

'I am so glad, dear, that you do not mind meeting him.'

'Why should I?' asked Miss Wodelok in surprise.

But just at this moment the door opened and in toddled the son and heir of the Thorntons, aged two; and Mr Bramwell was forgotten in a service of baby-worship.

It was the beginning of the grouse season, and splendid weather for the moors, and the gentlemen were out shooting all day; so the ladies were left a good deal to themselves.

Mrs Ashdell had promised herself some amusement in watching the latest arrivals; but there was little to reward her observation. She drew her hostess's attention to the fact that when Miss Wodelok sang Mr Bramwell always turned the leaves for her, and paid her similar little attentions; but Mrs Thornton only laughed.

'Who else is there to do it? You see how Cissy monopolises Mr Ward and young Morgan,' she said, nodding towards the corner where that young lady sat strumming on a guitar and laughing and chatting with her two admirers.

One afternoon Edith Wodelok was sitting in a favourite nook of hers, away up the hillside, at the edge of a little ravine formed by a mountain stream which came tumbling down in a series of foaming leaps. It was overhung by birch and mountain ash, and commanded a lovely view of the loch, with its green islets, and the mountains on which the heather glowed ruddy-purple in the afternoon sun. She had a book in her hand; but her eyes were dreamily fixed on the scene before her, when she was startled by a dog's nose thrust into her hand, and, looking up as she patted the setter's head, she saw Mr Bramwell coming across the hillside.

'You are returning early to-day, Mr Bramwell,' she said, with a smile.

'The birds are rather wild now, and I am tired. It is so awfully hot,' he replied, throwing himself on the heather near her.

'Where are the others? Have they had better sport?'

'Much the same; but their energy is greater.'

They had been chatting some time when he idly picked up the book, which had fallen from her lap.

'What have you been reading?' he asked, turning to the title-page, where her name was written. 'Edith Wodelok,' he read with an accent of surprise.

'Yes, it is my book,' she said.

'But, excuse me; I thought your name was Miss Wood.'

'Oh no, no!' she cried, laughing. 'What put such an idea into your head?'

'I must not have heard correctly, I suppose; but it certainly sounded like Wood.'

'I dare say the mistake was easily made, particularly as it is not a name you are likely to hear, for I have the unique distinction of being the only one who bears it.'

'What!' he cried, in surprise; 'then you must be the daughter of Sir Thomas Wodelok?'

'Yes, I am. Did you know of my father or of Wodelok?' She sat straight up, and spoke in an eager tone.

'Why, I thought you knew that Wodelok is the name of my place.'

'What! Wodelok Hall, where I was born, and where my father died?' She flushed and then grew pale. 'Oh! I never dreamed that you were the owner of my old home,' she said after a pause, and with a quiver in her voice which she could not suppress.

He was surprised at her evident excitement, and replied in a light, easy tone, 'I am sorry if the knowledge of my identity annoys you; but really, you know, I cannot help being myself.'

'Annoy me! No. Why should it? Only I can hardly be expected to feel much cordiality for those who possess what was the heritage of my people for generations, and which it killed my father to give up.' She spoke in a hard, bitter tone which stung him even more than her words, and he answered her with quiet dignity.

'I assure you, Miss Wodelok, that no one could have felt more sincere sympathy for Sir Thomas Wodelok than my dear old governor; but it was not his fault that your father was obliged to sell the place. If my father had not bought it some one else would.'

'Oh! of course, of course, I know that; but the transaction cost my father his life and me my heritage. That we were the victims of necessity does not make it pleasanter to think of.'

There was obviously no reply possible, and Mr Bramwell kept silent.

Miss Wodelok had risen to her feet, and stood with flushed cheeks and eyes sparkling with excitement; for it came as a shock to her to be brought face to face with one whom from childhood she had regarded as an enemy and hated as a usurper; and it was no less of a surprise to her to find that he was no purse-proud, vulgar upstart, as she contemptuously imagined, but a perfectly well-bred gentleman, whom she had even learned to admire. As she struggled to regain her composure, her common-sense told her that it was absurd to cherish ill-feeling against any one for buying what her father could not keep. She might have thought of that before; but she had taken a melancholy pleasure in dwelling on her wrongs—or her hard fate, as she was pleased to call it—and had never subjected her sentiments to the light of reason. She began to think that she had been foolish to show so much heat, and rather unreasonable into the bargain, and was deeply annoyed with herself. She tried to speak lightly as she directed his attention to a boat which was rounding the nearest islet.

'There come Mrs Ashdell and Cissy from their shopping expedition.'

'Shopping, did you say? I did not know there was a shop within a hundred miles.'

'Oh yes. There is a shop down the other side of the loch, near the kirk. I believe the stock consists largely of peppermint-drops, in which they do a large trade on Sundays; the sale being permitted as a work of necessity, in order to keep people awake during the sermon. I must go and see what they have bought.'

She flew down the little zigzag path, and Mr

Bramwell watched her white dress flitting down through the trees. He noticed that she did not go near the landing-stage to meet the boat, but went directly into the house.

'So she is the daughter of Sir Thomas Wodelok, is she?' he said to himself; 'and a mighty proud young madam too, I dare say. But she did look handsome, standing there with the tresses of the birch drooping over her; and what scornful glances she threw upon poor humble me, the interloper, who dared hold the heritage of the Wodeloks! Though, what a tumbledown and out-at-elbows old place it was when the dear old dad bought it!' He laughed to himself as he took out his cigar-case.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS WODELOK was unusually silent when she went up to her room that night. She hardly spoke as Dorothy moved about the room arranging her things.

'Aren't you coming to have your hair brushed, Miss Edith?' the maid asked as she placed a chair in front of the dressing-table.

'Oh yes, Dolly. I was forgetting; but I was thinking about Wodelok.'

'About the old Hall, Miss Edith! Why, I shouldn't think you could remember it.'

'Oh Dolly! do you think I could ever forget the dear old home? I often think of it and dream of it: the lovely old garden, where such heaps of roses grew, and the pond full of white water-lilies, and the long rows of windows flashing back the rosy light of the setting sun.'

'Bless me! To think you can remember all that, and you such a little mite when you left.'

'Ah, but, you see, I love the place! Our people had lived there for hundreds of years, and it breaks my heart to think it is now in the hands of strangers.'

'Well, I wouldn't fret if I were you, Miss Edith. Things is maybe just as well as they are. There 's been little luck at Wodelok Hall for many a long day.'

'What do you mean, Dolly? Has anything happened to Mr—to the new people?'

'I don't know anything about the new people; but there was little good and much ill happened to the Wodeloks in the old Hall, and you are better away from it. Yes, sure, you 're better away.' She spoke as if to herself, and did not observe for a moment her young mistress's startled look of surprise.

'What are you saying, Dolly?'

'Oh, nothing, dearie,' she answered, in the caressing tone she sometimes used while speaking to her young mistress, whom she had petted and scolded as a child.

'But what do you mean by saying that it is better I should be banished from my old home?'

'Did I say so? Well, isn't it better to leave a place altogether than live in it without money? Of course you can't remember; but the place was going to rack and ruin. Talk of the house! There wasn't a carpet fit to be seen. The way I used to darn that old nursery carpet, which was always tearing at a different place, was enough to try the patience of Job.'

'Why did you not ask my father for a new one?'

'There was a deal of things both inside and outside wanted besides carpets. It wasn't Sir Thomas's fault that he hadn't got the money, as I often said to those who complained of the cottages being in such a bad state.'

'Were they very bad?' asked her mistress in a low tone.

'Bad? I should just think so. There was not one on the estate fit to keep out the weather. Not that I would say anything against Sir Thomas. He was a kind gentleman in his way, and always civil-spoken. But what could he do?'

'Poor father! It is indeed dreadful to be poor.'

Dorothy said nothing; and after a pause the young lady resumed rather bitterly, 'Then I suppose all is prosperity under the new régime, "And peace and plenty bless the smiling land."'

'I did hear there was a lot of money spent on the place.'

'Ah, likely enough; and it will no doubt be improved beyond recognition.' She paused for a few moments, and then said abruptly, 'Do you know, Dolly, that the gentleman who came here at the same time as we did is the owner of Wodelok Hall?'

'What! him the master of Wodelok?' and she stared at her mistress with a look of consternation.

'Why, what has come over you, Dolly? There is nothing to be alarmed about, though I confess I was surprised when I discovered who he was.'

'Oh, what brings him here?'

'Come, come, Dolly, you are forgetting yourself. Mr Bramwell is a friend of Mr Thornton's, and has as much right to be here as we have. I thought he was rather a favourite of yours.'

'Oh yes. He is a nice gentleman—I will say that—and he saved me from a fall which might have killed me; but, all the same, I wish you had never seen him.'

'Well, Dolly, I don't mind saying that I would much rather he had been somebody else; though, after all, what does it matter? The man is nothing to me.'

'That is right, dearie. Have nothing to say to Mr Bramwell, for remember there is nothing but bad luck to the Wodeloks in Wodelok Hall.'

Her mistress looked up and said sharply, 'That

is the second time you have spoken of bad luck. Do you mean anything? Are there any special misfortunes supposed to attend the Wodeloks?'

The woman busied herself about the dressing-room for a few minutes before she replied, 'Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say there was anything special like; and it is no matter now, Miss Edith. You left all the bad luck behind you when you left the Hall.'

'That was certainly the crowning stroke of bad luck.'

'Ah, yes, dearie; but we don't always know what is best for us.'

CHAPTER V.

THE weeks had run on till Hubert Bramwell had been a month at Finavon. He had several times spoken of taking his departure; but he had been warmly pressed to stay, and had not been difficult to persuade. Whether the grouse and blackgame or a certain pair of soft dark eyes were the greater attraction was known only to himself.

For some little time after their conversation on the hillside there was a marked restraint between Miss Wodelok and Mr Bramwell, which Mrs Ashdell did not fail to notice.

'I fear the owner of the ancestral acres is not very susceptible,' she said to Mrs Thornton. 'Not that she gives him much encouragement, so far as I can see. If she lets her "long descent" stand in her way she is a very foolish girl.'

Miss Wodelok's feelings towards Mr Bramwell as the owner of Wodelok had undergone some modification—perhaps, after all, her ancestors deserved more blame for squandering their inheritance than pity for losing it—and she felt ashamed of her unreasonableness. Mr Bramwell, however, did not know this, and her reserve produced a corresponding coolness on his part; yet he could not make up his mind to go, though he told himself again and again that he was a fool for his pains.

At all events a visit cannot last for ever, and the day of his departure was now fixed. The Ashdells had been gone a week, Ted Ward and Jim Morgan had also gone, and another young fellow had come; and Miss Cissy Westwood flirted harmlessly with him, as she had done with his predecessors.

It was a lovely evening, the last of Mr Bramwell's visit. Dinner was over, and the whole party had gone out to enjoy the beauty of the night. A full moon hung low over the mountain, its reflection making a path of golden ripples across the silvery bosom of the loch. Cissy had seated herself in the boat, and was making her latest admirer row her backwards and forwards across the shimmering golden reflections, while she sang Italian boat-songs to the accompaniment of the guitar. Mrs Thornton had gone indoors; her husband had been called away to speak to one of the gillies; so Hubert Bramwell and Edith were left alone.

'She is a light-hearted girl,' said Edith, looking across the moonlit water to the merry minstrel in the boat. 'She does indeed banish dull care, and thinks not of to-morrow,' she added, alluding to the song Cissy was singing.

'I envy her. I wish I could enjoy the present, and forget what to-morrow must bring,' he said, with a sigh.

Edith did not reply; but her heart beat faster, she could hardly tell why. They strayed on by a winding path which led through a little grove of silver-stemmed birches and crimson-berried rowans. Neither spoke for some time; then he turned towards her with a quick, decisive movement as of one who has suddenly resolved to take his courage in both hands and learn his fate.

Cissy's song had ceased; the boat was rocking by the landing-stage, and every one had gone in when Hubert and Edith emerged from the shadows of the trees. His arm was round her, and he was whispering something with smiling lips.

'Oh no, Hubert! you must not go to-morrow now,' she answered softly. 'We must tell Mrs Thornton at once. Gladys has always been my dearest friend.'

'Oh, I am so glad!' said that lady when Edith, with smiles and blushes, told her the great news. 'I wish you every happiness, dear; and I am sure you will be happy. He is so nice. Tom says he is a right-down good sort, and he ought to know. I like him immensely myself. And, oh! isn't it lovely to go back to your old home and everything? It is just like a novel, or a fairy tale rather, for they never put anything half so nice in modern novels. You are a lucky girl, Edith. Not but what he is the luckier of the two,' Mrs Thornton added, as she kissed her young friend affectionately.

Hubert was no less heartily congratulated by his host.

'Caught at last, old man, eh! Well, I am precious glad to hear it,' he said, shaking his hand energetically. 'You are a lucky fellow. You have won one of the nicest girls I know, and just as good as they 're made. And now you must tumble all the things out of your portmanteau, for you don't leave to-morrow. That 's settled.'

At last Edith said good-night to the hostess, who in the fervency of her congratulations had kept her guest up till close upon midnight. Late as it was, Dorothy was waiting, and looked round quickly as her mistress entered the room all smiles and blushes. Then she turned away with an impatient sigh, and with a trembling

hand busied herself with the things on the dressing-table.

'Dolly! dear old Dolly! never mind those things just now. I have something to tell you.' She pushed her old nurse gently into a chair, and, throwing herself on her knees beside her, said, 'I am so happy, Dolly. I am going to marry Mr Bramwell, and we shall go back to Wodelok again.'

'Oh, Miss Edith! don't say so. It is not right. Don't do it, dear;' and the good creature burst into tears.

'Why, whatever is the matter, Dolly?' said her mistress, rising and looking at the old nurse in bewilderment. 'I thought you would be delighted to hear the news. Do you imagine Mr Bramwell is not good enough for me, you partial but ridiculous old Dolly?' she asked, putting an arm round her caressingly. 'You are quite wrong if you think anything of the sort; but you know he is good. Any woman might be proud to be his wife; and I love him,' she added, her voice sinking to a whisper.

'Oh no, Miss Edith! Any one but him. Any one else in all the world.'

'Oh Dolly! I believe you are jealous, and want to keep me all to yourself that we may become two cross, crabbed old maids together. Come, be nice to me,' she said in a sweet, coaxing voice. 'My marriage can make no difference to you. My home will always be yours. Unless,' she added playfully, 'you also go and get married. I know you have always loved me since you carried me in your arms, a wee baby. Now, nursie, kiss your little Edith, and wish her happiness.'

'That I do, dearie; that I do with all my heart. But, oh, my dearie! I wish you had found your happiness anywhere but at Wodelok.' She kissed Edith on the forehead with passionate fervour.

Miss Wodelok rose from her knees in sheer perplexity and distress, and looked at the bent form of her nurse, shaken with sobs.

'I don't understand you, Dolly. Do you know anything against Mr Bramwell?'

'Oh no. He is well enough. Only I wish them tigers had eaten him before he came near you.'

'Dorothy, have you taken leave of your senses? I cannot allow you to speak of Mr Bramwell in that way. I am going to marry him, and no one—not even you, Dorothy—shall speak disrespectfully of him in my presence.'

'The Lord's will be done,' said the old servant solemnly; 'but I did think the Ban of the Wodeloks would pass over your innocent head.'

'The Ban of the Wodeloks? What do you mean? I never heard of it.'

'Oh dear, dear! I hardly know what I am saying. But the good book says, "The curse causeless shall not come." I found that text the other night, so perhaps you may escape it.'

'But what is this awful malediction?'

'Don't ask me, dearie. It was wrong of me to mention it.'

'Oh, but you must tell me. I cannot be put off in that way after having my curiosity excited, and being nearly frightened out of my wits. Come now; what is this ban or curse, as I suppose it means?'

'Your aunt, Miss Pembroke, will be very angry with me for having mentioned it.'

'But, having mentioned it, you had better make a clean breast of it and tell me everything; and I may as well add that I shall worry your life out until you do.'

'You were always wilful, Miss Edith. Well, the story goes that Lady Ursula, who lived hundreds of years ago, was to have been married to her cousin, and she was so enraged because he jilted her and married another that she called down an awful curse on them and on every bride who should come to Wodelok. They say she was a witch, and had dealings with the Evil One.'

'Do you mean to say that you have made yourself miserable and given me an awful fright over an absurd old story like that?' cried the girl scornfully. 'It is just one of those silly old legends the country-people delight in repeating. I thought you were too sensible to listen to such nonsense. What a foolish old woman you are to cry and make your eyes red over rubbish like that!'

'I am foolish, that is true,' said the good woman, wiping her eyes; 'and it will be best to forget all about it.'

That was not difficult so far as her young mistress was concerned, for she was so full of her new-found happiness that she had no thoughts to spare for anything else; but poor Dorothy carried a heavy heart with her when she went to bed. The Ban of the Wodeloks was very real to her, and she recalled so many instances of evils which had befallen the unlucky race that her heart trembled for her dear Miss Edith. There was Edith's own mother, who died in giving her birth; Lady Alice, who went mad, and raved about the curse of Wodelok till she died; Lady Peggy, a sweet, winsome young lady who had only been married a few months when she was killed by the coach being overturned. These and many other tales of disaster and horror she remembered to have heard told by the cottage firesides in her youth. Then over all brooded the baleful apparition of Lady Ursula herself, who was believed to haunt her former habitation, always bringing fresh troubles in her ghostly train. Poor Dorothy could only weep and pray that her nursling might have a happier fate, or that something might even yet occur to prevent the ill-omened marriage.

[*Christmas Number.*

CHAPTER VI.

THE course of true love, for once, ran smoothly on, and early in the year Edith Wodelok became Edith Bramwell.

Miss Pembroke was delighted when she heard of her niece's engagement. She had no prejudice against Wodelok Hall, though her sister's marriage had been unfortunate; and she laughed at 'the curse' when Dorothy, with solemn voice and grave visage, reminded her of it.

'The greatest curse of the Wodeloks has been poverty,' she replied. 'Happily all that is at an end, and I think we may risk the rest.'

'How ridiculously superstitious the lower orders are, my dear!' she said later to her niece. 'That excellent Dorothy of yours, a sensible, good woman in other respects, has got some absurd idea into her head that something dreadful will happen to you if you go back to Wodelok; and all because of some stupid old legend which the country-people repeat. I never heard of anything so preposterous.'

'Yes, isn't it absurd?' said Edith, laughing. 'And the queerest thing is that poor Dolly is so dreadfully in earnest about it. She actually wanted me to give Hubert up.'

'Give him up indeed!' said Miss Pembroke in amazement. 'Why, the woman must be crazy.'

'Well, I am in no danger of following her advice.'

'No, my dear, I should think not. Indeed, you are a very lucky girl. He is a man of whom every one speaks well; and he has made such liberal settlements, too.'

. . . . . .

It was a bright day in early spring. The daffodils were nodding to the violets and primroses in the woods, and the poplars and beeches had donned their robes of freshest green. Mr and Mrs Bramwell were walking on the terrace to the west of Wodelok Hall, and the setting sun was gilding the quaint gables and lighting up the windows with brilliant rose-coloured and golden reflections. Since their marriage they had been wandering under the sunny skies of Italy, cruising among the Isles of Greece, or exploring the old-world wonders on the banks of the Nile, and had returned only the previous evening. Edith had spent the whole day running about the house and grounds, and renewing acquaintance with her old home.

'Oh Hubert, what a perfectly charming, delightful day this has been!' she said, turning her bright, animated face to her husband. 'It is quite true, as the north-country proverb says, "East or west, hame is best."'

'Then you are not disappointed? You don't think we have spoiled the place or improved it out of recognition?' he asked mischievously.

'Oh! please don't remind me of my foolish speeches,' she said, with a slight blush. 'It is a lovely place. I may well be proud to call it home,' she added, looking across the park, with its stately trees, to the broad, winding river. 'But it is late. I must go in to dress.' Then, coming back a few paces, she said, with a smile, 'By the way, I forgot to tell you what a flutter Dorothy was in when she heard we were to occupy the queen's room. She is very superstitious, you know, poor old dear! and she declared the room was haunted.'

'An old house like this would not be complete without a haunted room,' he replied, with an answering smile. 'But I am afraid we did not take over the ghost with the rest of the furnishings. At least it has not shown itself in our time, and the room has been frequently occupied.'

'Oh, of course it is only an idle tale; but Dorothy has a deep-rooted belief in the supernatural. I had no idea of it till I told her of my engagement, when she got into a dreadful state about some old curse which, she said, I would bring on myself by coming back here.'

'Now you speak of it, I have heard something of it. The Ban of Wodelok it is called; but it is nonsense of course.'

The queen's room, so called because Queen Elizabeth had occupied it, was a large apartment on the first floor. Edith had a dim recollection of peeping into it when a child, and regarding with some degree of awe the great bed, with its velvet canopy and hangings, in which her august Majesty had slept. That historical and imposing piece of furniture had been removed, and the room, though still antique in style, was furnished with due regard to modern ideas of elegance and comfort. Some ancient tapestry which had adorned the walls at the time of the royal visit was hung below a rich frieze of carved oak. The sides of the deep oriel window were also lined with oak, carved in a particularly quaint design, which had formed part of the decoration of an ecclesiastical building, and represented the Garden of Eden, with a big serpent coiled round the slender stem of a tree, on which grew a huge apple. The tree seemed too slight to support even the apple, far less the serpent; but that was a mere detail to which the medieval artist had been quite indifferent.

As Edith entered the room she paused at the threshold, for the light from the western side of the window fell on the polished surface of the big apple and the smooth body of the serpent, the reptile's eyes seeming to have a wicked light in them. She was startled, as if it were a live thing; but recovering herself in a moment, she advanced into the room, saying aloud, 'Horrid creature! You are the only thing I don't like here.' She flung her hat and jacket on the chair in front of the objectionable work of art, and stood for a few minutes at the window,

watching the deep, rich orange tints of the afterglow, where the sun had gone down.

It was already dusk in the room as she turned from the fading glories in the west to ring for a light and her maid, when she was arrested in the act by the sight of a gray shadow, or rather the misty outline of a woman's form, gliding from the doorway across the room, and floating noiselessly past; then, when it reached the arras, it melted away like a vapour. She stood in awe-struck silence, as if transfixed to the spot; but on hearing her husband's footsteps she called to him in a sharp, excited whisper.

'What is the matter?' he inquired as he hurried in; then, seeing his wife's pale face and agitated expression, he put his arm round her tenderly.

'Oh Hubert!' she said in an awed voice, 'I have seen the strangest thing. A—a something like the shadow of a woman crossed the room and vanished by the tapestry there.'

'My darling, it must have been your own shadow, or Dorothy's ghost stories have made you fanciful and nervous,' he said soothingly.

'No, Hubert, it was no fancy. It was like a mist; but I saw it quite plainly as it moved slowly past—as we have seen the cloudlets do across the brow of Ben Finavon.'

'It could only be a creature of your imagination,' he said, with a perplexed, helpless air.

'No; I saw it,' she repeated, 'and it vanished just there,' pointing to a corner of the room opposite the door.

'That is the passage to the turret chamber;' and, going to the place indicated, he drew aside the tapestry and revealed the entrance to a passage.

'Where does that lead to? I did not know a doorway was there,' she exclaimed in some excitement.

'Only to a small room. It is in the oldest part of the house, and there is no other entrance to it except this. But come and investigate,' he said in a lighter tone, taking up one of the candles which he had lighted.

They passed through the low arched doorway into a passage some ten feet or so in length, and entered a small square room. Its walls were very thick, as was seen by the depth of the long, narrow slits which served as windows. It was furnished with a wardrobe and a couple of old oak chests, and some of Edith's trunks were standing there, waiting to be unpacked.

'There are no shadows here, except our own,' he said, holding the light up.

Edith looked round. 'No, there is nothing to be seen. It is strange,' she added, with a slight shiver, 'that I should have seen the—the apparition go towards this passage when I did not know it was there. It shows that, whatever it was, it knew its way about.'

'Evidently. Well, it is a gloomy hole, quite a befitting retreat for the family ghost, which does not seem to be on view just at present. I am afraid I must decline to believe that your misty phantom was anything more than a trick of the imagination.'

Edith shook her head.

'Don't say anything about it before Dorothy,' she whispered, for they could hear her moving about in the bedchamber.

'Oh no. It would be a triumphant case of "I told you so,"' he replied, with a smile.

'We have been investigating, you see, Dorothy,' said Mrs Bramwell. 'I wonder you did not tell me of this old place.'

'Why, ma'am, I thought you had known of it.'

'No; I never heard of it before.'

Mr Bramwell went to his dressing-room, and Edith proceeded with her toilet.

'You told me this room was haunted,' she said after a time. 'What was the ghost supposed to be like?'

'It was said to be the ghost of Lady Ursula.'

'The one who brought the curse you told me of?'

'Yes. That is her portrait above the fireplace.'

Mrs Bramwell glanced up at it. It represented a thin, sharp-featured lady, with dark hair and piercing black eyes.

'She looks an unpleasant sort of person.'

'She had a terrible temper, they say. My grandmother used to tell me about her,' Dorothy replied.

Mrs Bramwell was silent and thoughtful during dinner. Though far from superstitious, she felt disconcerted by the strange, mist-like form she had seen. Her husband looked anxiously at her, and could not help thinking of the ominous curse—though he did not attach any real importance to it—which had been brought to his recollection that afternoon. Somehow he felt very uneasy.

'You are not vexing yourself about that misty vision of yours?' he said when the servants had left the room.

'No, not vexing myself, but puzzling over it dreadfully,' she said, striving to speak lightly.

'Much better try to forget it, dearest.'

'Ah, Hubert, that is easier said than done; for I get more mystified the more I try to account for it.'

'Then we must treat it as we do a hard conundrum—give it up.'

When the bright sunshine poured into her room next morning, Edith found less difficulty in 'giving up' her efforts to account for her ghostly vision, and the impression gradually faded from her mind; more especially as she had many other things to occupy her attention. A great many preparations had been made all over the estate to welcome the newly married couple, a welcome which was all the more enthusiastic that the bride was one of the old

stock. The Wodeloks, in their latter days, had not been exemplary as landlords; yet there was something in the name—some inexplicable bond of affinity between the family and the land and the tillers thereof, some unconscious or instinctive reminiscence of feudalism perhaps—which made the tenantry accord to the daughter of the ancient race a more enthusiastic greeting than they would have given to the noblest or wealthiest bride the new lord of the soil could have brought home. The neighbours — the county families—were also eager to welcome the return of the last of the Wodeloks, and were as warm in their congratulations as the tenantry had been. In fact, Mr and Mrs Bramwell were so much occupied with visits and entertainments that they had no time to think of mystic shadows or ominous anathemas.

CHAPTER VII.

THE months sped on happily and pleasantly at Wodelok Hall, and the shade of Lady Ursula had not reappeared to disturb the equanimity of its mistress. It was now the height of summer. Mr and Mrs Thornton and Miss Pembroke were on a visit to the Hall, and a few friends had been asked to dinner to meet them. The lamps were lit in the drawing-room, but the windows were open to admit the cool evening air. The ladies, who had not yet been joined by the gentlemen, were discussing some questions of family likeness, with special reference to Mrs Bramwell and a certain ancestress of hers.

'My dear,' said Miss Pembroke to her niece, 'haven't you a set of old miniatures? I think the portrait I mean is among them.'

'Oh yes, aunt. They are not yet mounted. I have them in my room.'

'Would you mind sending for them, dear? I should like to show them to Lady Dacre.'

'I am afraid nobody knows where to find them except Dorothy, and she is in bed with a headache; but I will run up for them myself.'

'Oh, I couldn't think of giving you so much trouble,' said Lady Dacre; but Mrs Bramwell had already disappeared.

There were no lights in the room; but the twilight still lingered, and it was quite light enough to see to open the jewel-cabinet, which stood in the window. She took out the miniatures, locked the cabinet, and was just about to retrace her steps when she stopped, quite terrified, for there in the doorway appeared the same mysterious, ghostly form she had seen on the night after her arrival at the Hall. The apparition was the same, yet there was a difference: its outline was more distinct. She could see that its shadowy garments were in a fashion of a bygone time, and the eyes looked directly at her with something of wild appeal. Then it glided slowly across the room, and vanished as before at the tapestry-covered entrance to the passage.

Mrs Bramwell, shaking in terror, strove to call out, but her mouth felt dry and parched, and she could not utter a sound. When the spectre had disappeared, however, she partially recovered, and rushing from the room and along the gallery till she reached the staircase, she stood on the landing for a few minutes trying to pull herself together. The gentlemen were crossing the hall on their way to the drawing-room, and the sound of their cheerful voices and Mr Thornton's genial laugh came up to her with a reassuring effect.

When they had entered she at once descended, and, after helping herself to a glass of water in the dining-room, managed to enter the drawing-room with tolerable composure.

'I am afraid, from the time I have taken to find them, you must think I keep my things in sad disorder,' she said, with a smile, as she laid the miniatures on the table before Lady Dacre and her aunt.

'My dear Edith, you look dreadfully pale. Is there anything the matter? Are you ill?' asked Mrs Thornton in a low voice.

'Oh no, it is nothing. I was a little upset, that is all; but I am all right now,' she replied, for she had resolved not to mention what she had seen till she could tell her husband.

'I understand, dear,' that lady answered, with a significant smile and a little pat on the hand. Edith blushed, which of course confirmed Mrs Thornton in her idea, and saved Edith from further questions.

When their guests had left, and Mr Bramwell was going off to the smoking-room with Mr Thornton, his wife touched his arm, saying, 'Don't be long, Hubert; I have something to tell you. I—I am afraid to go up alone.'

'Ah! Afraid, are you, dearest? That is not like you.' And then something in her tone and the expression of her eyes struck him. 'Is anything the matter?' he asked quickly.

'That awful shadow!' she whispered. 'I have seen it again.'

'When? Where?'

'In my own room, just as I saw it before, only more awful. Oh Hubert, if you had seen those terrible eyes!' She shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

'My poor girl,' he said, tenderly putting his arm round her, 'you are nervous and ill, I fear. I must send for the doctor in the morning.'

'Oh, nonsense, about the doctor. There is nothing the matter with me; but I saw it as plainly as I see you now. It was like the portrait of Lady Ursula.'

'Ah, I see. Your eye caught the picture,

and you fancied you saw her. Imagination plays us strange tricks sometimes.'

'It was no illusion, Hubert. If you had seen it as I did you would not talk of tricks of imagination.'

'Perhaps not,' he said, with a smile; 'but you cannot expect me to believe that you have seen the spirit of an ill-natured old woman who died three hundred years ago.'

'Ah, yes, I dare say it seems incredible; but then I have seen it, and you have not. That makes all the difference.'

'Would it not be better to go to another room, dear? I see you are still agitated.'

'Oh no. The servants would be sure to think I had been frightened by the ghost, and that would be a fine example to set them. But I am not afraid when you are with me.'

'Her ghostly ladyship has been careful to keep out of my way so far,' he replied.

Mrs Bramwell had been too nervous and excited to sleep much; but the short summer night soon passed, and in the bright sunshine of the morning it was easier to take a calmer view of things. She resolved to keep what she had seen a profound secret from every one save her husband—a resolution of which he warmly approved.

'If the servants hear of it,' he said, 'they will see a ghost in every corner.'

'And I am not going to be frightened out of my room, either,' she added.

'That is right, dear. It does not do to give way to idle fancies.'

'Now, if you talk of idle fancies, I see our first quarrel looming in the near future,' she said, smiling. 'I certainly saw something awful—for which I cannot account; but I am not going to run away from it.'

'Spoken like a heroine! My dear, I congratulate you on your courage.'

'It is easy to talk in broad daylight,' she said, with a sigh. 'But wait till the shades of evening are gathering, and then'——

'Suppose we have the candles lit before dusk. Our ghostly visitor will think twice before she trails her shadowy garments through a well-lighted room.'

'We can try it; but I hope her visits will be like those of the angels, few and far between.'

CHAPTER VIII.

THE summer had faded into autumn, and the woods around Wodelok were glowing in a rich harmony of brown-and-gold, with here and there a touch of bright crimson. The glory was fleeting fast, however, for the falling leaves which kept the gardeners so busy in the avenue and in the park told of the near approach of winter.

In preparation for the hunting season, Mr Bramwell had to go to a place at a considerable distance from the Hall to look at some horses. He was to be absent for two days.

'Perhaps it would be as well if you would make Dorothy sleep in your room, in case your shadowy friend, the Lady Ursula, should take advantage of my absence to pay you a visit,' he had said to his wife before leaving.

'Why, Hubert, I believe you are more nervous than I am.'

'Not at all. I should like extremely to make the mysterious lady's acquaintance; but she won't show when I am present. Perhaps my lineage is too humble to bring me under the notice of her aristocratic ghostship.'

His wife laughed and said she was not at all afraid; but she would not mind having Dorothy with her. It was lonely so far away from the rest of the household.

There was certainly nothing in the appearance of the room to cause nervousness when Mrs Bramwell and her maid retired for the night. A bright fire was blazing merrily in the ample fireplace. The lamps were lit, and the whole aspect of the room was that of cheerful and luxurious comfort.

'You are not afraid to sleep in the haunted room, are you, Dorothy?' her mistress asked, with a smile.

'I don't see why I should be afraid if you are not,' was the reply. 'Besides, ghosts never appear to more than one person at a time.'

'So you think there is safety in numbers?'

Mrs Bramwell put on her pretty white dressing-gown and loosened the abundant waves of her soft brown hair, which Dorothy proceeded to brush, mistress and maid chatting cheerfully the while.

Presently Mrs Bramwell spoke of some incident of their recent visit to Finavon, whence they had just returned, the mention of the place recalling some interesting reminiscences, and she was silent for a while, gazing at the dancing flames with a happy smile on her lips.

'Dorothy,' she said at last, looking up at the kindly face of her maid, 'do you remember when we were at Finavon, a year ago, that I told you I was going to marry Mr Bramwell, and that you wept and begged me to give him up? How foolish you were, Dolly! It was all because of some silly old wives' fable, I remember.'

'Yes, perhaps I was foolish. There are no Wodeloks now, so the curse must have fallen to the ground.'

'Quite true, Dolly. I have done with the name, and I hope also with the bad luck which you say attends it, for I am sure there is no happier wife in the world.'

As she uttered the last words, in low tender tones, a cold rush of air blew over her, lifting

the hair from her forehead and fluttering the ribbons at her neck.

Dorothy became pale to the lips, and the brush fell from her hand.

'Where can the wind have come from?' cried Mrs Bramwell, starting up. 'Some door or window must be open.' She tried to speak unconcernedly, but was trembling visibly. Nevertheless she walked to the window, but found it close shut, and the door was also fastened. They looked at the passage in the corner, but neither of them had the courage to penetrate to the room beyond.

'No draught could come from there, so we need not trouble to look; though you never can tell where a puff of wind may come from in an old house like this,' observed the mistress.

Dorothy made no reply; but her mistress talked on with assumed carelessness as she finished undressing. 'Now we must be quiet and try to go to sleep,' she said as she laid her head on the pillow. 'Good-night, Dolly.'

'Good-night, ma'am,' replied the faithful attendant as she also lay down.

Dorothy could not sleep. That icy breath, coming just as her mistress spoke of her great happiness, filled her with dread.

'It is unlucky to talk of being perfectly happy. It is tempting Providence,' she thought.

Soon she knew by the sound of soft, regular breathing that Mrs Bramwell was fast asleep. Dorothy herself lay wide-eyed and restless, her pulses throbbing audibly as the hours dragged on, for she could not help connecting that cold breath with the curse of the Wodeloks, and felt convinced that it was a warning that the curse was still potent for evil. Her heart was wrung with grief and dismay as she thought who might be the next victim. 'Oh, my dear, dear mistress!' she said inaudibly, sitting up in bed, and looking across at the sweet face lying in calm repose on the pillow; 'if I only saw you through your trouble.' Then it seemed as if some malevolent spirit hissed into her ear the old ghastly distich she had often heard long ago:

> With the cradle bring bier and pall:
> Death comes with birth to Wodelok Hall.

Alas, how often had the ominous warning come true! She buried her face in the pillow and wept silent, bitter tears.

By-and-by Dorothy also slept.

The cheerful glow from the fire was gone, and only a comfortless heap of white ashes left, when the first gray streaks of dawn stole into the room. Mrs Bramwell opened her eyes and lay drowsily looking at the big apple among the oak carvings at the window; its polished surface caught the rays of light and made it distinctly visible against the dim background. Suddenly she felt wide awake. Turning her head in obedience to an irresistible impulse, she again saw that gray, shadowy form glide from the direction of the doorway; but instead of crossing to the passage as on former occasions, it approached the window, laid a semi-transparent hand on the apple, and gave it a twist; then, still with its hand on the apple, it turned towards her.

Though objects in the room were barely distinguishable in the faint light, Mrs Bramwell saw the face quite clearly. The features were those of Lady Ursula, and the eyes wore such an expression of horror, anguish, and despair as almost froze her blood when their piercing gaze was fixed upon her, as if in appeal. She did not know how long this lasted. It might have been minutes; it might have been only seconds. She tried to turn away her eyes, but was as helpless as a bird under the fascinating spell of a serpent. She endeavoured to call out, but was unable to utter a sound. Then the figure threw its arms above its head with a gesture of hopeless agony, and fell on the floor.

The spell was now broken, and Mrs Bramwell's terrified shrieks instantly roused her attendant, who sprang up and rushed to her side.

'What is the matter?' Dorothy exclaimed.

'There! There! Don't you see her?' cried her mistress, who, with staring eyes, was pointing to the floor in front of the window.

'There is nothing there. You must have been dreaming,' said Dorothy soothingly.

'Oh, her eyes! Those dreadful eyes!' and Mrs Bramwell covered her own eyes with her hands and shuddered.

'What has frightened you? Come, tell your own old nursie, dear,' said the good woman, putting her arms round her mistress, and speaking in the soothing tones with which she had been accustomed to comfort her in her childish troubles.

'Oh Dolly!' exclaimed Mrs Bramwell, throwing her arms round the woman's neck, 'it was Lady Ursula. She looked at me as a lost soul might look. Oh, shall I ever forget that look?' and she trembled and shook so that Dorothy was seriously alarmed.

'Don't take on so. It was only a dream. See, there is nothing nor nobody here;' and she went and drew aside the curtains to let in the morning light.

'No, Dorothy, it was no dream. I saw her as plainly as I see you now. She came from the door, and walked across to the window—and then—— O merciful God! what can it mean?' She threw herself on the pillow in a violent fit of sobbing.

'Mercy on us! What is to be done?' exclaimed Dorothy, almost beside herself with anxiety and terror, for she saw in her mistress's dream or vision a confirmation of the fears which had haunted her during the past night. It seemed another foreboding of doom to her

beloved mistress, and her heart quaked within her. But the brave, loving soul crushed down her own grief and terror, and sought with soothing words and kindly ministrations to restore her mistress to composure. She ran and ordered the fire to be lit and some tea—that panacea for all feminine troubles—to be brought.

By-and-by, when Mrs Bramwell grew a little more composed, she was able to tell exactly what had occurred.

When she had described what she had seen that morning, she added, 'It is not the first time. I have seen that figure twice before; but this time it was far more distinct and terrible. It appeared as if there were some awful thing it wished me to know. Oh Dolly! what can it mean? What dreadful thing is going to happen?'

'The good God will protect you. We are all in His hands,' said Dorothy, and the tears she could not restrain rolled down her cheeks.

'I—I cannot bear to look at the picture,' said Mrs Bramwell, with a swift glance up at the portrait of Lady Ursula on the panel over the fireplace. 'Its eyes seem to be always following me. It is a pity we cannot take it down; but we could have it covered up—couldn't we?'

'Would it not be better to take another room?' suggested Dorothy.

'Perhaps it would be as well, at least for the present.'

'The pink one in the west corridor would be bright and cheerful for you. Shall I tell Simmonds to get it prepared?'

'Yes, do. I think if I could get away from those haunting eyes I might sleep.'

The excitement of the morning had culminated in a racking headache, and Mrs Bramwell could only throw herself on the bed in the pink room, thankful to be away from Lady Ursula and her haunting eyes.

CHAPTER IX.

S the time when her husband was expected to return drew near, Mrs Bramwell came down to receive him, though hardly able to stand.

'What has happened, Edith? Are you ill?' he exclaimed, looking anxiously at her pale cheeks and the dark circles under her eyes.

'I have a dreadful headache, and I did not sleep well.'

'I hope the gray shadow did not disturb your slumbers?' he said, sitting down and putting his arm round her.

'Oh Hubert! don't laugh, please. I did see it. It was more awful than ever. This has been a dreadful day. I have longed every minute for your return, that I might tell you;' and she laid her head on his shoulder and gave way to a fit of sobbing.

He was greatly alarmed, and would have rung for Dorothy, but she prevented him. Then she strove to compose herself, and in broken sentences related the events of the morning.

'My dear Edith,' he said, kissing her forehead, 'you have been dreaming. The Lady Ursula's portrait is at the bottom of the whole thing. I shall have it taken out or painted over.'

She shook her head.

'Why, darling, what else can it be? You have been thinking of the story of her death, and dreamt you saw it all.'

'The story of her death?'

'Yes. You know she was found lying on the floor dead.'

'In that room, did you say?'

'Yes, just in front of the window. Of course you know the story.'

'I never heard of it till this moment,' she replied excitedly. 'Who told you about it?'

'I heard it from the old rector. He was well up in the family history of the Wodeloks.'

'Did you hear anything more about her?'

'Nothing except that she was in the habit of wandering in and out of the queen's room. You know the royal visit was made in her time. I dare say she was deeply impressed with the honour, like Lady Margaret Bellenden in Scott's novel. Very likely she was a trifle mad in her latter days. She was an awful tartar, if all tales be true.'

He began to think he had made a blunder in mentioning the legend; for his wife sat up listening while he spoke, with flushed cheeks and a look of intense interest. But there was one circumstance he withheld. He did not tell her that Lady Ursula was often heard muttering the words which had been handed down as the curse of the Wodeloks.

'My dear Edith,' he said, 'the thing admits of a perfectly natural explanation. You must have heard the story when a child, and it may have lain dormant in your mind till recalled in your dream. One often hears of such things.'

'No, no, Hubert, I never heard a word of it before, and yet I saw her fall down just where you say she was found dead.' She was silent for a few moments, and then proceeded in a solemn voice: 'Hubert, I am certain the poor lady must have died with some awful secret on her mind, or even some fearful crime. It might well be from her look of despair.'

'My dear Edith, you surely are not serious in thinking that what you have seen was really the disembodied spirit of a poor mad woman who died hundreds of years ago. The thing is altogether preposterous and simply incredible.'

'Ah, Hubert! it is easy to talk. You did not see her.' She shuddered and wrung her hands nervously. After a pause she proceeded:

'My dream—let us call it so if you like—has been strangely corroborated by what you have told me. And now, dearest, I want you to humour my fancies so far as to examine the wood carving round that apple. I am sure the key to Lady Ursula's secret lies there.'

'Certainly, I will do as you wish; though I do not expect any result to follow.'

'Never mind. Result or not, it will prove whether I am right or wrong. But, mind, it must be no perfunctory examination. I must know what is behind that carving, even if you have to take it all down.'

'It shall be done. But I hope you do not want me to start to it at once; for, to tell the truth, I am more interested in the question of dinner at present.'

'How selfish of me not to think of it! But I am afraid I cannot join you to-night. My head still aches dreadfully.'

He was more disturbed by what his wife had told him than he cared to show. Not that he for one moment believed in the ghost. It was all a dream, though a strangely real one.

As he went down to dinner 'The Ban of the Wodeloks' kept sounding in his ears, and a ghastly rhyme he had heard in connection with it flashed into his mind: 'Death comes with birth to Wodelok Hall.' He felt as if the air were full of voices whispering it. Though he swore in angry impatience at the infernal nonsense, he could not banish the fear that filled his heart because of it.

He had but an indifferent appetite for dinner; and when he had finished he sent a message to Dorothy that if her mistress could spare her he should like to see her in his study.

In a few minutes she came, looking, as he could not help noticing, almost as ill as her mistress did. He pushed a chair towards her and motioned to her to sit down.

'I was sorry to see your mistress so ill when I returned,' he began abruptly.

'It was no wonder, sir,' she said, shaking her head.

'Don't you think it strange that she should be disturbed by a dream?'

'It was no dream, sir.'

'How do you know? You did not see anything yourself?'

'No, I saw nothing, for I was asleep till her screams awoke me. I really thought she would go out of her mind. She was fair crazed with fright.'

'I did not know she was so nervous and excitable.'

'No more she is, sir. She is as sensible a lady as ever I saw, and never showed any nervousness before; but she should never have slept in that room. I warned her against it at first.'

'What absolute bosh! What did you talk about last night? Surely you did not tell her any confounded nonsense about the room being haunted?'

'I never mentioned such things. We spoke of the happy time she had spent at Finavon; and then she talked of you, sir, and said she did not believe there was a happier wife in the world; and just as she spoke a cold wind as if from a vault blew on us. It made my flesh creep. Oh, my poor, dear mistress! All this is but a foreshadowing of her doom. The curse of the Wodeloks is about to fall.'

'What do you mean? What wild idea is this you have got into your head?'

She laid her arms on the table, bowed her head on her hands, and gave way to a burst of weeping. 'Oh, my sweet mistress,' she sobbed, 'why did you ever come to Wodelok?'

For some minutes only her sobs were heard, while her master sat with pale, compressed lips, as if he were turned to stone.

'Come, come, Dorothy, this will never do. You must try to control yourself.'

'Ah, yes, sir, I will try; but my heart is like to break. I have cared for her and loved her since she was born and her own mother died, as she will'——

'For God's sake, woman, hold your tongue! Do you want to drive me mad?' and he strode up and down the room like one distracted.

'Forgive me, sir,' she said, struggling with her emotion; 'but I could not help it, and I would not have her see me break down for the world. Oh, sir! let us trust in the good God, and hope that the curse may be lifted after all.'

When Dorothy had left the study, Mr Bramwell called to a servant to come with a light, and went upstairs to examine the carving, determined either to be at the bottom of the mystery or prove that there was no mystery to solve.

'Harris,' he said, 'hold the candle here. I wish to examine this carving.'

Harris held the light as directed, marvelling much what his master was up to as he turned and twisted and tugged at the big apple in the carving; while the polished eyes of the serpent, catching the light, seemed to leer mockingly at his futile exertions.

At last Mr Bramwell wrenched away a portion of the woodwork by main force, revealing a small recess behind, to which the piece of carving in his hands had formed the opening.

It was an irregularly shaped piece, and had been fitted into the tracery so cunningly as to defy detection. He put his hand into the aperture behind, and drew out a roll of papers yellow with age, and covered with small, neat calligraphy in faded ink.

His amazement at this strange corroboration of his wife's dream, or vision, as she preferred to call it, was extreme. It was quite opposed to all his most cherished convictions to believe that the secret recess where these papers were

concealed had been indicated by a being from another world; but indicated it had been, in a most unaccountable manner. It recalled the Scripture narratives: 'And behold it was revealed to her in a dream.' He took up the papers. They at least were tangible, and, so far as a cursory glance could show, were quite decipherable. It was possible that they might contain the elucidation of the mystery, which both puzzled and irritated him.

Having satisfied himself that the recess was now empty, he took up the papers and retired to his study, where he set himself diligently to their persual. The somewhat crabbed handwriting and archaic orthography made the task rather difficult; but he became so interested in the narrative contained in the manuscript, which had come into his hands so strangely, that he read on to the end.

CHAPTER X.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

'I, URSULA WODELOK, being haunted by remorse for a secret crime which I did commit, do here, for the easement of my guilty soul, set down in mine own handwriting the true story of my sin.

'My cousin Wilfrid Wodelok was next heir after me to Wodelok Hall and the broad lands appertaining thereto. His parents had both died while he was yet a child, and my father brought him hither and made him as his own son. I was my father's only child, and heiress to all his possessions save only Stevehurst Grange, which, with the few acres of park-land around it, was all that would go with the title to Wilfrid; but that mattered not, for my father willed that Wilfrid and I should wed when we were of a fitting age, so that the lands should still go with the title.

'I was three years older than my cousin, and had felt like an elder sister towards him, when he was first brought to the Hall, a fair-haired, prattling boy. We had known from the time we were children that we were to marry when we were grown up, and we ofttimes played at being husband and wife. When I commanded Wilfrid to do this or that, as, being the elder, I was wont to do, he would say, "Nay, Mistress Ursula, I am thy husband and the master. 'Tis mine to command, and thine to obey." And thereupon we would quarrel, as children will.

'As we grew older we seldom spoke of the time when we should wed; for I loved Wilfrid, but I hid my love in mine heart, as a modest maiden should, till he to whom her love is given shall woo her. But, alas! Wilfrid was "kind ever, loving never." He had grown up tall and handsome, and his blue eyes sparkled with mirth, for he was of a gay humour. His hair was bright gold, and his face was fair as a summer morning, while mine, alack! was dark as a winter's cloud. We rode forth together with hawk on wrist, but he cared not to stay by my bridle-rein; and as I and my maidens sat together in the great hall in the evenings, busily plying our needles on the tapestry for the bridal chamber, he never placed his stool near my tabouret and talked softly, as lovers are wont; but would laugh and jest with my maidens, and would ofttimes whisper to them as I sang to my lute, and my heart would be filled with a great rage of anger and jealousy. Alas! he knew not how my heart yearned for his love. I would have given all the wealth that ever should be mine for the sweet assurance that he cared for me.

'When Wilfrid had reached man's estate my father spoke of the wedding. "We must have gay doings at such a joyful time," he said; "and it is meet that we begin to prepare."

'"'Tis not winter yet. Didst thou not say 'twould not be till the Christmas revels begin?" Wilfrid replied.

'"Methinks thou art but a laggard lover," my father answered, frowning.

'"Nay, uncle; no man is in haste to put his neck in the halter. Thou knowest Ursula hath a proud temper, and will so order me that I must do her bidding, or, marry! I shall suffer for 't."

'He spoke in a light, jesting tone; but I saw my father's choler rising. I was stung to the quick, and angry tears rose to my eyes, and as I turned aside to hide them Wilfrid said, "Was it not so, Ursula, in our childish games? Thou didst ever command; 'twas mine to obey, lest there should be the beginning of strife. But perchance we may pull together in time—eh? What sayest thou, fair cousin?"

'"Why should we seek to pull together?" I answered in anger. "Why should I wed one who scorns my love? The smiles of the meanest serving-wench are more to thee than mine. Thou wilt wed me for the broad lands of Wodelok; but were I portionless I might sing, 'Hi, ho, for a husband!' for all Wilfrid Wodelok would care."

'Then my father rose up in anger and smote the table with his staff.

'"Tell me," he cried, "is this true, Wilfrid? Have you dared to trifle with thy cousin Ursula? An it be so, thou mayst go packing, and starve on Stevehurst Grange an thou wilt."

'Then Wilfrid also became angry, for his anger ever came swift as summer lightning, and as quickly went. He was bold and fearless in his wrath, and answered with a light, mocking laugh, "Softly, softly, good uncle. The bargain was none of my making. I am willing to obey thee, as I have said. What more wouldst thou? Love will come at no man's bidding, nor, methinks, was it mentioned in the bond."

'"Will you dare flout her to my face?" cried my father, choking with rage; and then —oh! how shall I write what followed?—his face became purple, he reeled, and fell in a fit. Wilfrid rushed forward, raised him from the floor, where he had fallen, and loosed his ruff.

'"Leave him," I cried. "'Tis you who have done this."

'"Forgive me, Ursula. I spake but in jest, and I meant not to cross his humour. I answered him unthinkingly. Oh, a malison upon me! that I have injured my best friend, my second father, and have brought this evil on him, ingrate that I am! Make these varlets run for a leech. Mayhap if he were bled he might recover."

'While he spake he raised my father in his arms, and bade the serving-men help to carry him to his chamber. The leech came, and all was done that could be thought of; but all of no avail. He never recovered from his swoon, nor did he speak any word. Wilfrid and I watched beside him all night, for in my great sorrow I remembered not my anger against my cousin. Love and jealousy were alike forgotten as I heard my father's breathing grow fainter and fainter; and just as the day was breaking his eyelids quivered for a moment, his breath came in short gasps, and then all was over.

'I need not write of the next few weeks. Gloom and sorrow fell upon the household. The funeral, with all its pomp and state, was over, and my dear father had been laid at rest in the vault among his ancestors. Wilfrid still remained at Wodelok Hall. His manner to me was gentle and deferential. He spoke with sorrow and remorse of his untoward speech which had evoked my father's anger and brought on his fit. My heart had softened towards him, for I saw that his sorrow was deep and sincere, and my grief had made me forgiving, and I spake gently to him.

'"Vex not thyself so sorely, Wilfrid," I said; "the blame was not thine alone. 'Twas my words which first kindled my father's wrath against thee."

'"Ah, would that we could recall our rash words!" he said sadly.

'After my father's death I became the ward of the Queen's Majesty till such time as my marriage should be completed; and when the first months of mourning were over I was sent for to attend Her Majesty at her Court in London. Before I left Wodelok I said to Wilfrid, who was to remain and keep all things in order there, "Thou wilt surely come to Court, Wilfrid, and make thine obeisances to the Queen's Grace, as is thy duty, and inform me, thy liege lady, how it fares at Wodelok?"

'"That will I right gladly," he made answer; and hope sprang up anew in my heart, and I thought, "Now sure he will love me, and will long to bring me back to Wodelok as his bride."

'Months passed, and still Wilfrid came not. Sometimes my royal mistress would observe, "When is the gay bridegroom coming, Ursula?"

'"There is no haste," I would answer, "and Wilfrid hath many things to do at Wodelok."

'When many more months had passed, my royal mistress again spake to me of Wilfrid.

'"Ursula," she said, "it might be well for thee to go down to Wodelok and see what this laggard lover of thine is about."

'"If it please your Majesty, I will go to Wodelok," I made answer. "There be many things it were well I should see to; but I want no unwilling bridegroom."

'"Ha! there speaks the pride of thy race; but wed him or not as thou wilt, keep the power in thine own hands, and bend not to his will in all things."

'"And yet, methinks," I made reply, "a woman must needs submit to her husband. Where she gives her love, she willingly giveth her obedience."

'"That is well, if thou art sure that the man truly loves thee; but if he only loves the wealth and power that thou canst give him, then, marry! let him take the second place, and be thou the man in thine own house," said the Queen, laughing bitterly.'

CHAPTER XI.

THE MANUSCRIPT CONTINUED.

'ON my return to Wodelok my cousin received me joyfully, and he gave me such an account of his stewardship as could not fail to satisfy me. Wilfrid was even handsomer than he had been when I left the Hall two years ago. He was tall and strong. His eyes, which once were full of careless mirth, now wore a more thoughtful look; but his mouth under his fair moustache had still the bright smile I knew so well.

'Ere I had returned home I had essayed to pluck his image from my heart, but, ah me! my heart was as wax, and melted in the sunshine of his presence. And truly, he was more kind and attentive than he was wont to be, and sought in all things to please me.

'Since I had returned to Wodelok, Wilfrid had at divers times been absent for a day. Riding forth at early morn, he did not return till late at night. When I asked him whither he had gone, he answered, "Oh, only on affairs concerning the more distant parts of the lands;" but methought he liked not to be questioned.

'At length it was told me that Sir Wilfrid was wont to ride towards Ealswith Manor, where dwelt Sir Simon Waldron; that his

daughter, Mistress Edith, had now grown to be a beautiful young maiden; and, further, that Sir Wilfrid and she were often seen wandering in the chase together. A sharp pain smote my heart, and the fires of jealousy again awoke within me, and bitter anger that Wilfrid should have so deceived me—that I, Ursula of Wodelok, should be slighted and scorned for the sake of a pert moppet with her doll face! Yet a hope lingered in my heart that perchance it was not true. I could not bear to think him false to me, so I met him as if all were well; but I would take means to discover the truth; and if Wilfrid Wodelok were indeed a traitor to me, then let him look to himself. He should know the vengeance of a woman scorned.

'Weeks passed, and Sir Wilfrid still had business in the more distant parts of the estate; and I discovered without doubt that he rode out to meet Edith Waldron, that they spent long hours together in the forest, and that they parted with kisses and fond embracements.

'Then another rumour reached me: a rumour of treasonable plots against the life of the Queen's Majesty and the peace of the realm. It was one of the plots devised by the friends of the Queen of Scots, who had for some years been a prisoner in England. Our enemies in France, uniting with those of the Romish faith in England, essayed to slay our gracious Sovereign, place the Scottish Queen on the throne, and restore the ancient form of religion. Sir Simon Waldron of Ealswith was deeply implicated in the plot. He was a Catholic at heart, though he dared not openly show his faith, for heavy penalties were inflicted on those who practised the proscribed religion. His property lay near the seashore, where there was a bay, and where it was expected the French forces under the Duke of Alva might be secretly landed. The conspiracy was discovered before a rising took place. There was a sudden visit to Ealswith Manor, some treasonable papers were found, and poor Sir Simon, who had been but a tool in the hands of more guilty conspirators, was taken prisoner and lodged in the Castle of Winchester. Amongst the names of those implicated in the plot was that of Sir Wilfrid Wodelok. He had disappeared from the Hall on the first hint that the conspiracy was discovered, and no one could tell whither he had betaken himself.

'I could not believe that Wilfrid was a traitor; but he may have thought to win favour with Sir Simon by joining the enterprise, and I was firmly persuaded that it was love and not treason that first led him into the company of the conspirators. Now, alas! that plea would avail him little. His secret visits to Ealswith, where the conspiracy was hatched, would be held a sufficient proof of his guilt. He was now an attainted fugitive, with a price set on his head, and should he be taken, that head would soon be laid on the "wooden pillow" where so many had perished. Alas that all this should be for the sake of a girl—a fair-faced moppet of a girl! What fools men can be!

'At Ealswith Manor all was confusion and despair. Lady Waldron and Mistress Edith were lodged in the house of one of their vassals; and I caused this house to be watched, for where the honey is, thither will the bee come, sooner or later.

'It was late autumn, and the nights closed in early, when it was told me that a figure, as of a man bent double with age and wrapped in a long loose garment, was seen to approach the Manor at nightfall and ask alms. When he departed, Mistress Edith stole out and met him in the forest. I had little doubt who the ancient mendicant was, and I was resolved to see him and tax him with his perfidy.

'My page, Perkyn Barfoot, was slippery as an eel, cunning as a fox, and faithful withal as a dog to the hand that feeds him. He it was who had brought me news of Sir Wilfrid, and under his guidance I was minded to go to the trysting-place in the forest where the lovers were wont to meet. 'Twould have been rash and somewhat dangerous to ride in mine own proper person after nightfall, and so far from mine own domains, attended by only one page. Mine enterprise being secret, and there being a tempting price on the head of Sir Wilfrid, I dared not trust my serving-men. I therefore disguised myself in the garments my cousin had left behind when he rode forth on this hapless enterprise. We rode to the borders of the forest, and Perkyn left our horses at the hut of a woodcutter. From thence we went on till we came to a great oak, where my page said the beggar and the lady were wont to meet. The branches were low, and I climbed up and laid myself along one of the low spreading boughs, where I was completely concealed, and yet so near that I could hear every word that might be spoken under the tree. I then bade Perkyn retire and conceal himself at a little distance till I should call him.

'It was not long ere I heard a crackling among the brushwood; then I beheld the dim outline of a man's form approaching. He came and leant against the trunk of the tree just beneath where I lay concealed on my leafy perch. He waited silently, except for a quick sigh now and then. There was no doubt that it was my cousin, and though I could not see him where he stood in the deep shadow, I could have touched him, he was so near. In spite of my jealousy and wrongs, my heart went out in pity towards him: so handsome, so manly, albeit so daring and so rash. Alas, alas, that thou shouldst be brought to such a plight as this!

'At length a great deerhound suddenly came bounding forward and leapt upon Sir Wilfrid

with a bark of joyful recognition. Then a girlish figure emerged from the surrounding shadows, and he sprang towards her, exclaiming, "My sweet Edith, thou art here at last! Why hast thou tarried so long? The minutes seem like hours when waiting for thee, sweetheart;" and then came the sound of rapturous kisses.

'In a moment all my feelings of tenderness and pity were turned to hate and jealousy. I had been slighted, deceived, and scorned for this girl. Had he not been gentle, kind, and loving all these months after my return to Wodelok? Yet all the while he was but playing with me: laughing, mayhap, at my foolish fondness, and thinking it a fine jest. I lay clenching my hands in the effort to subdue my passion, for I dared not move lest I should be discovered.

'"I will be revenged; I will be revenged," I kept repeating to myself. "They shall know what it is to deceive Ursula of Wodelok," I said as I listened to the whispered words of love and devotion he poured into her ear.

'The deerhound must have heard my movements, slight though they were, for he growled and snuffed around with his nose upraised.

'"What aileth Gurth?" said his mistress. "He used not to be so restless."

'"Peradventure the deer are stirring, or the conies disporting themselves.—Down, Gurth; down, good dog!"

'The moon had now arisen, and I could dimly see the lovers as they stood almost beneath me.

'"Thou wilt agree to my plan, then, sweetheart?" he said. "A week hence things shall all be ordered as we have designed. The good priest, whom thou wottest of, hath promised to come and join us in holy wedlock. The ship will be out at sea, and a boat with four stout rowers will wait for us at Oswyn's Cove. Soon we shall be on board the *Fleur-de-Lis*, and with spreading sails we shall wing our way to sunny France, where no danger can come nigh us."

'"God grant it may be so! Nevertheless, my mind misgives me. What will thy cousin the Lady Ursula say?"

'"Beshrew me an I care," he said, with a short, uneasy laugh.

'"Nay, but she will be greatly angered against thee, if 'tis true, as I have been told, that she loves thee."

'"Faith, she loveth her own will best."

'"'Twas said to me but yesterday," said Edith, "that thou wast betrothed to thy cousin, and that thine uncle had willed that thou and she should wed."

'"It was my uncle's wish that we should wed, so that the title and the heritage might go together; but I"——

'"Ah, Wilfrid, and but for poor Edith Waldron thou wouldst be lord of Wodelok."

'"Nay, my sweet love, that might never be. I could not love her, even hadst thou not stolen my heart; and she, an she cares for me—and I think she doth—'tis as a sister or a mother perchance. She is elderly, thou knowest, and had she consented to wed me 'twould have been because it was her father's will."

'She murmured something in a low voice which I could not hear, and then, raising her head from his breast where it had rested, said, "I fear me that she doth love thee, and I dread her anger. It would have been better for thee if thou hadst never seen me. Thou mightest now be lord of Wodelok and a free man, whereas thou art a fugitive in danger of thy life."

'"And with the love of the fairest, sweetest girl in all England. Better exile with thee, sweetheart, than all Wodelok and Hampshire to boot, with bondage to that elderly termagant, my worshipful cousin Ursula."

'At these words I was so filled with pain and anger that I could not keep still. The hound, hearing my restless movements, set up a short, sharp bark; and, seeing that I could not longer remain concealed, I dropped from the bough on which I had rested, and, laughing loud and bitterly, exclaimed, "By my faith, cousin, but thou art careful not to belie the old proverb, and let listeners hear any good of themselves."

'"What! Cousin Ursula?" he cried, amazed. "How camest thou hither? Why this disguise?"

'The great hound snarled round me as if he liked not my sudden appearance. "Down, good dog!" said his mistress, laying her hand on his head. I laughed again, and when the hound was silent I said, "As to the disguise, the doublet and trunk-hose are thine own, left behind when thou didst leave Wodelok Hall without ere a good-bye to thy loving cousin. In truth, methinks they are not unbecoming," I said, looking down at myself. "What sayest thou? I look not so elderly in these—eh, cousin?"

'Twere foolish mayhap, but it angered me more than all the rest that my cousin should have said I was elderly.

'"I entreat thee, cousin, pardon my heedless words. Beshrew my tongue that uttered them! Yet I fain would know why thou camest hither, and how thou didst know where to find me. And say truly, art thou here to betray us?"

'"One question at a time, good cousin. Why I came thou shalt know anon. How I knew where to find thee is my secret. And look to it: what one hath discovered others may have found out also. I fear me that purpose of thine may scarce be carried out. Francis Drake may have seen that French ship. He hath a quick eye, thou knowest. He may make a prize of her, and may wait till thou art on board, so that the prize may be more valuable. Knowest

thou how many crowns is the price on thine head?"

'At this Mistress Edith fell into a passionate weeping, and threw herself on the grass at my feet, begging me not to betray him, and promising never to see him more.

'"Oh, save him!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I will give him up to thee. I will."

'"Thanks, fair maiden," I interrupted, with a laugh; "but who made Sir Wilfrid of Wodelok thy property, to give or to keep as thou dost choose?"

'"Nay, Edith, cease thy prayers," said Wilfrid, raising her from her suppliant posture, and supporting her in his arms.

'"And know," I added, "that Ursula of Wodelok scorns him as thy gift; though, by my faith! 'tis a good jest.—How likest thou, Wilfrid, to be handed about as if thou wert a dish of comfits?" and I again laughed loudly. I felt I must laugh, or else weep—weep wild tears of passion and despair.

'"Methinks 'tis scarce time for merry-making," said my cousin. "Tell me, what is thy purpose in coming hither?"

'"My purpose was friendly to thee, little as thou seemest to regard me. Yet, have I ever been aught but friendly to thee?"

'"Thou hast ever been good to me."

'"I know that thou canst not escape," I said. "All the ways by which thou hopest to elude thy pursuers are watched, and wherever thou essayest to leave the country thou shalt most assuredly be taken; and it will be short shrift and small hope of mercy, for our good Queen is not over lenient to traitors."

'Hereupon Mistress Edith again fell a-weeping, and once more flung herself at my feet, imploring me to save her lover. Her tears and entreaties only hardened my heart, for did not every word tell of Wilfrid's devotion to her?

'"Tush, tush!" I said. "Rise up and hold thy peace. What I shall do for the safety of my cousin shall be for his own sake, and not for thy asking."

'Then turning to Wilfrid, I spake further: "Know, then, that our gracious Sovereign Queen Elizabeth will shortly honour my poor house of Wodelok by passing a day and a night under my roof. Do thou come thither. Thou canst, if thou wilt, carry out the first part of thy purpose and get wed. It might be best that thou shouldst bring Lady Wodelok with thee. I will keep thee in safe hiding until I have sought my royal mistress's favour for thee. When I tell her that it was love and not treason that drew thee to Ealswith, perchance if she be in good humour she will pardon thee."

'"Thanks, thanks, a thousand thanks, good cousin. Thy goodness overwhelms me. Sure the Queen will pardon me for thy asking, and Edith will herself be my best excuse."

'Edith covered my hand with kisses ere I could snatch it away.

'"Forgive me, cousin, for having so far mistaken thee," said Wilfrid. "I thought thou wert full of anger; but thou hast proved thyself an angel of goodness."

'"No more, no more," I cried harshly, for his thanks were like daggers in my heart. "Wait till thou art safe. 'Twill be time enough for thanks then. I must needs go now if I would be home before morning. In a week thou shalt hear from me."

'I raised a small silver whistle to my lips and blew a shrill summons to my page, then hurriedly left them.

'"There shall come a speedy end to their dalliance," I said to myself, for the desire for vengeance was hot within me, and to intercede with the Queen for them was very far from my purpose. Neither would I betray my cousin. It were an act for which every one would condemn me should I give up mine own kinsman to the block; but I would have my revenge, for if he had not been a traitor to the Queen, he had been a traitor to me.'

CHAPTER XII.

THE MANUSCRIPT CONTINUED.

'HER Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth was making a royal progress through the southern counties to receive the homage of her loyal subjects, stopping for a day or longer, as it pleased her, at the houses of men of rank; and she had graciously consented to honour me by passing a night at Wodelok Hall. Great doings were afoot to prepare for the royal visit, for Queen Elizabeth ever loved to be received with much state and ceremonial, rich banquetings, and splendid entertainments. There was much to be done in preparation, therefore. The large oaken chamber overlooking the park and the river was being set in order for my royal guest. The tapestry, which had been begun in my mother's time, and at which I and my maidens had worked for years, was now finished. It had been designed for my bridal chamber, but it would never be needed for that, and, as was most fitting, it was used for the adornment of the Queen's room. It was hung on the wall against which the great bed was placed, with its heavy velvet draperies and fringes of silk and gold. On one side of the oaken chamber was a small passage leading to a room where the Queen's mails would be placed, and where sundry of her tirewomen would sleep. To the left of this passage was a small oratory, partly set in the thickness of

the wall. It was lighted by a narrow slit, a mere loophole; and underneath, an altar-table was wont to stand, with its altar-cloth, crucifix, and candlesticks. On one side was a small silver dish for holy water, let into the oak panelling. By touching a spring underneath this the panel opened, and revealed a narrow flight of steps leading upwards to a chamber near the roof. This was the secret chamber of Wodelok Hall. From generation to generation the secret of it had been known only to the head of the House of Wodelok, who in turn transmitted the knowledge to the next heir, with solemn vows of secrecy. In this wise had my father shown it to me. With much caution and at dark midnight he had taken me to the oratory; and when he had bolted the door he opened the panel, bidding me observe how to move the spring. Then he led me up the stairs to a curious, irregularly shaped room. Though full of odd corners, it was fairly large, and was lighted by several small apertures concealed among the chimneys and ornaments of the roof. It contained a fireplace, and was furnished with a bed, an oaken settle, two stools, and a table. It was this mysterious chamber which I was to prepare for Wilfrid and his bride.

'As soon as I had known assuredly what day the Queen would arrive, I had sent Perkyn Barfoot to apprise Sir Wilfrid thereof, and to bid him come with Lady Wodelok the evening before, at dusk, when their coming would be little observed among the numbers of people who would be arriving, to assist in the jousting and games which were being prepared for the divertisement of my royal guest and her suite.

'On the appointed evening, just as it was growing dusk, Sir Wilfrid arrived, disguised as a travelling musician; and his bride was with him. They entered unperceived by a side-door at the foot of a little turret stair, where I met them. He presented me to Lady Wodelok, and I kissed her cheek and bade her welcome.

'"I could have wished," I said, "to have received you in a manner more befitting your rank and my relationship; but I trust the need for concealment will be but brief."

'I led them through the oaken chamber which was now prepared for the Queen. "Ah, Cousin Ursula," said Wilfrid, looking round, "this is the famous tapestry, I see. How often have I seen you and the maidens working at it!"

'"Much labour to little profit," I replied bitterly, for I remembered what hopes and visions had been entwined with those silken flowers. I then led them through the little oratory where the secret door stood open, with the dark stair beyond. Lady Wodelok shrank back.

'"Oh Wilfrid!" she said, "my heart misgives me. I am afraid to go in there."

'"Nay, sweetheart," he said, "there is nothing to fear." As she still trembled and hung back, he put his arm round her and kissed her cheek. His eyes were bent on her in passionate devotion, and his voice was low and tender as he strove to calm her fears.

'I turned my head, for I was mad with jealousy, and holding the light above my head, I led the way up the dark stairs which I determined they should never more descend. Alas! alas! why was my heart so hardened that I felt no pity for her innocent youth or his strong manhood? I bade them come and see their bridal chamber; and, with a harsh laugh, I said I was grieved that I could not make it more worthy of the occasion.

'"Tush, cousin! no more such regrets," said Wilfrid. "'Tis a nobly furnished chamber. Much less would content us in our present peril. Pray thee, good cousin, lose no time in making thy petition to the Queen on my behalf. I long to present my fair Edith to Her Majesty.—When she sees thee, sweetheart," he said, turning to his wife, who stood warming her cold hands at the blazing log, "she will understand how fair an excuse I had for my seeming disloyalty.—Assure her, Cousin Ursula, that she hath not a more devoted subject than Wilfrid Wodelok."

'"Nay, fear not, cousin," I answered; "by to-morrow at this time thou shalt have no more need of my help. Thou and thy bride shalt be free of all these troubles. But I must needs go, as I have much to do. If I cannot ask you to join us at the banquet to-morrow, I have brought thee some of the meats prepared for it;" and I pointed to the well-laden table. "Here, Wilfrid, is a flask of thy favourite wine. Is there aught else thou lackest? If so, I will bring it anon."

'"Nay, cousin, all we want is here save freedom and our Sovereign's gracious countenance."

'"Good-night, then," I said, hurrying downstairs. But I paused and listened a moment ere I closed the panel, and I heard Edith say, "Oh Wilfrid! be not angry; but I greatly fear thy cousin intendeth us some evil. Her eyes had a cold, cruel gleam as she looked at me, and her voice soundeth false." I held my breath while he murmured soft words of comfort and assurance. "Thou art over tired, and that maketh thee fanciful," he said. "Cousin Ursula hath ever been kind to me. Why should she seek to do us an injury?"

'I waited to hear no more, but fastened the panel securely, locked the door of the oratory, and went to the gallery overlooking the great kitchen that I might see that the cooks and scullions were attending to their duties, then to the great hall to make sure that all was being ordered according to my wishes.

'Anon the steward of mine household came to ask of me what I would please to have done in this or that matter. My tirewomen likewise had things to ask of me concerning my apparel; and, in good sooth, there was much to do, and

many things to think of. All through these bustling scenes I heard a sweet, low voice saying, "Oh Wilfrid! I fear some evil will befall us."

'The evening wore on, and at length all things were fitly prepared for the morrow. The great hall was decked and the tables garnished for the banquet. Fiddlers and players had arrived, and had well-nigh deafened me with their noise as they essayed their parts for the morrow.

'But now all was done, the hurrying to and fro had ceased, silence had fallen upon the household, and I retired to my chamber, not to rest or sleep, though I was aweary. The air seemed full of voices, repeating, like the refrain of some mournful dirge, "I fear some evil will befall—some evil befall—evil befall." Had it befallen? Had they drunk of the poisoned wine? Would it take effect? Ah! mayhap they were already dead. Or perchance they had only taken enough to cause sickness. Oh God, should it be so, they would know of my treachery, of my murderous purpose! Wilfrid would denounce me to the Queen, and I should be shamed and disgraced before all men, and peradventure the axe would be my fate.

'I paced my chamber all night long, and ever and anon I stole along the dark galleries to the oaken chamber where I listened but could hear no sound, for the walls were thick. At length in the gray dawn of the morning I took the key of the oratory with me, opened the door, and stood hearkening with my ear at the secret panel. Hearing nothing, I stood with my hand on the spring, fearing to open it—burning with desire to know what had befallen, yet dreading what I might see. Then slowly my fingers pressed the steel, and the panel fell back. I crept up the stairs and when I reached the top I again waited and listened; then I pushed aside the hangings and looked in.

'On the bed lay the bride of a day. The roses had faded from her cheeks, and left her pale as the lily. Her golden hair, all unbound, lay spread over the pillows. Her blue eyes were open, and their fixed gaze met mine. So calm she looked, so full of dignity and reproach, as if her pure soul looked from a great height into my guilty heart. I gazed as one enthralled; then I saw that the face was the face of the dead, that the light of life had left those blue orbs for ever. Suddenly I was startled by a low moan; and, darting forward, I saw Wilfrid kneeling by the bed, his head buried in the coverlet and his arms thrown across the body of his dead wife. He raised his head as he heard my footsteps, and his face was ashen gray; but a gleam came into his sunken eyes as he saw me, and a faint colour rose in his cheek.

'"Ha, Ursula, is it thou?" he cried in a hollow voice. "Hast thou come to gloat on thy hellish work? Come hither and look upon her, so fair, so sweet, so innocent of guile. Ay, look upon her, wretched murderess, and may the sight haunt thee for ever!"

'"Oh Wilfrid, Wilfrid!" I cried, sinking on the floor in an agony of remorse.

'"God's curse light on thee!" he said fiercely.

'"Mercy, mercy!" I implored, raising my hands in supplication.

'"Mercy?" he cried. "What mercy hadst thou on her who never did thee harm, or on me thy kinsman, who trusted thee?"

'"Oh that I could undo the night's work!" I sobbed.

'"Thy remorse comes too late. It shall cling to thee like a leprosy. Never shalt thou know rest or peace. Wodelok Hall shall be cursed for thy sake till this thy secret crime shall be published at noonday, and thy name held up to infamy."

'He had raised himself to his feet, and spoke in wild frenzy. Now he fell down half-across the bed; and, kissing the white lips of the dead, he whispered, "Sweetheart, we are not parted for long. I come to thee—I am coming—I am"—— With a long, shivering sigh the breath left his body.

'I cast myself down beside him, weeping wildly in my bitter repentance. Too late. Alas! what availed my tears? Could I weep tears of blood it would not bring back the dead, or give one moment's peace to my guilty soul. "Oh Wilfrid, Wilfrid, speak to me again if only to curse!" I cried, raising his lifeless head and laying it on my bosom. "Have I murdered thee—I who loved thee so? Oh, why did envy and jealousy take possession of mine heart? Oh that I had loved thee more, and been content to see thee happy with the woman of thine own choice! Sure she, in her sweet youth, were fitter mate for thee than I had been." I threw myself on the ground and grovelled in an agony of weeping.

'How long I lay there I knew not; but at length sounds of life and movement in the house and in the park aroused me, and I remembered the Queen's visit, and all that must be gone through. I rose, gave one look at the ghastly burden on the bed, and then turned and descended the stair. I fastened the secret panel; closed and locked the door of the oratory, concealing the key under my garments; and, raising the tapestry which hung over the entrance to the passage, I met my kinswoman Dame Hilda Wodelok.

'"Oh, Cousin Ursula!" she cried, "we have been searching for thee everywhere; but I bethought me that thou wouldst be here to see that all is ordered fittingly for Her Most Gracious Majesty, whom God save! And truly I think 'tis a right royal chamber. But haste thee, cousin, for time flies apace, and we must soon set forth to meet the Queen's grace."

'"Truly, as thou sayest, there is no time to lose," I said, going hastily to the door, for I

would fain escape before she should perceive my tear-stained face and disordered apparel. I reached my own chamber, and made haste to bathe my face before any one should see me. While I was being bedecked with jewels and lace, my youthful tire-maidens laughing and talking the while, my kinswoman came in. She was a good woman, but was one of those who loveth the sound of her own voice, and who speak many things that wiser people would leave unsaid.

'"Ah, cousin!" she said, "thou art pale. Thou hast wearied thyself with thy preparations, and sure 'tis a heavy task to entertain our worshipful Queen Bess, for she loveth rare vivers and much merry-making; but all is done as thou couldst wish, so do not fret thyself, but don thy brave apparel. Thy gown is marvellously beautiful and becomes thee well, if only thou wert not so pale and weary-looking. Ah! if Sir Wilfrid had been here he would have taken much of the burden off thy shoulders. Knowest thou where he is?"

'"How should I know?" I made reply, startled by her sudden question. "Thou knowest that he is attainted as a traitor."

'"Thinkest thou he is really guilty? Sure he is in evil case if he be, as our good Queen hath little mercy for rebels, and the axe is not like to get rusty for want of use. A murrain on that Queen of Scots, who so turneth men's heads. Ah, poor Wilfrid! I like not to think of his comely head rolling in the"——

'"Oh, hush, hush, I beseech thee, cousin!" I cried, and I became ghastly pale, and fell back in my chair, while great drops of sweat stood on my forehead.

'"Oh! ah! alack! what have I said? Prithee, good Margot, run and fetch some wine for thy mistress. Sure, I was wrong to speak so. Mayhap Sir Wilfrid hath escaped, and his head is in no danger."

'"God grant it!" I made answer, with a groan.'

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MANUSCRIPT CONTINUED.

'THE day on which Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth honoured my house by her presence was one never to be forgotten in the annals of Wodelok. To me it was a day of untold agony and terror: an agony of grief and remorse for my awful crime; a terror of dread lest I should betray myself, and that my guilt should be discovered and I held up to shame and infamy. Oh! in very truth I suffered the tortures of the accursed as I stood in the presence of my royal guest in all my splendour of velvet and jewels—yea, and laughed and jested with the Queen and her train. Oh God! Yet 'twas easier to laugh than to keep silent, with Wilfrid's dying words ever in mine ears.

'The sun shone in unclouded splendour and all went well. The Queen was all smiles and good humour. In sooth I knew I had found favour with my royal mistress, and she was pleased to do me honour. I could have obtained her forgiveness for my poor cousin Wilfrid had I asked it; but, alas! by my crime he was now beyond the need of the pardon of an earthly sovereign.

'At nightfall, when I conducted my royal guest to her chamber, so near the scene of my awful crime, I could scarcely stand to wait upon my liege lady, as in duty bound.

'"There is only one thing has marred our perfect enjoyment of this day," said the Queen as she was being disrobed, "and that is the absence of Sir Wilfrid. We are grieved for thy sake, Ursula, that he should have proved a traitor. How comes it, thinkest thou? For the Wodeloks were ever loyal."

'"Nay, ask me not," I answered, with trembling lips; "and yet methinks he is not so guilty as doth appear." So I spake, having bethought me that I might at least remove the taint of treason from his name.

'"How so?" said the Queen sharply. "Is it not true that he did visit in secret the house of that arch-plotter, Sir Simon Waldron?"

'"'Tis even so, my liege," I answered; "but Edith Waldron is fair to look upon, and 'twas her charms which drew him to Ealswith, for it hath been told to me that they are wed."

'"Ha! sayest thou so? Then no wonder his visits to Ealswith were under the rose, for was he not thy plighted husband? Mayhap he feared thine anger, for, in good sooth, thou hast a temper, my good Ursula." And she laughed.

'My face flushed with shame and anger that she should flout me so; and anon the room seemed to turn round with me, and I clutched the post of the bed to save myself from falling.

'"Nay, nay, Ursula, fret not thyself so much," said the Queen in a kinder tone. "We will find thee a fitting husband, and do thou forget this faithless Wilfrid. God's death! but he hath played thee a scurvy trick. Knowest thou whither he hath betaken himself?"

'"Nay, that I cannot tell," I made answer with white and trembling lips.

'"Thou art weary," said the Queen, "and methinks thou lovest this false lover only too well. We will excuse thy further attendance."

'Oh, the horror of the night that followed! I was aweary, yet sleep came not nigh my pillow. Sweet refreshing sleep was not for such as I. I tossed on my uneasy couch, and anon rose and paced my chamber in a frenzy of despair and remorse. Sir Wilfrid's awful words, his dying curse, sounded ever in mine ears. Again I saw

the death-chamber, and the pure loveliness of that dead face on the pillow. Oh, the pity of it! So young, so fair: could I not have spared her sweet youth for his sake? A great tenderness for her awoke within me, and mingled with my repentance, making it the more bitter. I would have given my richest jewels—yea, and all Wodelok to boot—could I have recalled that fair face to life.

'In the dawn of the morning my wearied eyelids closed over my aching eyes; but sleep only brought dreams more horrible than my waking thoughts.

'The royal visit was over. The fiddlers and morris-dancers had departed. The long tables had been removed from the hall, and all things had returned to their wonted order and quiet. For me, dread days and fearful nights dragged slowly on. Often, when the weary hours of the night had passed in sleepless tossing on my uneasy pillow, or in pacing to and fro like a caged wild beast, some weird fascination would draw me towards the oaken chamber, through which I passed to the door of the little oratory, and then I would draw back in wild affright. I dared not—I would not for a kingdom have looked again upon the horror of that upper chamber; and yet my unwilling feet dragged me thither, always in the light of dawn or in the evening twilight. I was in terror lest some day I should open the secret panel and find myself face to face with the dread and ghastly sight which was ever present to my memory.

'At length I did resolve to have the door of the oratory built up. I sent for skilled craftsmen, and stood and watched them at their work; and when the last stone had been placed I felt that now it would be impossible for me to enter that fearful chamber of death. Then I caused the passage to be lined with oak, so that all trace of the door was hidden. And so, I thought, was all trace of my crime.

'Years rolled on. To the surprise of all save myself, nothing was ever heard of Sir Wilfrid or his lady, for it was known that he was married, and it was supposed that he had escaped beyond the seas.

'Poor Sir Simon Waldron, who might have made search for his daughter had he lived, was beheaded, and his lady died of grief before the end of the year.

'Thus all things conspired to let my crime remain hidden and undiscovered, my guilt unsuspected. Year after year has come and gone, yet no rest has come to my troubled spirit, and the horrible gnawing of my remorse has ceased not. Oft my misery seemeth more than I can bear. If only I could make confession of my crime, peradventure 'twould bring some easement to my soul. Oh, could I do it! It might be that I—even I—might obtain forgiveness and peace. Oh that I had strength and courage to endure the shame, the reproach, the ignominious death. Alas! alas! I cannot—no, not yet. How gladly would I seek release in the grave! But I dare not go before the great Judge with my crime unconfessed, not unrepented of. No, there hath not been an hour during all those years that I have not bitterly repented. "Oh that I could undo the past!" hath been my despairing cry day and night. "Oh, God help me to make confession and expiation!"—Written with mine own hand. URSULA WODELOK.'

CHAPTER XIV.

MIDNIGHT was long past ere Hubert Bramwell had finished reading the manuscript whose existence had been so strangely, almost miraculously revealed to him. His were doubtless the only eyes that had looked upon its pages since these fading lines had been traced upon them.

Could he doubt the genuineness of the awful confession? Was it possible that this tragic story of love, jealousy, and crime could be true? It tallied wonderfully with the family traditions. Then there were his wife's mysterious visions, the agonised look of the apparition which had directed her to the place where the papers were concealed. 'Was this really the confession of a murderess,' he thought as he gathered the sheets together, 'or was it but the ravings of a mad woman?'

He shook his head as this thought occurred to him. No; the story was too coherent, too well connected, to be the illusion of insanity.

One thing he was resolved upon: he would have the passage examined the next day. He would have the woodwork taken down, and see if there really was a built-up doorway. If there were not, it would prove that his wife's dreams and visions were but the result of nervous excitement, caused no doubt by the recurrence to her memory of long-forgotten family legends and traditions. It would prove also that this awful story was a myth related by a master or mistress in the art of fiction. If, on the other hand, the result of his investigations showed that the doorway had really been there, that the oratory was within, that the stair up to the secret chamber led out of it as described, and that the secret chamber contained that which would corroborate or confirm the truth of the dreadful story, then—— Ah! yes. What then? Would he be forced to admit the supernatural explanation of the mystery? Lady Ursula's ghost was a big pill for a man of average culture and intelligence to swallow.

Yet was it possible that disembodied spirits should be allowed to visit the scene of their former crimes? He shrugged his shoulders and turned his thoughts to other possibilities: that

this terrible crime had been committed, and that the hidden room so near them had held a ghastly secret for three hundred years.

He remembered the curse—the curse of the Wodeloks, which to Dorothy was such a dread reality, and had even filled his own soul with terror in spite of his mental attitude of scepticism and contempt. That curse had its prototype, if not its origin, in the malediction recorded in the confession.

Next morning a carpenter was sent for, who soon took down the woodwork in the passage, and there, plainly to be seen, was the built-up doorway. Masons were summoned and the stones removed, and before nightfall the hidden room was opened up and its awful secret revealed. The chamber was very much as it was described in the manuscript. On the wall hung the arras, discoloured by damp, and fallen from its fastenings here and there. The table was covered with trenchers, platters, and wine-cups. Then there was the bed; and on it lay a ghastly skeleton partially concealed by the silken coverlet. In a huddled heap on the floor beside the bed, among a man's garments of an ancient fashion, lay another skeleton. On the hearth was a heap of ashes, and over everything, like a gray pall, lay the dust of centuries.

The strange and startling discovery of the hidden room of Wodelok Hall, and the ghastly remains contained in it, soon got noised abroad. And when the poor relics of humanity had been removed and laid reverently to rest in the family vault, the housekeeper would sometimes show the room to curious and wondering visitors, who would listen with bated breath while she told the tragic story of two fair young lives sacrificed to a woman's jealousy, and of the curse that clung to the Hall because of her crime. 'But, thank God! the curse is now removed,' the good woman would ofttimes say in conclusion.

Yes; the voices of happy children, at play in the stately rooms and dim old corridors are a proof that the baleful curse is now only a tradition.

Dorothy, who now reigns supreme in the nursery, derives a strange pleasure from dwelling on her past terrors. In the evenings, when her mistress comes up to kiss her darlings so snugly tucked up in their little white beds, she sometimes speaks of the night when she wept in such wild grief because she feared her beloved mistress would share the fate of so many ladies of the Wodelok race.

'It was all because you were brave enough to sleep in that room, ma'am. No one of the Wodeloks had ever dared to do it for hundreds of years, not since the Queen slept in it herself.'

'I thought it had been used as a guest-chamber in old Mr Bramwell's time,' said her mistress, smiling.

'As if the Lady Ursula would demean herself to strangers!' said Dorothy, with scornful conviction.

'Ah, true! She had a great idea of the family dignity.'

'As I was saying, ma'am, none of the family had dared sleep in the room, and the poor ghost could get no one to understand her.'

'Very hard on the ghosts, isn't it, Dolly? Very trying that people should faint or run away when a spectre appears, when all the poor thing wants is to communicate "something to their advantage."'

'Oh, you needn't make fun of it, ma'am. You know well enough that it was Lady Ursula's spirit that showed you where her confession was hid. The curse was only to last till her crime should be made known. If it had not been for you, her secret would have been a secret still, and them blessed darlings—— Oh, what am I saying? The curse is gone, and instead, these are the blessings of Wodelok.' And she pointed to the sleeping children.

LOVE AND DUTY.

HERE at the parting of life's ways I stand,
And see a figure veiled—dread Duty—he
Who bids me follow not Love's fantasy
Down fair, strange paths, allured by beckoning hand;
But tread instead, with him, that higher road;
Leave zephyrs for a keen, remorseless air;
Forsake the flower-bright meadows, pleasure's lair;
March onward with sharp conscience for a goad.

I choose. I follow with unswerving feet,
Yet aching memory of Love's last caress,
And heart aware of all its emptiness;
Till, when the hidden form I turn to greet,
Fair Love himself I see, with no disguise,
And all of heaven shining in his eyes.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

A PORTSMOUTH POINT ROMANCE.

By WALTER JEFFERY,

AUTHOR OF 'A CENTURY OF OUR SEA STORY,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A VOLUNTEER AND A PRESSED MAN.

DICK HOLDING, as he tore down Smock Alley to his boat, thought bitterly upon certain things just said to him. 'It's true I'm a rough feller, an' 'e, wi' 'is schoolin' and shore-goin' ways, is more fit for the daughter o' the owner; but, all the same, I'm right: a cruise in a man-o'-war 'ud do 'im a deal o' good. Yet, because I'm a fool, I'll 'ave to go on board that frigate an' take 'im off some'ow. They ain't got no right to press 'im; but right don't trouble 'em when they want men. Yet that ain't the p'int. If they carries 'im off that gal will blame me for it.'

The cool way in which he had heard the news of Preston's seizure by the pressgang had given offence to the girl, and she had told him to his face that he was coarse and vulgar, and jealous of the other's superior education.

The idea of being jealous! Why, hadn't he the greatest contempt for the young fool's book-knowledge, and was not Preston's ignorance of sailoring a constant trouble to him? But it would have been all the better to have known a little—enough, for instance, to read handwriting. This he thought as he stepped into the dingy, and the boy George shipped the oar and sculled him off to the brig.

When they came alongside he yelled for 'another 'and in the boat,' while he sat and waited until one of the sailors climbed over the brig's side, grumbling at being disturbed just as the men were going to supper in the forecastle. 'Ship that rudder, get two oars, an' give way. Stop a minute, you boy; come aft an' steer. I'll take yer oar. There's a long pull ahead o' us, an' it looks as if it 'ud blow afore long.'

It was a long and tedious pull from where the brig was lying off the Camber to the *Aladdin* riding at Spithead, and at every stroke of his oar Holding pulled the boat's head half-round, though the boy kept the rudder hard against him. Before their boat reached the *Aladdin's* side the sun had set some time; but by the twilight of the summer's evening Holden's seaman's eyes told him that the frigate was on the point of sailing. Her boatbooms were rigged in and boats hoisted, and all her sails loosed ready for sheeting home; while the scraping of a fiddle and the regular tramp round the capstan were sounds that Holding knew meant that the anchor would soon be weighed.

The arrival alongside of the *Extenuate's* dingy created some little sensation, the men on the frigate's deck wondering if the rowers, breathless from their hard pull, had brought with them some message which would delay the ship, and a row of heads peered curiously over the hammock-nettings to listen for the reply to the lieutenant's hail: 'Boat ahoy! what do you want?'

'The *Extenuate's* boat. Tell your captain that Holding, master o' the brig, wants to see 'im; an' pass me a line for the boat.'

'All right; we'll lower a ladder for you in a minute if you want to come aboard.'

When Holding, disdaining a ladder, climbed the ship's side by the aid of a rope, he was met at the break of the poop by the captain with the question, 'Well, sir, what brings you off like this at the last moment? Something wrong with your crew: a mutiny? There are men-o'-war lying handier to you than I am.'

'No, sir; my men are all right. That's not what I am 'ere for. I am come for my mate.'

'Your mate? Oh! ah yes, the young fellow my second lieutenant caught this afternoon. And what do you want with him?'

'Want wi' 'im? I want to take 'im back to the brig. You surely won't seize 'im in that fashion?'

'My good man, you know very well that we shall take him, though he seems a very impudent fellow, and will need a lot of breaking in; yet the service must be manned, you know, and the press is the fashion we have of manning it.'

'But, sir, 'e is my only mate, an' I can't take my vessel to sea without 'im. The law says you can't do it.'

'Whatever the law says, I *have* done it. Your vessel is in port; get another mate.'

'Look 'ere, captain'—Holding came up closer to the other and spoke gently and persuasively—'ye are a young man an' a good-lookin' feller, an' I'll be bound that some young lady is at 'ome waitin' for ye to splice 'er. Now, I put it to

ye: 'ow would ye like to be served this way?'

'Meaning that this mate of yours is leaving behind him Alderman Tuffin's daughter Ellen, the good-looking girl with the dark eyes —eh?'

'Meanin' 'er, captain. She was wi' 'im when yer men took 'im, an' she says she was insulted by yer sailors, which I 'ad no time to 'ear the rights o'; but I suppose that was only 'er fancy, not understandin' the ways o' seamen.'

'Well, Mr Holding, you go back to that young lady and tell her that she is quite mistaken; I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world. Besides, I heard from the lieutenant that she fought to save him from my men, the fellow himself not showing half her spirit.'

'Then ye 'll let me take 'im back to 'er?'

'Indeed I won't; it would not at all square with my duty.'

'Very well, sir.' Some of the officers on the lee side of the poop stepped forward hurriedly, thinking by the man's appearance and the sudden rise in the tone of his voice that he meant mischief. 'Very well, captain. By the Lord! I 'll 'ave the law on ye. No, ye needn't put yer 'and to yer sword. I am not fool enough to lose my temper so far as that. I know the consequences too well; but I 'll go straight to the Admiral, an' see if an Englishman is to be made a slave o', an''——

'Now, look here, my fine fellow, the anchor's apeak, and we shall be half through the Solent before you touch the beach; and even if you went to the Admiral, he would only laugh at you. I make every allowance for your anger; but I won't let you have this man, if for no other reason than for his behaviour since he came on board. Why, he has been so sulky that I have kept him in irons ever since.—Haul up that boat there. Stand by to sheet home your topsails.'

'Yes, it *is* too late to save 'im that way: I see that clear afore me; but there is still a chance, an' if ye're a man ye 'll give it to me.' Holding had recovered himself, and spoke very quietly.

'Very well; out with it. What do you mean?'

'Take me instead.'

'You?'

'Yes, me. I 'ave thought it all out. Preston's only been to sea about four years; I've been brought up to it. A volunteer's worth a dozen pressed men, as ye know very well, an' ye 'll find me willin' enough.'

'Why do you make this offer? Only a fool or a madman would do it.'

'Because I want to send the man back to 'is gal, an' I've got no more business wi' the brig.'

'Very well; I 'll take you at your word.'

'Will ye write a letter for me, sir, just to tell 'em ashore w'at 'as become o' me? I ain't no 'and at writin'.'

'All right; I 'll take you to my cabin directly. You shall have your way.—Hold on everything yet with those topsails, and pass the word for that fellow Preston to be brought to me in my cabin.—Come below with me, Holding.'

In the cabin the captain produced pen and paper. 'Now, Holding, what do you want me to write?'

'Address the letter, if you please, sir, to Mistress Ellen Tuffin—private: "This is to tell ye that I send back yer sweetheart" '——

'Oh, the wind's in that quarter, is it? By George! you're a generous fellow, Holding; and the other is not worth it.'

'She is—she is. You write: "Get yer father to make 'im master o' the brig in my room; but get yer father to send an old sailor wi' 'im as mate, because readin' an' writin' ain't all that's wanted at sea." 'Ave ye got that?'

'Yes, and there's a deal of sound sense in it; if the fellow's cur enough to accept the exchange I wouldn't give him command of a jolly-boat.'

'Now, write this to Alderman Tuffin: 'SIR,— I 'ereby resign command o' the brig in favour o' yer nephew, Edward Preston, an' am sure 'e 'll turn out a good man if ye send a sailor wi' 'im as mate. I 'ave volunteered for the frigate *Aladdin*." '

'Very well. Now sign these. Anything more?'

'Yes, sir; give the one for Alderman Tuffin to Preston to deliver, an' give that one for the gal to me, an' send for my boy out o' the boat.'

The word was passed for the *Extenuate's* boy, to whom on arrival Holding thus delivered himself: 'Now, look, Jarge, I 've rope's-ended you into a smart young fellow, an' this letter I am goin' to give ye ye 'ave got to give to Mistress Ellen Tuffin wi' yer own 'ands w'en there's no one by. I 'ave taken it into my 'ead to go for a cruise in this ship, an' the mate's goin' to take charge o' the brig. Ye look out an' behave yerself under 'im, or w'en I come back I 'll give ye a dose wi' the end o' the topsell halyards that ye won't forget in a 'urry.'

'I shan't go back. I've taken it into my 'ead to go for a cruise in this frigate too, an' I 'll go wi' ye.'

'Nice boy,' said the frigate's skipper.

'Look 'ere, Jarge; I perticular want ye to go back, an' I give ye my word that w'en we come 'ome to Portsmouth, in w'atever ship I go in again I 'll take ye wi' me.'

''Tain't fair! I can't stand that feller Preston.'

'I won't argue wi' ye, my lad, though we ain't on the brig; but I 'll presently give ye a very pretty rope's-endin' if ye don't get into the boat

in 'alf-a-minute. Now, Jarge, come, I ask ye to do it in a friendly way.'

'Very well, Capen 'Oldin'; I see w'at's up. Ye want me to look after yer interests w'ile ye are on the cruise. I'll go.'

'Well done, my lad; I thought we understood one another.' Then the boy left the cabin.

'Now, is there anything else, Holding?'

'No, sir.'

'Well, just remain in the cabin a moment, and I'll give you a chance to see how little this fellow is worth what you are doing for him. Go aft behind my cot, where you can hear without being seen.—Marine, tell them to bring Preston here.'

The word was passed along, and Preston was led into the wardroom, while Holding, farther aft in the captain's cabin, could see him through the half-open door, and could hear what was going on without being seen. He was wearing handcuffs and was hatless, clothed only in shirt and breeches. From the wound of a cutlass-hilt on his head the blood had streamed down both sides of his face, had dried there, and had clotted upon his long hair, making him ghastly to look upon.

'Well, my man, will you turn to if I take off your handcuffs?'

'No, I won't. You have dragged me here by sheer force; but you shall kill me before I'll work for you.'

'You'll sing a different tune by-and-by when we rig a grating for you. Your friends ought to be glad to get rid of such a fellow.'

'I have no friends or I should not be here now. You know that very well, or you would not have taken me.'

Holding made a movement; but the captain, anticipating him, turned in time and waved him back.

'What about the master of the brig? He ought to know your value. Why is he not looking after you?'

'Yes, you may ask; but I know all about it. I can see through the plot. The brig's boat came alongside just now, so that Holding could get his blood-money. He is the cause of my being here. He laid the pressgang on to me. I see through it all.'

'Well, my lad, you're wrong. Holding is here, and he came for a totally different purpose.—Come out, man, and speak for yourself.'

Holding stepped forward eagerly. 'I am come to free you, Preston,' he said simply. 'The captain says 'e'll take me in yer place, and'——

'Of course I know very well this is only a piece of the plot. You'll take care not to lose the chance of getting me out of the way.'

'I don't know what ye mean; but I swear if ye are allowed to go I'll stay.'

'Now then, Preston, do you hear what Holding says? He takes your place, and you go back—to command the brig and marry the alderman's daughter.—That's what it amounts to—eh, Holding?—Here's a letter to her owner from Holding, resigning her—the brig, I mean—to you.'

'Yes, sir, I believe—I 'ope—that is what will come to pass.'

'Now, Preston, say the word. I want to get under sail.'

'Well, Holding, if you mean it, well and good; but I suppose they're going to land you down the coast somewhere, or else make a petty officer of you. Anyhow I am glad to go, so you can take off the handcuffs as soon as you like, captain.'

'You hear, Holding, what he says. For the last time, are you willing to change places?'

'Put 'im in the boat an' 'ave done wi' this, for God's sake!' answered Holding. He was very pale, but he spoke firmly.

'And you, Preston; are you agreeable?'

'Yes, and glad to get off at the price.'

'Marines, bundle him into the boat instantly.—You are a white-livered scoundrel to accept such an offer.—Get him out of the ship at once. Take that sailor out of the boat, and let the wretch get ashore as best he can.'

Holding interposed. 'For the sake o' the boy, captain, give him the sailor. 'E's an old man, an' little use on a king's ship.'

'Very well, Holding, for the sake of the boy, and more for your sake—for you're a fine fellow—I'll let your seaman go; but, by George! I'd like to drown that cur.'

There was no time for further talk, for the captain ran on deck, ordering as he went that Holding should be sent forward, and that the boat with those to go ashore should be cast off.

'Go for'ard, Holding, to the fo'c'sle-head and let's see how you shape,' said the first lieutenant; 'unless you have any clothes in the boat you want to get out of her,' he added.

'Clothes, sir!' Holding smiled. 'I didn't bargain for the cruise when I came off. I've nothing but what I stand upright in; but I'll wave my boat good-bye if you've no objection.'

'Go ahead, then, and be quick about it.—Now, men, heave away the capstan; sheet home the topsails.'

The fiddle struck up again, and the men at the capstan resumed their tramp in step with the music; the anchor, already under foot, broke ground; the sail-trimmers manned the topsail sheets and halyards; the great canvas sails bellied out and flapped noiselessly in the strong breeze as the wind filled them; and Holding, running to the ship's side, had only time to wave his

hand to those in the dingy as it dropped astern, until those in her were lost to his view, and the boat became a tiny, shapeless black object on the white crests of the choppy sea.

'Good-bye, Jarge; good-bye, Preston. Remember me to them at home.—Don't forget the letter, my lad. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Capen 'Oldin',' came the voice of the boy across the water; but Preston bent to his oar and made no answer—never even looked back towards the dark shadow of the man at the bulwarks, for another moment visible to the boy, then lost among the crowd of moving figures on the deck of the frigate.

Then those in the boat gave way with a will and pulled hard to make the smooth water of the harbour. As they neared its mouth they paused for a moment from their rowing to gain breath, and looked out towards Spithead. The moon, now high in the heavens, had come out from behind a bank of clouds, and it showed the white canvas and dark, low hull of the frigate just clearing the tail of the Motherbank as she ran before a strong, fair wind, leaving a white glitter in the sheen of light a-wake that marked the rate at which she was travelling.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT BEFELL PRESTON.

PRESTON, not knowing that the Tuffin family were anxiously waiting up to hear from Holding the result of his mission, went below to his berth; while the boy, dog-tired after his hard day, made fast the boat and crawled into his bunk in the forecastle, when he would instantly have fallen asleep but for the old sailor.

'This 'ere's a rum go. W'at's the meanin' o' it all?' he asked. 'Ye was in the wardroom, an' 'eard what was goin' on. W'at's the game?'

'Ye'll know fast enough in the mornin', w'en Capen Preston rouses ye roun' the deck; but ye don't know w'at a narrer squeak ye 'ad o' sailin' in the frigate.'

'W'at d' ye mean, ye sassy young cub?'

'Never ye mind; I don't carry yarns from aft for'ard any more 'n I carry 'em from for'ard aft, and I shan't say nothin' about it. So ye go to sleep.'

Preston, at his end of the little vessel, could not sleep. He lay and built castles in the air, speculating upon the near fulfilment of his hopes and ambitions, and seeing ahead a wedding at St Thomas's or Kensington, with an alderman to give the bride away—a wedding in style befitting the genteel young master of the favourite brig *Extenuate* and the well-to-do and beautiful daughter of the brig's owner.

At daybreak he was out early, and had the crew turned to washing the brig's deck, determined to begin well by having his vessel in good order. Then the dingy was hauled up, and Preston, in his best clothes, with—but for the scar on his head—no trace of the adventures of the day before, was sculled to the Sally Port by the boy.

'You take the boat back, and the boatswain will keep you going till I want her again.'

'Please, I'm goin' to make 'er fast. I've got to go up to Mr Tuffin's.'

'You've got to go to Mr Tuffin's? Who says so? Just remember I'm your master now.'

'Please, sir, Mistress Ellen said I was to be sure an' see 'er first thing when I could get ashore.'

'What does she want you for?'

'I think it's to run a' errand for 'er, sir.'

'Oh, well, you can walk up behind me.'

George Tinkle then made the boat fast and solemnly fell into the rear of his superior officer; but the march up to Mr Tuffin's ship-chandlery would have been more dignified if the boy had not varied his part in it with an occasional step-dance on the cobble-stones and with derisive gestures at the back of the mate, making great fun for the passers-by.

As soon as they entered the shop the girl caught sight of Preston, and in great excitement called out, 'He has come back; they've let him go. Thank God!' She held out both hands to him. 'I was sure you would escape.'

'Yes, here I am. It's all right.'

'Well, Ned,' said his uncle, 'so they let you go, then? How did Holding manage it?'

'I'll tell you all about it directly, uncle.'

'Come in, come in. You're just in time for breakfast. Where did you leave Holding?'

'Never mind Holding, father. I've no doubt he is on board the brig.'

'But I do mind Holding, Ellen. I want him to have breakfast with us.'

'Oh, bother! We have Ned back, and I suppose he'll have to go to work directly.—Tell us how you got away.'

'I have a letter for you, uncle, from the skipper which will explain everything. Here it is.' Preston, handing the note to Tuffin, took his seat at the table. Then the boy, who was quite overlooked in the excitement, caught Ellen by the skirt. She turned, and he pushed a piece of paper into her hand, and gave her a look which plainly meant, 'This is between you and me and him, you know.'

The girl thought this was some plan of Preston's to communicate with her secretly, and took the note, smiling at George a recognition of his diplomacy as the boy slipped out of the room and went back to the boat.

Then she was startled by an exclamation from her father.

'Good heavens! the man's mad. Why, he's gone off in the *Alladin*—actually been fool enough to change places with Ned here.—Why, Edward, what does it mean?'

Ellen tore open her note and hastily looked through it. 'Here,' she said, 'I too have a note from Richard Holding. It is true he has gone in the frigate. This was not intended for you; but read it, father.'

Preston looked curiously from one to the other of them, and stopped in the act of eating the breakfast-bacon. Presently he said, 'It seems easy enough to understand. Holding has changed places with me.'

'Richard Holding may be mad, but he's a noble fellow,' Ellen said as she got up from the table and moved away to the other side of the room.

'Yes, it was lucky for me to get the chance—wasn't it, Ellen? But then, you know that Holding was a rough sort of man, and could scarcely read or write. I suppose he liked the idea of a cruise in the frigate. Don't you think so?'

The girl was standing with her back to him, looking out of the window, and she replied without turning round, her voice sounding strange to him, 'I don't know how such as you may think of it; but I understand. I doubted the evidence of my senses yesterday when the press-gang attacked us; but my eyes are opened now.'

'It was most infernally foolish,' said the alderman. 'Who is looking after the brig?'

'Oh, she's all right, uncle. I slept on board last night. I got back as soon as I had seen the frigate under way.'

'Upon my word, you take things easy. Why, we sat up the best part of the night waiting for Holding to return and bring us news of you, while you were snoring comfortably in your bed.'

'I am very sorry; but how was I to know? He ought to have told me. But Holding was always slow-witted.'

'He has been quick enough in perpetrating this folly. Goodness knows for how long the man will be away. The frigate sailed under sealed orders, and I suppose he had nothing but what he stood upright in.'

'Of course not; that's how I was. I had nothing either, and he had to go as he was, or not at all.'

'It's not necessary to talk any more about it,' said Ellen. 'Holding's note to me is enough, and I can see clearly what it means.'

'What can Holding have to say to you, Ellen? And how did you get a letter?'

'A messenger gave it to me, and Holding wrote because, I suppose, he had something to say. You can see the letter. My father will, I have no doubt, show it to you.'

The girl turned suddenly from the window, and looked at her cousin in a fashion that made him fidget uneasily upon his chair; then she gathered her skirts about her and walked out of the room.

'I can't make head or tail of the business,' said the alderman. 'Tell me exactly how it came about that Holding is in your place, Ned. This note of his to me gives no reason for such conduct. A pretty sort of man, at his age too. Serves his time aboard my ships, gets charge of the largest and best of them, and has every comfort, with good wages; then coolly throws the whole thing over to go to sea afore the mast in a man-o'-war without so much as saying by your leave to me, the best friend he ever had.'

'There's nothing to tell, sir. Holding came off to the frigate just as the anchor was up, saw the captain, and told him he wanted a cruise in a man-o'-war, and, if he would let me go, offered to take my place. I was not going to be so foolish as to refuse the chance'——

'It stands to reason that you wouldn't refuse,' said Ellen, who had come back quietly and taken her place at the breakfast-table. 'You had better sit down and have your meal,' she added. 'If father is going to give you the command of the brig you ought to be on board now.'

Preston looked meaningly at her. 'Yes,' he said, 'until your father decides what to do I ought to be on board looking after things.'

'Hold your tongue, Nell. Edward Preston has been four years at sea, and Holding had been more than five-and-twenty. The man who takes charge of the *Extenuate* will have to be a good sailor and know his business.'

'Of course, sir; Cousin Ellen's note perhaps explains what was Holding's idea.'

The alderman broke the shell of an egg very deliberately. 'My daughter Ellen may know the meaning of the man's whim. She knows more than most gals of her age and station of life—and she knows how to hold her tongue.'

'What did you say when Holding offered to stay in your place?'

'Oh, I don't know, Ellen. I just accepted his offer, and got into the boat. Of course, I thanked him and all that kind of thing.'

'Father, when do you think Holding will get back?'

'I don't know, Nell—perhaps never, if a stray shot happens to hit him. Better than him have been killed in action.'

'And many not fit to be spoken of in the

same breath have taken precious good care not to risk their worthless bodies.'

'I think a man 's a fool to run after fighting, Cousin Ellen; unless, of course, it is in defence of his home.'

'Look here, my lad, if you have finished your breakfast you 'd better get aboard the brig. I 'll be off to her in an hour or so, when we 'll see what 's to be done next.'

'Very well, uncle; there 's some refitting and a little paint wanted, and we will carry on till you come aboard.'

'Very well,' said Ellen. 'Can you let George Tinkle come ashore? I want him to do something for me. Any time to-day will do.'

'Yes,' he said. 'You wanted him; and I thought he came up here with me.'

Then the young man went off to the brig; and on his way down to the water's edge, he knew not why, the castles in the air of the night before had all vanished, and in their place doubts that the future would not be all plane sailing had taken their place. Certainly Ellen's manner was peculiar, he thought; but then she had to act a part while her father was present.

Alone with his daughter, the alderman lingered over his breakfast longer than usual, paying no heed to anything. Then he looked up and said, 'Ellen, my gal, you were always fiery, like your mother afore you, and sometimes you and me don't altogether get on as father and daughter should. Now, don't you flare up at what I am about to say, because I fancy somehow that you and me for once will be of a mind; but just give me truthful answers to my questions.

'Ask me anything you please, father dear. I have never lied to you, though I may not have been so meek as I ought.'

'Just so. Now, did that fine young cousin of yours come any sweethearting with you?'

'Yes, father,' said the girl, looking the alderman straight in the face, and speaking firmly, though she was very pale, and Mr Tuffin could see that she was trembling in every limb.

'Um! Well now, my dear, will you tell me how far this thing went?'

'Too far, too far. I am ashamed to say that yesterday I promised to marry him.'

'Oh, indeed! Well, my gal, are you still of the same mind? When is the wedding to come off?'

'I would drown myself first.'

'Hush, hush! Don't talk like that, and don't tremble so. Come, give me a kiss. We understand one another. Come, come! don't give way. I have one more question: Did Holding ever make love to you?'

'Never, father.'

'Didn't he in any way just show that he thought more of you than most other gals?'

'I believe that Richard Holding is breaking his heart for me, and only now do I understand what a man he was; but he never once spoke.'

'Never mind, my gal; knock off crying; it will all come right some day. Holding 's not good enough for you, good as he is; and as to the other fellow, we shall see—we shall see.'

Then the alderman put on his coat and hat, went down to Point, and took a waterman's boat off to the brig. On board he found Mr Preston, in the full exercise of his authority, setting the crew to work to paint the bulwarks.

'Well, sir, you see we are making her shipshape,' said the young man as his uncle stepped on board. 'When are we likely to get a cargo?'

'You tell that boy George Tinkle to be ready to scull me ashore. I want him to go up to the house. My daughter wants to see him. Knock off that painting.'

'Very well, sir, and'——

'And look here, my lad, being my sister's son, I intend to do what I can for you, so you can have the day and these five pounds—more by four than I started in the world with. At the end of that time, if you are not clear of the town and well on the road to your mother in London, who 'd best make a counter-jumper of you, I 'll take care that the impress officer has you. Now go.'

CHAPTER III.

WHAT BEFELL HOLDING.

IN ten minutes Alderman Tuffin had finished his business on the vessel and was duly sculled to the beach by the boy, who was ordered to make fast the boat and follow to the shop.

'Here, my dear, is George. Take him into the parlour and hear what he has to say, while I attend to business.'

'George, my boy, I want you to tell me how it all happened, and how you came by the letter from Captain Holding.'

'Well, it was like this. Capen 'Oldin', 'e goes down into the cabin wi' the skipper o' the frigate; then they sends for Capen Preston, and'——

'For Mr Preston, you mean, George?'

The boy looked up sharply. 'He were capen when I left the *Extenuate* a few minutes ago, anyhow, miss, until your father'——

'Maybe; but perhaps it was but a temporary command, George.'

George looked very knowingly at the girl.

'Well, missus, you ought to know, bein' in the owner's confidence like; an' o' course'——

'Never mind, George, never mind; go on with your story.'

'Well, when they was down in the cabin, presently Capen 'Oldin' comes up an' 'e goes for'ard, an' the other feller 'e'——

'You mean Mr Preston?'

'Yes, Mr Preston. 'E—I mean the man-o'-war feller—'e says, "Bundle that rascal into the boat. Get 'im out o' my ship. I wouldn't 'ave a feller like 'im." Then we whips into the boat an' shoves off; but the other fellers—I mean Mr Preston an' the sailor: that's Bill—they never takes the trouble to look round, so I sings out, "Good-bye, Capen 'Oldin'," and there I saw him leanin' over the rail right up to the last.'

'But how did you come by that letter for me? You must have had some talk with Captain Holding, and must have seen him alone to have been given that.'

'Look 'ere; ye're a sharp un, ye are. I was comin' to that; but I won't say no more unless ye tell me somethin'.'

'I don't know what you mean, boy. What do you want to know?'

'Well, ye see, miss, it's like this: is he Capen Preston?'

'Tell me truly why you ask?'

'Ye haven't got to go to sea in the brig an' be knocked about by 'im. If I tells ye the 'ole lot I don't want my 'ead knocked off.'

'My cousin will not be master of the brig.'

'Hooray! But look 'ere now, is there anything between ye? 'E's a very good fellow, ye know; though I did say hooray, I never said nothin' agen' 'im.'

The boy was looking at his owner's daughter. His head was tilted to one side and one eye closed, and such a wonderful depth of cunning was in his little wizened features that the girl, in spite of the weight at her heart, could not help laughing.

'My good boy—I believe you are a good boy—I will whisper to you: the man who has gone is worth a hundred of the man he has changed places with.'

'I knowed it! I knowed it ye was the right sort. I knowed we was right. Me and Capen 'Oldin' knowed what we was about. I'll tell ye the whole lot now.'

'Very well, George; tell your story and what it was that you and Captain Holding knew so well.'

'It was like this, ye see: while they was in the wardroom they sends for me; an' the skipper (that's Capen 'Oldin'), 'e says, says 'e, "Look 'ere, Jarge, you and me's always been friends. You take this 'ere letter, an' give it to Mistress Tuffin, an' don't let no one see ye do it. I am goin' away in this 'ere ship, 'cos I think I ain't wanted by the young woman."'

'Are you sure he said that?'

'That or very near them words. Then I says, "Well, I am goin' too. Me an' you's got on well together, an' I ain't goin' back without ye." Then 'e says, "Now, look 'ere, Jarge; off ye go without no more words. Ye 'ave got to go back an' do what ye can for a certain young woman. I depend upon ye to look after 'er."'

'Were those his exact words?'

''Em or somethin' like 'em; anyhow, I says, "Since ye put it that way, capen, I'll go."'

'Is that all?'

'No, it ain't; but the rest is what you've got to keep dark about. The skipper 'e sends for Mr Preston, and afore 'e comes aft 'e hides Capen 'Oldin' out o' sight; then 'e gets talkin' to the mate an' leads 'im on a bit, an' the mate 'e spoke very nasty about Capen 'Oldin', an' said if 'e was a man an' a friend 'e'd 'ave got 'im clear o' the frigate by that time.'

'And Captain Holding heard all this?'

'We both o' us 'eard it. Then the skipper calls on Capen 'Oldin' to come out o' his hidin', an' 'e makes Capen 'Oldin' say what 'e was after to change places wi' the mate; but the mate only laughs an' says 'Oldin' was humbuggin'; or anyhow it was a game between 'im an' the skipper o' the frigate.'

'Where were you all this time?'

'I was outside, listenin' through the skylight. Then the sentry came along and drove me into the boat; but afore I was drove away I 'eard the capen o' the man-o'-war call Mr Preston a cur and Capen 'Oldin' a man, an' I 'earl 'im say that if Mr Preston 'ad shown 'isself a man instead o' a cur 'e'd 'ave let 'em both go; but as it was, 'Oldin' was too good a man to lose and Preston too great a rascal for 'im to keep.'

'Very well, George; go back to the brig, and we will keep this a secret between ourselves.'

'All right, missus. I believe ye won't get me into no row; an' remember if ye wants anythin' I'm yer man, for Capen 'Oldin' he depends on me to be 'andy when ye're wantin' anythin'.'

Then the boy went back to the brig, and Ellen to her bedroom, there to have what women call 'a good cry.'

But 'a good cry' would have been a welcome heart-ease when a year later the *Aladdin* returned without Holding. The frigate's skipper himself called at the shop.

'I want to tell you,' he said, 'that Holding fell fighting on the deck of the Frenchman, and if the others had fought as well my boats would not have been driven off.'

[*Christmas Number.*

So to all Point, Ellen became a sour old maid, and when Alderman Tuffin died, and she carried on the business, it was said of her that she was as good as a man in it—thinking of nothing else, managing her property in ships and in ship chandlery, and even managing her manager in much shrewder fashion than had her father before her.

. . . . . .

Ten years after Holding sailed on his last voyage peace was declared, and the French prisoners from the hulks in the harbour and from Porchester Castle went home to their people; and little batches of released Englishmen landed at the seaport towns and tramped the roads to where they had left homes, only too often to find themselves forgotten, and strangers occupying the seats they had thought would be theirs.

Melancholy witness to the glory of war were these men, clad in rags, often minus a limb or an eye, pointing to their battle-scars as surely having earned them a crust or a drink, as they begged their way through the green lanes of England.

It was such an one that aroused the suspicions of Mr George Tinkle, manager for Mistress Tuffin's ship chandlery, as, hobbling by the aid of a stick over the step to the counter of the dark little shop, a one-armed, lame, unshaven, and ragged sailor asked to see Alderman Tuffin.

'Dead. What do you want?'

'Dead! Well, well, my lad! you have forgot me, I can see, and no wonder. My name is'——

'Captain Holding. Oh my!' The manager jumped over the counter and grabbed one hand and a stump, unable to utter another word, though for half-a-minute he moved Holding's arm and a half up and down in frantic endeavours to pump up whole sentences of welcome.

Some one in the shop parlour had heard and seen enough; and before Holding had time to open his mouth a woman hung upon his neck and stopped his utterances with kisses.

A few months later the sign over the ship chandlery was altered to Tuffin, Holding, & Co., and the official registry of shipping set forth that certain brigs belonging to Portsmouth were now owned by Richard Holding and wife, except for a few shares held by one George Tinkle.

GRANDMOTHER.

A RELIC of the century past and done,
Sublime in sweetness of autumnal day;
With clear, prophetic eyes to westering sun
Turned ever, as life's quicksands glide away.

No April showers or passion gusts to mar
The passage of that steadfast soul and strong;
Naught but the music of the gates ajar,
And echo of dead footsteps in life's throng.

Features in marble carved, and framed in snow,
The stately movements, and the mystic smile
Pregnant with memories of long ago,
That linger in the mind for yet awhile.

Her fluttering jewelled hands on curls of gold
Alight with gentle touch, and softly bless
The children's children, clinging as of old
To her of mighty heart and fond caress.

Still the old passionate love of love, and child,
That strengthens only as the shortening years
Temper the arm of justice. Mercy mild
Deals with the young in all their hopes and fears.

Deep wells of heart, and fathomless of soul,
Holding high converse with her blessed dead;
In wordless memory looking to that goal
God promised, in a land of glory spread.

VIOLET TWEEDALE.

A LITTLE DEAL IN SALT.

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

DUNCAN M'CASKILL'S programme when he sailed from the smoky city of Glasgow for the commercial capital of India was very clearly drawn out, so far as he was concerned. He would work hard, spend little, save much, and return to his beloved Scotland immediately he had amassed a fortune. Just how many years would be required to realise his purpose he did not venture to determine definitely; but he felt sure thirty would be ample, and he hoped it might be done in twenty-five.

His sole capital consisting of his own abilities, it may seem that he was guilty of no small presumption in framing so brilliant a prospect. However, there were certain precedents to excuse him; and, moreover, if self-confidence is ever pardonable in a young man with his way still to make, it surely was in his case.

Well born and well educated, on the death of his father he had entered on a commercial career instead of a professional one, as had been intended, and, by dint of five years of 'drudgery at the desk's dead wood,' had acquired a sound knowledge of business when the opportunity came to go out to Calcutta, and he gladly embraced it. He was now in the prime of young manhood: a stalwart, gray-eyed, curly-haired Scot, as full of grit as a block of Aberdeen granite; and no one looking upon him could imagine that, short of death itself, any obstacle would bar his way to a high place on the ladder of life.

At Calcutta a good position in the old and honourable firm of Stewart & Mackenzie awaited him, and he set himself to master its duties with his wonted promptitude and thoroughness. The hours were long and the tasks were not light in the big brick 'go-down,' yet Duncan had sufficient energy left over to undertake the study of the native language and also the gaining of some understanding of the native character, which remains a sealed book to the great majority of foreigners.

In both of these pursuits he was greatly assisted by an acquaintance he formed in a somewhat unusual way. It was his wont during the hot season to take an hour's walk before turning in; and one night, while enjoying a lonely stroll through the dark and deserted streets, there fell on his ear a sharp cry of fright that was suddenly cut short, but followed by muffled sounds bespeaking a desperate struggle. He at once rushed in the direction whence the cry had come, and found a well-dressed man beset by two ragged rascals.

Duncan, who knew very well how to use his fists, sent the footpads sprawling in the dust, and released their victim, who straightened himself up with an exclamation of thankfulness. The assailants, realising that their chance was gone, quickly disappeared into the darkness.

Duncan now ascertained that the man indebted to him for his timely aid was a Baboo employed in one of the Government offices, who rejoiced in the name of Krishna Chatterjee. They walked homewards together, and that was the beginning of a friendship between the strongly contrasted pair which proved of signal service to Duncan at a critical time in his business career.

As the Baboo was no less anxious to become proficient in English than Duncan was to conquer the difficulties of the Hindu tongue, they arranged to assist each other in study, with the result that both made very satisfactory progress. Besides thus assisting Duncan in acquiring the language, Chatterjee was his guide and interpreter in regard to the life of the people, so that in a few months he had a better knowledge of them than many a European long resident in the country.

Although the way was open to him, Duncan did not go into society. His office-work and his studies absorbed his time, and he was satisfied to remain in social obscurity until one day the sudden glimpse of a face disturbed his content, and set novel thoughts moving in his mind.

In company with Chatterjee he had attended an opium auction, not as a prospective purchaser but simply as a spectator, the Baboo having told him that the sight was well worth seeing. He found that his friend had spoken truly, for it was indeed a curious spectacle. The auction took place in a large hall, where the chests of the drug were put up in lots and sold to the highest bidder.

The hall was filled with a strangely assorted crowd of Hindus, Mussulmans, Jews, Parsees, Eurasians, and Europeans, every countenance wearing an expression of intense eagerness, as if lives rather than rupees were at stake. Not only so, but outside the hall, below the windows, another crowd had assembled, all showing the same terrible eagerness as those within, and making an awful din. The outsiders were not buyers, Chatterjee explained; their business was to bet on the results of each sale, which was communicated to them the instant the hammer fell.

After watching the auction for a while, Duncan found the temptation to venture a bid

growing so strong upon him that he went out on to a small balcony overhanging the street, and was looking at the noisy throng below, when two ladies appeared on a similar balcony. They were evidently sightseers like himself, one being a matron of middle age, the other a girl just emerging from her teens.

After surveying the pandemonium beneath with a smile of amusement, the younger lady chanced to glance towards the balcony where Duncan stood with his gaze fixed upon her. For an instant their eyes met, and then she turned to make a hasty remark to her companion, while a rosy flush suffused her cheek, for there was no misreading the frank admiration which Duncan's look expressed.

A moment later both ladies withdrew from the balcony, but Duncan remained as if rooted to the spot. Those beautiful blue eyes had pierced him to the heart like veritable arrows of Cupid. He experienced mingled sensations of pleasure and pain that were utterly new to him; and, hurriedly excusing himself to the Baboo, who was sorely puzzled at his odd behaviour, he rushed off to seek solitude for self-communion.

A fortnight later he was taking a walk after sundown on the Maidan, and had turned aside from the crowded 'course.' He preferred one of the quiet intersecting drives for his stroll, and was about the middle of it when a horse came dashing towards him at a furious pace. 'The brute has bolted!' he exclaimed, taking in the situation at a glance, and instantly he set himself to arrest the runaway if he could.

The rider was a young lady who, although she had lost control of her mount, had not lost control of herself, but sat erect and firm in the saddle, pulling hard upon the reins. Making a quick spring when the flying horse was opposite him, Duncan happily succeeded in seizing the bridle with both hands; and, in spite of being dragged for some distance in the dust, and struck more than once by the iron-shod hoofs, he gallantly retained his hold until the struggling animal had been brought to a standstill. Only then did he look up to see to whom he had rendered this timely service, and his surprise and delight may be imagined when he found himself face to face with the girl he had seen on the balcony at the opium auction. His hat had been knocked off in the tussle with the horse, and his clothes were much disordered and dusty, so that he felt very uncomfortable as the blue eyes were once more fixed upon him.

'You have probably saved my life,' she said in a tone of heartfelt gratitude, 'and I do not know how I can thank you. My mare foolishly took fright at one of those noisy wedding processions, and bolted with me, leaving my escort away behind. There he comes now as fast as his big "waler" will carry him.'

'But you,' Duncan stammered, for he was not half as much at ease as the fair speaker; 'will you not dismount and let me get a carriage for you?'

'Not at all,' she replied, with a musical laugh of gay unconcern. 'Tara has recovered her wits and won't behave so badly again.'

As she spoke her escort lumbered up, a middle-aged gentleman very red of countenance, anxious-looking, and confused of speech. She listened to his awkward apologies with an indulgent smile, and then, turning to Duncan, gave him a radiant look that thrilled him with delight as she said, 'My father will want to know to whom I am so deeply indebted.'

Duncan, blushing very much, gave his name, adding, 'I am in the employ of Stewart and Mackenzie.'

At this a shadow seemed to flit over the young lady's countenance for an instant, and it was in a perceptibly more restrained tone that she responded, 'Then you must be one of my father's clerks. I am Miss Mackenzie.'

The words struck a chill to Duncan's heart, for they at once revealed the folly of the dreams in which he had permitted himself to indulge. Between him and his employer's daughter there was a great gulf fixed which it would be hard for him to bridge.

His face must have betrayed his feelings, for there was a certain accent of compassion in Miss Mackenzie's voice when she brought the conversation to a close by saying, 'My father will thank you himself, Mr M'Caskill; and now I must bid you good-evening.—Come, Mr Summers, we shall return home.' Then, giving her mare a flick with the dainty riding-whip, she cantered off, leaving Duncan in a state of profound dejection at this summary smashing of his 'castle in Spain.'

On the following morning he was called into Mr Mackenzie's private office to receive the thanks of his employer, who sought to know if they might not be expressed in some tangible form. But to this Duncan would not listen. For reasons that the grim, grizzled old merchant never imagined, he was only too happy to have been Miss Mackenzie's rescuer, and desired no other reward. On the impulse of the moment Mr Mackenzie invited Duncan to dine with him that evening, and it need hardly be said that the invitation was eagerly accepted.

Miss Mackenzie, an only child and motherless, was the chief object of her father's love and pride. She presided over his stately mansion with remarkable grace and dignity; and, after the manner of doting parents, he desired for her some brilliant alliance when the time to marry should come. Meanwhile he was content to have her at home, brightening and solacing his life, that would otherwise have been a lone and dreary one.

The charming young hostess received Duncan with such cordiality that he was soon at his ease and conducting himself so as to make an

exceedingly good impression. Being the only guest, he had a clear field; and when, after the sumptuous and somewhat solemn dinner was over, they went out on the wide veranda, while her father enjoyed his post-prandial cigar, Duncan chatted away to Miss Mackenzie with a degree of ease and vivacity that quite surprised himself.

The evening passed like a pleasant dream, and on the way back to his bachelor chambers Duncan permitted himself to revel in rosy imaginings without stint.

Next morning, however, sober reason reasserted her sway, and in the prosaic atmosphere of the office matters assumed a very different aspect.

'It is utter folly my being carried away like this,' he said to himself. 'There is no more chance of my ever winning Miss Mackenzie than of my being appointed Governor-General.'

Yet, while admitting this, he diligently sought opportunity of meeting her, and was now and then rewarded by success. Indeed, the acquaintance between them ripened rapidly, all unknown to her father, who would have taken summary means to interfere if he had received a hint.

Such, then, was the position of affairs when some months later alarming news came to Mr Mackenzie from Glasgow. His partner Mr Stewart, who directed that branch of the business, had died suddenly, leaving matters in an involved condition of which Mr Mackenzie had not hitherto had the slightest inkling; and as the presence of the surviving partner was imperatively required in Glasgow, Duncan, to his great surprise, was placed in charge of the Calcutta branch, with full power of attorney to act as he thought best in the interests of the firm.

That his employer felt so much confidence in him naturally enough filled him with joy and pride; but later information that Aileen was to accompany her father fell like a damper on his high spirits.

The fates, however, kindly granted him one more opportunity of meeting Aileen before her departure; and, although no definite avowal of love took place, there were words spoken in significant tones and looks full of meaning exchanged which lifted him into the seventh heaven, and no doubt explained the radiant face that Aileen bore away from the brief interview.

When the Mackenzies had started by train for Bombay, Duncan realised the heavy responsibility resting upon him, and determined to devote himself to business with an assiduity that would leave no loophole for neglect.

For some time past his intimacy with Chatterjee had languished owing to his absorption in the quest of opportunities to meet Miss Mackenzie; but, now that an end had come to all that, he sought out the Baboo again, and their companionship was resumed.

One evening Chatterjee, who was a clerk in the Revenue Department of the Government, dropped in upon Duncan at his rooms. It was evident from the expression on his plump, swarthy countenance that he had something very important on his mind.

Duncan, who was no less apt in understanding human character than in forecasting the movements of trade, perceived the Baboo's agitation; but he discreetly refrained from saying anything to show that he did so. Offering the most comfortable chair, one of his best cheroots, and something cool and fizzy in a tumbler, he awaited developments.

After some casual conversation, the Baboo, fixing his small dark eyes upon Duncan, asked him, 'Do you deal largely in salt?'

'Oh yes,' responded Duncan, marvelling a little at the question; 'we handle a good many thousand tons in the course of the year.'

'Is the supply of salt in Calcutta at present very big?' was the next question.

'Why, no,' answered Duncan, raising himself from his reclining position and looking all alert; 'as it happens, it isn't. The stock is unusually low; but there are several cargoes on the way, I believe.'

'Could you manage to buy them all up inside of twenty-four hours?' Chatterjee asked, his lips trembling as they framed the question.

Duncan sprang to his feet and stood in front of the Hindu with the penetrating gaze of his clear gray eyes fastened upon the speaker's face.

'What are you driving at, Chatterjee?' he cried. 'Why should I buy up all those cargoes if I can?'

'Because—because,' stammered the Baboo, 'you will make many lacs of rupees if you do; and, being your friend, I want you to do that.'

Duncan was completely taken aback, and knew not what to say. Evidently the Baboo had given him a tip of the utmost importance; and although he craved fuller particulars, he realised that he had no right to demand them. He must act upon the Delphic utterance he had received or let the golden opportunity go by unimproved.

There followed an awkward pause, broken only by Chatterjee rising and saying he must go.

Duncan urged him to prolong his visit; but he was not to be persuaded, and took himself off, leaving the young Scot alone to ponder over the curious counsel he had received. Little sleep came to him that night. Hour after hour, tossing on his bed or pacing the room, he wrestled with the perplexing problem. It would be assuming a tremendous responsibility for him to undertake so large a transaction on behalf of the firm, and if disastrous loss resulted his future would be blasted beyond hope of recovery. Yet the more he turned the matter over in his mind the more strongly inclined he felt to act upon

the Baboo's mysterious hint; and so it came about that by the advent of dawn he had decided to make the venture.

Accordingly he spent the whole day among the different firms who had salt in store or on the way; and ere sundown he had secured the entire stock at the current price, the high credit enjoyed by Stewart & Mackenzie enabling him to arrange easy terms of settlement.

He saw nothing of Chatterjee that evening; but on the following morning when he opened his *Englishman* the significance of the Baboo's advice was revealed, for it contained an official proclamation doubling the duty on salt, which was already no light one. Duncan could hardly contain himself for joy. By the terms of the proclamation all cargoes on the high seas were exempt from the increase, and the success of his big venture was therefore assured.

He was still conning the proclamation, every word of which added a drop to his cup of happiness, when Chatterjee entered the room, and, to his astonishment, was received with a hug that quite took the breath out of his plump body.

'You dear old chap,' Duncan exclaimed enthusiastically, 'that was a splendid tip you gave me. I've secured every ton of salt in sight or on the way, and will make a fine thing out of it for the firm. I can never thank you enough.'

The Baboo's eyes shone, and a delighted smile irradiated his swarthy features.

'Say nothing about it, my friend,' he replied in a meaning tone. 'I am glad you followed my advice. That is all.'

Duncan was too shrewd not to understand and obey. When he reached the office—and he made a point of being a little later than usual—he found it full of merchants in a state of great excitement. They had many pertinent inquiries to make, and also some impertinent suggestions to volunteer; but Duncan maintained a serene composure which baffled them all, so that they presently withdrew, leaving him master of the situation.

The outcome of it all was that within a week he had disposed of his entire holdings of salt at a profit exceeding four lacs of rupees, and he thereupon determined to put his fate to the touch.

Making arrangements accordingly for the conduct of the business during his absence, he set out for Glasgow, bearing with him the fortune just made, and of which Mr Mackenzie was still ignorant.

When he reached Glasgow a month later, and presented himself at the firm's office, his employer was in consternation, thinking that some disaster had befallen the Calcutta establishment.

'Why are you here, M'Caskill?' he demanded tremulously. 'Do you bring bad news?'

'No, indeed, sir,' responded Duncan; and drawing forth bills of exchange for many thousands of pounds, he placed them in the hands of the astonished merchant. 'I bring good news. These bills represent the profit made for you out of a venture in salt that I succeeded in carrying through.' Then, while Mr Mackenzie listened with bated breath, he detailed the whole transaction.

'You ran a great risk, young man; but there need be nothing said of that now, as you did so well. I may tell you that you've saved the firm of Stewart & Mackenzie.'

Then Duncan was in turn surprised to hear of the alarming state of affairs Mr Mackenzie had found on his return to Glasgow, and how in his endeavour to straighten things out he had almost reached the limit of his resources. The timely receipt of the large amount brought by Duncan would, however, enable him to adjust everything satisfactorily.

'And now,' asked Mr Mackenzie at the conclusion of his story, 'what reward do you expect for what you have done for me?'

Duncan's heart stood still at the question. The supreme moment had come with unexpected suddenness. His mind was clear enough as to the reward he sought; but now that he had to make it known his tongue failed him. At last, with a tremendous effort, he stammered out, 'I would ask permission, sir, to pay my addresses to your daughter.'

Mr Mackenzie fairly bounded in his chair.

'To pay your addresses to my daughter? Why'—— But at this point he checked himself, and after a pause, continued in a milder tone: 'Are you not asking a great deal, young man, even though my daughter may be indebted to you for saving her life, and I for the saving of my firm from bankruptcy?'

'I fully realise that, sir,' responded Duncan in a modest tone; 'but I love your daughter with all my heart, and would devote my life to making her happy.'

'And does Miss Mackenzie return your love?' asked the father, fixing his keen glance upon him.

'I have never presumed to speak of it to her,' he answered. 'I simply beg your permission to present my suit.'

The upshot of it was that Mr Mackenzie, without committing himself, consented to consult his daughter, and to consider the matter further. On conferring with Aileen he ascertained that, though Duncan had said truly that there had been no avowal, her heart was already won. So, like a wise and loving parent, he decided to put no obstacle in the way.

Thus it came about that Duncan returned to India not only as the promised husband of Aileen Mackenzie, but as junior partner in the firm; and when in due time he had an establishment of his own, one of the most welcome guests thereat was a sleek Baboo, by name Krishna Chatterjee.

FIRESIDE PATRIOTS.

By S. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

CHAPTER I.

T was a cold and dreary winter day. The sky and the sea, and the huddled-together houses of the little town, were all equally gray and sombre. Where the sullen waves fell on the sands, sea-birds screamed as they dipped into the water; then, white as the snowflakes that drifted before the wind, they darted towards the lowering sky. It was a piercing wind that swept round the street corners, dying away and then rising again, driving the snow in eddies before it.

Very silent and empty were the streets till the church door opened and a stream of people passed through the churchyard to scatter east and west, eager to reach the shelter of their homes. Yet, as they passed the post-office, the majority lingered, if but for an instant, to read the last war bulletin. The scant notice, 'No further news from the front,' brought relief as well as some disappointment. The crowd was curiously silent: those who had read the words quietly gave place to others. Hearts that day were too heavy for speech. The past week had brought grave misfortune to our armies in South Africa, and this Sunday had been set apart for special prayer for those engaged in active service. Surely every heart had been bowed down in sorrow, for the little town had suffered severely. The old doctor's son had fallen on the fatal field of Magersfontein; every one knew the lad and loved him, and he was gone never to return. Then Haggarty the sweep, a much-respected man, had lost his grandson; and Jamie Lauder, who had run away last year and enlisted rather than serve behind the counter, was reported as severely wounded.

Truly the shadow of war lay dark over the town; and although the minister had done his best to comfort and encourage his people, he felt, as he watched them slowly disperse, that he had failed. The service had ended with the playing of 'God Save the Queen,' the congregation standing in silent and prayerful reverence. With strange and new meaning the familiar tune had pealed through the old church, unaccompanied by joyous singing, as a dirge full of solemn significance.

In all the congregation, perhaps Miss Euphemia Keppie was the only one who felt but little interest in the war. She knew no one in South Africa; she never read the newspapers or conversed with intelligent people on public events, which were beyond her ken. Yet even her sympathy had been stirred—whose would not have been by the great wave of feeling that, in sweeping over the Empire, had not failed to touch even so unimportant a place as the little village of Sauchiebay?

Miss Keppie could hardly escape hearing something about the war, for her maid Maggie was eager to repeat every scrap of news, and received the earliest information every morning from her friend, John the milkman. During the day constant errands to the grocer's, conveniently round the corner, enabled her to discover if fresh telegrams had been received, and what rumours convulsed London society. Miss Phemie listened, as she listened to all gossip, grateful for any diversion that helped to wile away the long day. The old lady's life was a very lonely one, her unceasing efforts to be genteel preventing her from finding occupation in any work of interest or seeking any opportunity of enjoying the society of her neighbours, some of whom were poorer folk than herself, whilst others were in a position that her humility prevented her from approaching. In her long life no key had yet been found to unlock her heart to the many who are ever ready to give, as well as to accept, sympathy.

This Sunday, however, she found herself disturbed by unexpected emotions. The special service in the church had touched her deeply. For the first time in her life her soul, which had surely fallen into a slumber akin to death, had wakened, stirred by an enthusiasm for her native land; and she found herself distressed by the thought that when all had been called upon to play their part there seemed no part for her to play. It was true she could give to the Shilling Fund: she was impatient for Monday to come and allow her to despatch a postal order to the *Scotsman* office. Maggie had already plainly hinted that she should send at least two shillings; but Miss Phemie had snubbed her, saying she preferred helping the heathen, as she knew more about them, and considered them to be more deserving than the wives and children of soldiers. The minister that morning having opened her eyes, she now hurriedly calculated the amount she could afford to send: five or even ten shillings. Agitated by feelings such as had never troubled her before, poor little Miss Keppie hurried up the lane towards her house, forgetting her usual dignity, much to the surprise of her neighbours.

'Eh, but Miss Keppie is no' hersel' the day!' exclaimed the cobbler's wife to an acquaintance who had stopped at her door for a gossip.

'Na, she isna. She 's no' weel, I 'm thinkin'.'

'It 's gey cauld to be oot, puir body. I doot Maggie disna' tak' care o' her,' said the cobbler's wife.

It was with relief that the old lady reached her own gate and caught sight of Maggie's ruddy face at the parlour window. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Miss Keppie never stepped along the narrow path leading to her door without her heart swelling with pride at the knowledge that the dainty house, with the trim garden and the tiny lawn, was her own property—her own, and vastly superior to the red-tiled cottages over the way, and quite in keeping with the larger villas that showed behind the trees in their gardens, and were occupied by such very superior people as the chief chemist in the town and a retired military man.

We each of us, surely, possess at least one idol—set up it may be in public for all the world to flout at, or perhaps hidden away in a secret place, but none the less sacred—on which we lavish our affections, pouring out our devotion and admiration without stint, and spending on it all our spare cash and also our spare time. Roseville was Miss Phemie's idol. Being fairly well off, she could afford to keep the little house spick-and-span. The garden was as dainty as the drawing-room, and both were too precious in her eyes to be ever fully enjoyed. This idol, like most idols, gave but little in return for all the care bestowed on it. No pleasure was to be got from the garden: the weeds would come up faster than the flowers, the cats invaded it, snails considered it their own, and boys—horrid boys!—stole the roses. As for the drawing-room, stuffed with useless nicknacks, it required endless attention, yet was too seldom used to allow its cold dignity to thaw into snug comfort.

Perhaps the only pleasure the old lady fully enjoyed was the society of her cheerful, talkative maid. The girl had come to her with poor recommendations; she appeared too young to be useful, and far too stout and ruddily healthy to be quite genteel. The critical old maid was sure that she would be flighty, and that in a month's time it would be necessary to dismiss her; but she proved to be honest, clever, and kind-hearted, and a fixture she became. After a year Miss Keppie went so far as to whisper into the ears of her lady callers that she believed Maggie might, in time, turn out to be a treasure, though she would not fine-down, but became stouter and ruddier, and more and more boisterous, as she became more at home in Roseville.

Maggie was a good girl, and as she saw her mistress come up the path she ran to meet her with a word of welcome. A hot dinner was on the table; and as she waited, Maggie with kindly chatter encouraged Miss Phemie to eat. Then she cleared the table, made up a fire fit to roast a leg of mutton, and went to her own solitary meal of broken meats with heart light enough to enjoy even poorer fare.

Now, left alone by the parlour fire, the old lady did not sink into her usual Sunday nap. She grew restless and sighed many times with impatience; the missionary magazines for once failed to play their part in helping her through the long, quiet afternoon. It seemed as if the words of the sermon would not let her rest; the sad music still sounded in her ears, and it was impossible to forget the bowed heads and tearful eyes of those who mourned for dear ones they would never see again. At last the hands of the clock drew near to the hour of four, when it was her habit to visit the kitchen and talk with Maggie while the kettle boiled for tea. To-day she could not wait for the clock to strike; so, after wandering about the room in an aimless fashion, she softly opened the door and slipped into the kitchen.

Maggie was evidently startled, and with a hurried movement she turned to the dresser as if to hide something she held in her hand.

'Why, Maggie,' exclaimed Miss Keppie in tones that for her were severe, 'do I see you knitting on Sunday?'

'Oh, mem! I 'm no' knittin'. I 'm just takin' a luik at my wark, an' maybe countin' the stitches. I 'm puttin' it by till the morn.'

Before the girl could cross to where her work-basket stood, the half-knitted sock was taken from her hand, and she saw with surprise her mistress handle it with flushed cheeks and eyes bright with interest.

'Why, Maggie, is this a stocking for a soldier? I see it is of the strange new colour which I believe is called khaki. I am told the soldiers prefer it to any other shade.'

'Ay, it 's what they ca' karkay. They 're sayin' it 's the verra colour o' the Boers theirsels, an' so oor men are no' like to be a' shot gin they wear it a' ower them.'

'Your knitting is excellent, Maggie—most excellent, I am sure, firm and close. Does it take a long time to knit a pair of stockings?'

'Weel, no' sae verra long. But it 's no' stockin's, but socks—juist socks. Div ye no' ken men dinna wear stockin's same 's womenfolk, but juist socks?'

'Ah, I see! just socks. They are quite short; but I dare say they take a long time to knit, and are quite as difficult.' The old lady went on asking questions with a pertinacity that made the girl wonder.

''Deed, no!' she cried out with some indignation. She began to fear that her mistress was in one of her tiresome moods, and meant to find fault with her for spending time knitting instead of doing her proper work. ''Deed, no! I tak' them up whiles, when my wark is dune

for the day, or it may be when I'm waitin' on you to finish your denner an' let me redd-up for the efternoon.'

'And does this strange-coloured worsted cost more than ordinary worsted?'

Maggie was now sure of a scolding, always unpleasant even when mild. She expected to be reprimanded for wasting her money as well as her time; but she also had learnt to scold, and so take the wind out of her gentle mistress's sails, as it were. An easy matter!

'Hoots! dinna ye fash yersel',' she cried out impatiently. 'Nae hairm 's dune to you or to me, nor time or siller thrown awa'. I was passin' by Forsyth's shop on Monday, or it may be Tuesday, an' I saw in the windy a bit notice. It was to say that a' patriotic women were ca'd upon to gi'e a hand to the knittin' o' socks for oor men at the front—wool an' needles an' directions provided within. Five hunner they ask for by the month end. An' if a' they say be true, they are like to get twice five hunner. Forsyth's was fu' o' folk, gentle an' semple, ready for the wark. I 'm no' ane to be ca'd patriotic—I never had aught to say to a soger; no, but I 've kent a volunteer. But where 's the hairm o' sendin' warm socks to the puir lads in South Africa, an' winter comin' on?' She stopped, throwing a questioning and defiant glance at her mistress, daring her to say a word of disapproval.

Far from being displeased, however, Miss Keppie had listened with keen attention, for it seemed to her that here was help in the difficulty that had bothered her all the afternoon. Socks were urgently wanted: why should she not knit a pair? Eagerly and shyly she answered Maggie:

'This is most praiseworthy. I am greatly pleased to hear of Forsyth's liberality. Only this morning the minister reminded us that it was our duty to do all we could to encourage the brave men who are fighting for their Queen and country. Do you think, Maggie, I could knit a pair of khaki socks?'

'Knit! Did ye ever try it afore?'

'Yes, many years ago. I used to knit for charity. I have never knitted men's socks; but if you would kindly teach me I believe I could make a pair.'

'Teach you! What for no'? A lass o' six 'll learn gin she be willin'. I 'll teach you the morn. I 'll fetch baith the wool an' the wires when I 'm roun' at the grocer's. You 'll learn fine.'

Quite a cheerful old lady sipped her tea by the fire that afternoon, dreaming of the socks that were to grow under her hand, and wondering how they would voyage across the sea, whose feet they would keep warm on some African battlefield.

In time the socks were finished.

'They do look very large,' said the old lady as she smoothed them out on her knee. 'Are you sure men have such big feet?'

'Losh me!' gasped Maggie. 'Big feet! They 're fair monsters. They 'll only fit a laddie. I was feared to cast on ower mony stitches in case ye ne'er saw an end to them.' Then, very willing to find a reason to take her to Forsyth's pleasant shop, she added, 'Gi'e them to me. I 'll mak' them up in a bit paper parcel an' tak' them roun'.'

'No, Maggie,' said Miss Keppie very firmly; 'I shall do that myself. Go to the kitchen. I think I hear a sound as if the kettle were boiling over.'

Maggie had to go. Half-an-hour later she saw Miss Keppie set out with a neat parcel in her hand.

'The auld leddy is real independent the day,' said the maid to herself.

CHAPTER II.

NIGHT had fallen on the African veldt: a winter's night, cold and dark. Through the gloom two lines of rails were indistinctly to be seen trailing across the vast grassy plain like a snake, and leading to a wayside station that lay as solitarily as a raft adrift on a wide sea. Along these lines, from time to time, trains thundered in hot haste, bearing diverse burdens to and from the seat of war. Those going to the front carried men from every part of the Empire, and these men went onward singing, shouting, and light-hearted, impatient of delay; but the trains that returned were laden with a sad burden of sick and wounded, who sought comfort in the sweet faces of the nurses and in the kindly voices of the doctors, ever ready to cheer and strengthen their weary patients. So hearts lightened and hope returned as they were carried ever onwards on flying wheels, hastening towards the life-giving sea, and the ship that was to bear them homewards.

In the vast desolation the station lay as an oasis of civilisation: lights twinkled, human voices called to one another, and a fire in the stationmaster's tiny cabin glowed in kindly comfort, sending gleams of light across the shining lines of railway—the all-important lines of communication—stretching far into the darkness. The little room seemed fairly to palpitate with warmth and good cheer, as a human heart warmed with kindness in a world of weary men.

The stationmaster came and went, busy over the packing of trucks that stood in a siding; he never crossed the threshold without saying a word to a young fellow who dozed by the fire with an empty pipe in his mouth; he had been there since the afternoon of the previous day, waiting for a train to carry him

south. Although dressed in dusty and torn khaki uniform, he was not a regular soldier; an experienced eye would guess that easily. Any one with knowledge of the country might have pronounced him to be colonial-born; but that was not so; he had come to Africa when a child of five or six, and his father was a canny Scot who, with the help of a good wife, had done well on a small farm in Cape Colony. The wife died, leaving her son to her husband's care; and three or four years before the opening of this story the father also died. Then Dick was left alone in the world—that is, without kith or kin that he knew of, but with plenty of true friends. He found it advisable to let the farm to one of these friends; and when war broke out he readily enlisted in one of the newly raised regiments, and fought for his adopted country and the old flag. After seeing some hard fighting and a great deal of still harder campaigning, he was struck by a stray bullet when reconnoitring. He had lain for a month or so in hospital and, being now recovered from his wound, had been dismissed on sick-leave.

The kind-hearted stationmaster had heard his story with sympathy, and had done all in his power to make the long wait at the station pleasant for him.

'Going home?' he asked as he stepped in at the door and seated himself at his desk.

'Home?' questioned the other, wondering just what was meant by the word.

'Home—to the old country?' and Mr Doig's voice softened.

'Well, no. I have no friends there.' Then Dick sat silent, asking himself where he could find a home in which he might enjoy rest and be cared for. The stationmaster was also silent, thinking of the wife and babies he longed to be with, until a shout made him rise with a growl and go out once more into the darkness. Perhaps it was his loneliness, or perhaps only the draught from the open door, that made Dick shiver and draw closer to the fire. Then he remembered a small packet the kindly nurse had given him when he had reluctantly said good-bye to her, and left the hospital and her care: he felt at that moment very home-sick for the hospital. She had told him the packet contained some warm things that might be of use to him, as, above all, he must guard against chills. Wearily and painfully he dragged his bundle towards him, and, searching in it, found a somewhat tattered brown-paper parcel. He opened it and unrolled a knitted scarf, out of which fell a packet of tobacco that brought a smile of gladness on his thin lips; then, neatly tied together, a pair of worsted socks of khaki colour. These last pleased him, but not so much as the tobacco; so he sniffed at it with great relish and knew it to be good. He rejoiced as he filled his pipe. It had been hard to resist asking Doig for some from his scant hoard, and the thought of the long hours to be spent in the train without the solace of a smoke had weighed heavily on him.

With the thick, clean socks lying on his knees, he became aware that his feet were indecently and uncomfortably clad. Slowly he removed all that remained of a pair of heavy boots, and, stretching his feet to the fire, looked with disgust at the remains of a pair of cotton socks that lay in hard folds about his ankles; they had given way both at the heels and toes long since. He drew on his new possessions with a sigh of comfort; warm and soft, they promised him great ease. But, hullo! what was this that, scratching his toe, made him wince and quickly draw the sock off his left foot? He turned it inside out, and a small white calling-card fell to the ground. He picked this up, and, turning it over, read these words, neatly printed on one side: 'Miss Euphemia Keppie, Roseville, Sauchiebay, Fife;' and underneath the name, in handwriting dainty as the silky lines that go to the making of a cobweb, 'A small offering to one of our heroes.'

'Hero?' he exclaimed. 'I'm dashed if I am a hero! You are out of it this time, Miss Euphemia Keppie. A miserable sick dog, and no hero; but he that finds keeps. Miss Euphemia Keppie!' his bitter voice softened as he pronounced the woman's name. 'She must be a good sort, even if she be high-falutin'—like the girl who handed in the fruit at the station window, and cried out it was for the bravest of the brave,' he murmured, twitching his toes in the socks and puffing the fragrant tobacco. 'She must have sense too, for she put in the 'baccy alongside the worsted things.' It was natural that he should think they all came from the same hand, but it was the nurse who had provided the tobacco, knowing he would suffer sorely when his own small supply was exhausted. However, in his ignorance, he dwelt on the pleasant-sounding name of Euphemia, and blessed her as he pictured a fair and gracious girl, with a soft heart for a soldier. He felt more than content. Euphemia Keppie, Sauchiebay, Fife. He repeated the name over and over again, and it seemed to him to be not wholly unfamiliar. Sauchiebay, Fife! Surely his father had often told him of the village by the sea where he had grown up and married his wife? Yes, the name was Sauchiebay, and it was a village in Fife. The old man had loved to talk of his native land, trying to impress his son with a desire to go home one day and visit his birthplace, for Dick had been born in a red-tiled cottage overlooking the links, within sound of the sea.

'Hullo, matey!' a voice shouted at the door, and a young fellow came in and walked straight to the fire. 'It is a cold night—fit to make a fellow relish a blaze such as you have here!'

'Ay, ay,' answered Dick, and he made room for the new-comer, who settled himself on an

empty case, and, filling his pipe, remarked cheerily, 'Waiting for the train?'

'Yes; it is due to-night—some time.'

'Going home?'

'You too,' muttered Dick 'It is always "going home," as if a fellow could go nowhere else.'

'No offence,' said the man.

'All right,' growled Dick, trying to be more friendly.

'Why, all you sick men—sick and wounded—are in a scorching hurry to get home. They say there is nothing like a sea-voyage for curing a fellow.'

'Why, yes, that is true,' mused Dick. 'That is what they kept telling me—nurse and doctor: "A sea-voyage will set you up. You won't know yourself when you reach the old country. The best cure for you is to go home."'

'I'd take a turn at sickness myself to have the chance of a trip home, all expenses paid, flags and bands and pretty girls awaiting you,' said the man; but he looked as if the chance was not likely to be given him.

'Do you come from Scotland?' questioned Dick. 'Do you happen to know a part they call Fife?'

'Fife! Man, what are you talking about? I was born and bred in Fife. But, you—you are no' frae Fife?'

'Why, yes, I fancy I must be. I have been told that I was born in a town called Sauchiebay, Fifeshire, Scotland.'

'Sauchiebay! Losh me! Did you say Sauchiebay?'

'I did. Sauchiebay; that is the name of the town. Do you happen to know it?'

'Town! I wouldna' ca' it a town. Man, it is but a bit o' a village, no' to be compared wi' Kirkcaldy. I come frae Kirkcaldy.' He made this announcement with a shining face; but Dick did not respond, not knowing Kirkcaldy. The man went on: 'I was born and bred in the lang toon o' Kirkcaldy.' His accent grew more and more Scottish, making it difficult for the colonial to follow, as he murmured on and on, recalling his far-away past. 'Born and bred there, and I am prood o't. I served my time on the railway; then a chance came, and I took it, and here I am in this weary land scraping together the needful to take me home again some fine day or other: home to Kirkcaldy! Ay, I ken Sauchiebay. I'd go there whiles, when a laddie, to veesit a cousin o' my mither. She's deid langsyne. It's no' a bad place, is Sauchiebay; but, mind I'm telling ye, it's no' to compeer wi' Kirkcaldy. So you're aff tae Sauchiebay? You'll be there afore me.'

Dick sat wondering. That night fate seemed to have knotted a tangle of threads round the name of Sauchiebay. The father he had dearly loved often talked to him of its beauty. The fair and kindly Euphemia Keppie lived there, and this chance acquaintance spoke of it with familiarity.

'Yes, I am on my way home,' he answered, with sudden decision.

He carefully stowed away the little card in his pocket, and then gathered together his belongings, for they had both risen to their feet, becoming aware of a great noise that came out of the darkness, ever growing louder and louder, shaking the silence of the veldt and making the little cabin rattle as if it danced in the lap of a baby earthquake.

'Here she comes!' cried out the man from Kirkcaldy, and he shouldered his way past Dick and disappeared down the length of the platform.

Stretched in a railway carriage, trying to sleep and ever awakened by uneasy dreams, Dick spent the rest of the night and the long day that followed. He had made a decision, and he never swerved from it. A sea-voyage he had been told by every one who had offered him advice was the best cure for a sick and wounded man, and a trip home was the easiest way of securing it. Surely he could do nothing better than carry out his father's wish, and visit his native land. A rather inferior village the man had called it. Well, what matter? A village was good enough for him. He would there find Euphemia the fair, the admirer of soldiers. She had called him a hero. He was no hero. Perhaps she would be kind. Had she not sent him warm socks and tobacco of the best? He sighed with content, and drifted into sleep, pleasantly haunted by a vision of a gracious and beautiful girl.

He was a sick and weary man when he at last reached Capetown. Somewhat mechanically he threw in his lot with others, sick and wounded like himself, and with their help secured a passage on a homeward-bound trooper. That same night they went on board, and he woke the next morning to find himself rocked in the kindly arms of old ocean.

CHAPTER III.

SURELY no man can feel his birthplace strange to him, even although he has spent but a few years of scarce conscious childhood in it. Surely when he returns to it he must feel some harmony with the surroundings that shaped his earliest thoughts, where he first woke to conscious knowledge of life and opened his eyes to the wonders of the world around him.

It was late on a summer afternoon when Dick first arrived at Sauchiebay; the train left him, with one or two other passengers, and took its leisurely way through the green links, alongside golden sands. He stood and looked round him, over the sunny Forth that lay a blue haze of

light, melting into the softer blue overhead; he drank in long breaths of the caller air, and he knew it to be strangely familiar. This was *home*, although he was but a stranger. He recalled the far-off, well-known land, and surely it was but a foreign country; this was *home*, and he was well content.

He was tired; the long journey from Southampton had worn him out, yet he had never been tempted to linger on the way. His mind, enfeebled by ill-health, had remained clear but on one point, and that was to reach Sauchiebay and there find rest. There was quite a stir of excitement at the station when a man in shabby khaki uniform stepped out of the train. He alone was indifferent. In quite an unconscious fashion he hailed a small boy and asked him to direct him to an hotel.

'Ye 'll be wanting the Ship Inn?' questioned the lad, with a glance round to discover if any of his familiars were on the spot to see him speak with a soldier from the front.

'The Ship Inn. All right; lead the way,' Dick answered.

With somewhat uncertain steps he followed the boy; he was utterly exhausted. A virtuous woman cried out, 'He is drunk!' and dragged her staring child from him, scolding her for looking at such a deplorable sight. Other folk, with more discerning eyes, saw that he was ill, and pitied him.

Out in the street Dick paused and looked round him. Again it seemed familiar. He called out to the boy:

'Can you tell me where Miss Keppie lives?' He had a great longing for a kindlier welcome than the mere hospitality of the Ship Inn.

The lad stared; his slow brains could not grasp the idea of Miss Keppie and a shabby, dusty soldier.

'Do you know? You don't. Go on. No doubt they can tell me at the hotel. March, quick.'

'I ken fine,' drawled the boy. 'There 's her hoose up yon wynd.'

'Her house? Take me to it. I suppose it is because you are a Scotchy you are so slow. I never came across anything slower outside a home for incurables.'

The boy grinned. Anything said by a hero is pleasant to hear. Then a gleam of intelligence illuminated his stolid face, and he called out, pointing to a girl who disappeared round a corner in front of them:

'Div ye see yon lass? Weel, yon is Mistress Keppie's Maggie. Keep yer e'e on her an' she 'll tak' ye to the hoose.'

'All right, my man; she will be my guide. You can carry my traps to the inn—the Ship Inn you called it? Wait there for me.'

A few steps brought Dick round the corner, and before him he saw a girl in a fresh pink gown and white apron, and with a white cap jauntily stuck on her brown and very curly hair. She opened the gate of a garden that was gay with roses.

'Roseville,' he read as he reached it, and paused to make sure that he had found the home of Euphemia. Stepping up to the door, he rang the bell, and, while waiting, sought and found the card that had reached him in the toe of the khaki sock.

The door was opened by Maggie. She afterwards said that when a dusty, shabby soldier asked for Mistress Euphemia Keppie she was 'fair dumfoondered.' In some fashion she guided him to the drawing-room. For full five minutes, while the old lady put on her afternoon cap and sought for a clean pocket-handkerchief to hold genteelly in one hand, they discussed who this strange man could be, and what had brought him. Miss Keppie was strangely agitated. At last she found courage to face him. Maggie promised to wait outside the room, with her hand on the door.

It was a long five minutes to Dick. He wandered about the tiny room, wishing he could throw up a window and let fresh air in; the sun streaming through the panes of glass made the temperature unbearable. His heart beat with slow, painful effort; he felt as if he would choke. He thought of the fair Euphemia of his dreams, and wished she would not longer delay.

At last the door opened, and he turned eagerly, but drew back when he saw it was only a little old lady who came in. She also paused and looked at him fearfully. Stepping forward, he stuttered and stammered, trying to explain that he had called in the hope of seeing Miss Euphemia, and holding out the card.

She knew it! The sight of it made the colour come to her wrinkled old face, and her cap-strings fairly danced with excitement, for this card represented a secret and romantic thing that even Maggie had not heard of.

'Yes, yes,' she murmured, confused and timid, yet very pleased. 'I am Miss Euphemia Keppie—I am delighted to make your acquaintance; and, excuse me, but have you got them on? Were they too large?' She allowed her eyes to fall upon his dusty and somewhat untidy foot-gear.

'Miss Keppie—Euphemia! Why, I am a fool! Sure there is some mistake. I'—— But Dick could say no more. The strange cloud that had befogged all his sensations for the last two or three hours seemed now to fall about him as a curtain, muffling all sounds and darkening his sight. He staggered against the frail sofa, knocking over a china pot holding a fern, which fell with a crash as he tumbled down on the beribboned cushions, his plumed khaki hat falling from his nerveless hand.

'He is drunk! he is drunk!' the old lady screamed.

Maggie was already in the room, kneeling beside the prostrate trooper.

'Drunk! No' him! He is mair like deid. Whisht your crying! Whaur's your keys? Fetch the brandy.' The quick-witted woman acted as promptly as she thought. She laid the helpless man on the floor and loosened his collar.

However, as all remedies available failed to restore him to his senses, Maggie was at last obliged to leave him with her weeping mistress and seek for aid. At the garden-gate she found a boy seated on a pile of luggage. Dick's guide had found that for once Roseville was more interesting than the Ship Inn, and sat patiently staring at it. Seizing upon him, Maggie told him to fly for a doctor, as a soldier lay dying in her mistress's drawing-room. Fortune favoured the very slow boy, and in a wonderfully short time he returned with the doctor, whom he had met driving into the village.

Putting aside Miss Keppie's incoherent explanations, the doctor questioned Maggie, and agreed with her that the man was not drunk, but was nearly dead from exhaustion. Indeed, he feared he was very seriously ill. He made some suggestions as to what was to be done with this interesting patient, so very much out of place in the old lady's drawing-room, when—to his astonishment, as much as to Maggie's—Miss Keppie, who had mopped up her tears and pulled herself together, announced with great determination that the soldier was to be carried up to her best bedroom and kept there until he fully recovered.

The doctor did not hesitate to accept such a refuge for the patient who seemed to have dropped from the skies into his hands. He had him carried up, with the help of the stalwart servant-lass, and laid between the sheets in no time, and there he was doomed to lie for many an anxious week.

All the interest of the neighbours now centred on Roseville. Miss Keppie was much pitied. It was a terrible thing that a feeble old maid should have a dying man on her hands with only a lassie to help her to nurse him. But had the neighbours known better they would have congratulated, not sympathised with, mistress and maid; for when Miss Keppie had by a kind deed opened her heart she had also opened her door, and life in Roseville was no longer dull and lonely. Everybody in the town seemed interested in the sick soldier, and a hundred little and big kindnesses brightened each day. The young doctor brought the old doctor, and the minister came. Miss Keppie had always been much in awe of the minister; but now she found herself telling him the whole story of the khaki socks, and the card hid in the toe of one of them that had been the means of bringing poor Dick to her door. The minister was greatly interested, especially when he discovered that she had been inspired by his words to do what she could for those who were fighting for their country. In time she learnt to look upon the minister as her best friend; and he found his way into the sick-room and did his share of nursing there. Dick found himself eagerly watching for a visit from the parson, and told Maggie that, after all, he was a very decent sort of chap.

It was a happy day when the invalid was helped downstairs and out into the garden, where he sat on the tiny lawn amongst the roses. Soon he gained strength, and then became impatient to be away; but Miss Keppie would not hear of his going. When he spoke of it the smiles faded from Maggie's face, and she would set about cleaning and scrubbing with a temper bitter as the east wind.

Dick had never confessed to the old lady that she was not the Euphemia of his dreams. He had tried to forget that radiant vision, and was not a little ashamed to think that it was but a phantom creature that had so strongly influenced him. Maggie would not let him forget it, however. During his illness she had wormed out of him the whole story, and had forced him to confess to the disappointment he had felt when an old lady had appeared as Miss Euphemia Keppie in place of a beautiful girl. Now that he was so far recovered, Maggie was very scornful, telling him, with ever-increasing asperity, that he should be thankful that he had fallen into the hands of her good mistress instead of wandering about the victim of a 'cutty' who never existed; and when he laughed at this her anger amused him vastly.

As the time approached when he must return to South Africa, he spent long hours consulting with Maggie; and one evening he persuaded her to go with him into the parlour to break the news to the old lady. Before Miss Keppie found words to reply he completely took her breath away by telling her that Maggie had promised to be his wife and go with him to set up house on his farm in Cape Colony. He added that he was sure she would make things spin out there. It was poor Miss Keppie's head that was set spinning in the meantime.

'I'm real sorry, mem, to pairt wi' ye,' said the treasure of a maid. 'I doot but ye'll feel it sair; but what's to be wull be, an' Dick there wull mairry me. I'm real sorry; but I juist hope it's for the best.'

Nobody but Miss Keppie was surprised at this; she, good lady, spoke of it as perfectly astounding. She whispered in the ear of her most intimate friends that she believed Maggie in time might prove to be a useful wife; but, of course, she was far from being Dick's equal. Dick, however, would not agree with Miss Keppie when she considered it her duty to hint to him that he might find a more suitable mate, and Maggie very heartily agreed with Dick.

[*Christmas Number.*

THE LAMP-BOY:

A STORY OF BAGDAD.

By VALENTINE GEERE.

WHEN the Germans run their railway to Bagdad we may expect great changes to take place in the old city. Whether it will really benefit by those changes is an open question. For my own part, I must confess that I consider the railway project an utterly detestable one; but then I have a weakness for the picturesque, and hate the idea of dragoman-led parties of tourists flocking through the bazaars and narrow alleys. Imagine a sleek Syrian telling his tweed-clad, Baedeker-crammed flock, 'This is the street where Morgiana lived, ladies and gentlemen; and here, on this door, is one of the chalk-marks which she made in order to baffle the forty thieves. It is rather faint now; but, of course, many hundreds of years have elapsed,' &c.

Faugh! The thought is sickening; but it is satisfactory to realise that the tourist will never see the real city of the *Arabian Nights*. All that he will see will be a modernised version of it; he will sleep on specially imported beds, in a specially built hotel 'replete with every modern convenience;' and when he walks abroad in the evening through the modernised streets the way will be lit for him by electric lamps. He will enjoy it all, doubtless, and think it 'awfully quaint,' as he does Cairo — modernised Cairo, with its electric trams and fashionable hotels. Quaint, save the mark! Thank heaven, he can never see anything truly quaint, because he never has energy enough to venture off the beaten track.

Of course the Bagdad of to-day is not just the same as it was in Haroun el Rashid's time, but it has moved astonishingly slowly on the path of progress; and although steamboats run to the city from Busreh, and tramcars run from it to Kazmain, both boats and trams are delightfully antiquated and gloriously uncertain in their times of arrival and departure. Lately some street lamps—oil, of course — have made their appearance; but happily they are few and far between, and not sufficiently brilliant to put the glories of the past altogether in the shade. Pedestrians who venture abroad after sunset either carry a lamp themselves, have a servant to carry one for them, or make use of some other person's if they have the opportunity to do so. By all means it is advisable to have a light, for in winter the streets are full of mud-heaps, puddles, and pariahs, not to mention footpads; and in the summer scorpions are added to the list of things to be avoided. Everybody who pays any attention at all to appearances always has his *farnoosji* (lamp-boy) to walk ahead of him in the evening; and amongst the Europeans at least there exists quite a rivalry in the matter of the lamps and their carriers.

Not very many years ago, when the members of the British colony in the old city were nearly all bachelors, the lamp-boys were not only useful but often actually indispensable; for after a bachelor dinner it was the duty of each *farnoosji* to sort his particular *sahib* out of the crowd of jovial diners and pilot him safely through the deserted streets to his own abode. Sometimes the work of the boys was rendered difficult by the reluctance of the *sahibs* to part with one another; very often the lively spirits displayed a reprehensible desire to argue with the watchmen or to interfere with the domestic arrangements of the groups of pariahs scattered about the streets, by introducing the juvenile members of the canine tribe into respectable houses where their presence was not desired; and not infrequently some wag with a destructive turn of mind would start the sport of lamp-smashing. At that stage of the proceedings the *farnoosjis* generally fled, and their masters had to follow in their wake, calling vainly on them to go more slowly. On such occasions the boy who got home with his lamp unbroken was regarded as a treasure by his master, and became the envy of his fellows. One youth who served a jolly engineer was regarded as a paragon. His lamp was a gorgeous affair. Like all the other lanterns, it was made with a tin frame, the material of which was obtained by the thrifty lamp-makers from old Batoum oil-cans; but its peculiarity lay in its great size and its magnificent display of glass. Two panes were white, one was green, and one red. When his master was in a peaceful frame of mind the *farnoosji* showed the white light, when there was a chance of collision the green light warned stragglers to look out, and when the red light was shown the watchmen and pariahs always

discreetly left the coast clear for the engineer's progress. That lamp was never broken, and the *farnoosji* was the cynosure of the city.

However, this is a digression. My story concerns another lamp-boy and another *sahib*, whose conduct was always above suspicion, and who would never have had occasion to display the red danger-signal even if his lamp had been provided with one—which it was not.

For the blameless life of Exe, the *sahib* in question, I should feel safe in going bail. Careless he may have been, but nothing worse. Whether the story concerning him that I am about to tell is absolutely true I am unable to say. Exe himself would deny it forcibly, I know; but Bagdad has always been famous for strange happenings within its walls, as all readers of the *Arabian Nights* know full well. In fine,

> I cannot tell how the truth may be;
> I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

John Exe was a canny young Scot, who managed the Bagdad branch of a large British firm. He was a bachelor, and lived alone in a comfortable house by the riverside. In business circles, native and European, he was looked up to and respected; and although he was of a rather staid turn of mind, he was well liked by all the European colony. His household was eminently respectable, and he enjoyed a freedom from domestic worries which made him the envy of his less fortunate fellows. For even in Bagdad the great 'servant question' is not unknown, and I have frequently heard bachelors there express their opinions on it in language which the sorest-tried housekeeper in England would hesitate to use, however much she might feel like doing so.

Exe, however, enjoyed complete immunity from that bother, and his ménage was a pattern one. Like most Europeans, he selected as his servants native Christians from Talkaf, or Telkaif; and he owed much of his freedom from worry to the character of his cook, Yusuf, who ruled the underlings with a rod of iron. At first Yusuf had been somewhat hard to please in the matter of his fellow-servants; but when his nephew Daoud took service as *sufragi*, or table-boy, and he had got hold of a hard-working youngster, Antone, as *farnoosji* and errand-boy, everything ran smoothly. Envious tongues whispered darkly that Yusuf and Daoud were 'as thick as thieves, and no wonder;' but Exe only smiled aggravatingly and pointed out that his orders were always carried out to the letter, and his peace never broken in upon with fights amongst the servants. He never heard of it if Antone did get thrashed rather often, and he was not going out of his way to make trouble for himself.

For over two years 'the happy family circle,' as it was called, remained unbroken. Then one day Antone told Exe that he wished to leave. Pressed for a reason, he became confused and incoherent, but he stuck to his determination doggedly; and as Yusuf volunteered to find a boy to fill his place without any trouble, Exe let the youngster go and wished him luck.

True to his promise, the cook looked out a new boy, whose name, he said, was Nahim; and Exe accepted him on the understanding that Yusuf was answerable for his good conduct. The youngster was rather good-looking; but Exe barely noticed his appearance, being particularly short-sighted. However, he could not fail to observe that the new boy was particularly timid, not to say cowardly, and that he held himself much aloof from the other lamp-boys. Yusuf explained this by saying that Nahim had only lately come to Bagdad, and was shy at first; and, to Exe's great surprise, the martinet showed wonderful forbearance towards the neophyte, treating him with unwonted indulgence and overlooking his faults times out of number. Never once did the tones of anger rise from the courtyard to the roof, where Exe dined and slept after the usual summer custom in Bagdad; and more marvellous still, Yusuf used to send Daoud with the lamp to fetch his master home when he dined out. Nahim might carry the lamp when the *sahib* left his own house; but he never waited in the courtyard as the other *farnoosjis* did; and if Exe was late he invariably found Daoud, instead of Nahim, waiting for him when he was ready to return home.

This was so altogether strange that Exe questioned Yusuf about it. The cook replied that Nahim was 'a good boy,' and did not like the ways and talk of the other lamp-boys; and since Daoud was glad to go out, he (Yusuf) thought it better to let him do so under the circumstances, if the *sahib* did not object. He added that very soon Nahim would doubtless get over his shyness, and that, as he was in other respects a most desirable boy, it would be a pity to have the trouble of a change, possibly for the worse.

The explanation satisfied easy-going Exe, who was inclined to admire Nahim's taste in the matter of the other *farnoosjis;* and as Daoud heartily endorsed all that Yusuf had said, and declared that he really liked carrying the lantern, the young Scot troubled his head no further with the matter. Indeed, he had other thoughts to occupy his leisure moments, for his uncle, a retired Major of the Indian army, who was travelling for pleasure, was shortly expected on a visit; and as he was a rather fussy old gentleman, with a nice little sum of his own, and no other nephews or nieces, Exe was anxious to stand well in his eyes, and determined to make the visit a success in every way. The house was put in the smartest trim; Yusuf received so many instructions for the regulation of his own conduct and that of the other servants that he

became irritable; and Exe's friends were warned not to offend against any of the Major's prejudices, and to avoid undue levity in their conversation. In fact, the anxious nephew endeavoured to provide against all possibility of mishap by the exercise of forethought and caution remarkable even in a Scot.

In due course of time Major Wise arrived, and took up his quarters in the riverside house. He was a tall, well-set-up old gentleman, and, so long as his will was not crossed, a delightful companion; but during his long service in India he had acquired a pronounced 'Indian liverishness,' and when his temper was once aroused he became perfectly unbearable. He expressed himself delighted to find his nephew succeeding so well in business and so comfortably quartered, and hinted broadly that, although John would have done much better to enter the army, the fact that he was a merchant should not adversely affect his standing in the Major's will. For Bagdad as a city he professed a hearty contempt, declaring that the place and its inhabitants were both confoundedly in need of cleansing. 'It wants the British here, my boy,' he said to John, 'to make 'em sit up. But these Arabs, or Turks, or whatever you call 'em, would never make soldiers. We could never lick 'em into shape as we have the Sikhs and sepoys. And as for your confounded servants—Talkaifs you call 'em, don't you?—they are beneath contempt.'

John agreed with the old gentleman, but pointed out that they were the best obtainable, even if they were a poor best. He added that he would have been glad to get Indian servants if he could have handled them, but that the expense, and his own ignorance of how to manage them, prevented his trying the experiment. This implied compliment to his particular pets and his own experience flattered the Major, and he was wonderfully amiable for the rest of that evening.

Next morning, however, his liver was out of order, and he was consequently in a most atrocious temper. He declared that the cook was an utter fool, who would poison any respectable person in no time; and when Daoud accidentally dropped some tobacco into his bath whilst filling it, the Major swore at him roundly, and forbade him ever to enter his room again. Later on he requested Exe to give instructions that in future Nahim was to prepare his morning tub and look after his wants. Of course the nephew readily acquiesced, and issued his orders to Yusuf. The cook hastily offered to wait upon the Major himself; but Exe firmly ordered him to carry out his instructions to the letter on pain of instant dismissal. Yusuf turned sulky, but he yielded the point, and for the next three days Nahim filled the Major's bath, brushed his clothes, and acted as his valet. Apparently he gave satisfaction, for the old gentleman was most amiable; but sometimes Exe fancied his uncle was thinking deeply over some matter, and once or twice he noticed him looking intently at Nahim in a puzzled way. Once he observed, 'John, these servants of yours are a queer lot. They look confoundedly womanish in these *ziboons*. Why don't you put 'em into a uniform?' John explained that native prejudice was too strong to combat, and the Major let the matter drop with a disapproving grunt.

Next morning Exe was aroused from his deep slumbers by the sounds of an angry altercation in the courtyard below. Anxious that his irascible uncle should not be disturbed, he hurried out on to the balcony which overlooked the court, intending to stop the hubbub at once. But it was some time before he could make himself heard over the angry voices of Yusuf and Daoud.

Evidently the trouble was serious, for he could see that the cook and Daoud were actually at blows, while Nahim was apparently trying vainly to separate them. As he had not got his glasses on, Exe could not make out quite clearly what was going on in the dim morning light; but he shouted indignantly to the combatants to be quiet. Then he became aware that his uncle had appeared on the scene. The Major presented a decidedly strange appearance, clad in thin pyjamas which clung limply to his lean figure, and with his cheeks sunk in owing to his not having stopped to put in his false teeth.

'What's the matter?' he shouted; and then as his eye fell on the struggling group in the courtyard he dashed excitedly to the steps, calling on John to follow. Uncle and nephew arrived just in time to prevent a tragedy. For Yusuf had succeeded in throwing Daoud to the ground, and was in the act of clearing his right arm for a stroke with a long-bladed, ugly knife when the Major grasped him firmly by the wrist and at the same time dealt him a blow behind the ear which sent him sprawling and very nearly stunned him.

'Now then, what is the meaning of all this?' demanded the old gentleman when he had secured the knife. Then, turning to John, he added sternly, 'See, sir, this is what comes of your keeping this girl in your house. Perhaps you 'll explain. I can't talk their confounded lingo, so I can't ask *them*.'

'Girl?' said John blankly. 'Girl?' Then his eye fell on Nahim, and his jaw dropped in horror.

'Yes, sir, girl, I said,' snapped the Major. 'Will you explain, or am I to stand here in this state all day?'

'But I never knew he—she—was a girl, uncle, really, until this minute.'

'A likely story, sir. Don't try to fool me any longer. I insist on your asking these fellows and the young woman for an explanation and translating it to me fully. It is due to

the fair name of the family, you—you young hypocrite; and, damme, sir! I insist.'

The old fire-eater was not to be trifled with, and Exe hastened to obey his orders. Yusuf was too dazed and too furious to speak intelligibly, Nahim was choked with sobs, and Daoud was the only one capable of making himself understood. His version was that Yusuf, having married lately, had planned to get his wife into the house, and had made it worth his (Daoud's) while to aid and abet him. The girl, whose real name was Marek, was not known in the Talkaif colony, as she had only lately come to Bagdad; and therefore Yusuf had not found his scheme utterly impracticable, although he had been compelled to face many difficulties and resort to wholesale lying in order to carry it through. He had relied on Exe's short-sightedness and easy-going disposition to help along his plans; and, once embarked on the scheme, he had stuck to it through thick and thin. Then the lady had shown a disposition to coquette with Daoud; and that morning when they were indulging in a little interchange of pleasantries Yusuf had come upon them suddenly, and had lost his temper, with the results known to the *sahibs*.

'Ha! A pretty tale indeed,' snorted the Major. 'But it won't go down with me, sir. The idea of trying to fool me with such falsehoods. As if you did not know all about the girl. Your cook's wife—eh? Don't tell me! I don't believe you are such a fool as to let your cook be master here; but I do believe that this precious baggage is mistress. Gad, sir! you 've tried to fool me, and I won't forget it. This very day I shall leave by the steamer for Busreh, and I never wish to hear from you, or of you, again.'

'Look here, uncle,' cried the exasperated Exe, 'it is all very well for you to talk like that. Of course I have been a fool; but I fail to see what *you* have to complain of.'

'What, sir?' thundered the Major. 'What? Has not this precious boy—girl, I mean—filled my bath every day? You can fill in the details of the picture for yourself, no doubt, since you seem to possess a decidedly lively imagination. I am a modest man, as you ought to know, and I shall never be able to think of Bagdad without blushing. Damme, sir! it was a bad day's work for me when I came here, and for you too—as you will find out later on. I admit that I had some slight suspicions two or three days ago, in consequence of—ahem—a little incident of which I will not speak; but I fought against them for your sake, and your mother's—my sister, sir. Now I see that I have been deceived. Well, I shall shake the dust of this place from my feet this very day. As soon as I can get dressed I shall go on board the steamer, and you will be left to enjoy the society of your—ah!—friends here, free from all restraint.'

Without another word he turned and strode off up the stairs, full of the dignity of conscious rectitude, although his pyjamas were flapping round him at each step in a ludicrous manner. After a helpless glance around, Exe followed him sadly and silently, while Daoud and Yusuf glared at one another over the head of the sobbing lamp-'boy.'

AN ELEGY.

He whom the Day in slumber never found,
Who ever rose as dawn began to trace
Its first faint lines athwart Night's sombre ground—
The broad sun smiles upon his sleeping face!
He who through lengthened years had held his place
Unequalled, foremost of the brawny throng
Whose keen blade swept the fields. Ah, evil case!
By mightier scythe at last—by arm more strong—
O'ertaken, on his own wide swathe he lies along.

No more the sleek, expectant herds will know
His kindly pat, his briskly cheerful call.
'No more! no more!'—the widow's wail of woe,
With lonely son, who now must shoulder all.
Prone by the restful form behold her fall;
Yet cheer thee, cheer thee, O thou heart forlorn!
Still lives his God and thine, Who ever shall
Be stay and shield, as says your Book well worn;
And all is well with him, afar in radiant Morn.

Gone as he would have chosen. Not for him
Of helpless idleness the weary doom,
The slowly weakening hand, the shrivelling limb,
The watcher's stealthy tread in darkened room,
And whispering voices sibilant in gloom.
Such had his active soul to frenzy driven.
Far better thus, in manhood's prime and bloom,
Right sturdily to pass; quick transport given
From June's exultant songs to jubilance of Heaven.

ERIC DUNCAN.
BRITISH COLUMBIA.